

HEMINGWAY'S QUEST:

A Political Murder Mystery (in Three Acts)

by T. Christopher Kurth (May 23rd, 2022—3rd Ed.)

Editor's Note: The archetypal and inspirational script is H.P. Lovecraft's, but the subject of this intriguing story is **Ernest Hemingway**. The *people, places, and things* mentioned in *Hemingway's Quest* are *highlighted* and linked to Michael Palin's *Hemingway Adventure*—providing a useful traveler's reference for both Hemingway fans and aspiring adventures. Also, Paris has been especially emphasized, since this was Hemingway's favorite place. The Paris section has additionally been tied to Woody Allen's movie, *Midnight in Paris*, for amusing cross-reference. The titles of Hemingway's famous **novels** have also been carefully worked into each relevant section of the narrative. So, look to this as a handy recommended **reading list**; linking each book, by topic, to the reader's interests.

Notice how this text highlights a veritable cornucopia of *key concepts* and destinations for both readers and travelers; all while providing an essentially true biography of Hemingway's extraordinary life. This way, Lovecraft's archetypal framework provides added value, and a bit of whimsy, to an important story that everyone needs to know! Now you can learn about the greatest novelist of the 20th century in a thoroughly captivating way—like reading about a real-life political **murder mystery** in *The New York Times*. Finally, to demonstrate Hemingway's profound impact on literature, each "act" of this story has been written in a different style. Thus, Act I is intentionally written in an old-fashioned 19th-century 'poetic' style. Act II gradually transitions to an early 20th-century style. While Act III is written in the modern post-Hemingway style. However, the story 'finale' actually attempts to imitate Hemingway's own unique journalistic-inspired prose.

— ACT I — Written in the exceedingly eloquent "purple prose" of the 19th-century.

World War I—The European Campaign:

Into the Garibaldi train station—amidst the horrors of war-torn Milan—wandered the youth. Acting as if his head were crowned in laurel, and his royal robe torn from the briers of momentous battle—such as along the battered stone bridges of the Piave River Front—a young Ernest Miller Hemingway entered WWI Italy (on June 7th, 1918). Italian soldiers fresh from the front-lines were dark with soot and stern from the rigors of a long, but futile conflict. It had unfortunately begun four years earlier, on July 28th, 1914. Most of the time, the soldiers dwelled in their square granite bunkers hidden within endlessly lined trenches, not far from the village known as Fossalta. With frowns—ravenously pocketing the cigars, cigarettes, and chocolates distributed by the new ambulance-driver—they asked this stranger from whence he had come and what was his name and fortune. So, the naïve youth answered:

Early Life—Chicago, Upper Michigan, & Reporting for *The Kansas City*:

"I am **Ernest Hemingway**... And, I have recently come from that magnificent city of Paris, a place far from this godforsaken hellhole—a wonderful place which I now recall only dimly, but seek to return again someday." Note: Hemingway had been initially transferred to Paris, but when he later arrived in Milan, he was tasked to recover dead bodies—and parts of dead bodies—after a devastating bombing attack.

"I am a 20th Century *poet*, a skilled writer of *journalistic* fiction and prose; talents that I honed in that far-off city of Chicago. And, while news reporting for *The Kansas City Star*. My calling is to write gracefully and beautifully about the tragedies of life; and of things remembered from my childhood, amid the enchanted forests and lakes of upper Michigan. My wealth is in memories and dreams—and in the revelries and hopes that I praise—amidst ancient Indian woodlands; when the moon was full over Hemingway cottage, and the west wind stirred the dark waters of Lake Walloon." Obviously, young Hemingway had yet to shorten his sentences and tighten his prose with his notable "Journalistic" panache. But, this would eventually happen *In Our Time*, which was published in 1925; and in his follow-up book, *Men Without Women*, in 1927.

WW I—Italy & Europe (June 7th to July 7th 1918):

When the men from Italy heard these things, they whispered to one another; for though hunkered down in bombed-out bunkers along the Italian Front, and despite the fact that there was no more laughter or song, these stern warriors still looked towards the Grand Canals of Venice, and would think nostalgically of “*jazz age*” melodies harkening from distant France—wonderous places of which European travelers and American tourists had eagerly told. And thinking thus, they bade the stranger to stay and tell stories; while visiting shell-shocked soldiers and travelling amidst the forlorn square bunkers, just before the ominous Austrian offensive—though they liked not his colorful exaggerations of heroism, nor his pretensions of military prowess, nor his (true) claims of literary genius, nor his dashing and youthful good looks!

