

DEBORAH LEFF: Good evening, and welcome. I'm Deborah Leff, and I'm director of the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, and on behalf of myself and John Shattuck, the CEO of the Kennedy Library Foundation, I'd like to welcome you to today's forum celebrating the remarkable life of Ernest Hemingway.

Before introducing our speakers, I'd like to thank those who helped make the Kennedy Library Forum Series possible--Bank of America, Boston Capital, the Lowell Institute, and Corcoran Jennison--and I'm also grateful to our media sponsors: WBUR, which rebroadcasts these forums Sunday night at 8:00; the *Boston Globe*; and Boston.com.

The Kennedy Presidential Library doesn't have all that many secrets, but one very quietly held treasure here is the archives of the man whom many consider to be America's greatest writer, Ernest Hemingway. We have more than 1,000 manuscript items, more than 10,000 photographs, and Hemingway's correspondence with Marlene Dietrich, William Faulkner, and F. Scott Fitzgerald, among many others. We have Hemingway's baby spoon. We have dozens of different endings to *A Farewell to Arms*. We have his zebra-covered scrapbook, his collection of paintings, his briefcase, and his wallet.

The Hemingway collection came to the Kennedy Presidential Library because when Ernest Hemingway died in 1961, President Kennedy helped his widow, Mary, receive permission to travel to Cuba and retrieve his

papers and artifacts. She offered them to the Kennedy Library with the active support of First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and the collection was deeded to us in 1972.

This collection, which has 90% of all existing Hemingway materials (and I'm trying to persuade A. E. Hotchner to give us a few others!) is critical to the research of any Hemingway scholar. It was used for the book that sparked today's forum, for example, and we could really use your support. I hope you'll read the brochure and consider joining the Friends of the Hemingway Collection.

One of our goals is to launch more education on literary programs at the Kennedy Library, like the one we're holding now. And it is a real honor to have with us today A. E. Hotchner, the gifted writer and playwright, who first met Ernest Hemingway in Havana in 1948. As Mr. Hotchner has written in the preface to the new book, *Dear Papa, Dear Hotch: The Correspondence of Ernest Hemingway and A. E. Hotchner*, "I had gone to Havana anticipating that Hemingway, as widely publicized, was a hot-tempered, pugnacious soldier of fortune, who roamed the world knocking over all objects, human and otherwise, that got in his way. What I discovered was that the world's impression of him as a battering ram of a man was virtually the opposite of the truth. His short stories and his two early novels, *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*, had brought to American literature a new style of writing, lyrically simple, direct, very realistic. Writing the world over had been affected by it. But if Ernest had

been the heavy-fisted giant of his reputation, he could not have conceivably been the sensitive artist whose work was eventually rewarded with both the Pulitzer and Nobel Prizes for literature.”

Mr. Hotchner is well known for his 1966 memoir *Papa Hemingway* (if you haven't read it, I encourage you to do so). It draws on his long friendship with Ernest Hemingway and has been published in 34 countries and 28 languages. He has adapted a number of Hemingway works to the stage and screen, notably "The Battler" and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. And more recently, he is the non-blue-eyed partner of Newman's Own, working with Paul Newman developing terrific food while all profits go to charity. Mr. Hotchner has generously agreed to sign copies of his new book after today's forum.

We are eager to hear his stories and recollections. And to draw him out, we are delighted to have with us Justin Kaplan. Mr. Kaplan won the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award for his book *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*. His book *Walt Whitman: A Life* won the American Book Award. Mr. Kaplan is a member of the American Academy, an institute of arts and letters. And since this is a literary forum, I just have to mention that he is married to novelist Anne Bernays. Please join me in welcoming A. E. Hotchner and Justin Kaplan.

JUSTIN KAPLAN: Well, what you're going to hear is a very informal conversation with Mr. Hotchner doing most of the talking, I hope.

A. E. HOTCHNER: No, 50-50!

KAPLAN: 50-50? Well, we'll see what we can do about it.

Looking at the book that we've been talking about, the letters between Hemingway and Mr. Hotchner, I was struck by the number of roles that Hotch has played in Hemingway's life. It's really quite extraordinary. Much more intimately involved with Hemingway than, for example, James Boswell was with Samuel Johnson. Hotch has been editor, collaborator, adaptor, agent sometimes; what are the other functions? There are at least a dozen.

HOTCHNER: I was also... he was my manager when I became a matador and went into the ring. Also, he was my guide to most of the interesting restaurants and pubs and bars in my formative youth, which was a very important education.

I would say that the main connection between us really was in the business of having an amusing and a different kind of adventure every year. Ernest was a great believer that you never left anything to fortune or chance, but that you meticulously planned your good times, and that's the way you avoided your bad times. So that most of the excursions that we took in the beginning, even when I was an editor and edited his novel *Across the River and Into the Trees*, and he connived that I come across to Paris and Venice

with him to check on certain elements in the novel (which, of course, we didn't have to check on at all), it was all part of this scheme that you should be able to work and travel at the same time. Although a good deal of what Ernest did was to just have a good time, not really planning ever to write it down, but as it turned out, most of the things that he did--most of the adventures he had--wound up, in one form or another, in his writing.

KAPLAN: ...(inaudible) 15 or 14 years with Hemingway. But how did this begin? How did you luck out so beautifully?

HOTCHNER: Well, in a very unplanned way. I had stayed longer in the Air Force than I should have; what I mean is, I got discharged in Europe, and by the time I got back here, there weren't any jobs. So a friend of mine had assumed the editorship of *Cosmopolitan* magazine--this is before *Sex and the Single Girl* destroyed it--and he said, "I have no job for you. The masthead is full, and you're going to find that you've come back just a year too late."

But he said, "Just as something I could get you to do--there are a lot of important writers who used to write for *Cosmopolitan*, and they haven't written for them for years. Here's a list. And if you want to, you can go out and see if you can find them. We'll pay your expenses to go there. And if you get them to write anything, we'll pay you \$300 dollars a head." So I became a literary bounty hunter.

KAPLAN: This was Herbert Mays, was it? Mr. Frightening Glasses?

HOTCHNER: Well, it was just before Herbert Mays. It was Arthur Gordon, who became a novelist. And then, Herbert Mays dismissed him and took over.

However, on the list were Edna Ferber and Dorothy Parker and John Steinbeck, and I eventually went to see them. And it was a very interesting experience. They were all around the New York area. But the one I didn't go to see was Hemingway, who was also on the list. I was absolutely in awe of him, and I couldn't imagine myself going down to Havana and asking Ernest Hemingway to write an article--this is what they wanted me to do, get him to write an article on the future of literature. I felt that was really beneath him and beneath me asking him.

KAPLAN: That is a rather daunting idea for anybody.

HOTCHNER: It is.

KAPLAN: What was your view of the future of literature?

HOTCHNER: My view was very dim at that point. But I figured that, as long as I had to stay on this literary bounty thing, I would go down there. And I sent him a note, saying, "Dear Mr. Hemingway" (he lived outside of Havana, and I had somebody take it to him) "I've been asked to come down

on this assinine assignment to ask you to write this article. Please just tell me 'No,' and I can prove that I've contacted you."

