“A fascinating new volume that peels away at a young Hemingway different, richer, more tender than the machismo-encrusted persona we’ve come to know through his published works.”

Atlantic

“The delight of these letters and the sheer quantity of useful editorial material . . . should entice even the most ardent Papa-reviler to delve into the spontaneous words of a creative genius.”

Publishers Weekly, starred review

“The existence of some of these documents (predating Hemingway’s fame) is close to a miracle, and the Letters is without question a spectacular scholarly achievement.”

Arthur Phillips, New York Times

“A work of monumental authority, shrewd and sympathetic, which will be indispensable for anyone delving into Hemingway’s childhood affections, adolescent bravura, and the hope, enthusiasm and disgust of his early manhood.”

Spectator

“[A] superbly edited volume.”

TLS

"His letters burst off the page with all his swaggering vigour, brio, brilliance, wit and rage, uncensored and unrestrained."

Sarah Churchwell, Guardian

“[Hemingway’s] letters were never intended for publication, and they are surprising . . . Behind the hard-living, hard-loving, tough-guy literary persona we find a loyal son pouring his heart out to his family, an infatuated lover, an adoring husband, and a highly committed friend.”

Robert McCrum, Guardian
“Hemingway admirers, scholars, and students will find the book essential. The letters fill in abundant biographical and intellectual details, and readers will revel in the young man’s exuberant wordplay, private language, and slang.”

*Booklist*

“Magnificently edited . . . [this volume] is a work of true literary scholarship . . . what makes this first volume more than a mere collection of juvenilia is that here is all the evidence of the writer – and the man – that he was to become.”

*Literary Review*

“The collected Hemingway letters will be enthusiastically welcomed by the scholarly world as well as the legion of Hemingway enthusiasts around the world. He is not only one of the most important twentieth-century writers in the world, but a fascinating and frank letter writer. This collection will be an invaluable addition to the world of letters.”

Noel Riley Fitch

“By any measure it’s a Very Big Deal.”

Roger Cox, *Scotsman*

“And so begins the ambitious – and highly anticipated – publication of *The Letters of Ernest Hemingway*, a vast collection that proves to be both a revealing autobiography and the passkey to his literary works. This first volume is a vibrant portrait of the artist as a young man, striking all the notes that will resonate as themes in the epic life and epochal literature that lie ahead.”

A. Scott Berg

“To know what Ernest Hemingway was really like, don’t read biographies of him. Read his letters.”

*Chronicle of Higher Education*

“. . . a major project in literary scholarship . . . left me eager to read more.”

*National Post*

“An intriguing insight into the evolving personality before it entered the public arena.”

*Dublin Review of Books*

“[The] truth of Hemingway . . . [is] gleaned from the rawness of reading his letters like this; the master appears here so unedited, so naked, so young . . . These letters – boisterous, exuberant, and insistent on a reply [see me! hear me! feel me!] so many
of them seem to implore] – only show more deeply how fearlessly – carelessly, even – Hemingway lived in order to be seen.”

Alexandra Fuller, *Daily Beast*

“This Cambridge edition of all of Hemingway’s known letters is as elegant and proper a solution as one could wish to such a daunting challenge: how to make this treasure available to all interested scholars and readers for generations to come. I think that Papa Hemingway would be pleased.”

Charles Scribner III

“A literary treasure trove . . . Where Hemingway’s published works had all been so deliberate and painstakingly chiseled, his letters were free-form and expansive – unsanded and unvarnished . . . His letters may prove to be the most honest log of Hemingway’s fascinating life-voyage, the truest sentences he ever wrote . . . Their value cannot be overstated.”

*Vanity Fair*

“This book combines the most serious scholarship with great readability – the perfect Christmas gift.”

*Standpoint*
The Letters of Ernest Hemingway documents the life and creative development of a gifted artist and outsized personality whose work would both reflect and transform his times. Volume 2 (1923–1925) illuminates Hemingway's literary apprenticeship in the legendary milieu of expatriate Paris in the 1920s. We witness the development of his friendships with the likes of Sylvia Beach, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and John Dos Passos. Striving to "make it new," he emerges from the tutelage of Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein to forge a new style, gaining recognition as one of the most formidable talents of his generation. In this period, Hemingway publishes his first three books, including In Our Time (1925), and discovers a lifelong passion for Spain and the bullfight, quickly transforming his experiences into fiction as The Sun Also Rises (1926). The volume features many previously unpublished letters and a humorous sketch that was rejected by Vanity Fair.
Ernest Hemingway to Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, 13 July [1924] from Pamplona, Spain. Yale University Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library.
THE LETTERS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

VOLUME 2
1923–1925

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On 3 August 1925 Ernest Hemingway wrote from Valencia, Spain, to his friend Sylvia Beach, owner of the famed Paris Left Bank bookshop Shakespeare and Company, “I’ve written six chapters on a novel and am going great about 15,000 words done already.”

On 17 August he sent a picture postcard from the French seaside resort of Hendaye (a photo of himself on the beach) to Ernest Walsh, editor of the avant-garde literary magazine This Quarter. “Have done 48,000 words on a novel. A swell novel,” Hemingway reported. “It will be suppressed the day they publish it but its going to be a damn good one. It’s about Paris and Spain.”