WW I—The Final Months on The Italian Front & the Brutal Austrian Offensive (July 1918):

Then, on July 7th, 1918—“exactly one month after arriving in Italy”—during a noonday visit to the Italian Front, young Hem finally became a “*real*” soldier. Hemingway related this near fatal experience accordingly, “*I heard a cough, then came the chuh-chuh-chuh and then there was a flash, as when a blast furnace is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in a rushing wind.*” While old veterans prayed, and a blinded man said he saw a nimbus over the writer’s head, medics finally arrived to rescue this newly inducted war hero. Young Hemingway had, somehow, managed to survive over 227 separate and simultaneous wounds to his legs and lower body. This confrontation however would be both Hemingway’s first, and last, major battle—**A Farewell to Arms**, so to speak.

Milan Hospital & Hemingway’s First Love (July 7th 1918- to early 1919):

While convalescing in a hospital back in Milan, Hemingway “*fell hard*” for with a twenty-something nurse named Agnes. Like her saintly namesake, she indeed embodied all of Hemingway’s hopes and dreams in a single archetypal beauty. Unfortunately, she would later leave him for an older and richer man; breaking his heart forever—mortally crippling his soul, but not his body, much to the dismay of every woman afterwards (...and there were many).

Chicago & Canada—Hemingway’s First Marriage (early 1919 to December 1921):

Returning as a war hero to the “*wide lawns and narrow minds*” of Chicago, Hemingway eventually grew tired of retelling his seemingly boring “*war stories*”—especially, as most of these midwestern men yawned, and some laughed, and some even went to sleep—for Hemingway told of nothing that was pragmatically useful, speaking only of his memories, his dreams, and his hopes for the future.

Predictably, Hemingway had all but abandoned the “*American dream*”—that is, in the horrific trenches of WWI—so he subsequently took a job at the **Toronto Star**, started to schmooze with well-traveled writers (like **Sherwood Anderson**), found new love with a beautiful girl named Hadley Richardson (eight years his senior), got married; and then, abruptly moved to Paris. Accordingly, while living in Europe as a youthful expatriate, Hemingway famously served as a “foreign reporter” for the aforementioned **Toronto Star**.

Paris— ‘The Capitol of the World’: Hemingway ‘Lived’ in **Paris** from 1922 to 1928 [Section 0.]

The couple arrived in Paris just before Christmas, in 1921. Hemingway took up Residence in the famous *Latin Quarter* (at 74 *rue du Cardinal Lemoine*) and found a small writing studio, nearby (on *rue Mouffetard*). Hemingway loved everything about Paris, and (rightly) described it as “*the capitol of the world.*”

With a letter of introduction—provided to him by the writer Sherwood Anderson—Hemingway set out to befriend his fellow expats comprising the notorious “‘*Lost Generation*,’ a circle of writers, artists, and *bon vivants* who helped him hone his distinctive fiction.”

Hemingway later famously confessed, “*If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast.*”

Buildings & Streets of Paris—The **Outer Physical** Structures that ‘*Embody*’ Paris [Section I.A]

Hemingway lovingly—and sometimes rather bombastically—recounted his exploits almost as fiction. Apparently agreeing with Carl Jung, he felt “*All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they really happened.*” Thus, Hemingway nostalgically whispered “I remember the twilight surrounding the *Eiffel Tower* and the moon over the avenue *Champs-Elysees.*”

City **Parks & Parisian Waterways**—**Physical** Features that ‘*Nurture*’ the **Inner** Paris [Section I.B]:

“And, I recall French songs from the *Tuileries* garden; and especially music along the *Quay de la Seine* riverfront, where I was often rocked to sleep by the sound of the *river* lapping against the ancient stone pillars of the *Pont Neuf* bridge.”

Cathedrals & Churches—**Religious** and ‘*Devotional*’ Structures in Paris [Section VIII.]:

“And looking through the antique windows of the Hotel Esmeralda (like *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*), I came to cherish this view of the city’s central island—the *Ile de la Cite*—from whence the magnificent golden light of the majestic *Notre-Dame* Cathedral emanated. The place where flames miraculously danced on its famous *Rose Window*—as well as upon the nearby star-filled ceiling of *Saint-Chapelle*. And, where ancient shadows strangely silhouette the massive marble columns surrounding the Greek Temple of *La Madeleine*, nearby.”

History & Humanity of France—**Spiritual** ‘*Aspirations*’ and ‘*Intuitions*’ Underlying Paris [Section VII.]:

“I also, in a strange way, remember a square of moonlight on the floor of the *Louvre Pyramid*—and *La Pyramide Inversee*—although these structures, and others like it, hadn’t even been built when I lived in Paris. Indeed, I even remember a light (that was not like any other light) emanating from the Catholic *Pantheon Bouddhique*—like the halo that surrounds Angels and Saints, such as the illustrious Joan of Arc. This holy effulgence seemed to originate from within the *Guimet* Museum and Gardens, but I could never figure out why.”