Instead, he called me up at the hotel; I was at the Nacional. He said, "Hotchner, this is Hemingstein. What a dumb thing you've been asked to do! Come have a drink with me." And that was the beginning.

So I had a drink with him at the Floridita. And he said, "Listen. Not only do I not know the future of literature, I don't know the future of what I'm going to do tomorrow." But nevertheless, he said, "Come up to my house and meet my wife and have a drink; we'll go on the boat." So I spent a week down there. And that was the beginning of what became a very intense and interesting and fruitful friendship.

He never wrote an article, but he did write this novel *Across the River and Into the Trees* that wasn't successful. I mean, from a critical point of view; it was very successful in terms of sales. But from that point on, I was no longer the editor because when, as you mentioned, Herbert Mays took over, he was not one of my favorite people on your Globe, nor was he anybody else's, I think. Did you know him?

KAPLAN: I think I may have met him. I think my father-in-law knew him. But I had a very unpleasant feeling about him. "Stay away" was the idea.

HOTCHNER: As did everyone. It was universally shared. At any rate, I left the editorial world. And, being young and impressionable, I said to myself, "This is wonderful. Look how Hemingway lives. I mean, he simply does what he wants to do and goes where he wants to go, takes a writing assignment. Freelancing is wonderful." So I left the job and discovered, in very short order, that freelancing wasn't wonderful, that it didn't regularly pay the rent, and that it was rather an abrupt and chilling experience to enter the portals of the freelancer. But I did and somehow have existed over the years.

But it gave me the ability, you see, to be free. So when Ernest called and said, "Listen, come on over to Spain. My friend Bill Davis lives in Churriana, and you ought to be introduced to the bullfights. It's very important." So I was able to do all of that. Go anywhere. When he crashed-- his two crashes in Africa, and he took the sailboat back to Venice, and he called me from Venice and tracked me down, I was in Amsterdam doing an article for a magazine on a fortune-teller that the Queen kept in the palace to tell her what to do in the running of the government.

So he said, "Well, stop lounging around in the palace and come down to the Gritti Hotel in Venice, because I'm taking a drive across the South of France--across the Riviera to Madrid--and I think we'd have an interesting time." So I did.

But the fact is that only by becoming this not-regularly-employed freelancer was I able to do these things. And they were interesting things. They were part of the canon of his life. The bullfight was just an example of his curiosity about something which, at that time, was very sketchily known to those outside of Spain.

KAPLAN: As I remember it, bullfighting was, for at least ten years, very popular among, let's say, literary intellectuals in New York. People would use imagery from the bullfight to describe their own struggles with the written word; they'd say "I'm working within the danger of the horns" or something like that. Whatever happened to the vogue for bullfighting?

HOTCHNER: Well, it really began, you know, with Gertrude Stein. She's the one who got Hemingway to go. And I think that *The Sun Also Rises* with its whole sequence in Pamplona, was really the springboard for that particular kind of interest. As a matter of fact, for years, and maybe still, when the bulls are running in Pamplona for the fiesta, you'll find it jammed.

KAPLAN: Were you ever tempted to run with the bulls?

HOTCHNER: I was tempted, but I resisted. However, the time that I went to Spain, Hemingway was following the *mano a mano* of that summer. Now, normally, if you're going to a bullring, there are three matadors and they share six bulls and they compete with each other. When there are two great matadors, and it's seldom that there are two great matadors, then they

go hand to hand, *mano a mano*, and they split the six bulls, each with three. So it's a deadly contest, because each time you fight a bull and dispatch it, you are awarded, either well or badly, by the president of the ring.

So if you perform rather well, you get one ear. A little bit better, two. And it gradually comes up the line--tail--and if you get a hoof, that's the highest. So it was a deadly *mano a mano* that year.

At one point, we were having a dinner with Antonio Ordonez, who was Hemingway's protégé. He was probably the ranking matador of the world. But he was fighting against his brother-in-law, Dominguin, who was in the opinion of many also the ranking matador of the world. So we were having a nice festive dinner one evening in Churriana. Antonio had suffered somewhat of an embarrassing goring in Mallorca; he'd been gored in the left buttock by a horn. I mean, if you're hooked in the buttocks, that's not very chic. So at any rate, he had been down there recuperating, and I had been teaching him how to hit a tennis ball. So at dinner that night, he said, "Now I have to teach you to be a matador," and it was all very funny and we thought we were having a joke. And later on, Hemingway said, "Now, I'm your manager, because you have to be serious about the bullring."

I said, "Sure," because I still thought it was a joke. We got to Ciudad Real, which was a big bullring, maybe 20,000, which is big in Spain. We went up to Antonio to wish him well in the bullfight. And his sword handler--the

sword handler's really a dresser--had a matador outfit ready for me. And very quickly I was stripped and put into this formfitting outfit.

KAPLAN: Suit of lights.

HOTCHNER: Suit of lights. And I want to tell you, it is tight. And it weighs a lot. And the little slippers they put on you are very slippery. And I thought, "Oh, this is going to be the joke; they've got me all tootsied up here, and we'll go out, and we'll get in the wagon, and they're going to leave me outside the bullring." But that wasn't the case; we went right under the stands, and this was for real.

And so he was my manager. And I said, "Ernest, listen. This is not funny. This is a rather serious experience." I'd been to several bullfights with him, and I knew the size, dimensions, and general hostility of the bull. So he said, "Listen, nothing to worry about. You look great in your costume. You really look Spanish. And there's just three things to remember." And I'm standing there with these two great matadors of the world, the three of us. He said, "When the photographers come forward, put your left foot forward. It's sexier."

I said, "That's my first order of business?"

"Yup." And he said, "Also, the suit of lights is wonderful; don't lean against anything, because it doesn't look good."

And I said to him, "What's the third?"

He said, "Well, when you get to the president, be sure to bow exactly as they bow. Because if they find out that you're not really a matador, it's a very serious penalty." And Dominguin tried to get the Duke of York to go into the ring with him, and he was found out and he spent two weeks in the brig.

So I said, "That's the whole thing? ...(inaudible)"

But Ernest always felt that you should participate in everything. As long as it was me participating.

KAPLAN: Well, I remember within, let's say a ten-year period, there were at least three books that wanted to emulate *Death in the Afternoon*--by Tom Lee, Barnaby Conrad, and by my friend Peter Buckley. He did a big picture book.

HOTCHNER: And Kenneth Tynan, *Bull Fever*.

KAPLAN: Yes. And then it's all gone; have you ever seen a book about bullfighting in the last 25 years?

HOTCHNER: No. I think that's first of all because there are no great matadors. Secondly, because I think the bulls began to be downsized; they began to shave their horns; they began to monkey around with the danger element in the bullring. And third, I just think it's passed us by. I don't think tourism in Spain is the way it used to be. I think the novelty of the whole thing has worn off. There were so many wonderful bullfight movies; all of those great-looking Hollywood actors would put on these suits...

KAPLAN: Errol Flynn; Robert Evans...

