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Excerpt
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THE LETTERS
1926–April 1929

January 1926

To William B. Smith, Jr., 2 January 1926

Jan 2, 1926

Dear Boid—

That's rotten hard luck about the leg but hope by now it's in swell shape. It will be a swell relief to have that knee finally O.K. anyway. Wish I would have known of it so I could have flooded the hospital with screeds.¹ We had an Xmas cable from Don but as it came through the bank there was no address.²

Pauline's been here since Xmas and we've had foul weather steadily.³ Gawd if there was someway of getting the weather not to bear down. It's the only thing left that hasn't been fixed.

Schaekels has won championship of Mexico. Ko-ed 9 boys in 9 fights in Mex City. All of which makes it appear that Alf Ross were tough. He's winning right along.⁴

Jeest Pauline is a swell girl. Anybody who goes big through seven consecutive rainy days when they expected skiing has got something in addition to the usual christian virtues.

When we got here on the 12th of Dec. was 14° and 2 1/2 feet of powder snow. Europe was swept by spring wave about Dec 22.

Yest was New Year. They got a Kirch down here that you cant taste the alc in at all. No burn to it. But grand wallop. We punished 18 of them yest while shooting cards over at the Adler.⁵

Hope you've vended. You have them rising like a warm spring evening on the Black anyway. It's just a ? of time till you land. If you got any carbonics I would like to see any of them you favour.⁶

The Gerald Murphys are coming here in Feb. and we are all going to Munich and fly from there to Madlener Haus 2,000 meters, in Silvretta[.] Plane loaded with blankets, rich foods, wines, and condiments. Ski from there in all directions. Dos is coming too. We are going to visit Murphy's at Antibes in April.⁷

Jeest if you want to read a swell book get Peter Simple by Capt Marryat in Dutton's Everyman Library.⁸ Greet any hapgoods you see for me.⁹ Greet Kate from group of young people in heart of old world Austria.¹⁰ If it keeps on Spring we are going on walking trip over the passes and down into

January 1926

Innsbruck. It cleared off yest and started to get cold then is warming up again today. We walk 14–15 kilometers a day and finish at some inn with beer and kirsch. I am getting like a horse in the legs. Christ I hope the knee is all right.

Will screed again shortly. Did you get bovine reproductions?¹¹

Yrs. always, Miller

Hash sends her love.¹²

Evan has gotten rid of Marcelle—gave her a \$1000 bucks I believe— That must have made Marcelle believe in God. And is staging a Rake's Progress. He gets his dough every Monday and is broke every Tuesday. Well he'll get it as long as he lives.¹³

Scott's been staking Harold Stearns. Harold's been sick.¹⁴

Jo Bennett is back in Paris from States and sent you her best.¹⁵

Private Collection, ALS

- 1 EH is responding to a letter of 15 December 1925 that Smith wrote from the hospital in Boston where he was recovering from knee surgery (JFK).
- 2 In his letter, Smith asked if EH had heard from their mutual friend Donald Ogden Stewart (1894–1980). Stewart wrote a series of humorous books in the 1920s, including *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad* (1924) and *The Crazy Fool* (1925). After meeting EH in Paris in spring 1923, Stewart joined him for the Fiesta of San Fermín in Pamplona in 1924 and 1925. EH's comic story "My Life in the Bull Ring with Donald Ogden Stewart" (first published in *Letters* vol. 2, 191–95) is based on the madcap adventures at Pamplona in 1924. Stewart also served as a model for the character Bill Gorton in *SAR*. Because EH was often away from Paris, he used his bank, the Guaranty Trust Company of New York at 1, rue des Italiens, Paris, as his permanent address for mail delivery.
- 3 EH is writing from Schruns in the Austrian state of Vorarlberg. EH, his wife Hadley (née Elizabeth Hadley Richardson, 1891–1979), and their son "Bumby" (John Hadley Nicanor Hemingway, 1923–2000) were staying at the Hotel Taube, where they had also spent three months the preceding winter. They were joined for the holidays by Pauline Pfeiffer (1895–1951), who worked for *Vogue* in Paris, had befriended EH and Hadley in 1925, and would marry EH in 1927.
- 4 Belgian boxer Arthur Schaekels (also known as Arturo Schackels or Shackels, b. 1904) won the Mexican welterweight championship on 12 December 1925 by decision over Mexican-born U.S. boxer Tommy White (b. c. 1898), who had held the title for three years and had twenty-five victories in 1925, including several in Mexico City. Algerian-born welterweight Alfred (Alf) Ros (b. 1903) had defeated Schaekels in Paris on 2 September 1925.
- 5 *Kirsch* or *Kirschwasser* (German), a dry, colorless brandy distilled from cherries. In a joint letter to Sylvia Beach that EH and Hadley had written from Schruns [14 December 1925], Hadley noted they had been warmly welcomed by old friends, including "one old Austrian gentleman who runs the rival of the Taube, the Adler in the next village" (*Letters*

