BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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A Farewell to Arms

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A Moveable Feast
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Dateline: Toronto
By-Line: Ernest Hemingway
A Moveable Feast: The Restored Edition

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Hemingway on Fishing
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Ernest Hemingway

A Moveable Feast

THE RESTORED EDITION

Foreword by Patrick Hemingway

Edited with an Introduction by Seán Hemingway

SCRIBNER
New York London Toronto Sydney

SCRIBNER
A Division of Simon & Schuster, Inc.
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

First Scribner hardcover edition July 2009

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Text set in Sabon

Manufactured in the United States of America

13 15 17 19 20 18 16 14 12

Library of Congress Control Number: 2009017587

ISBN 978-1-4165-9131-3

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Contents

A Moveable Feast

THE RESTORED EDITION

Foreword

A new generation of Hemingway readers (one hopes there will never be a lost generation!) has the opportunity here to read a published text that is a less edited and more comprehensive version of the original manuscript material the author intended as a memoir of his young, formative years as a writer in Paris; one of his best moveable feasts.

From the very beginning, there have been different editions of important works of literature. Take the Bible, for example. When I was a young person being raised in the Roman Catholic religion of my maternal grandmother, Mary Downey, born in County Cork, I heard it read from the pulpit during sermons on Sundays and feast days, and I read it myself, the Douay-Rheims Version (DRV) of the Bible, which is not the King James Version (KJV) although the DRV is literally closer more often to the Latin Vulgate Version (LVV).

Consider just the two opening lines:

DRV:

1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
2. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

KJV:

1. In the beginning God created heaven, and earth.
2. And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved over the waters.

LVV:

1. *in principia creavit deus caelum et terram.*
2. *terra autem erat inanis et vacua et tenebrae super faciem abyssi et spiritus dei ferebatur super aquas.*

After googling all three of these versions, I was left with the distinct impression that I had a choice, because of the ambiguity of the LVV, between the Spirit of God being carried along floating on the stream like a piece of Sargasso seaweed or, alternatively, soaring along just above it like an albatross on the southern seas.

To me, anyway, soaring seems more godlike, and evidently, the Protestant clergymen in charge of the KJV thought the same. Neither the Protestants nor the Catholics could turn to God for answers to such ambiguities, and such is the case with Hemingway. He died before he had decided on a preface, chapter headings, an ending, and a title for his memoir, and no one, just like the case with the old gaucho's mother in Hudson's *Far Away And Long Ago,* has been able to reach him so far regarding these matters.

Now what can I say about the title? Mary Hemingway derives it from a remark made by her husband to Aaron Hotchner: "If you are 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."

When my father was free to marry my mother, Pauline, he agreed to convert to Roman Catholicism and undergo a course of religious instruction in Paris. Hemingway, of course, as a boy had received quite a bit of religious instruction as a properly brought-up Protestant, but he had received the sacrament of last rites from a Catholic chaplain in the battlefield dressing station during the night after his mortar wound on the Italian front, and like the famous French king whose statue he mentions in the Paris memoir, he knew that Pauline was worth a mass.

I imagine that the priest, most likely from Saint-Sulpice, the church where Pauline attended services near her Paris apartment, took his role as instructor very seriously. One of the concepts he must have discussed with my father was that of the moveable feast. He would have explained that these are important church feast days linked to the varying date of Easter, so that they also have varying dates. Hemingway must have remembered then one of the most memorable speeches of Shakespeare, the feast of St. Crispin speech, the Agincourt address to his troops by Henry V. St. Crispin's day is not a moveable feast. It is the same date in the calendar of every year, but if you fought there on that day, it becomes your moveable feast.

The complexity of a moveable feast lies in the calculation of the calendar date for Easter in a given year, from which it is simple enough then to assign a calendar date to each and every moveable feast for a given year. Palm Sunday is seven days before Easter.