“And, I somberly recalled macabre visions that danced amidst the skeletal remains of the Paris *Catacombs*, seemingly conveyed upon moonbeams towards haunted places—like *Le Manoir* de Paris. This reminded me of the darkest emanations that surround only very evil souls, like Gilles de Rais (that infamous “Satanist” who—towards the end of France’s Hundred Years’ War—inexplicably helped Joan of Arc achieve victory over the invading English).”

French **Philosophical & Literary** Traditions—**Higher Intellectual** ‘*Contemplations*’ within Paris [Section VI.]:

“I remember when my mother sang to me, like the ballads sung by spirited college students recently emancipated from strenuous study at the University of Paris—a place better known to the world as the *Sorbonne*. They would carouse the streets of the *Latin Quarter* singing songs in that ancient and proud Romanesque tongue—thereby giving the area its popular name.”

“And I, too, remember the morning sun; bright above the cafes, restaurants, and Hotels of *Montparnasse*—truly, “***A Moveable Feast***.” In other words, my favorite destinations; frequented whenever I took to the streets for a walking tour of my chosen home district (*Arrondissement No.5*). One of my favorite stops was Sylvia Beach’s *Shakespeare & Company* bookshop, which also served as a helpful ‘lending library’ for destitute writers. Indeed, Ms. Beach was the first person to publish James **Joyce**’s novel, *Ulysses*. Joyce’s residence was even located close by, although he would often spend the night sleeping in some dark corner of this memorable bookstore.”

“I remember the many-colored paintings within the summer Residence of Pablo Picasso, as well as portraits that hung in the lobby of the Hotel d’Angleterre—called the “Hotel Jacob” when Hadley and I first arrived in Paris. And I recall the sweetness of the flowers surrounding Jean-Paul **Sartre**’s (and Simone de Beauvoir’s) favorite haunt, *Les Deux Magots*—as well as those blooming outside the *Café de Flore*, next door. I recollect the nearby bell chimes emanating from Saint-Sulpice, borne on the south wind along tree-lined boulevards mixed with gourmet smells, like those from La Mediterranee, adjacent to the Odeon Theatre. In fact, this was not far from an apartment I later shared with my second wife, Pauline Pheiffer (on 6 *rue Ferou*).”

“But most of all, I’ll never forget the sweetness of the flowers within the *Jardin du Luxembourg*—the place where Hadley and I, unable to afford expensive cafes and bars, passed many hours simply strolling through its grassy trails and shaded walkways. And, of course, not far from the garden’s western gate was **Gertrude Stein**’s famous *Salon* and residence (at 27 *rue de Fleurens*). I would often meet with the poet Ezra Pound, around the corner (at No.70 *rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs*) where he would help me improve my writing and I would teach him boxing and basic self-defense—Gertrude Stein, however, wanted nothing to do with him. This was not far from my second flat (on 113 *rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs*) where, with Stein’s friendly encouragement, I finally hunkered down to make a living writing fiction—rather than with the standard prose of a newsman.”

“Just south of Le Jardin du Luxembourg was the Hotel Venitia (on 159 *Boulevard du Montparnasse*), now a travel bookstore—the place where I broke Hadley’s heart by having an illicit affair with Pauline Pheiffer; who inevitably became my second wife. This is very close to my very favorite café, *La Closerie des Lilas* (on 171 *Boulevard du Montparnasse*)—indeed, I did a lot of writing here, whenever I wasn’t distracted by beautiful women. Of course, I shan’t forget to mention the Italian restaurant, Auberge de Venise, originally called ‘the Dingo Bar’; the place where I first met ‘*the Great Gatsby*’ himself—**F. Scott Fitzgerald**. Later, I would also come to know his wife, Zelda—but, sadly she never seemed to like me much. Alternatively, there was always *Harry’s New York Bar*, yet another place where we were known to “hang out for hours”—legend even has it that they even invented the Bloody Mary cocktail there.”

Academic Philosophy & Science in France—**Intellectual** ‘*Studies*’ in Paris [Section III. & VI. combined]:

“Oh Paris, city of green parks and white marble, how great are thy beauties? Oh, and how even more noteworthy are thy intellectual achievements! Indeed, how I loved the warm fires within the *Café Procope*—that famous meeting place of French intellectuals ...and spies.”

“Indeed, I am amazed by the intellectual and philosophic brilliance embodied within such places as Rene Descartes’ namesake structure, *Paris Descartes University*—not to mention avenues like *Rue Montesquieu* and *Rue Voltaire*, so deserving of their own unique edifices. And how fragrant are thy academic groves, inspired by Monsieur Diderot’s *Encyclopedia*—within such places as *Paris Diderot University*—located across the Seine’s left bank. This school, incidentally, is not far from the actual place where Voltaire’s heart still beats; that is, within the halls of the *Bibliothèque Nationale de France*.”