January 1926

- vol. 2, 438–39). A 1925–1926 travel brochure that survives among EH’s papers at JFK lists lodgings called Adler in both Schruns and the nearby village of Tschagguns.
- 6 In his 15 December letter, Smith reported on his efforts to “vend” his stories to popular magazines. EH and Smith had often fished the Black River in the Pine Barrens region of northern Lower Michigan east of Horton Bay. “Carbonics” refers to carbon copies.
 - 7 American artist and expatriate Gerald Murphy (1888–1964), his wife Sara (1883–1975), and American writer John Dos Passos (1896–1970) joined EH and Hadley for skiing in Schruns and nearby Gaschurn in March 1926. The Madlener Haus, an Alpine lodge (elevation about 6,500 feet) in the Silvretta mountain range, which lies south of Schruns and extends along the border of Austria and Switzerland. In February 1925, EH and Hadley had spent a week at the Madlener Haus, using it as a base for their skiing excursions. The Murphys owned a villa at Cap d’Antibes, on the French Riviera.
 - 8 *Peter Simple*, a novel by English sea captain and author Frederick Marryat (1792–1848), originally published by E. L. Carey & A. Hart in Philadelphia (1833–1834) and by Saunders & Otley in London (1834). Everyman’s Library, a series of reprinted literary classics published in England by J. M. Dent and distributed in the United States by New York publisher E. P. Dutton since 1906. The Everyman’s Library edition of Marryat’s novel was published in 1907.
 - 9 Smith was then living in Provincetown, Massachusetts, as were members of the Hapgood family. Writers Hutchins Hapgood (1869–1944) and Neith Boyce (1872–1951) were married in 1899 and had four children, Harry Boyce (1901–1918), Charles Hutchins (1904–1982), Miriam (1906–1990), and Beatrix (1910–1994). The family lived in New York and summered in Provincetown, where in 1915 Hutchins Hapgood had helped to found the Provincetown Players theater troupe. EH met Miriam in late 1922 while she was a student in Lausanne.
 - 10 Katharine Foster (Kate) Smith (1891–1947), Bill Smith’s sister and one of EH’s closest friends before his marriage to Hadley, was also living in Provincetown. Natives of St. Louis, Kate and her brothers had spent summers at Horton Bay, where EH first met them. Kate was also a school friend of both Hadley and Pauline, having met first Hadley at Mary Institute in St. Louis and later Pauline at the University of Missouri. After graduating with an A.B. degree in English and Journalism, Kate pursued a writing career.
 - 11 Probably the bullfight pictures taken in Pamplona that EH enclosed in his letter to Smith of 3 December 1925 (*Letters* vol. 2, 431).
 - 12 “Miller,” EH’s middle name, was a nickname used in his correspondence with Smith. Hash, a nickname for Hadley.
 - 13 Evan Biddle Shipman (1904–1957), American poet and horse-racing expert, had arrived in Paris in October 1924 accompanied by a Belgian bar waitress named Marcelle, with whom he lived in an apartment on the Île Saint Louis (O’Rourke, 52). EH also reported in his 3 December 1925 letter to Smith that Shipman had broken with Marcelle (*Letters* vol. 2, 430). *A Rake’s Progress* is a series of eight paintings completed in 1735 by English painter William Hogarth (1697–1764). It depicts the decline and eventual madness of Tom Rakewell, who loses his fortune through extravagant living. Shipman had received an inheritance of \$5,000 on his twenty-first birthday, 23 October 1925 (O’Rourke, 9).
 - 14 F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896–1940) lent money to Harold E. Stearns (1891–1943), expatriate American journalist, writer, and editor. Stearns was the author of *America and the Young Intellectual* (New York: Doran, 1921) and editor of *Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1922). A contributor to the *New York Herald* European edition (commonly known as the *Paris Herald*) and Paris correspondent for *Town & Country*, Stearns also wrote a racing column for the European