HOTCHNER: Yes. Evans. I have to tell you a story about Evans. I don't know if you all know who Evans is. Robert Evans was a movie producer and actor--I guess that's the way you would describe him--and what was the book he just wrote? *The Kid Stays in the Picture*, which you may have read.

At any rate, Ernest had come up to New York to see the beginning of the World Series between the Yankees and somebody, I don't remember who. But the day before, he had come up a day before, and I said, "Listen, there's a movie version of *The Sun Also Rises*, maybe you should take it in." So we went to the theater and saw the movie. And Robert Evans was in that movie, and he played the bullfighter. Can you imagine? That you have this very American guy playing... trying to play an effective bullfighter.

KAPLAN: I thought he looked good.

HOTCHNER: He looked good. Well, I told you, every movie star looked great in the suit of lights. Every man here would look great in a suit of lights.

KAPLAN: But he had very slick hair, too.

HOTCHNER: Well, every man here doesn't have very slick hair, but that's something different. At any rate, we were at the first game of the World Series, now. Very electric, electrifying moment. And we were in a box, which is right opposite third base. Ernest was sitting as you are, and I'm sitting here, and this is the aisle, going up here. And Whitey Ford's on the mound, and the first pitch of the World Series is about to occur. And Ernest, who has tunnel vision, is focused on Whitey Ford, and a hand comes across my eyes with a diamond cufflink, and it goes over and it taps Ernest on the shirt.

Ernest did not like his person touched by anybody to begin with. So he looks at this hand--manicured fingernails, diamond cufflink--he travels it all the way up, and there is Evans's face. Suntanned, smiling at him. And he said, "Mr. Hemingway, I just wanted you to know, I played the bullfighter in your movie!"

And he looked back, and he said, "Well, Evans, a damned good thing you're not out there pitching for us today."

KAPLAN: That's very good.

HOTCHNER: He also said of that movie, "Any movie in which Errol Flynn is the best actor is its own worst enemy."

And that night, Mary said, "How'd you like the movie, honey?"

And he said, "You write a book that you like over the years, you see a movie like that, it's like pissing in your father's beer."

No, he didn't like any of the movie versions of any of his novels. I think the one he tolerated the most was *To Have and Have Not*, probably because the only thing they used of the book was the title, so he didn't find it offensive. They also had Lauren Bacall.

KAPLAN: You worked on an adaptation of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

HOTCHNER: I did. It was for television. There had been a movie of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* with Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. And when it came time to do it for television, and it was to be the first four-hour television--I mean, now it's a commonplace--to be done in two installments.

KAPLAN: Was that live?

HOTCHNER: No, and that was interesting. It was taped. Except to get permission from Paramount to make the movie, they had to do one live scene. So, it's never happened before in the history of television. This was projected off the tape, or off of the film, or whatever, and then it had to stop, and pick up live in the studio where the sleeping bag scene with Jason Robards and Maria Schell occurred live. And then it went back to the tape. Therefore, Paramount wouldn't allow us to have a completely taped version, you see.

They always said of Ingrid Bergman, who looked... This is a woman who's supposed to have been in this cave for six months, she's supposed to come from a gypsy camp, and look at her! She looks like Helena Rubinstein out of Elizabeth Arden. It's true, you know; it was all that Hollywood glitter. Whereas Maria Schell really looked like she'd been in the cave for six months. Without makeup.

KAPLAN: I'd like to change the subject for a minute. I'd like to ask you a few questions about biography.

HOTCHNER: By the way, there is a picture in the book of me in costume with Ernest as my manager, with the other two matadors. I want to show it to you afterwards. But go ahead, we'll get off the bullfight.

KAPLAN: Hotch is the author of a really quite extraordinary memoir called *Papa Hemingway* which, unlike a lot of other memoirs, is delicate and sensitive and intimate without being-- without bragging. It's quite a

beautiful book. But I want to know how you feel about other Hemingway biographies.

And the second question is when did Ernest Hemingway morph into Papa Hemingway? At what point-- because I see them as quite separate identities. "Papa" is already partly a public legend, a creation, a whatever, well on his way to becoming as well-known to American teenagers as, let's say, Davy Crockett. Anyhow, when did the morphing happen?

HOTCHNER: The morphing happened during the Second World War. Ernest participated in a lot of wars, but he was never officially a member of the U. S. military. He was in the First World War, where at the age of 18 he enlisted in the Italian Army to drive an ambulance. He was in the Second World War... well, before that he was with the Lincoln Brigade and fought with the partisans in Spain against the Franco forces, the Spanish Civil War, which was the basis for *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. And then in the Second World War he went over as a correspondent for *Collier's* magazine and wore a correspondent's outfit. But he organized a band of what he called "the Irregulars"--these were dropouts from various units that he organized together. And they became his Irregulars, and he began to treat them like sons. And they began calling him "Papa."

And I think he fostered that. He liked the idea. And there was in him the natural father attitude toward people who were younger. As far as I was concerned, he was much more father to me than my own father. And over the years, he took great pains to not only involve me in his theories about

writing literature, but also the... I mean, I knew absolutely nothing. How to land a big fish on a boat? But he went to great pains that I understood the sea.

And he lived on the boat, and the boat was a great element in his life. And even today, it is at their home in Cuba, which is being preserved as a museum. On the tennis court they have done scaffolding and put the boat there. It'll lastingly be there.

But I think he became "Papa" because he liked that attitude. And the men in that Irregular outfit began calling him "Papa."

KAPLAN: But when he became "Papa," do you think he became a less dedicated writer?

HOTCHNER: Yes. I think that once he began to assume that role, he became self-conscious. And I think that being self-conscious is just about the worst sin that can happen against somebody like that who, with his natural-flowing talent and his disdain of all the things that he began to like, I think that that was a negative element.

But he exploited it. Marlene Dietrich--he called her "Daughter." And Marlene Dietrich was nobody's daughter.

KAPLAN: By the way, did Marlene Dietrich actually take towels from the Plaza Hotel to clean her daughter's apartment? That was kind of a sore point, wasn't it?

HOTCHNER: Well, yes, because we were all... He had a suite at the Sherry-Netherland and he invited all of his friends. Dave Brown, who he used to box with, and Lillian Ross of *The New Yorker* was there, and she said, "I'd like to do a little piece for *The New Yorker*," and it was all right with him. Dietrich came by, and a lot of the New York friends were there. And in the course of it, Hemingway said, "Daughter, I understand you're now a grandma!" And she said, "Oh, yeah, I adore that child. She lives a few blocks down from here." And she said, "You know, I just love having to babysit. And sometimes--I'm living at the Plaza--I will take a towel from my room and go over and clean up." And that appeared in Lillian Ross's account. And, of course, that was the thing that was taken out of it, that glamorous Marlene Dietrich is the *hausfrau* for her daughter. So the day after *The New Yorker* came out, Dietrich was on the phone burning my ear. "I want to kill that woman! Where can I find her? I mean,

is that all she can do?" And I tried to calm her down. So I called Ernest and told him, and we calmed her down. But, yeah, she said that's what she did; she cleaned the apartment with towels she took from the Plaza Hotel.