Three days later, back in Paris, he wrote to Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, “I have been working very hard and done about 50 some thousand words on a novel . . . Never worked so hard. Sometimes till 4 oclock in the morning from after dinner and sometimes like now—it’s about 4:30 am. and I couldnt sleep so got up and writing now and then start. It certainly is funny how your head, I mean my head, can go most of the time like a frozen cabbage and then it can give you hell when it starts going. Have been so pleased to find it still functions.”

On 11 September he wrote to his mother in Oak Park, Illinois (in language he knew would cause her to bristle):

I have been working so hard on my novel that I have not noticed days of week, month or change of season. I am nearly through now and damned tired. That is the only word I know that expresses that degree of tiredness. I have worked from 3 to 5 hours writing on it steadily every day including days on the train in Spain since July 13th. Have written probably about 80,000 words so far.

In the margin he added, “It should be a very fine novel. So far it is called Fiesta, but I may change the title.”

Hemingway’s novel, drafted in the two months following the 1925 Fiesta of San Fermín in Pamplona and published the next year as The Sun Also Rises, would propel him to fame and forever define the sensibilities of the so-called “Lost
Generation" who gathered in Paris and wandered Europe in the wake of the Great War.

In Volume 2 of the Cambridge Edition of The Letters of Ernest Hemingway, spanning 1923 through 1925, we witness Hemingway coming into his own in the legendary milieu of expatriate Paris in the twenties. We trace the course of his close friendships and associations with the likes of Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, Ford Madox Ford, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and John Dos Passos. The letters also illuminate his relationships with other pivotal but less widely remembered players on the scene, such as Robert McAlmon, Bill Bird, Ernest Walsh, and Ethel Moorhead, thus opening new windows on developments in literary modernism and broadening our understanding of that movement and era. Striving to “make it new,” Hemingway quickly found his voice and crafted a new style, gaining recognition as one of the freshest and most formidable talents of his generation. This period also marks the beginning of Hemingway’s lifelong passion for Spain and the bullfight. Hemingway’s letters document in rich and lively detail the life and creative development of a groundbreaking artist and outsized personality whose work would both reflect and transform his times.

Hemingway described his artistic method as inventing from experience. In his letters we live in the country, meet the people, track the relationships, and witness events unfold that later he would forge into fiction. In a postscript to the 11 September 1925 letter to his mother telling of his novel in progress, Hemingway added a note about his wife: “Hadley is better looking and huskier than ever. She’s had her hair cut like a boys as all the chic people now and has several people in love with her including a very nice bull fighter named Nino de la Palma who dedicates bulls to her and gives her the ears. These are carefully saved in my handkerchiefs.” In The Sun Also Rises, the matador Pedro Romero dedicates a bull and presents its ear to the chicly short-haired Brett Ashley, who wraps it in the handkerchief of the narrator, Jake Barnes. The school notebook in which Hemingway drafted that particular scene is labeled on the cover “Book V. finished Sept 9. Paris.” Both the incident and the fictional treatment would have been fresh in his mind when he wrote to his mother.

Hemingway did not view letters as serious writing, and he took no care to polish them—dashing them off on whatever paper was handy, sometimes with apologies, but always with a sense of immediacy, an urgency, an eagerness to converse, to communicate. To his friend Jim Gamble, whom he had met while serving in the American Red Cross Ambulance Service in Italy during World War I, he wrote on 12 December 1923, “Excuse this typewriter and copy paper, but if I don’t write on the machine I don’t know when I will get a chance and I’ve found it to be fatal to delay letters. And I want to write to you bang off.” To the brash young composer George Antheil, he wrote (c. 4 April 1925) on a malfunctioning typewriter,
“EXCUSE THE UPPER CASE TYPE BUT THE DAMN MILL STICKS OTHERWISE AND I WANT TO WRITE THIS FAST.”

Unedited, unselfconscious, unabashed, and often uncouth, Hemingway’s letters record the raw material of literary history in the making—capturing his opinions, impressions, and experiences of the day as they stream like news bulletins clattering off an old-fashioned teletype machine.

Volume 2 includes 242 letters, nearly two-thirds of them previously unpublished, directed to more than sixty recipients. It is an eclectic mix. Those represented most frequently are Ezra Pound (thirty-two letters), Ernest Walsh (twenty-nine letters, counting those addressed to him jointly with This Quarter co-editor Ethel Moorhead), Gertrude Stein (twenty-six letters to her singly and with Alice B. Toklas), Hemingway’s parents, Clarence and Grace Hall Hemingway (twenty-three letters directed to them individually and together), and Bill Smith, Hemingway’s friend from summers in Michigan (seventeen letters). Other correspondents represented in this volume include publisher Horace Liveright, Little Review editor Jane Heap, writer and editor Harold Loeb (the model for Robert Cohn in The Sun Also Rises), editor Edward J. O’Brien (who dedicated his Best Short Stories of 1923 annual to “Ernest Hemenway”), Hemingway’s old friend and war comrade Howell Jenkins, and his new literary friend F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Patrick Hemingway, the author’s sole surviving son (born in 1928), recalled the “intense pleasure” of receiving a letter from his father. “In fact, it was really one of the great pleasures I had when I went away to boarding school,” he said. “I would not have had that pleasure had I gone to a local high school and just come home every night.”