“And surprisingly, within the grottos and falls of the *Parc des Buttes-Chaumont*, lays the tiny *Temple de la Sibylle*—whose verdant park and shrine are very nearly duplicated outside greater Paris itself. That is, within the valleys and landscaped gardens of Ermenonville. It is here you will find the ever-popular *Parc Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, also with its own celebrated *Temple of Reason*. A place which faithfully safeguards the French Enlightenment tradition. Namely, France’s humanistic philosophy which steadfastly relies on universal Reason to overcome both fear and superstition. Fittingly, in these sacred groves and within thy vale—like the original inhabitants of Plato’s Academy—young French students of philosophy still weave wreathes of that ancient wisdom, for the edification of all.”

French **Arts & Humanities**—Artistic ‘Devotions’ & **Higher Emotional** ‘Expression’ in Paris [Section V.]:

“Oddly, after the evening services at the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Pres, I sometimes dreamed strange dreams about a mysterious Count St. Germain; and also, about a secretive alchemist named Nicolas Flamel. And paradoxically, about a strange enchantress named J.K. Rowling and that magical place called Beauxbatons, located under the mythical yath-trees on the slopes of the Pyrenees Mountains. There, through the magic of lucid *dreaming*, ‘I learned never to empty the well of my writing ...but to let it refill at night from the springs that fed it.’”

“But most of all, during these ‘mystic flights of fancy’—journeys that I typically attributed to an even more fanciful character named ‘Nick Adams’—I remember spying, far below me, a special place just beyond the lights of the city. A dwelling situated along the north and westward curving of the river Seine. A bright pink house, of renown. This was, of course, *Monet’s* beloved *House* at *Giverny*. Yet even more familiar to me, was that lonely Japanese bridge which arches silently over Monet’s picturesque *lily pond*, forever reflecting a ribbon of stars. A place as truly memorable as that great artist, himself!”

“And within this great city rest fabulous museums—such as the *Musee Marmottan Monet*—which forever watches over some of the most famous and original art in the world. Especially within the Tuileries garden, which happens to contain one of the best museums of all—the often overlooked *Musee de l’Orangerie*, which displays Monet’s greatest masterpiece, (the larger-than-life landscape paintings known as) the *Water Lily* murals. Next door sits the Galerie nationale du jeu de Paume, which happens to house the works of famous Parisian photographers—such as Man Ray and Brassai.”

“Once a palatial Beaux-Arts railway station, fashioned of veined and tinted marble—sitting just across the river from the Louvre—the *Musee d’Orsay* is now considered to be ‘the world’s largest collection of Impressionist paintings’ (Note: This was originally called ‘the *Jeu de Paume*,’ when located within the Jardin du Luxembourg—the place where Hemingway first beheld its wonders). The Musee d’Orsay now houses paintings by *Monet, Degas, Cezanne, Manet, Cassatt, Renoir, van Gogh, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Seurat, Rousseau, Much, Klimt, and Mondrian*, among others.”

“Though, with its palatial dome and vast painting-filled halls, the *Musee du Louvre* remains ‘the largest and greatest art museum in the world’—its celebrated centerpiece being, of course, Leonardo *da Vinci’s* famous *Mona Lisa*. Other works by da Vinci include the *Madonna of the Rocks* and the *Adoration of the Magi*, which are not to be overlooked. The Louvre additionally contains the world’s finest collection of ancient Mediterranean art—specifically, sculptures from ancient Greece, Egypt, and Rome—especially, the *Winged Victory of Samothrace* and the seductive *Venus de Milo*. And alternatively, for those with a penchant for modern art, the Pompidou Centre likewise serves as the largest museum of its kind in Europe.”

“Green-lined walkways and patio gardens, with beautifully pooled fountains, still pepper the streets and alleys of *Montmartre*—not to mention the more contemporary ‘hanging gardens’ of Patrick Blanc. This playground of Bohemian delights still provides Parisians with ‘inspiration to paint.’ And to this day, many couples still get their portraits done—right here—standing upon its colorful streets and walkways. Likewise, Montmartre’s most famous structure, the *Moulin Rouge*, still titillates audiences with its celebrated Burlesque show. Indeed, its nearly nude bodies—like that of *Josephine Baker*—are eternally dreamed about among the pale flower of youth. And, not surprisingly, hidden under the far trees of the *Bois de Boulogne*, an elusive undercurrent of prostitution still reigns supreme.”