The calculation of the calendar date for Easter is no simple matter. This calculation has a special name, the Computus. No less a mathematician than Carl Friedrich Gauss came up with an algorithm for the computation. How those two, instructor and pupil, must have enjoyed themselves

with these arcane discussions. I wonder if James Joyce might have joined in!

In later life the idea of a moveable feast for Hemingway became something very much like what King Harry wanted St. Crispin's Feast Day to be for "we happy few": a memory or even a state of being that had become a part of you, a thing that you could have always with you, no matter where you went or how you lived forever after, that you could never lose. An experience first fixed in time and space or a condition like happiness or love could be afterward moved or carried with you wherever you went in space and time. Hemingway had many moveable feasts besides Paris: D-Day on a landing craft going in to Omaha Beach among many others. For this to work, however, you need memory. With memory gone, and knowing that it is gone, is likely to come despair, the sin against the Holy Ghost. Electric shock therapy can destroy memory like dementia or death does, but, unlike dementia or death, you are left aware that it has been destroyed.

Now that I have tried to prepare you for it, here is the last bit of professional writing by my father, the true foreword to *A Moveable Feast*: "This book contains material from the *remises* of my memory and of my heart. Even if the one has been tampered with and the other does not exist."

Patrick Hemingway

Acknowledgments

First, I thank Patrick Hemingway for suggesting the idea of this book to me, entrusting me with the task, and also for his sterling collaboration. It has been a rare privilege to work directly with my grandfather's manuscripts. In its own way, this project has been a moveable feast that I have worked on in many different places over several years. I am most grateful to Michael Katakis, Literary Rights Manager of the Hemingway Foreign Rights Trust, and to Brant Rumble, my editor at Simon & Schuster. At the John F. Kennedy library in Boston, I want to acknowledge the unwavering support of Deborah Leff, the former director, and Tom Putnam, the director, as well as Susan Wrynn, the curator of the Hemingway Collection. Without their kind assistance, this project would not have been undertaken. I am also grateful to James Hill at the audiovisual archives of the Kennedy library for assistance with photographic images and to Peter Duffield for allowing the use of his photograph on the back cover.

The knowledge I have accumulated over the years about my grandfather and his work has come from many sources. For this project, I single out for thanks my parents, Valerie and Gregory Hemingway, as well as Patrick and Carol Hemingway, Jack Hemingway, and George Plimpton. I also thank Joseph and Patricia Czapski, Patrice Czapski, Liisa Kissel, and J. Alexander MacGillivray. In researching this project, I have consulted numerous scholarly studies and remembrances of Paris in the 1920s, some of which are cited in my introduc-

tion. In particular, the monograph-length studies of *A Moveable Feast* by Jacqueline Tavernier-Courbin and Gerry Brenner were most helpful and will remain fundamental references for any future studies of *A Moveable Feast*. Finally, I want to acknowledge my soul mate and raison d'être, Colette, who helped in many ways, and Anouk, who came along toward the end of this project, bringing with her understanding and joy.

Introduction

In November 1956, the management of the Ritz Hotel in Paris convinced Ernest Hemingway to repossess two small steamer trunks that he had stored there in March 1928.[1] The trunks contained forgotten remnants from his first years in Paris: pages of typed fiction, notebooks of material relating to *The Sun Also Rises,* books, newspaper clippings, and old clothes. To bring this precious cargo home to the Finca in Cuba on their transatlantic voyage aboard the *Ile de France,* Ernest and his wife Mary purchased a large Louis Vuitton steamer trunk. I recall as a child seeing that trunk in my godmother Mary's apartment in New York, and I can still remember its smart leather trim with brass fittings, pervasive Louis Vuitton logo, and the gold embossed initials, "EH." The trunk itself was easily big enough for me to fit into, and it filled me with wonder at the grand, adventurous life my grandfather led.