Hemingway’s some 6,000 surviving letters located to date are directed to more than 1,900 recipients. Certainly he wrote to many more whose letters have not survived or have yet to be discovered. But although he had multitudes of correspondents, he was, in Patrick’s words, “always conscious of the person he was writing to, and he kept a sort of going dialog with them about the things they had mutually in common.”

Hemingway’s letters convey the spirit of someone vital, living his life “all the way up” (as Jake Barnes says of bullfighters) and actively engaging with each of his correspondents. On 24 June 1923, he wrote to Isabelle Simmons, the girl next door when they were growing up in Oak Park, of the upcoming adventure on which he and Hadley, then five months pregnant, were about to embark:

We are going down to Pampluna in Spain for a week for the great bull fighting festa. Wish you were going along. Bull fighting ought to have a stalwart pre-natal influence dont you think? Pamplona is a wild place up in Navarre in the edge of the mountains that run down into the Basque
country. May be you cant read my writing but remember your own is
damn bad.

How are you, what are you doing, thinking about, who in love with etc?
Write us. We can get a letter before we go.

Hemingway relished the contact of letters and was always hungry for gossip
(what in later years he would call the “gen,” Royal Air Force slang for “intelli-
genence”). To Ezra Pound he wrote on 29 January 1923, “Shoot me the dope. We
yearn to see youall.” Marooned in Toronto in a staff job at the Toronto Star, he
beseched Pound in a letter postmarked 13 October 1923, “For Gawd sake keep on
writing me. Yr. letters are life preservers.” In a letter of 20 March 1925 he entreated
Morley Callaghan, an aspiring young Canadian writer he had befriended in the
Star newsroom, to “Write again soon and give me all the dirt.”

When asked what he believed people would learn from reading Hemingway’s
collected letters, Patrick Hemingway responded, “I think he certainly emerges
more from a stereotypical version of him as an outdoor hunter-fisherman-bon
vivant sort of mythical figure—a person who emphasized his macho nature, which
is really a ridiculous picture of any major writer . . . The main thing that emerges
from him as a letter writer is a person very interested in other people, very much
interested in the work, and with a sense of humor.”

A special feature of Volume 2 is the inclusion of a previously unpublished short
story titled “My Life in the Bull Ring with Donald Ogden Stewart”—a humorous
sketch that Hemingway sent in December 1924 to the editor of Vanity Fair.

The piece grew out of an incident at the 1924 Fiesta of San Fermín. Flush with
enthusiasm for the bullfight, Hemingway had rounded up a gang of friends to join
him and Hadley in Pamplona—a group that included John Dos Passos and Donald
Ogden Stewart. A well-known humorist who had published several successful
novels and frequently contributed to Vanity Fair and other popular magazines,
Stewart would serve as a partial model for Jake Barnes’s witty friend Bill Gorton in
The Sun Also Rises.

Each morning of the fiesta the bullring is open to the public for games with
fighting cows with padded horns (animals nonetheless capable of inflicting bodily
harm). Goaded by Hemingway to participate in one of these amateur events,
Stewart was “tossed into the air amid a great gleeful shout from the spectators,”
as he later recalled in his memoirs. But when he hit the ground, he lost his fear and
got mad. Calling the animal a “stupid son-of-a-bitch,” Stewart went on the offense,
charging toward it and throwing sand in its eyes, to the delight of the cheering
crowd.4

Hemingway related the tale in various tones of voice with various selections of
detail in July 1924 letters to friends like Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, Sylvia
Beach and to Ezra Pound (comically emphasizing the injuries and heroics), and to his mother (assuring her that the bullring antics were no more dangerous than football).

On 28 July the Chicago Tribune ran a front page story with Hemingway’s picture, headlined “Bull Gores 2 Yanks Acting as Toreadores”—inaccurately reporting that while Donald Ogden Stewart was in the process of being gored, “Hemingway rushed to rescue his comrade and was also gored. He was saved from death only because the bull’s horns were bandaged.” Another report, prominently featured in the Toronto Star on 30 July, was headlined “Bull Gores Toronto Writer in Annual Pamplona Fiesta.”

Perhaps encouraged by the public attention and liking the taste of celebrity, Hemingway wrote about the incident himself in a humorous vein. His five-page typewritten sketch is rife with slapstick action, silly non-sequiturs, and multilingual wordplay—the kind of “crazy humor” that was Stewart’s own hallmark. (The story is narrated by a matador named Hemingway, who speaks with an upper-crust English accent.) Hemingway enclosed the story with a letter of c. 15 December 1924 to Vanity Fair editor Frank Crowninshield, in the hope it would be published in the magazine. It was not.

In his rejection letter of 22 January 1925, Crowninshield wrote, “We have been trying for a long time to think of some way of using material like this, but have never been able to use material of this sort. I am therefore returning it with our regrets that we cannot use it, clever and amusing as it undoubtedly is.”