KAPLAN: I'm not going to let you off the hook about other biographies. Have you read them? Have you read many of them?

HOTCHNER: I've read most of them. Not all of each of them. You know, the problem, it just seems to me that there's just been such a proliferation of books and articles about Hemingway. And I think that one sure way that a college English professor can get a sabbatical is to suggest some new angle on Hemingway, and then he gets to go off and do his thing. So there's a lot of straining. For example, there was straining to prove that Hemingway really was ambivalent about sex because his mother kept him in girls' clothes.

KAPLAN: That's Kenneth Lynn.

HOTCHNER: That's Kenneth Lynn's book. And what was the proof? Not that Kenneth Lynn ever knew Hemingway, but there was a photograph of Ernest, aged three, four, whatever he was, in what looks like a nightgown.

KAPLAN: As every other child...

HOTCHNER: Every kid at that time. Every little boy or girl, they always... But Kenneth Lynn decided that proved... And then, of course, there's what became, unfortunately, *The Garden of Eden*, which Ernest never intended to publish. He was toying with a lot of little scraps and pieces, and as is the custom, anything you can publish of his is remunerative, so they took some scraps...

KAPLAN: So, wait, the issue is... A number of the late books, the posthumous books, were based on material that Hemingway did not want published?

HOTCHNER: Exactly. They're all done with Scotch tape! You know, you take this bit and that bit and paste it together. That's true of *True at First Light*, which was published. Even *Islands in the Stream*, which has some good stuff in it, he never intended to publish. I would say that, of all the books that I've read, I don't think any of them serve any useful purpose.

KAPLAN: That's what I was going to ask you. There's a multi-volume biography by Michael Reynolds; he's a master at tracking Hemingway. He will tell you where Hemingway was at any given moment. But what value it has is something altogether-- something else. Is that the way you feel?

HOTCHNER: I don't recognize him in any of these so-called biographies. I think the unfortunate thing is that the official biographer was Carlos Baker, and that was the first life of Hemingway. He was a man who was very insular; he'd never been out of this country, he'd never been to Europe, he'd never been to Cuba, he'd never had any experience that, in any way, rivaled anything that Ernest did.

KAPLAN: He was a real gentleman, in many ways.

HOTCHNER: He was a gentleman, he was. And he was very assiduous about what he did. He's the reason I wrote my book. He had written

everybody who knew Hemingway, and said "Send me your letters." So I received this letter from this Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton saying that he's been empowered by Mary to write the official Ernest Hemingway biography, and would I send him all my letters?

And I said, "I'm sorry, I can't. These are intimate letters and, as I understand it, Ernest didn't want them published." But at any rate, at this point, I just keep them. To myself. And he sent me another letter saying that I was the only one of all of his friends who didn't send the letters. So I responded by saying, "Look, I'd be very happy if you want to sit with me anytime to tell you about everything I can about what we did, and what he was like, and how he was after the crashes in Africa, and anything like that."

And he wrote me back, and said, "That would be useful. Would you please sit down and write that for me."

So I did. And it became published as *Papa Hemingway*. But that's the only reason that I wrote it; I wouldn't have written it. However, once the letters got exploited by Mary--and she didn't follow the will at all--then I felt it was perfectly all right. We begin to understand that the Hemingway who's encapsulated in the letters is quite different from the man who wrote these books. As it should be. And I feel that some of the things he expressed in his letters...

For example, there is a letter in the book that he wrote longhand on the boat, on the steamer, old rusty steamer, coming back from Africa to Venice. It's

about 15 pages long. And it is like nothing that he published; it's conversational, but it's also revelatory about what I feel is the great turning point in his life. Because he talks, at the end of the letter, about his physical involvement-- what happened to him after the crashes. And there is a whole list of things that happened to him. His third-degree burns, his back, his sphincter; everything was affected. And from that moment on, from those crashes on, Ernest began to worry about his mortality. Before that, he was immortal.

I don't know if you understand what I'm trying to make a distinction between, the invincible and the vincible. And those air crashes began it.

From that time on, Ernest was concerned with his well-being and from then on he really couldn't write. What really helped *Old Man and the Sea* was the fact that he was hurting so, and that pain is in *Old Man and the Sea*; when the old man loses the fish and has to bear that and ruminates about things, that's Ernest thinking about losing the big fish. I believe a lot was in that. And from then on, nothing that he wrote was any good.

KAPLAN: And that's Hemingway returning to what he was so good at, too.

HOTCHNER: Exactly right. It was brief, and it was very revelatory of what was happening to him at that time. And from *Old Man and the Sea* on, it was just mopping up to the end. You know, it was Ernest just trying to hold on.

KAPLAN: By the way, you've all heard before about the enormous trove of Hemingway manuscripts here, including, what is it? Nearly a dozen versions of the last paragraphs of *A Farewell to Arms*, with delicate little changes... The reason I mention this is that there was a *Paris Review* interview with Ernest Hemingway in which the somewhat wide-eyed interviewer said, "Uh, Mr. Hemingway, I understand that you wrote and rewrote the last paragraphs of *A Farewell to Arms* perhaps a dozen times. What was the problem?" And Hemingway said, "I was trying to find the right words." And I find that just a really extraordinary comment. Because that's what he was about.

HOTCHNER: Exactly right. Well, the one really exasperating experience I had was... This tour that we took, the *mano a mano* that I told you about, the bullfight? He was under contract with *Life* to write about it. He was also telling Scribners that he might make a book out of it.

Well, he did. He wrote a long account, not only of the rivalry, but it's full of wonderful writing about Spain. It turned out that he... the manuscript was 120,000 words. It was at least eight times more than *Life* could handle. But Ernest had already been given an advance. So he was in Havana, and it was in the summer, and he couldn't for the life of him cut this revered manuscript (which was the last big manuscript that he wrote). So he called me and said, "I have been at this now for three weeks. I've got to excise 100,000 words, and I've only got 420. Would you come down and help me?"

So I flew down to Havana, and we spent ten days-- in the beastly heat of Havana. And no matter what I suggested-- I would suggest that we would cut a chapter, because it didn't follow exactly the line. But then he would, in writing-- and I was in the guest room, and we'd meet every day-- but in writing, he would sit up at night and write why everything in the thing I wanted to cut was necessary to the essence of the book.

So every day I would do the cuts, and every night he would restore everything that I had cut. So it was a very frustrating experience. But in the end, after we suffered a day or two of silence--each of us angry because I had reached the point where I thought he was just exasperating, and he had reached the point where he thought I didn't know a damn thing about what he was writing--we finally agreed, and got it down to, I'd say, 80,000. There still were 20,000.

And he said, "All right, just give them the 80 and tell *Life* they can cut the other 20. But get back there with it, because I'm six days late and I don't want them to penalize me." So his chauffeur, Juan-- Rene, Juan was the houseboy-- Rene drove us to the airport, and we drove in and the airport that day was shut down by Castro, who had just come to power. So he said, "Well, you've got to get this back." There no faxes at that time, that's before the world of faxes. And so we are now isolated. So he said, "I have a friend over in the private airplane section"--you know, where the private planes were kept?--"and he owes me." So he took me over there. And this

guy had a little Cessna. And he said, "You've got to get him to Key West, because I've got to get this out of here."