Hemingway may well have had earlier inklings of writing a memoir about his early years in Paris, such as during the long recuperation after his near-death plane crashes in Africa in 1954, but his reacquaintance with this material—a time capsule from that seminal period in his life—stirred him to action.[2] In the summer of 1957, he began work on "The Paris Sketches," as he called the book. He worked on it in Cuba, and in Ketchum, and even brought it with him to Spain in the summer of 1959, and to Paris in the fall that same year. By

November 1959, Hemingway had completed and delivered to Scribner's a draft of a manuscript that lacked only an introduction and the final chapter. *A Moveable Feast,* published posthumously in 1964, concerns the author's time in Paris from 1921 to 1926. Careful study of the manuscripts for *A Moveable Feast* reveals that relatively little material was reused from Hemingway's early papers and manuscripts.[3] Of particular note is the chapter on the poet Cheever Dunning, which can be directly linked to a very early draft of the story that Hemingway describes in a letter to Ezra Pound, dated October 15, 1924.[4] Additionally, parts of the chapter "Ford Madox Ford and the Devil's Disciple" were culled from material that Hemingway excised from *The Sun Also Rises* and had rediscovered in the notebooks he found in the trunks at the Ritz. While *A Moveable Feast* is the first and most complete posthumously published book by Ernest Hemingway, Mary Hemingway states, in her editor's note, that the book was finished in the spring of 1960, when he had completed another round of edits to the manuscript at the Finca. In actuality, the book was never finished in Hemingway's eyes.

This new special edition of *A Moveable Feast* celebrates my grandfather's classic memoir of his early days in Paris fifty years after he completed the first draft of the book. Presented here for the first time is Ernest Hemingway's original manuscript text as he had it at the time of his death in 1961. Although Hemingway had completed several drafts of the main text in prior years, he had not written an introduction or final chapter to his satisfaction, nor had he decided on a title. In fact, Hemingway continued to work on the book at least into April of 1961.

During the nearly three years between the author's death and the first publication of *A Moveable Feast* in the spring of

1964, significant changes were made to the manuscript by the editors, Mary Hemingway and Harry Brague of Scribner's. A small amount of material that Hemingway had intended to include was deleted, and other material that he had written for the book but had decided not to include, notably the chapter entitled "Birth of A New School," a large section of the chapter on Ezra Pound, now entitled "Ezra Pound and the Measuring Worm," and a large section of the final chapter, previously entitled "There is Never Any End to Paris" and now renamed "Winters in Schruns," was added. The introductory letter by Ernest Hemingway in *A Moveable Feast* was actually fabricated by Mary Hemingway from manuscript fragments and, thus, has been left out of this edition. Likewise, the editors changed the order of some of the chapters. Chapter 7 became chapter 3, and chapter 16 on Schruns was made into the last chapter with additional material added from a chapter in which Hemingway wrote about his break up with Hadley and new marriage to Pauline Pfeiffer, a text published in its entirety here for the first time as "The Pilot Fish and the Rich." Hemingway had decided against including this material in the book because he thought of his relationship with Pauline as a beginning, not an ending.

The nineteen chapters of *A Moveable Feast* published here are based on a typed manuscript with original notations in Hemingway's hand—the last draft of the last book that he ever worked on. The actual manuscript is in the Ernest Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy library in Boston, Massachusetts, the primary repository for all of Hemingway's manuscripts.[5] Although this manuscript lacks a final chapter, I believe that it provides a truer representation of the book my grandfather intended to publish.

A number of relatively minor editorial changes were also

made to the published edition of *A Moveable Feast,* changes that I strongly doubt would have been attempted by the editor had she required the author's approval. These changes have been reinstated. The most significant of them, I think, is the changing in many places of Hemingway's use of the second person in the narrative, evident from the very first paragraph of chapter one and then throughout the book (see, e.g., Fig. 1). This intentional and carefully conceived narrative device gives the effect of the author speaking to himself and, subconsciously, through the repetition of the word "you," brings the reader into the story.