If not a great lost work of modern literature, Hemingway’s unpublished bullring story is a piece of high-spirited nonsense significant for showing one of Hemingway’s less familiar faces. The incident that inspired it has significance in itself. “The story marked the take-off point of the public’s awareness of Hemingway the man,” according to biographer Kenneth Lynn, who observed that “it was not until the appearance of the Tribune piece that the press began to puff him up with any degree of regularity.” The incident continued to be related and embellished by journalists and critics over the next several years. “The mileage he got out of the Pamplona story was quite impressive,” Lynn remarked. We are happy to include it in this volume.

Hemingway claimed he did not wish his letters to be published. In 1958 he typed out a directive to his executors to be opened upon his death, saying, “It is my wish that none of the letters written by me during my lifetime shall be published. Accordingly, I hereby request and direct you not to publish, or consent to the publication by others, of any such letters.”

During his lifetime he had, in fact, consented to the publication of a handful of his letters, in part or in full, including letters to Gertrude Stein, to critic Edmund Wilson, to his Italian and German publishers, and to the Oak Park Public Library.
on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary.7 And he wrote others expressly for publication—among them letters to the editor, book jacket blurbs, a 1939 public letter on behalf of the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, a 1954 cabled statement for the Life magazine obituary of his friend Robert Capa, and occasional commercial endorsements, including for Parker Pens, Ballantine’s Ale, and Pan American Airlines.8

After Hemingway’s death in 1961, a trickle of additional letters appeared in print, and the following years saw increasing calls for publication of his letters—not to bend to “a demand for literary gossip or prurience,” in the words of scholar E. R. Hagemann, but to satisfy the “demand of literary history.”9

Finally the author’s widow, Mary Hemingway, in consultation with her attorney, Alfred Rice, and Hemingway’s publisher, Charles Scribner, Jr., authorized publication of a volume of letters and tapped as its editor Princeton professor Carlos Baker, author of the 1969 authorized biography, Hemingway: A Life Story. Baker’s edition of Selected Letters 1917–1961, encompassing 581 letters, was published by Scribner’s in 1981. Since then a few other clusters of Hemingway correspondence have been published, including letters he exchanged with editor Maxwell Perkins, his sister Marcelline, Sara and Gerald Murphy, and A. E. Hotchner.10

A more detailed history of the publication of Hemingway’s letters is presented in the General Editor’s Introduction to the Edition in Volume 1 of The Letters of Ernest Hemingway. Suffice it to say here that when this Cambridge Edition was launched in 2011 with the publication of the first volume (1907–1922), only about fifteen percent of Hemingway’s some 6,000 known surviving letters had previously seen print. The edition is authorized by the Ernest Hemingway Foundation and the Hemingway Foreign Rights Trust, holders, respectively, of the U.S. and international copyrights to the letters.

Of the decision to publish the 1981 volume of Selected Letters despite Hemingway’s instructions to the contrary, Charles Scribner, Jr., maintained that it was the right thing to do:

I believe his letters show a side of him that nothing else in his work does, and it is a very nice side. I considered that I was justified. It is well known that Virgil left instructions for the Aeneid to be burned after his death. Fortunately, not all literary executors obey such requests.11

Patrick Hemingway put it more bluntly: “If you don’t want your letters published, burn them. It’s simple.” When asked what he thought had motivated his father’s 1958 directive, he responded that he really did not know: “To me it’s a mystery because they were obviously going to be published if he left them.”

It is Patrick Hemingway’s express wish that the Cambridge Edition be as complete a collection of his father’s letters as possible. “Given that you’re going to publish a
person’s letters at all, I think that selection is a deadly process,” he said. “Because people pick and choose and that is very unfair, and I felt that if they were going to publish his letters at all, there shouldn’t be any picking and choosing, that you either got the whole picture of him as a correspondent, as a letter writer, or nothing at all.”

Interestingly, at the age of twenty-six Ernest Hemingway took a similar stance when he wrote to Ezra Pound on 7 October 1925 with advice as to what ought to be included in a forthcoming volume of Pound’s collected poetry (published by Boni & Liveright in 1926 as Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound):

Dear Duce,

First about the Collected Edition. Keep everything. You didn’t write any bad poetry. You look back on it now and think it’s bad poetry for now. But it wasn’t for then. Also it is damned good, damned valuable and necessary for young ones coming on. As you say any Collected Work is auto-biographical and no hand picked-mistake removed biography is worth a shit. Let them all stay in. A Collected Poems should have plenty of Volumne anyway. Wish I was with you to make this even stronger. Just because now you wouldn’t write ‘em is no reason to throw them out. Keep all early stuff no matter whether it embarrasses you or not. This book isn’t being gotten up for you.

The Cambridge Edition of The Letters of Ernest Hemingway aims to be as comprehensive as possible, affording readers ready access to the entire body of his located surviving letters, those previously published as well as those appearing in print for the first time. The letters are presented complete and unabridged, arranged in chronological order of their composition. Although we do not publish the letters that Hemingway received, they inform our editorial comments on his outgoing letters.