January 1926

edition of the *Chicago Tribune* (commonly known as the *Paris Tribune*) under the name “Peter Pickem.”

15 Josephine (Jo) Beach Day Bennett (1880–1961), American activist who worked for women’s suffrage, racial justice, and labor rights and ran for U.S. Senate on the Farmer-Labor ticket in 1920. In 1926 she divorced her husband, a Connecticut attorney with whom she had three children, and lived off and on in France, where she became romantically involved with Harold Stearns. In spring 1925 she and Dorothy (Dossie) Moffat Johnston (1896–1987) had joined EH and Hadley at Schruns for a skiing vacation.

To Ernest Walsh, 2 January 1926

January 2, 1926

Dear Ernest—

Glad to hear This Quarter is on the stocks. Sure I’ll be as brutal and candid as you like. I look forward like hell to seeing the Wolumne.¹

About McAlmon: As you know I have always backed him up, touted his stuff to people and defended him.² I dont mind him hating me or being jealous a damned bit. It’s quite natural as you say. When you say McAlmon will outlive Dickens you are simply talking horse shit as I believe you’ll admit yourself.³ Not that I give a damn who outlives who. It’s more important to me to live than to outlive. When I get sore is when anybody, nothing to do with their being brother artists, brother officers, brother bricklayers or what have you, tells little knifing lies behind your back.⁴ The instant reaction is to push such a ones face in. This reaction having passed, none of it makes any god damned difference. Let’s not talk about McAlmon. The last day I was in Paris I went around looking for him intending, when I found him, to beat him up, not regarding the transaction as in anyway creditable to myself, but because I figured that was the best way to show my contempt—that I wouldnt be ashamed of beating him up, even though he’s half my size, anymore than I would feel any remorse at squawshing a bed bug which is even less than half my size. And I suppose that, had I found him, I wouldnt have had the guts to do it—being lousy with christian precepts and inhibitions. And I dont think old Benvenuto Cellini, or Ben Jonson or anybody else that could drink would have been a comrade with McAlmon.⁵ And I dont think Mac would have had any more friends, nor as many

January 1926

friends in any other age than our own. Being always lousy when drunk and always vomiting after your 4th or 5th whiskey never made for comradeship.

There is comradeship today and I have it with Don Stewart and Dos Passos and a guy named Chink and a guy named Howy Jenkins and several other guys and would have it with you if we could bum around together.⁶ And whether they can write or not makes no bloody difference. Most writers and artists—most, not the exceptions, are just social climbers and swell to be near.