A particularly egregious edit was made to the foreword to chapter 17 on F. Scott Fitzgerald. Hemingway's final text (see Fig. 7) reads:

> His talent was as natural as the pattern that was made by the dust on a butterfly's wings. At one time he understood it no more than the butterfly did and he did not know when it was brushed or marred. Later he became conscious of his damaged wings and of their construction and he learned to think. He was flying again and I was lucky to meet him just after a good time in his writing if not a good one in his life.

But in the posthumous edition, it reads:

> His talent was as natural as the pattern that was made by the dust on a butterfly's wings. At one time he understood it no more than the butterfly did and he did not know when it was brushed or marred. Later he became conscious of his damaged wings and of their construction and he learned to think and could not fly any more because the love of flight was gone and he could only remember when it had been effortless.[6]

It is clear that the editors culled this text from an earlier draft (see Fig. 6) discarded by Hemingway, but this kind of editorial decision, which casts Fitzgerald in a less sympathetic light than Hemingway's final version, seems completely unwarranted.

Hemingway had only provided titles for three chapters of his original manuscript: "Ford Madox Ford and the Devil's Disciple," "Birth of a New School," and "The Man Who Was Marked for Death" (see Fig. 4). The titles from the first publication have been retained, except as noted above, for the clarity of the reader familiar with the book. Likewise, I have provided titles for the additional, previously unpublished sketches.

There was a great deal of material that Hemingway wrote for *A Moveable Feast* that he decided to leave out, acting "by the old rule that how good a book is should be judged by the man who writes it by the excellence of the material that he eliminates." At least ten additional chapters were composed for the book, each in varying stages of completion, and these have been included in this special edition as a separate section after the main text. None of these chapters were finished to the author's satisfaction and must be regarded as incomplete. Some of the chapters were written and rewritten in two drafts, and others are preserved in only a single handwritten first draft. As a corpus, I think that most readers will agree they provide a most interesting supplement to the book.

The chapters of *A Moveable Feast* do not follow a strict chronological order. Similarly, I have organized the additional chapters with a slightly idiosyncratic logic. "Birth of A New School" comes first because this chapter was already included in the first publication of the book, where the editors had placed it between "Ford Madox Ford and the Devil's Disciple"

and "With Pascin at the Dôme." Hemingway wrote two different possible endings for this chapter, which were edited and partially conflated by the editors of *A Moveable Feast*. Both endings are provided here as Hemingway wrote them. Likewise, "Ezra Pound and His Bel Esprit" is material that was published in *A Moveable Feast* but had been written as a separate chapter, and, in fact, was cut by Hemingway.

"On Writing in the First Person" is next because it is quite different from all of the other pieces. It focuses on writing rather than a particular remembrance, and, as a piece about process, seems more appropriate at the beginning than at the end. While incomplete, it offers insight into the process of writing and pokes fun at the so-called "detective school" of literary criticism. Most young writers write fiction from their own experience but Hemingway, as he intimates in this brief sketch, culled a great deal of material from other firsthand and secondhand sources. For example, he writes about interviewing soldiers from World War I, and his mastery of historical fiction is never more evident than in his novel *A Farewell to Arms,* where he has recreated the retreat of Caporetto so accurately that one would not believe he had not been at the battle.[7]

"Secret Pleasures" is a story about Ernest wearing his hair long and deciding with Hadley to grow their hair to the same length. Most likely it is based primarily on the winter of 1922–23, when they were at Chamby sur Montreux, Switzerland, not Schruns, Austria, and is a case where Hemingway has altered the facts to improve the story.[8] The sketch, only preserved in a single handwritten draft, is audacious for its intimate portrayal of the author and his wife and recalls certain passages in Hemingway's posthumous novel, *The Garden of Eden*.[9] It gives a particularly vivid impression of Ernest Hemingway as a young professional with one good suit and