Fortunately, Hemingway was a packrat. Like many writers, he saved drafts, manuscripts, and galley proofs of his published work, manuscripts of work in progress, and occasional carbon copies of business letters. But over the years he also preserved drafts and false starts of letters, completed letters that he decided not to mail (sometimes scrawling “Unsent” across a dated envelope), and outtakes from letters that he scissored off or tore away before sending.

We define “letters” broadly to include postcards, cables, identifiable drafts and fragments, letters Hemingway wrote for publication, and those he thought better of sending but nevertheless saved. Volume 2 even includes a c. mid-May 1925 draft cable to Zelda Fitzgerald that exists only as a blind impression made by the pressure of Hemingway’s pen on a blank back page of a book owned by F. Scott Fitzgerald—itself preserved in the Irvin Department of Rare Books and Special Collections of the University of South Carolina Libraries.
As a rule we do not include book inscriptions, except those the editors consider substantive or of particular interest. For the most part only one authorial copy of each letter exists; thus we have faced few problematic issues of textual history and textual variants. When such issues do arise, they are addressed in the notes that follow each letter.

Letters are transcribed whole and uncut whenever possible. However, when letters are known only through facsimiles or extracts appearing in auction catalogs or dealer listings, or through quotations published in a contemporary newspaper, we publish whatever portions are available, citing their source. While they are no substitute for the original documents, such extracts can serve as place markers in the sequence of letters until such time as complete originals may become available.

Because Hemingway did not routinely keep copies of his letters and because they are so widely dispersed, simply locating the letters has been a massive undertaking. Fortunately for the edition, Hemingway was famous enough at an early enough age that many of his correspondents beyond his family saved his letters. Furthermore many recipients of his letters were sufficiently well known themselves that their own correspondence has been preserved in archival collections, with Hemingway’s letters among their papers. His letters to Fitzgerald, for example, survive at the Princeton University Library, his letters to Pound primarily at the Lilly Library at Indiana University, his letters to Stein at the Beinecke Library at Yale, those to Archibald MacLeish at the Library of Congress. The Pennsylvania State University Libraries hold a collection of more than one hundred previously inaccessible family letters acquired from Hemingway’s nephew Ernest Hemingway Mainland and opened in 2008.

To date we have gathered copies of letters from some 250 sources in the United States and abroad. These include more than seventy libraries and institutional archives, including the world’s largest repository of Hemingway papers, the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library in Boston, which kindly donated copies of all outgoing letters in its collection (some 2,500 letters) for the benefit of this project. The edition has benefited from the generosity and interest of scores of scholars, archivists, aficionados, book and autograph specialists, collectors, and surviving correspondents and their descendants, including members of Hemingway’s extended family, who have provided valuable information or shared copies of letters. As an important part of our editorial process, our transcriptions, initially made from photocopies or scans provided by institutional repositories and private owners, have been meticulously compared against the original documents on site visits whenever possible.

Since the Hemingway Letters Project was launched in 2002 to produce this edition, I have learned that it is almost impossible to overestimate public interest in Hemingway and the broad appeal of his work. Dozens of people from around the
world have contacted us to share information or copies of letters. After the October 2011 issue of *Vanity Fair* featured a long piece on Hemingway’s letters and included a selection of previously unpublished letters from Volume 1, we heard from the daughter of Irving Fajans, a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade who had met Hemingway during the Spanish Civil War and defended Hemingway in the face of some Brigade members’ anger over the negative portrayal of French communist leader André Marty in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, published in October 1940. She shared a copy of a letter that Hemingway wrote to her father in December 1940 from Havana. (Sadly, she noted, “There were six others in my grandmother’s attic. She threw them out when she moved, an event best not to dwell upon.”) We also were contacted by the daughter of another man, Benjamin Weissman (“a spirited left wing liberal and not afraid to express himself”), who had written to Hemingway in 1940 about his depiction of Marty and received a thoughtful letter in reply.

The publication of Volume 1 also prompted an email from the grandson of Marion Kirkland, who had been a cleaning woman at the Mayo Clinic, offering to share a letter that Hemingway wrote to her in January 1961, when he was a patient there in failing physical and mental health. Her maiden name was Hemingway, and in his letter to her the author speculated that they might have ancestors in common. “My great grandfather came West from Watertown, Connecticut, and they settled in Illinois not too long after Chicago was Fort Dearborn,” he wrote. “The Hemingways that spelled their names with two m’s we always thought were bastards but that may be just a family rumor.” He concluded, “I am leaving here shortly, perhaps before you get this letter but I wish you good luck and best to all one ‘m’ed’ Hemingways and the others too. Very truly yours, Ernest Hemingway.”

Based on the estimated number of letters we expected to find, we initially planned this to be a twelve-volume edition. We now project the complete edition to run to at least seventeen volumes to hold the nearly three million words Hemingway wrote in letters, along with our own introductory materials, annotations to the letters, chronologies, maps, and other editorial apparatus. The final volume will feature a section of “Additional Letters,” for those that come to light after publication of the volumes in which they would have appeared chronologically.