And I said, "Ernest," feeling somewhat like I was back in the bullring, and he was telling me, you know, "Don't worry about the horns," I said, "What if Castro's got a few airplanes flying around here? You know, and I'm not a very good swimmer when you get in the middle of that strait between them."

He said, "Don't worry about a thing, because he's going to fly so low to the water that you're going to get the spray underneath you, and the radar won't be able to pick you up." Which I did. And I took it back.

But, as you point out, every word Ernest had to mean. And in those notes-- and I don't know whether those notes-- I gave a lot of my stuff to the Library of Congress, and some of it's at the University of Virginia. But the notes are there. His note saying, "You can't take this out, because the country is in there, and the storks in their nests. And that's as important to the bullfight as anything else." It's all there, written by him. And I hope that if anybody in Washington-- I think you can go in there and request permission to see the collection there. It's quite interesting.

And his letters are here, also. A wonderful collection of his letters here. And I believe, if you go here, they'll let you into the research room to see them. It's very interesting about Ernest's writing; he always wanted to keep himself at a pace. So if it's a typewritten letter you get, or a manuscript of what he was writing, if you're doing a sentence, "The moon is shining over

the mountain," it would just be normally spaced. But when Ernest writes it, it is "The"--space space space space--"moon"--space space space--"is"-- so there are three or four spaces between words while he is slowing himself down. So that "moon"-- and he has a vision of the moon while he spaces, and then goes on from there. I don't think anybody ever wrote like that before. No one that I'm aware of.

KAPLAN: How do you think he would have handled the word processing?

HOTCHNER: [Laughs.] Not! Ernest wrote on a portable typewriter that he put on top of a bookshelf in his bedroom. He had a wonderful office. He had a study, he had all that. But he worked in his bedroom. There was a bookshelf that was about the height of that speaker's podium there, and that little typewriter was on top, and he would write standing up. Because, he said-- Ernest was a great prizefight authority and did a lot of prizefighting himself, so he used that kind of terminology, and he said, "No good fighter ever went ten rounds sitting on his ass." So he stood up.

Do you write sitting down?

KAPLAN: Sitting down, yes. Also, walking; walking loosens the mental muscles.

HOTCHNER: It does, yes. He said that he wrote dialogue on the typewriter because it was faster, the way people talked, but the exposition he would write longhand. Because it...

KAPLAN: Isn't that interesting. Why, do you think?

HOTCHNER: I think he always felt that the tactile nature of putting that onto a page was more satisfying. So that nothing could come between him, like a machine, and the recording of the word.

KAPLAN: He's actually shaping letters and words.

HOTCHNER: He shapes, yes. And if you see his handwriting, it's shaped. It's very shaped handwriting. It's not scrawled. And it's a kind of deliberate-- it's almost like a sculptor working on a bust. It was feeling his way with it.

He always said, "It doesn't matter how much I spend, because I can always earn more. Just give me a pencil and sit me at a table." And the sad thing is, and I was always reminded of that, the last few months of his life when his mind began to play very bad tricks on him, and depression set in, and he for weeks tried to write a last sentence. One last sentence, for what would become *A Moveable Feast* which was published posthumously, and he couldn't do it. And I often remember him saying, "Just give me a pencil and let me sit."

KAPLAN: What is the last sentence? Do you remember?

HOTCHNER: No, I don't. But it ends just fine. But you know about *A Moveable Feast*? It has a wonderful history. Ernest always stayed at the Ritz Hotel in Paris; not always, but from the time he could afford it on, which was pretty soon after *Farewell to Arms*-- he was already successful enough so that he could.

So we were at the Ritz Hotel, and this must be about in the 1950s, and Charlie Ritz, who was the son of César Ritz who founded the Ritz, said, "Ernest, do you know that you have a Vuitton trunk down in the sub-basement of the Ritz that you left here in 1929?"

And Ernest said, "No! Bring it up!" So they brought it up to his room and there-- the trunk was made by old man Vuitton himself, gorgeous trunk. We open it up, and in it were a lot of schoolboy notebooks, those lined notebooks like kids took to school. And these were notebooks that he had filled in Paris cafés while he was having a coffee or a cognac. And they were the sketches that became *A Moveable Feast*. And they'd been written that long ago, forgotten about. And all those things-- about dos Passos, and all the ruminations, Gertrude Stein, and all the marvelous things-- if you haven't read *A Moveable Feast*, read it. It is as good a book about that...

KAPLAN: He never knew that they were missing?

HOTCHNER: He forgot completely. There were also, in there, all his laundry lists, and all the menus for his favorite restaurants; I mean, it was loaded. Ernest never threw anything away.

KAPLAN: But he never found the missing-- what was it, a missing trunk of manuscripts that his wife left at the railroad station?

HOTCHNER: No, that was a suitcase. He went to cover a conference in Switzerland--I think, it couldn't have been the treaty--well, whatever he was...

KAPLAN: Le Corneau.

HOTCHNER: Le Corneau, yeah. And she was to come later-- or else he got in touch with her and said, "Why don't you come, and we'll ski." So she decided, or perhaps he asked her, to bring what he'd been working on. And she decided, "Well, if I'm going to stay that long, I'll bring all the stuff that he has." So she put it all in her suitcase, and she went out of the railroad carriage to get a bottle of Vittel water, sold by a vendor, and when she got back, the suitcase was stolen.

KAPLAN: Forever.

HOTCHNER: Yeah. But the bad thing is that Ernest met her, and she was in a state of absolute hysteria, and he said, "Well, don't worry about it. It's just a few short stories."

"No," she said, "I brought all the material."

He said, "Yeah, but even that, I've got the carbons."

"No," she said. "I brought the carbons too."

"Well, why'd you do that?" he said.

"Well, maybe you didn't want to spoil the originals, and maybe you'd want to work on the carbons."

And the suitcase was never found. As a matter of fact, somebody wrote a book, *Hemingway's Suitcase*. But somebody, I guess, just tossed it away. But if it was found today, it would be worth its weight in gold, no doubt about it.

KAPLAN: He took it very well. Appeared to take it very well.

HOTCHNER: What he said was-- He said a marvelous thing to her. He said, "You know, people say that no matter what you write, you'll rewrite it anyway. So, what the hell, let's consider this written. Now, my rewrite's going to even be better." And he rewrote them. They were the stories that became the Nick Adams stories.

KAPLAN: I can tell you a parallel story and that has to deal with Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*, which he wrote and gave the manuscript to his friend John Stuart Mill for an opinion and came back a week later to discover that Mill's housekeeper had burned it. And according to Carlyle, he spent the night walking around London, thinking of killing himself. And around-- when the sun began to rise, he began to think, "Well, maybe I will do it again, and do it even better." Which was a very healthy response.

HOTCHNER: Well, that's what Ernest felt. There's one particular story-- what did he call it, "The Capital of the World?"-- it's a story which is based on a real experience when he ran away from home. But he meets these whores in the railroad station, and one of them weighs 300 pounds, and it's what happens in the railroad station with the whores, and Ernest and this young girl, and they're running away.