I've always given you my best stuff and always will. At present I'm trying the Fight Story—about 15,000 words, on the big money market. It's come back from Hearst. Ray Long said he would buy it if there was woman interest in it. They would pay me \$1200. I'm not putting in any woman interest and not changing one word to suit anybody. But have to try it on the other 3 magazines who pay lots of money because I cannot pass up the chance of what \$1,000 in the hand would mean if any of them would take a chance and buy it.⁷ Needless to say I would prefer 1,000 times over to be published in This Quarter than in The Dial.⁸

I had an offer of several hundred dollars for the Bull Fight story from Scribners 2 months ago. They had heard about it and Scott Fitzgerald offered me \$250 down and thought he could get more. Scribners don't spend much on stories. I wrote Scott that you were publishing the bull fight story in This Quarter and that settled that.⁹

Without doubt I will get the fight story back—and then I will send it to you—but first I must expose it to the chance of making me immediate cash. Am still re-writing on the novel which is called The Sun Also Rises.¹⁰

If I am anything I am a catholic. Had extreme unction administered to me as such in July 1918 and recovered. So guess I'm a super-catholic. Why do you ask. It is most certainly the most comfortable religion for anyone soldiering. Am not what is called a "good" catholic. Think there is a lot of nonsense about the church, Holy Years etc. What rot. But cannot imagine taking any other religion at all seriously.¹¹

It certainly will be swell to see the Review. Shoot me one right away—will you? I may have to go to America in January. Hope to hell not. Steerage in the winter. Still the sea is always worth it.

January 1926

We had a fine drunken New Year. I also won 1,230,000 kronen at cards. That's over 400 francs in French money.¹²

Hadley and I send our love to Miss Moorhead and a great New Year to you both

Yours always,
 Ernest

JFK, ALS

In a letter to EH of 9 January 1926, Walsh would acknowledge receipt of this letter and promised to answer “when I get a few worries off my mind” (JFK), but any additional response from Walsh remains unlocated.

- 1 *This Quarter* (1925–1932) published a wide range of work by many prominent new writers, including Ezra Pound, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, H.D. (Hilda Doolittle), and EH. After meeting Ernest Walsh in Paris in 1922, Scottish feminist and painter Ethel Moorhead (1869–1955) provided financial backing for the magazine. The first issue, published in Paris in spring [May] 1925 with considerable help from EH, included his story “Big Two-Hearted River.” The second number (Autumn–Winter 1925–1926), published in Milan, included EH’s “The Undeclared.” EH had returned the corrected proofs of the story with his letter to Walsh and Moorhead of 30 November [1925] (*Letters* vol. 2, 420).
- 2 American expatriate writer and publisher Robert Menzies McAlmon (1895–1956), who published EH’s first book, *TSTP* (1923). A year earlier, EH had written to McAlmon enthusiastically praising his novel *Village: As it Happened Through a Fifteen Year Period* (1924) and had recommended McAlmon’s work to others, including anthologist Edward J. O’Brien, Sylvia Beach, and Ezra Pound (*Letters* vol. 2, 228–29; 154, 223, 395).
- 3 Reviewing McAlmon’s story collection *Distinguished Air* (Paris: Three Mountains Press, 1925) in *This Quarter* no. 2, Walsh called McAlmon “one of the most astonishing writers since the fathers of English literature,” declaring, “If you care for Shakespeare, if you care for Dickens, if you care for Conrad, you will care more for McAlmon” (331).
- 4 By the end of 1925, EH’s relationship with McAlmon had soured. In a letter to Fitzgerald [c. 24 December 1925], EH called McAlmon “a son of a bitch with a mind like an ingrowing toe nail” and reported that McAlmon was claiming responsibility for starting EH’s writing career and accusing EH of exploiting people emotionally (*Letters* vol. 2, 455–56).
- 5 Benvenuto Cellini (1500–1571), Italian sculptor, goldsmith, and writer; Benjamin (Ben) Jonson (c. 1572–1637), English dramatist, poet, and critic.
- 6 Eric Edward “Chink” Dorman-Smith (later Dorman-O’Gowan, 1895–1969), British Army career soldier in His Majesty’s Fifth Fusiliers, had befriended EH in Milan in November 1918 while EH was recovering from his war injuries. The two men renewed their friendship after EH returned to Europe with Hadley in December 1921, and Chink was godfather to their son, Bumby. Howell G. Jenkins (1894–1971), a native of Evanston, Illinois, served with EH in the American Red Cross (ARC) Ambulance Service Section 4 in Italy, and the two maintained a friendship for several years following the war. He was one of EH’s fishing and camping companions in Michigan in the summer of 1919 and a member of EH and Hadley’s wedding party in 1921.