Hemingway’s letters present more challenges to the reader (and transcriber) than one might expect from a writer so renowned for simplicity. Unpolished, unguarded, and generally intended for an audience of one, Hemingway’s letters are marked by a rambunctious love of language and wordplay. Obscure personal references, ever-evolving nicknames, in-jokes, and offbeat private lingos that he shared with particular correspondents are at times perplexing, if not virtually...
impenetrable. In a letter of 8 January 1925, Hemingway apologized to Bill Smith for the delay in answering his letter, addressing him as "Dear Nokol," a reference to the Nokol ("No-coal") brand of home oil burners that Smith was then attempting to sell for a living in Chicago with little success: "I feel like a horses ass not to have rescrode up to now but will not re-wait for answerage but screed at will. Which is the only decent form of screedage."

As a rule we leave it to readers to experience Hemingway's language on their own as he wrote it, without editorial intervention or attempts at explication. In transcribing the letters, we have preserved exactly Hemingway's idiosyncrasies of spelling, punctuation, syntax, and style, including his well-known habit of retaining the silent "e" in such word forms as "takeing" or "liveable."

The letters display Hemingway's often exuberant linguistic acrobatics, as he tosses off such phonetically spelled, whimsically inverted, or playfully conflated inventions as "Taranna" for Toronto, "springoff" for offspring, "pufickly" for perfectly, "Guy Maude" for "my God," and "Jo Esus boid" ("Boid" being a variant on "Bird," one of his many nicknames for Bill Smith). Parroting various accents, he speaks of "Goimans" and the "artic coicle" and of the "English AHMY." In a visual wordplay, he refers to the "British Ramy impeccability" of his friend Eric Edward "Chink" Dorman-Smith, an officer of the British Army.

After some puzzling, one realizes that by "the pueblo of well ordered acorn springers," Hemingway means "the town of Oak Park." And on the same theme he commiserates with Bill Smith, who was then living in Hemingway's suburban Chicago hometown, "Christnose I'd be in a bad state if living in the orderly Oaks."

As Hemingway lived in Paris and traveled in Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Austria, he seasoned his letters with words and phrases of French, Spanish, Italian, and German with various degrees of grammatical precision. He quickly picked up idiomatic expressions and slang, including the off-color. He would mix languages for humorous effect, anglicize foreign words, and give English words a foreign flair. He "trouved" an apartment in Paris (from the French *trouver*, to find) and referred to the "hentire hiver," adding a silent "h" to "entire" to parallel that in the French word for winter.

When not taking deliberate liberties with the English language or experimenting in another, Hemingway generally was a sound speller. His handwritten letters exhibit few errors, apart from occasional slips of the pen. But his typewritten letters often are riddled with mechanical errors that he did not bother to correct. Sometimes he did not depress the shift key hard enough, so that "I've" appears as "I8ve," or causing only a portion of an uppercase letter to appear, suspended above the line. When he mistyped a word or phrase, rather than stop to erase and retype it accurately, he typically would type a string of x's through the mistake and
continue on, or sometimes simply retype his correction or revision over the original attempt with more forceful keystrokes.

To silently correct Hemingway’s spelling and punctuation or to regularize capitalization in the letters would strip them of their personality and present a sterilized view of the letters his correspondents received. Such tidying up also would render meaningless his own spontaneous “meta-commentary” on the imperfections of his letters or his likely misspellings. In a long letter of 12 December 1923 to Jim Gamble, catching him up on two years’ worth of news, Hemingway writes, “This will go on for about forty pages unless it condences. (mis-spelled).” In a letter of 17 March 1924 to Ezra Pound he snipes at Ford Madox Ford: “He has never recovered in a literary way from the mirricale, or however you spell it, Miricle maybe, of his having been a soldier.” In a letter of 18 January 1925 to Bill Smith, Hemingway describes skiing on the Madloch Spitze, a peak in the Arlberg mountain range of western Austria: “Yestern I pestled a climb on skis to the top of the Madlock Spitz or spell it yourself any way a climb of 2545 meters and a run down all the way.” Editorial corrections also would render invisible Hemingway’s comical manipulations of people’s names, as when he addresses Sylvia Beach as “Dear Seelviah,” speaks of Harold Loeb as “Low-ebb,” or refers to Robert McAlmon as “MuckAlmun.”

Yet even as we attempt to preserve the idiosyncratic flavors of Hemingway’s letters, we strive to make them as accessible and readable as possible. So as not to tax the reader’s patience or ability to focus on the sense of the letters, we have regularized the placement of such elements as dateline, inside address, salutation, closing, signature, and postscripts. We also normalize Hemingway’s often erratic spacing and paragraph indentation. For example, sometimes he would type a space both before and after punctuation marks or hit the space bar two or three times between words, creating a visual quirkiness that we do not attempt to reproduce in print. No published transcription of a typed or handwritten letter can ever fully capture its actual appearance on the page. This is not a facsimile edition, and for those wishing to study in depth the physical characteristics of a letter, no printed rendition can substitute for an examination of the original.

We rely primarily on notes, rather than on intrusive symbols within the text, to supply necessary contextual information, translations of foreign words and passages, and first-mention identifications of people in each volume. Annotations appear as endnotes immediately following each letter. A more detailed description of our editorial practices and procedures appears in the Note on the Text in this volume.