“Sometimes, at sunset, I would venture to climb those long hilly stairs—the well-known ‘*Brassai steps*’ of Montmartre. And, thus to that Basilica-topped citadel of *Sacre-Coeur*, just to hear the perennial sound of *Jazz* soaring amidst Paris’ vast open spaces. Here, I would look down upon the city that gave such sweet sanctuary to musical giants such as *George Gershwin* and *Cole Porter*, as well as to famous jazzmen—like *Sidney Bechet*, *Dexter Gordon*, and *Miles Davis* (Indeed, it even provided a venue for forgotten female artists, like Ada ‘Bricktop’ Smith).”

“Paris, that magical city of white marble and blue slate, was made all the more exciting by eccentric artists like *Salvador Dali*, *Auguste Rodin*, and *Pablo Picasso*—who incidentally, each have their own namesake Parisian *museums*, dedicated exclusively to their own exquisite and important art. This magical, Phantom-robed city likewise has an enduring tradition of *opera*; performed, for well over a century now, under that golden flamed chandelier of the *Palais Garnier* (made even more famous by that classic novel, stage show, and movie popularly known as *The Phantom of the Opera*).”

“Long have I missed thee, Paris, for I was young when I first saw myself on the silver screen. That is, just after my infamous fistfight with **Orson Wells**—a man who would later become a good friend. The movie in question was ‘*The Spanish Earth*’, which Wells criticized rather harshly (allegedly for my monotone presentation). This movie, like so many others, is enduringly preserved at *Le Louxor Palais du Cinema*, apparently the oldest movie theatre in Paris. It is here that French Cinema provided a unique venue where great luminaries, like Luis Bunuel, once made a name for themselves—right here, within the very ‘heart of Paris.’ Indeed, French film and culture is still appreciated by millions worldwide, even to this day.”

The **Catholic Church** in France—The Social-Psychological ‘Essence’ of Paris [Section IV.B]:

“But I should probably now talk a little more about France’s primary religion—*Catholicism*. When I married my second wife, Pauline, I too became a Catholic.” Biographer Errol Selkirk noted that “Catholicism attracted [Hemingway]. It was a key part of the Latin culture he loved. There was something ancient, elemental, even pagan about it... Plus, the Church’s emphasis on Christ suffering on the cross and the martyred saints appealed to his pessimistic sense of realism. It was the best religion for a soldier. Besides, as Pauline pointed out: *‘The outlet of confession would be very good for him.’*”

Hemingway continued, “Not many people realized how deeply religious I truly was—or rather, wanted to be. This peculiar conflict was something I always hid behind a well-cultivated air of agnosticism, if not downright atheism. But deep down, I was skeptical and rightfully so—I had truly witnessed horrors! Pauline conversely taught me how to pray and, more importantly, how to pray properly—that is, with true faith and in the face of seeming tragedy. So, within this veiled ‘tribute to Paris,’ let me give it a try once again: ‘My father is thy King and I hope and pray that I shall come again to thy dreamed city; for as a faithful Catholic, it is so decreed to be my everlasting fate. All through my travels, throughout the earth’s seven continents, I have sought thee in my *Sacre-Coeur* ...my ‘Sacred Heart of Hearts’!”

France & **French Culture**—The Social-Cultural ‘Persona’ of Paris [Section IV.A]:

““And someday, shall I reign over thy groves and gardens, thy streets and palaces, once more. There, I shall erect a triumphant arch—like the *Arc (de Triomphe) du Carrousel*—if, but only, in heavenly and everlasting Dream. Truly, I wish to write once again; but rather—like those ancient gladiators within the *Arenes (de Lutece)* amphitheater—to address men who shall know intimately about which I write. And thus, not to laugh nor turn away, no matter what tragedies life may bring. For I am that Poet-laureate of the 20th-century, who was once ‘a Prince in Paris.’”

French **Religion, Psychology, & Culture**—Ideally, unifying ‘Persona’ with ‘Essence’ [Section IV.A & B.]:

“And, as the once and future ‘Capitol of the World’; Paris shall always remain a *Place de la Concorde*—my permanent ‘place of Harmony.’ May I return again and live here, eternally ...in this ‘eternal city.’ Amen!”

Gradually, however, things within the alleged “real world” began to change for this aspiring writer, and not always for the better. Like an ‘exhibit’ at the *Musee du Quai Branly*, Hemingway was beginning to feel more and more like a restless ‘native’ — “a stranger in a strange land.” His marriage with Hadley suffered a serious blow in 1922, when she lost a valuable valise containing Hemingway’s original manuscripts—including several years’ worth of work, as well as *all* the extra carbon copies! “Hemingway was always tough on people he trusted, [especially] when he thought they failed him.” Over time, it became apparent that he never really forgave Hadley for this indiscretion. And, from that tragic event onwards, he seemed to have gradually fallen out of love with his first wife—despite the birth of his son, Jack.