January 1926

- 7 EH is referring to his long boxing story “Fifty Grand.” On 3 December 1925, EH had written to Bill Smith that a representative of media tycoon William Randolph Hearst (1863–1951) “took Fifty Grand story back with him. Said he was sure Ray Long would like it as much as he does” (*Letters* vol. 2, 428). Ray Long (1878–1935) was vice president and editor in chief of Hearst’s International Magazine Company and editor of *Cosmopolitan* magazine from 1919 to 1931. The story would be rejected by *Cosmopolitan*, *Collier’s Weekly*, *Liberty*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Scribner’s Magazine* before it finally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in July 1927 and in *MWW* that October.
- 8 *The Dial*, first established as a Transcendentalist magazine in 1840 by Margaret Fuller (1810–1850) and Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882), went through two more iterations before it was purchased in 1919 by American poet Scofield Thayer (1889–1982) and James Sibley Watson, Jr. (1894–1982). It had rejected EH’s poetry in 1922 as well as his bullfighting story “The Undeclared” in 1925.
- 9 New York publishing house Charles Scribner’s Sons was named in 1878 by brothers John Blair Scribner (1850–1879), Charles Scribner II (1854–1930), and Arthur Hawley Scribner (1859–1932), whose father, Charles Scribner (1821–1871), had founded the firm with Isaac D. Baker (1819–1850) in 1846. After meeting EH in the spring of 1925, F. Scott Fitzgerald recommended EH’s work to his own editor at Scribner’s, Maxwell Perkins (1884–1947). Any written record of Scribner’s offer to buy “The Undeclared” or letter from EH to Fitzgerald concerning *This Quarter’s* publication of the story remains unlocated.
- 10 EH had drafted the novel between 13 July and 21 September 1925; it would be published by Scribner’s on 22 October 1926. For detailed discussion of the novel’s composition, see Frederic Svoboda, *Hemingway and “The Sun Also Rises”: The Crafting of a Style* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1983); and Matthew J. Bruccoli, ed., “*The Sun Also Rises*”: A *Facsimile Edition* (Detroit: Omnigraphics, 1990).
- 11 EH was raised as a Protestant, attending the Third Congregationalist Church in Oak Park, Illinois. While serving with the American Red Cross (ARC) Ambulance Service in Italy, he was wounded near Fossalta di Piave on 8 July 1918 and transported to a field hospital, where the Florentine priest Giuseppe Bianchi (d. 1965) administered extreme unction, the Roman Catholic sacrament of anointing those who are seriously ill or dying.
- 12 The currency of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Krone, remained the national currency following the empire’s demise in 1919 but became so devalued by postwar inflation that a larger monetary unit, the Schilling, was introduced in 1922 to stabilize it. In 1926, 1,230,000 Kronen were worth 123 Schilling—equivalent to about 533.80 French francs or 17.31 U.S. dollars.

To Ernest Walsh, [c. 15 January 1926]

[*Ethel Moorhead autograph notation above first line: Criticism etc of our 2nd No. T. Quarter printed in Milan*]¹

Dear Ernest—

I don’t write Dear Ernest and Dear Miss Moorhead because you wanted me to write you nothing but the truth and as soon as I start to write the truth in large chunks I always get very profane, not to mention obscene and I have

January 1926

a low middle class upbringing that makes me uncomfortable if addressing such remarks as horse shit to a lady.