In a letter of 31 March 1925 to Horace Liveright, who had just accepted for publication the boldly innovative In Our Time, Hemingway astutely assessed his own writing (in comparison to that of fellow experimental modernist E. E. General Editor’s Introduction
Cummings): “My book will be praised by highbrows and can be read by lowbrows. There is no writing in it that anybody with a high-school education cannot read.” Our aim is to produce an edition that is at once satisfying to the scholar and inviting to the general reader.

Hemingway always drew a clear distinction between writing letters and writing for keeps. He liked to write letters, he told Fitzgerald in a letter of 1 July 1925, “because it’s such a swell way to keep from working and yet feel you’ve done something.” Patrick Hemingway compared a writer’s modes of discourse to those of a pope: “A pope does a lot of talking, but then when he sits down and speaks from the chair—’ex cathedra,’ or whatever the term is—then he’s very careful.” It is in his father’s letters, he said, “that you see more of him and less of the Great Writer. You get a little more insight into what he was as a person, and that’s always interesting to people because they don’t really want to deal with gods. They respect good work, but they also want to know how they felt about ham and eggs and the French or whatever, you know.”

The monumental and lasting value of Hemingway’s published work is indisputable. Yet the letters have their own enormous worth for their revelation of the everyday Hemingway. Writers’ letters “now so respectfully reproduced in a handsome volume replete with textual apparatus were written in the heat of the moment,” observed James Atlas, and in their very spontaneity lies their value. While biographers “must brutally select events” to serve a narrative, “letters, with their absorption in the trivial, their incessant specificity, show us what life was like on those days when nothing happened.”

But the interest of Hemingway’s letters extends beyond illuminating the biography and art of their author. When the Swedish Academy awarded him the 1954 Nobel Prize for Literature, Hemingway was commended for “the eagle eye with which he has observed, and for the accuracy with which he has interpreted the human existence of our turbulent times.” He was described as “one of the great authors of our time, one of those who, honestly and undauntedly, reproduces genuine features in the hard countenance of the age.”

Hemingway’s letters narrate a running eyewitness history of his times by one who managed to be always, to borrow a phrase from Gertrude Stein, where the twentieth century was.

NOTES

1 Unless otherwise cited, all letters quoted here are included in this volume.
3 Interview with Sandra Spanier, Bozeman, Montana, 8 June 2011. All subsequent quotations from Patrick Hemingway are from this interview.
General Editor’s Introduction


6 EH to “my Executors,” typescript of statement, 20 May 1958 (JFK). A key to abbreviations and short titles used in this volume follows the Note on the Text.


12 Elizabeth Fajans to Sandra Spanier, email of 21 September 2011.

13 Evelyn Marques to Sandra Spanier, email of 21 September 2011.

14 Sean D. Kirkland to Sandra Spanier, emails of 22 March, 13 April, and 16 April 2012.


16 These comments were made, respectively, by H. S. Nyberg, member of the Swedish Academy, and Anders Osterling, Permanent Secretary of the Swedish Academy, in his presentation speech, as quoted on the website of the Nobel Foundation: www.nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/literature/laureates/1954/hemingway-speech.html and www.nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/literature/laureates/1954/press.html.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Cambridge Edition of The Letters of Ernest Hemingway owes its existence to the authorization and kind cooperation of the Ernest Hemingway Foundation and the Hemingway Foreign Rights Trust, which hold, respectively, the U.S. and international copyrights to the letters. It was Patrick Hemingway who originally conceived of a complete scholarly edition of his father’s letters, and he has been most generous and supportive of this effort, meeting with the general editor on several occasions and graciously answering questions, identifying references, and sharing stories that illuminate the letters. We are particularly grateful for his permission to include in this volume the previously unpublished piece “My Life in the Bull Ring with Donald Ogden Stewart,” which Hemingway had enclosed in a 1924 letter to the editor of Vanity Fair (and that the magazine rejected). We wish to extend special thanks to Michael Katakis, representative of the Trust, for his role in securing permissions.

From the start the Hemingway Letters Project has benefited immensely from the sound guidance and strong support of our Editorial Advisory Board, whose members have given generously and tirelessly of their time and expertise. Headed by Linda Patterson Miller, the advisors include Jackson R. Bryer, Scott Donaldson, James H. Meredith, and James L. W. West III. They deserve special recognition for their exceptional commitment and active involvement, including advising in the establishment of editorial policies and reading the manuscript of this volume at several stages. The edition is much the stronger for their contributions.

The Hemingway Letters Project has been supported in part by Scholarly Editions Grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities. We are honored to have been designated a We, the People project, “a special recognition by the NEH for model projects that advance the study, teaching, and understanding of American history and culture.” (Any views, findings, or conclusions expressed in this publication do not necessarily represent those of the National Endowment for the Humanities.)
Acknowledgments

We deeply appreciate the generosity of those organizations and endowments that have supported the Project through grants and gifts: AT&T Mobility, the Heinz Endowments, the Michigan Hemingway Society, the Dr. Bernard S. and Ann Re Oldsey Endowment for the Study of American Literature in the College of the Liberal Arts at The Pennsylvania State University, and the Xerox Corporation, which has contributed copying, printing, faxing, and scanning equipment as well as a DocuShare database management system that has been customized for our needs. We are grateful, too, to individual donors, including Ralph and Alex Barrocas, Linda Messer Ganz, Eric V. Gearhart, Walter Goldstein, Gary Gray and Kathleen O’Toole, Harold Hein, Bill and Honey Jaffe, Ira B. Kristel, Mary Ann O’Brien Malkin, Randall Miller, Barbara Palmer, Graham B. Spanier, David A. Westover III, and Mark Weyermuller.