one pair of dress shoes who needed to observe the social conventions and dress code of his job as a journalist. The length that one cuts one's hair remains a theme that resonates with young people today as they get their start in life. Hemingway conveys the complexity of motivations and assumptions in the simple act of growing his hair out: transitioning to his new bohemian lifestyle as a full-time writer of fiction, saving money both by not cutting his hair and not going out to the fashionable quarter because of his bohemian appearance, how this allowed him to focus on his writing, his journalist colleagues' disdainful impressions contrasted with the completely different cultural associations of long hair for Japanese men, whom Hemingway met at Ezra Pound's studio and whose long, straight black hair Hemingway admired. From this practical and anti-establishment act grows the idea that he and Hadley wear their hair at the same length as a kind of secret pleasure shared between them. Hemingway comically contrasts the scene in Paris with that in Schruns, where the local barber assumes that Hemingway is following the new Paris fashion and, consequently, encourages other customers to take up the style.

"A Strange Fight Club" is a story about a little-known Canadian boxer named Larry Gains and his irregular training at the Stade Anastasie, a dance hall restaurant in a tough part of Paris where fights were held as dinnertime entertainment and the fighters acted as waiters. It is an unusual portrait of Paris life in the 1920s and reveals the pugilistic side of Ernest Hemingway, who enjoyed boxing himself and often covered important fights as a journalist.[10] Hemingway, as when he spars with Ezra Pound in his studio, casts himself as the authority, which he displays to the reader through his careful assessment of Larry Gains's inexperienced moves.

"The Acrid Smell of Lies" is an unflattering portrait of Ford Madox Ford, whose breath was "fouler than the spout of any whale." Hemingway's intense dislike of Ford has long puzzled biographers, especially given Ford's often glowing praise in print of Hemingway's writing and the opportunities that Ford gave Hemingway as an assistant editor of *The Transatlantic Review.*[11] According to one theory, their falling out was the result of a dispute over money.[12] In this sketch, Hemingway ascribes his "unreasonable antipathy" toward Ford as his own inability to listen to Ford's constant lying.

"The Education of Mr. Bumby" is a sketch preserved in just one handwritten draft, in which Ernest and his son Jack, whose nickname was Bumby, join F. Scott Fitzgerald for a drink at a "neutral" cafe in Paris. The piece adds another example to Hemingway's portrayal of Fitzgerald's problems with drinking and his wife Zelda's jealousy over his writing. After telling Fitzgerald stories about World War I, Hemingway mentions to Bumby that their friend André Masson was damaged by the war but went on to lead a productive life as a painter. Masson served in the Great War for two and a half years until 1917, when he was wounded in the chest and suffered depression afterward. Masson shared with Joan Miró a Paris studio, which Hemingway visited on a number of occasions. Hemingway acquired three forest landscape paintings by Masson, all of which now hang in the Hemingway room at the John F. Kennedy library, and knowing that Masson was deeply affected by the war may explain something of their haunting effect.[13]

"Scott and His Parisian Chauffeur" is more a story about F. Scott Fitzgerald than about Paris—it takes place in America after a Princeton football game that the Fitzgeralds and Hemingways attended together in the fall of 1928. One can

see why Hemingway decided to leave it out as it falls outside the general chronological parameters of the book. However, the black humor and automotive theme make the sketch a fine sequel to Ernest's earlier chapter on the drive with Fitzgerald from Lyon to Paris in his hoodless Renault, amplifying Hemingway's portrayal of "Scott's complicated tragedies, generosities and devotions."