This Quarter came this morning. [*Moorhead marginal notation: (No. 2 T.Q.)*] IT IS SPLENDID. Looks fine, comfortable to handle, the right kind of paper, bound right, grand cover, supplement printed separately—as it should be—and mechanically a hell of a fine performance. As for what is in it: it is the first exciting magazine I have read since I was 13 and used to wait for the baseball magazine to come out. That's god's truth. And you know I'm not lying when I tell you I don't get excited about something simply because it is printing stuff of mine or stuff about me.

The poetry is the best bunch of poetry I've ever seen in a review. I wish you had something of Isador Schneider, your last time's Irish poet, and the late Mr. Eliot and you could call it an Anthology and let it go at that.² With maybe one by Bill Williams, one by H.D., if she can still write them, and about two lines by Marianne Moore which is about what Marianne rates. And ask her to make the lines her own.³

Have not yet read Boyle, Knister prose, Ethel Moorhead prose. Will report on that later.⁴

Joyce is swell. I would always rather know what it is all about but I like Joyce straight, with orange juice, with Liffey water or what have you.⁵

McAlmon I unfortunately read about a year ago. Altho he may make a bum out of Mark Twain, Dickens etc. I have never yet succeeded in re-reading anything by McAlmon.⁶ On the other hand I remember all of McAlmon I've ever read. This is the truth, which you asked for.

Rose et Noir seemed unimportant if true and if not true what the hell. I hope he likes it in America.⁷

Blue Beard's Last Wife reminded me unpleasantly of all the Italian intellectuals I knew when I was a little boy. However if I saw Linati I would tell him it was a strange and amazing story beautifully told and losing, I am sure, much in the translation. All us wops lie to each other.⁸

Djuna's story excellent. Much better than the Perlmutter girls that it is about. Why didn't she make Radiguet a writer in the story?⁹ I believe when you are writing stories about actual people, not the best thing to do, you should make them those people in everything except telephone addresses.

January 1926

Think that is only justification for writing stories about actual people. It is what McAlmon always does and then he blurs them to make them unrecognizable and not being an artist he usually blurs them to the reader also. Still Djuna's is a hell of a good story.

I have read my own story twice. [*Moorhead notation*: "The Undeclared"] Disliked it when I read the proof. I thought it was a great story when I wrote it. Don't think I am getting vacillating or doubtful about my stuff and do not, for instance, think it is a hell of a lot better story than my well known contemporaries can write. But the hell of it is that I am not competition with my contemporaries but with the clock—which keeps on ticking—and if we figure out some way to stop our own particular clock all the other clocks keep on ticking. For instance, of the two I would much rather have written the story by Morley Callaghan.¹⁰ Though, to him, the Bull fight story will be much the better story. Oh Christ I want to write so well and it makes me sore to think that at one time I thought I was writing so well and was evidently in a slump. Callaghan's story is as good as Dubliners.¹¹ Have not read Bill Williams yet.

Think you could tell Harriet Monroe to go to hell with fewer words. After all Harriet Monroe is just a faintly sensitized, dried up old bitch who runs a long dead magazine. She never has written a line of poetry and never could. If she wrote the Columbian Ode when the world's Fair opened and she likes to think of herself as having been a beautiful white starched young poetess—what the hell.¹² What the Hell? I only saw her once in my life and that was in Paris and if I hadn't been a little drunk I would have been so sorry for her that I couldn't eat my food.

As for Yeats he and Ezra and Anonymous are my favourite poets. If Yeats hasn't written swell poems then nobody else ever has or ever will. Naturally I think that thing you quoted from him is lousy but that is like judging Walter Johnson by one base on balls. I could never read Yeat's mystic stuff, his plays nor playlets nor any of that stuff. I thought his Memories—that ran in the Dial—were splendid.¹³

When you say you are the greatest living judge of poetry etc. that is just horse-shit. That is the sort of thing we ought to be called on when we say because we all have a tendency to get that way and outsiders don't know we