Money was tight and he needed to work as a newsman, yet again, in order to pay the bills. Domestic life only wore him down further, with predictable results. While he toiled away as a reporter, his creative writing began to suffer. As a consequence, he secretly feared that he would arrive much too soon at the doors of the *Pere Lachaise* Cemetery—that is, “dead on arrival.” This of course was always a distinct possibility for an “overseas” journalist. Indeed, Hemingway frequently traveled to dangerous locations, and even into several active war zones.

Worse still, for Hemingway; he began to openly lament that he would never make it into that famed *Pantheon*, having never achieved the greatness he intuitively felt was his destiny. Regrettably, he finally broke up with Hadley—simply, as he once confessed, because he was “*a son of a bitch*.” But, he had already started a clandestine love affair with Pauline—ultimately setting this unfortunate chain of events in motion. Once he finally received a divorce from Hadley, he immediately remarried; and then, moved into a beautiful apartment which he shared with his new wife, Pauline Pfeiffer (at 69 *rue Froidevaux*).

Newspaper **Journalism** & Foreign Reporting—**Intellectual** ‘Investigation’ & travel throughout Europe [Section III.]:

In just two years, while purportedly “living” in Paris, Hemingway had actually traveled over 10,000 miles—all the while alternating between part-time and full-time work as a *newsman*. During this time, he met with many important leaders; including, for example, Benito Mussolini, whom he thought to be certifiably insane. He even managed to find himself at the center of a war between the Greeks and their Turkish oppressors—and was, ironically, very nearly killed by “friendly fire.” Sadly, in Greece, “Hemingway saw horrors that eclipsed [even] his memories of the fighting in Italy.” Still more remarkable was the fact that, throughout his professional life—apparently posing as a world-class “*reporter*”—Hemingway somehow found time to help the U.S. government collect valuable information regarding especially ‘sensitive people;’ as well as collecting up-to-date reconnaissance, regarding various war-torn locations, from around the world. Yes—believe it or not—Hemingway occasionally acted as a spy!

French **Politics** & Warfare—The Social-**Emotional** Aspects of Parisian ‘Government’ [Section II.]:

But unlike the French people’s infatuation with imperial personalities, particularly *Napoleon*—a man who erected the *Arc de Triomphe* as a “164-foot-tall tribute to his own military potency”—Hemingway had no love for Fascism, nor fascist sounding leaders. Even if these personalities, like Josephine, inhabited beautifully restored castles and gardens like those of Chateau de Malmaison—with Josephine predictably “acting” the part of a beloved French Empress. Hemingway (rightly) felt that—like the notorious “*Sun Kings of Versailles*”—authoritarian rulers inexorably wrought nothing but despair, and (nearly) always brought down destruction upon both themselves and their subjects. He once spoke rather bluntly to an important conference of American writers, stating succinctly that “*Fascism is a lie told by bullies!*” Indeed, Hemingway seemed to envision himself as a trusty Musketeer. For he—like the great bullfighter, Juan Belmonte—seemed to act as a kind of “journalistic” version of Zorro. And like these lonesome freedom fighters, Hemingway secretly—and sometimes quite openly—waged his own private war against the very forces that were slowly engulfing Europe, yet again, in another disastrous World War. He said, “*It was not enough to worry about Hitler and Mussolini. People must fight, for some things are even worse than war.*”

By now, however—well before Paris erected the *Arche de la Defense*, which represents all that is truly Grande about the French Republic—Hemingway had decided to leave his beloved city (in 1928). He wouldn’t return again until desperately needed during WW II—that is, with the triumphant Liberation of Paris from the German Nazis and Vichy collaborators (in 1944). But by then, Hemingway was living with his third wife, Martha Gellhorn.

The **Liberation** of **Paris** & Task Force Hem—Direct ‘**Action**’ in Paris [Section I.A & I.B.]:

This time, “the Prince of Paris” returned to storm the city with his own private army of French *Resistance fighters*—which of course, he nicknamed Task Force Hem. Yes, Hemingway briefly acted as a Captain for the *Marquis*, despite his being tasked to Paris strictly as a “*War Correspondent*.” In fact, he got in some trouble for this “impromptu” bit of soldiering. As history humorously records it, first “The Task Force paused to clear some snipers out of the *Bois de Boulogne*. Then the ‘*Captain*’ moved on to liberate the wine cellar at the Ritz Hotel” (but that’s another story, which we’ll save for later).

The Transatlantic Review & Hemingway's First Two 'Published' Books:

One night, the publisher of **The Transatlantic Review** contacted Hemingway regarding some work. And the very next morning **Maddox Ford** came to him and told him that he needed help editing his magazine. If this meant finally getting published in **The Transatlantic**, Hemingway realized that he simply couldn't turn down the offer. However, Ford basically 'apprenticed' him with little or no pay. Despite the distractions associated with editing other people's manuscripts, he always declared: "I am Hemingway and I'm destined to become a great writer—I have no heart for the editor's trade." Actually, Maddox greatly admired the young writer—personally declaring that "*Hemingway's style was [as] new and clean as pebbles fresh from a brook*"—but he unfailingly reminded him that "even the likes of H.L. Mencken and William Faulkner originally toiled for next to nothing: That is the law of publishing."