For fellowships and grants to support travel to archives and other research activities by Project scholars, we also wish to thank the Bibliographical Society (U.K.), the Bibliographical Society of America, the Idaho Humanities Council, and the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library.

The Pennsylvania State University has provided indispensable institutional support and an ideal home for the Project from its inception in 2002. In addition to those named in Volume 1, we particularly wish to thank the following: Dean Susan Welch, College of the Liberal Arts; Dean Barbara Dewey and Dean Emeritus Nancy Eaton, University Libraries; Henry Foley, Vice President for Research; Mark Morriseon, Head of the Department of English; and the Institute for Arts and Humanities. We also wish to thank Rodney Kirsch, Senior Vice President for Development and Alumni Relations, and Joanne Cahill; Ron Huss and the Intellectual Property Office; Associate Deans Raymond E. Lombra and Denise Solomon, Trish Alexander, Shane Freehauf, Mary Kay Hort, Mark Luellen, Michael Renne, and Sandra Balboni in the College of the Liberal Arts; the English Graduate Studies Program, internship coordinator Elizabeth Jenkins, and the staff of the Department of English; Roger Downs and Deryck Holdsworth of the Department of Geography; and cartographer Erin Greb and the Peter R. Gould Center for Geography Education and Outreach.

We wish also to acknowledge support provided to Volume 2 co-editor Robert W. Trogdon by Kent State University, with particular thanks to Dean James Blank and former Dean Timothy Moerland, College of Arts and Sciences; Ronald Corthell, former chair of the Department of English; and Cathy Tisch, secretary, Institute for Bibliography and Editing. We thank the English Department of Boise State University for its support of the work of Rena Sanderson on Volume 3.
Acknowledgments

In addition to those named on the title page of this volume, other consulting scholars merit acknowledgment, including Edward Burns, Rose Marie Burwell, Stacey Guill, Ellen Andrews Knodt, Mark Ott, Gladys Rodriguez Ferrero, Chtiliana Stoilova Rousseva, Rodger L. Tarr, and Lisa Tyler. We owe special thanks to Ellen Knodt and to Verna Kale for their contributions in the preparation of Volume 2. The volume also has benefited from the work of Kenneth B. Panda, whose 2002 doctoral dissertation at the University of Delaware focused on Hemingway’s letters through 1925.

We are deeply indebted to the dozens of libraries, museums, and institutional archives that have supplied copies of letters in their collections and assisted in research for the edition. The John F. Kennedy Presidential Library, the world’s largest repository of Hemingway papers, has been particularly generous in its support of the Project, donating copies of its entire holdings of some 2,500 outgoing letters, providing a number of images for illustrations free of charge, and responding tirelessly to our requests and queries. In addition to those named in Volume 1, special thanks are due to Director Thomas J. Putnam; Hemingway Collection Curator Susan Wrynn; Chief Archivist Karen Adler Abramson; Amy Macdonald; Reference staff Stacey Chandler, Michael Desmond, Stephen Plotkin, and intern Elizabeth Rieur; in Audio-Visual Archives Laurie Austin, Maryrose Grossman, James B. Hill, and Ross Matthei; Christina Fitzpatrick; and Hemingway interns Hannah German, Jessica Green, Samuel Smallidge, and Marti Verso-Smallidge.

We also gratefully acknowledge the outstanding support of The Pennsylvania State University Libraries, with warmest thanks to Timothy Pyatt, Head of Special Collections; William L. Joyce, former Head of Special Collections; Sandra Stelts, Curator of Rare Books and Manuscripts; and William S. Brockman, Paterno Family Librarian for Literature. Mark Saussure, Steven Baylis, Shane Markley, and Peggy Myers of Digital Libraries Technologies have provided indispensable technical and database management support. In addition to those named in Volume 1, we also wish to thank Timothy R. Babcock, Sandra Ball, Shirley Davis, Catherine Grigor, Susan Hamburger, Sally Kalin, Curtis Krebs, Albert Rozo, and Amy Yancey.

For supplying copies of letters in their collections and granting permission for their publication in Volume 2 of The Letters of Ernest Hemingway, we acknowledge the following libraries and archives, with special thanks to the individuals named here for their assistance: Columbia University, Rare Book and Manuscript Library—Michael Ryan, Director, Susan G. Hamson, and Jennifer B. Lee; John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation—Mary Kiffer; Indiana University, Lilly Library—Rebecca Cape, Zachary Downey, David K. Frasier, Breon Mitchell, and Saundra Taylor; Ernest Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum; Knox College Library, Special Collections and Archives—Carley Robison, Kay Vander Meulen, and Mary