So Mary said, "Did that really happen?" I remember this discussion, about the disappearance of the manuscript. "Could a woman that big be a whore?"

And he said, "Oh, yeah," he said. "It's like bouncing on a feather bed."

KAPLAN: You know, I remember a line from that story. When the two whores were arguing, and one of them says, "I've got my memories, you bag of pus."

HOTCHNER: And the other one says, "You have no memories, except for when you were taking cocaine." I mean, they really get at each other. I did

a dramatization of those stories. I did seven of the stories together; it's called "The World of Nick Adams". And the two actresses who played them were wonderful.

That was in the 70s. And two years ago, as a benefit for the Hole in the Wall Gang camps, which Newman and I had started for kids who have cancer, we did a big benefit with Newman at Lincoln Center, on the big stage. And I did a concert version of that. And we used all the movie stars that you can imagine to do these things. And the two whores were played by Meryl Streep and Julia Roberts. I tell you, they went at each other-- I thought they were really going to lose it!

And then we did it in California, at the Kodak Theater, as a benefit for the association of Hole in the Wall Gang camps. We now have 12 of these camps, with 10 others being formed all over the world, for kids who have cancer.

So we did it out there, and the most marvelous Hemingway-- Hemingway was a character in this dramatization-- and you can't imagine who it was. A great Hemingway. It was Jack Nicholson. Marvelous Hemingway. Last person you would expect. But those stories, the Nick Adams stories, are as close to perfection in short fiction writing as I can recall.

HOTCHNER: [Inaudible]... it's published under the general title *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*.

KAPLAN: I want to ask you: At what point in your 13 or 14 years with Hemingway, did you begin to see the sadness taking over? The depression?

HOTCHNER: Well, about two years before he actually committed suicide. There were signs that he was becoming very irritable and losing the core of his personality; but, you know, sometimes you think, "Well, that's just getting older" or whatever it is. But then he had written this book that we talked about, about the *mano a mano*. It was called *The Dangerous Summer*, and it was published posthumously. But he had some pictures in it.

And there was one picture that showed Antonio doing a certain pass with the bull. I mean, all these various cape passes and *muleta* passes have names. And Ernest had seen this thing in *Life*, and they had used a photograph that was not precisely the pass that he identified in the caption. And he went absolutely unmanageably out of control. He just felt he'd be the laughingstock of the world, he could never leave Cuba again. And I thought, the extent to which he's reacting to this is just indicative of something beyond the man whom I knew.

And from then on, I sort of began to watch him. He asked me to come up to Sun Valley; he had bought a house out there. And he met me at the railroad station. And I started to say something about the book, or whatever I was about to say something about. And he said, "Hotch, don't talk! Not here! The car may be bugged!" And that sent a chill up my spine.

We got in to the town itself, Ketchum, which is a small town, and there was a light on in the bank. I mean, it's the dead of night; maybe there was somebody cleaning in there. And he said, "Stop!" And he spent ten minutes, he said, "I know what they're doing in there. They're auditing my account. They're going to get me. I think-- I told that damn lawyer of mine, Al Rice, he should have paid this, and I don't think he did, and I think I didn't pay the tax on the last quarter."

And I said, "Ernest, they're not doing an audit. That's a cleaner." And he turned on me. He was furious. But with those signposts, it was obvious what was happening. And it was followed by two attempts at suicide over the next six or eight months. And the real tragedy, but maybe it would have happened anyway, is that it did get him to the Mayo Clinic, to the psychiatric part of the Mayo Clinic. St. Mary's Hospital had a clinical unit that was just for psychiatric. And there was Ernest, in a room the size of this stage here, with bars on the window. And he had already been very difficult in getting there. I had an assignment; I had to go over to Spain. And I had an express conversation

with Mary, and I said, "Listen. These psychiatric doctors here are really not very good; they've let him out before, and here he is. No matter whether they tell you that he's ready to go, I've been dealing with doctors in New York who feel that he should go to the Institute for Living in Hartford, Connecticut, which specializes in... At any rate, don't let him out until I get back and we can talk to these doctors, because he's really not ready."

I no sooner got to Spain, two days later she took him back to Ketchum. And the day after that, he killed himself. That's always been a regret of mine, that is-- what could have happened if we could have gotten him to the better-- to the really manageable Hartford Institute--

KAPLAN: You know, I hate to end this on such a down note, but I think we ought to hear some questions from the audience. So, anyone?

STEVE BARGAS: Hello, I'm Steve Bargas. I'd like to know what influence Scribner had on Hemingway's career, and the second question is about the urban myth about Hemingway being in bars trading blows-- accepting punches and giving punches. Is that urban myth, or is that part of his persona at a period of time in his life?

HOTCHNER: Well, I think the influence of Scribner was mostly through Maxwell Perkins, who really was a remarkable editor. But he was always indirect. Nobody gave any advice to Ernest as to how to do a thing or to rewrite something. Because what he wrote was pretty well ready to be put...

But I think that Perkins' great value was in suggesting maybe that he could eliminate certain pages. Because Ernest always worked on the theory that the more you submerged the thing under the surface, the more effect it had over the surface. I think Perkins helped him a lot in that respect. There's a story called "50 Grand," and it's a story that I think Perkins published for Scribner's. And he suggested just leaving out the first paragraph, which Hemingway thought was right.

But I think once Perkins died, Scribner's had no effect on him at all. Except Scribner, Charlie Scribner, was a very good banker for Ernest, and he only charged him two percent on the money that he borrowed. So to that extent...

As far as his pugnaciousness, I never saw Ernest hit anybody--anybody, any human. But after my terrifying experience in the ring in Ciudad Real, some months later there was a charity event in Ronda, which is the birthplace of the bull, of bullfighting. It's where the first bullring...

So it's a bullfight that's conducted with smaller bulls. And they had preserved the costumes that were worn by the bullfighters back in Goya's day. And all those drawings that Goya made of the bullfight, and the bullfighter--it's there, in Goya. So Ernest said, "Let's go up to Ronda with Antonio, who's going to fight these ceremonial bulls up there." And I got up there, and they stuck me in one of those costumes again.

So I'm standing in the *callejon*, that's the alleyway-- there's a wooden fence that you've seen in the movies, and between the fence and the seats there's a little alleyway where stands the matador and the *peons* and the picador and all those people. So I'm standing there next to Ernest, and one of the bulls decides he would charge the fence; it's not unusual for the bull to jump the fence. When that happens, you're told, "Jump back in the ring." Ha! If you can manage it, or else get out of there, because more matadors are killed in the *callejon* by a bull that traps them in there.

So this bull decided he'd leap right in front of Ernest, who reared back and smacked him right in the nose and knocked him back in the ring. So he was pretty good with his fists.

He liked to box, and there was a gym in New York, Brown (Dave Brown? Not Dave, I've forgotten his first name) had a gym and he was a wonderful boxing instructor. Ernest would go there, and the game was that he would try to hit George Brown in any part of the head, and of course he never could. But he did have some memorable prizefights. One where Scott Fitzgerald was the timekeeper, and that's a historic one, which he was so entranced watching Ernest in the ring that he forgot to ring the bell. But I've heard that he had a few barroom...