Hemingway worked hard; but he played even harder, even when he was down. In fact, he inevitably "played" the hardest during those times when he was most distressed. And of course, he always drank like a fish! Hem constantly preached against mindless work, although he didn't always follow his own advice: "Why do you toil; is it not that you may live and be happy? And, if you toil only that you may toil more, then when shall happiness find you? You toil to live, but is not life also made of beauty and pleasure? And, if you suffer no artists to live among you, where shall be the fruits of your toil? Toil without poetry is like a weary journey without an end—were not death more pleasing?" However, most people—especially Americans—who listened to these desperate words, remained rather sullen and did not *truly* understand him. Even Maddox, with all his success, still behaved like an uptight English squire. Besides, Hemingway's exasperating demand, "Give me happiness or give me death," always sounded a bit ominous—and this understandably foreshadowed later events.

During one heated exchange, in a fit of anger regarding Hemingway's constant artistic pretensions, Ford ultimately divulged his true aims. He said to young Hem, "You are a stranger to the world of publishing, and I don't like your anti-social attitude, nor your tone. The words you speak are an anathema to business, for 'the gods of finance' have decreed that toil is good for profits. Besides, our religion promises us a haven of light beyond death, where all shall finally find rest—let that promise be good enough for the common man. Every one of my employees must serve. And writing without making a profit is sheer folly."

So, Hemingway walked away from **The Transatlantic** and finally caught a break with some help from his old friend, Sherwood Anderson—the writer who originally talked young Hem into moving to Paris, in the first place. Indeed, Anderson's own publisher, Boni & Liveright, agreed to publish Hemingway's very first fictional book, **In Our Time**. Unfortunately, Hemingway would come to "stab Sherwood in the back;" when he later needed to break his contract and move over to a competing publishing house—ultimately seeking greener pastures with a company named Scribner's. It seemed that Hemingway understood the ruthlessness of capitalism, after all. But while he made the right move financially, he forever lost a good friend in the process! This breakup is summarized succinctly by the documentarian, Michael Palin: "Scribner's published **The Torrents of Spring**, a short comic novel that satirized Hemingway's early mentor, Sherwood Anderson. The book gave Hemingway the opportunity to break with his first publisher, Boni & Liveright. Because they were also Anderson's publisher, they refused to publish the book and [thus] Hemingway was out of his contract."

F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, & Zelda:

On the faces of both men were shadows. During a serendipitous nighttime stroll along the Seine, Hemingway nearly walked right past his good friend, **F. Scott Fitzgerald**. There, by the stone embankment known as the Quay de la Seine—that famous walkway, which runs along much of the Parisian riverfront—sat a weary Scott, with sad eyes, having obviously been fighting yet again with his moody wife, **Zelda**. To get his mind off the argument he sat motionless, intently listening to a pleasing Jazz melody that washed over the serene waters; a melody which gently floated down from a nearby club, located just beyond the walls of the Left Bank. Out of the corner of his eye, Scott recognized Hemingway's gait; and turning in mutual recognition, both men laughed simultaneously—something that Scott had been needing to do for a while now. Hemingway always made him laugh, even when his wife Zelda was frowning—in fact, especially when his wife was frowning! And, that was—unhappily—far too often.

Scott said rather sardonically, “Art thou not indeed he of whom **Ms. Stein** tells; he whom forever seeks a far city, in a fair land, for a damn good party? Well, I am ready to go whenever you are, and I'm bored to death with all the blood and tears lost from constantly bickering with Zelda. I am not old in the ways of this good city, but I yearn daily for warm groves and a distant land. Perhaps, a land filled with beautiful gypsies and Flamenco song. Hell, let's all go to Spain!”

Spain & Venice—Holidays “Bullfighting, Bullslinging, & Bullshitting”:

Just beyond the French Pyrenees lies Spain—indeed a place well known for its Latin sounds, Spanish guitars, and Flamenco dancing. Scott insisted, “Let's go to that place which Gertrude whispers of—and says that the bullfights there are both lovely and terrible to witness. I would go there myself, were I bold enough to leave Zelda alone for a few days. It's there in *Pamploma* that you too must go, so that you can write about the wild bulls and the brave matadors, who happen to reside at the Pension Aguillar. And afterwards, people shall read about this terrible, but astonishing, ***Death in the Afternoon***. Hem, your chronicle will inevitably become THE ‘Bullfighting Bible,’ where people can learn about real men and real danger.”