To judge from the manuscripts (see, e.g., Fig. 5), the most difficult part of writing *A Moveable Feast* for Ernest Hemingway was coming to terms with his betrayal of Hadley with Pauline and the end of that first marriage. In a way this would have been a logical ending to the book, and one can see why Mary Hemingway decided on it for the ending. However, Hemingway, after writing a chapter about it, included in this edition as "The Pilot Fish and the Rich," decided that it was not the ending he wanted since he considered his marriage to Pauline a beginning, and this ending clearly left the heroine of the book, Hadley, abandoned and alone. What is worse is that only a part of "The Pilot Fish and the Rich" was incorporated into the last chapter of *A Moveable Feast* in the 1964 edition. The remorse that Hemingway expresses and the responsibility that he accepts for the breakup, as well as "the unbelievable happiness" that he had with Pauline, was cut out by the editors. For the first time, readers of this edition have the full text to consider as Hemingway wrote it. The extensive edits Mary Hemingway made to this text seem to have served her own personal relationship with the writer as his fourth and final wife, rather than the interests of the book or of the author, who comes across in the posthumous first edition as something of an unknowing victim, which he clearly was not (see also Fig. 5).

"*Nada y Pues Nada*" was written by Ernest Hemingway over three days, from April 1–3, 1961, as a possible final

chapter for the book. It is the last demonstrable sustained piece of writing that Hemingway did for the book and is only preserved in a single handwritten manuscript (see Fig. 8). It is as much a reflection of the author's state of mind at that time, only three weeks before he attempted suicide, as it is a contribution to the book. His commitment to his work despite his failing health is remarkable, especially amid the paranoia and severe state of depression that he was facing. Writing, as he had done before in better times, that he was born to write "and had done and would do again" must have been difficult knowing that his writing was not going well and had not been for some time. In the final sentence, he writes that his memory has been tampered with, likely a reference to his recent visit to the Mayo clinic for shock therapy treatment, and that his heart no longer exists. As Hemingway's Spanish Civil War–time friend Antoine de Saint Exupery observed in his book, *Le Petit Prince,* it is only with the heart that we can see rightly, as the essence of things is not visible to the eye. Hemingway's expression of despair is a sad portent of the end for him, which came by his own hand less than three months later.

In a letter written to Charles Scribner, Jr., on April 18, 1961, but never mailed, Hemingway writes that he is unable to finish the book as he had hoped and suggests publishing it without a final chapter.[14] He mentions that he has been trying to write an ending for over a month. The false starts and endings included in the Fragments section of this volume probably belong to this time. He also provides a long list of tentative titles for *A Moveable Feast*. Hemingway had a habit of writing out lists of possible titles for his books from as early as his 1920s collection, *in our time*.[15] Some names were frivolous and some were serious, and he often liked to say that the Bible was the best source for finding titles.[16] At

first glance, the list of titles Hemingway drew up at this time seems awful and may be an indication of how much his mind was deteriorating. They include: *The Part Nobody Knows, To Hope and Write Well (The Paris Stories), To Write It True, Good Nails Are Made of Iron, To Bite On the Nail, Some Things As They Were, Some People and The Places, How It Began, To Love and Write Well, It Is Different In The Ring,* and, my personal favorite, *How Different It Was When You Were There.*

The title that he tentatively settled on was *The Early Eye and The Ear (How Paris was in the early days)*. This last title sounds a bit like a medical textbook that could have belonged to his father. In seriousness, though, I think that Hemingway was trying to get at what he believed were key facets of his writing technique with this title. The eye, a term usually used in the connoisseurship of fine art, draws an interesting comparison between writing and painting, a subject that Hemingway discusses in *A Moveable Feast,* especially his learning from the paintings of Cézanne.[17] Hemingway first developed his eye, his ability to discern the gold from the dross and turn his observations into prose, in Paris in the twenties. The ear, which we think of as more pertinent to musical composition, is clearly important to creative writing. Hemingway's writing typically reads well when spoken aloud. When complete, his writing is so tight that every word is integral, like notes in a musical composition. In his early years in Paris, he learned about the value of rhythm and repetition in writing from Gertrude Stein and, especially, James Joyce, whose masterpiece, *Ulysses,* published by Sylvia Beach at Shakespeare and Company, is an extraordinary virtuoso display of English prose that comes alive when read aloud.[18] *The Early Eye and The Ear* gets at the need to hone your craft, something Hemingway truly believed in and