There's a letter in the book in which he says that he was at the bar, and that somebody began to pester him, and he said, "I just flicked my right at him, and turned away from him and finished my drink and I didn't even see what happened to him." The letter's in there, so you know that he has done that. But I never saw it happen.

ALEX CARDONI: Alex Cardoni from Hartford. It's my understanding that Mary Hemingway tried to get Ernest admitted to the Institute of Living before he was admitted to Mayo, and the reason the Institute did not accept him was that he wanted to be admitted under an alias--George Saviers, which was, of course, the name of his physician. And the Institute's policy

was that they would not admit patients under an alias; that was their policy, and that's why he was refused admission. This seems to differ a little with what you just said; I wonder if you could clarify that.

HOTCHNER: Well, that's true. But what I wanted her to do was to meet with the physicians in New York, the two psychiatrists. Because they were on the staff up there, and they assured me that they would be able to make some arrangements for him not to have to use his own name. So it was a readmission up there. But there was no way to get him to go there. That was the-- the basic thing was that he thought he was going to St. Mary's Hospital, which is the hospital attached to the Mayo, for his high blood pressure. We fooled him into thinking that. But the Institute of Living was just psychiatric, and it was he who said he wouldn't go.

CARDONI: The other comment is that in Peter Golenbock's book *Bums*, about the Brooklyn Dodgers that was published in 1984, there's a section in there that describes Hemingway meeting with some of the Dodgers when they were in spring training in Cuba in the late 1940s. And there's a description of some boxing and some fisticuffs that took place between Hemingway and some of the players from the Brooklyn Dodgers at the *finca*. And I'm wondering if you recall Ernest ever talking about this, or whether you've heard of this, or read about it in the book?

HOTCHNER: The letter's in the book. The letter to me detailing all of that; the names of who came down there...

CARDONI: Hugh Casey was one of them.

HOTCHNER: It's in the letter in the book.

CARDONI: So he did talk about this.

HOTCHNER: He wrote about it.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: The titles of some of the books are contained in these little passages he puts in the beginning, like "If you're lucky enough to have lived in Paris" or "Don't ask for whom the bell tolls." Could you talk about how he did this? Did he think of the title first or where those came from, if that's what those were about?

HOTCHNER: The question was about "How did he come upon the titles of the books?" Ernest spent a lot of time working on titles, and I don't have the pages, but perhaps they do at the library here; there are pages on which he has all kinds of titles, and he crosses them out, trying them out.

KAPLAN: That applied to *A Farewell to Arms*, also.

HOTCHNER: *A Farewell to Arms*, yes, had many titles. When Mary finally got to the point that they were going to publish, posthumously, the Paris sketches, Scribner's didn't like any of the titles, because they all had-- they had "Paris" in them, and they felt that that would compete with the other-- it wouldn't be distinct enough. So that I remembered his using "a

moveable feast” (using the “e”; Ernest was a terrible speller--you’ll see in the letters that everything has “e”, “moveable”, “liveing”--the e’s were always retained). So I gave her that title; Ernest didn’t have a title for the book.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: The passage, “If you’re lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast.” Did he?

HOTCHNER: No, I did. Because they said, “We want a quote in the front.” And I said, “Well, it’s just ‘a moveable feast’.”

“Well, but it’s got to come from something.” So I gave them something.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: It’s a good piece.

HOTCHNER: Thank you. But anyway, I think most of the titles-- I always marvel at *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, because it’s such a great title, taken from...

KAPLAN: And it was completely apt, also...

HOTCHNER: --such an obscure--

KAPLAN: It was then, and suddenly everybody knew about Donne’s sermons.

HOTCHNER: That's right. Before that, it was totally obscure.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Mr. Kaplan, you had asked what the end of *A Moveable Feast* was, and I haven't read it in years, but if I recall, it was something to the effect of, "And that's the way it was, when we were very young, and very happy." Which, to me, is a beautiful ending to that book, and it's interesting to me to hear that he struggled over the ending, because it seems to me like it was perfect.

But I just wanted to mention, Mr. Hotchner, I think it's been 25 years or so since I read your biography of Hemingway, and I've read probably seven or eight. It's by far, to my mind, the best, the most vivid, the most beautifully written, and I just want to thank you for that. I think it's the one that makes you feel that you've really been in his presence. And I don't think anyone could have written something like that without the novelist's skills that you obviously have.

But my question is: As a writer, and when Hemingway met you, he knew you were a writer, there must have been a lot of awkwardness on his part, and maybe on yours, because he would have known, as a writer himself, that you would be observing him and one day reporting on him, recording what he had to say. Was there ever any awkwardness between the two of you? Was it ever discussed? Because I would think that it would have certainly always been on your mind, that one day you would write something about him.

HOTCHNER: Well, at the time that I met him, I wouldn't say that I was a writer. I was just out of the anti-submarine command; I had been a lawyer, practicing law in St. Louis, happy to be in the anti-submarine command and out of law. So I had wound up, after the anti-submarine command got dissolved for reasons we won't go into here, I wound up on *Air Force Magazine*, which was the magazine of the Air Force. So I had begun to... I think at the beginning I was the photo editor, and then I got to write captions, and then I began to write a couple of articles, and that's about the extent of my writing at the time I met Hemingway.

At that point, I'm a bounty hunter for a magazine in New York, so I am not competition with the greatest living writer in the world at that point! So there was never any thought like that. And I had the audacity at some point during our friendship to write a first novel, which was quite terrible. And he told me so. So that's the only time we ever discussed that.

But he did show me manuscripts, and there was a section in *Across the River* that I felt wouldn't serve him well, because he was dealing with... the protagonist was an Army colonel, and he was ascribing to him rather vicious anti-black and anti-Jewish attitudes, of a colonel toward those who were... And I said, "You know, Ernest, you've taken such a rap because of Robert Cohn of *The Sun Also Rises*. Are you sure you want him to... Because they identify you with your lead characters. You should think about it."

So that caused a lot of conflict for a while, and in the end he did take it out. And thanked me for it later in the letter-- there's a letter-- I keep pointing over there because there's a copy of the book there. Not pointing at you (laughs).

So he did, actually. And in the letter, he says, "I'm so glad that you pointed that out to me." But as a writer, I was not... as a young man, I was just learning my ropes, and there was no competition between us at all.

SEAN GILLIMAN: Hi; Sean Gilliman, Brooklyn, New York. There's a great passage in *A Moveable Feast* where Hemingway talks about how he liked to go to a museum--I'm not sure if it was Jeu de Paume or the Louvre-- and he liked to go there hungry, because he thought that it made his perceptions sharper. And I was wondering if you had any other stories to tell about Hemingway's attitudes about art, or perception, or looking.

HOTCHNER: Well, we were in Madrid, and he said, "Let's go to the museum. Have you been to the museum?"

"No." It was my first time in Madrid with him.

"Well, let's go." So we went to the museum, the Prado. Which is huge, and which has one of the great collections of art in the world. So I thought, you know, that we would maybe stroll along and I would be able to see what the collection was. We went through the door, and he walked very methodically through three or four sections, went through a door, came to a

gallery, went up to one particular painting of a young woman in sort of Basque costume. And he stood there for 15 minutes. At least. Looking at the painting. And I looked at the painting with him. And it was an extraordinary face that had the kind of appeal that the *Mona Lisa* has.

Now this is-- I can't tell you who painted it. Maybe Andrea del Sarto. I don't know. But we spent 15 or 20 minutes, and he said to me, "Wasn't that goddamn great?" And he walked out. That was the visit to the museum.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: It's been a while since I read *The Dangerous Summer*, but what-- Was that the first time Hemingway had been back since the Civil War? And if it was, was he conflicted? Did he feel any guilt about coming back? When he was back, did Franco follow him around or send people to follow him around?

HOTCHNER: Well, he had been back a time before. But what you ask is absolutely what happened. He felt very uneasy when he first came to passport control. He really thought that he would be barred. Because they had barred *For Whom the Bell Tolls* from Spain during Franco's time. And now there had been no publication of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and he was really an enemy of the state as far as they were concerned.

But instead, of course, when he really came in, they greeted him as a long-lost conquering hero. And he never had any trouble. But he did Pamplona that first year. When he went with me, that was the second time he had been

to Spain. But the first time, it was a great deal of uneasiness on his part, because he was actively engaged with the forces that were fighting Franco. Well, you can tell from his play *The Fifth Column*, which he wrote while he was in Madrid during the Civil War.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Can I just ask one more? Ordonez (I'm saying their names wrong), Dominguin and Ordonez, what happened to those guys?

HOTCHNER: They're both dead.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: They're both dead. Did they go on and have great careers, or was that kind of...

HOTCHNER: Dominguin never really recovered from the goring he had at the end of the *mano a mano*, but he was primarily one of the great *bandilleros* of the world. He could place those barbs like nobody ever has, before or after. But he was also quite an accomplished matador, but... They both had very good bull-breeding ranches. Antonio allowed himself to go to seed; this gorgeous matador, these men in those suits were-- but he didn't take care of himself very well, and he-- I think he died perhaps 20 years ago, and Dominguin not much after. But they never had a career-- I think it was Antonio who became an impresario for a while, and booked matadors, but didn't really pursue that. Didn't pursue the career much.

KAPLAN: I think we have time for one more question.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: This might be a question for both of you. I'm interested in Hemingway's attitude toward other writers. And I see two sides to that. In the Lillian Ross interview, he kept going on about "getting into the ring" with Tolstoy, or all the great writers. And he's had a very combative view. But, on the other hand, the famous passage in "Green Hills" which, the central idea there, that all American literature began with one book, *Huckleberry Finn*, was extraordinary, it seemed to me, because very few writers want to talk about books that shaped them. And that was a very generous and open remark. And I'm just curious about the two sides of this, his combativeness and his appreciation of Mark Twain. Is that-- does that strike you as an anomaly of any sort?

KAPLAN: No, I think that both attitudes are comparable. And I've always been uneasy with the statement from "Green Hills;" it's in the mouth of-- what, a German?--somebody else, and also is highly qualified later on when the same speaker says, "Forget about the last third, that third is essentially garbage." It's a very carefully weighed statement, not simply a blanket approval.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: I think most people find it very revealing, in view of the connection in style and language and so on.

KAPLAN: He does really have a point, there. Both *Huckleberry Finn* and Hemingway in his time were using language as spoken.

HOTCHNER: In one of his letters, he excoriates James Jones. He also castrates Norman Mailer.

KAPLAN: Also John O'Hara.

HOTCHNER: And John O'Hara, who-- well, not so completely. What he says is, in the beginning...

KAPLAN: He could hit but now all he does is bunt.

HOTCHNER: Is beat out bunts. Or try to beat out bunts. Also, he said he had "the terrible failing of the lace-curtain Irish."

So I once said to him, "What do you think of Writer A? Writer B?"

"No. Forget it. No." He said, "There's one good writer"-- I was talking about writing about the war, the Second World War-- He said, "There's only one really good writer, and it's extraordinary. And that's John Horne Burns, who wrote *The Gallery*."

"Oh," I said. "Yes, I've read it. And that's your choice of all the writing that's been done about the Second World War?"

"That's right." It wasn't until later that I realized that John Horne Burns was dead, so that qualified him. Yeah, I think he was dismissive of all writers.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Well, that's often the case. You should have heard Robert Frost on Emily Dickinson, the two writers who were connected with Amherst. Thank you.

KAPLAN: Well, I think that's going to be it. Thank you very much.

HOTCHNER: If anybody's got one itching question that we haven't answered--

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Yes, please. I think we need to get a woman's perspective. [Laughter.] So I've come up with something. I've not read Hemingway for about five years, was a literature student when I studied at university. And, having read Hemingway, I think it was *A Farewell to Arms* when she has the baby and then she dies, I'm like "Ugh! You've got this great love story going, and this great story going, and, of course, he doesn't know what to do with the woman, so-- knock her off!" Yet, on the other hand, in *The Sun Also Rises* Brett is somebody that I really thought was great.

So what sort of woman did Hemingway respect? The motherly type, or the woman who-- Brett was kind of both, you've got to admit. Before her time, maybe.

HOTCHNER: Hemingway's attitude toward women was one of courteous respect. Contrary to what you may think. But as to his choice of women, you must be aware that his closest friends were really dynamic movie stars.

There was Marlene Dietrich, who was a great friend; they corresponded a lot. Ingrid Bergman. Ava Gardner. We were with Ava quite often.

I mean, there was once a hilarious moment when we were in the hotel, the Escorial. We were in the bar, and Ernest and Ava and I were having quite a few of the barman's special martinis, and they had a jar of olives between them. And they got into a contest. They had the barman put an empty bowl in the back of the bar, and they proceeded to eat the olives and take the pit and plink it, and to see who could plink the pit into the bowl, and how many. So it shows you the playful nature he had with these women.

On the other hand, there were these romantic fixtures in his life, like Adriana Ivancich, who was Renata of *Across the River*. She was 18, 19, a gorgeous Neapolitan woman. There was Gigi Viertel-- There were these women that he kept as sort of imaginary or romantic fixations. I personally don't think he was having affairs with them. I think they were fixated romantic figures like he would put in a book. And they all became fair game for the women that he actually invented. I mean, Catherine probably is the one who's closest to his ideal of a woman, wouldn't you say? Because Catherine was, as Justin says, really Agnes Kurowsky, who was his nurse when he was injured in the First World War and spent so much time in the Milan hospital, and they had this marvelous affair. And he really thought that this was the great love of his life, he would marry this woman-- And then, in this collection of short stories, there's this story called "A Very Short Story," and

it's his broken heart at being told (by Agnes, although he doesn't use the name) that theirs was just an innocent flirtation and she has met a man.

KAPLAN: And he was just a kid.

HOTCHNER: He was just a kid. So that there is no way to, I think, identify "the Hemingway woman." There were just too many of them, and so different.

Well, thank you very much.