“Damn, it's cold. Let us leave these brisk Parisian nights and holiday together among the warm hills of Iberia. There, you can show me the ways of manly travel, without Zelda making fun of you. Besides, I would love to attend one of your infamous late-night parties. Parties where even Hollywood stars visit, one by one, to hear your amazing tales of adventure. This is how you bring dreams to the minds of dreamers—not unlike *Cervantes'* character, *Don Quixote*. And peradventure, it may be that Spain—which gave rise to such great artists like *El Greco*, *Picasso*, *Dali*, and *Gaudi*—is that fair land you seek. For it's been said that you've also never returned to sample the charms of Italy—that is, since those final days of WWI, when Agnes broke your heart. Remember Hem, places change. Hell, we should go to *Venice* as well!”

“But now let us—O’ great Hemingway—go to Spain! That place where real men shall know our longing to ‘*Run with Bulls of San Fermin*’ and welcome us as brothers. Certainly, these brave men would not dare to laugh or frown at what we say, nor criticize how much we drink or how much Tapas we devour.” Hemingway humorously answered: “Let it be so, Scott; I agree that if anyone in Paris yearns to learn more about our ***The Dangerous Summer***, he must seek beyond the Pyrenees mountains and indeed visit the places of which Ms. Sein speaks. Besides, I would never leave you here—alone—to pine away by the river Seine.”

“But, think not that delight and understanding dwell just across those mountains—or any spot that you can find in a day’s journey, or even a year’s journey. Behold, when I was young I dwelt in the forests of upper Michigan, by the frigid waters of Lake Walloon—where none would listen to my dreams! I told myself—following a stint as a *Kansas City Star* reporter—that I would travel to the Italian Front. And, after this ‘Great War,’ I would write tales about the brave soldiers and glorious battles I encountered there. But when I finally went to Italy, I found the men all drunken and broken; and I saw that their dreams were not as mine. So, I travelled by ambulance—as I was tasked there as a medic and ambulance driver—to the blackened and walled trenches of the Italian Front. There, the weary soldiers merely laughed at me and told me to get out of the War before I got myself ‘blown up’—especially since the Austrian Offensive was about to commence. Well, as you already know, I did manage to get myself blown up. But after the war—when I finally healed—I wandered through many cities, but I’ve never found one as fair as Paris!”

Hemingway, however, would often vacation in Spain during his so-called “time in Paris”—and *Bullfighting* would eventually become his singular obsession. “Bull fighting was a revelation to Hemingway. It was not a sport. It was more like a brutal Greek play in which the hero was torn apart by the furies and was forced to blind himself. Bull fighting was a tragedy!” For civilians, “‘*A bullfight was like having a ringside seat at war, but nothing was going to happen to you.*’” Hemingway wrote that it was the only place where you could still see life and death—violent death—now that the war was over. As a writer, this experience was invaluable.”

— End of ACT I —

The Spanish Civil War (1936 to 1939):

“Later on, I witnessed the horrors of the *Spanish Civil War*. And, particularly within the ancient Basque region, I gazed at the bomb-out buildings where Guernica once stood—that sad place, tragically depicted in Picasso’s well-known “protest” painting (by the same name). I have been to battle torn regions and seen firsthand the lands held by those courageous Republicans who were now desperately fighting Franco’s Fascist forces—all too often, in vain. Inevitably, I began to ‘describe my commitment to the Republic in religious terms.’ Fighting for their cause ‘was like feeling the way a person expected to feel—but did not—when making First Communion.’ Scott also noticed this, and likewise responded that it was like I’d surrendered to a state of ideological intensity: ‘there was something almost religious about it.’”

“By helping narrate the propaganda film *The Spanish Earth*—and publishing my play *The Fifth Column*—I had listeners, sometimes, but they have always been too few. And I know now that peace, perfection, and fair play shall await me only in death—that is, only in ‘that ideal city of heavenly white marble, where our Father supposedly rules as King.’ So, for peace and fairness we should always seek and strive, but we will probably never find it in this fallen realm.”

“Though, great Scott, it is always a good idea to visit distant places like Pamplona and celebrate the beautiful gypsies and Latin sounds that truly epitomize Spain—and the undiscovered kingdom of Portugal, next-door. These fabled Iberian lands, across the towering Pyrenees, may indeed achieve peace someday—though, I think not. Always remember Scott, that perfection’s beauty is past imagining and none can tell of it without rapture—whilst of the worldly pleasures of Spain, the jealous camel-drivers of Morocco whisper leeringly.”

“But Scott, as you already know, I explained all this in my celebrated book, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.” According to Errol Selkirk, “*For Whom the Bell Tolls* summed up everything Hemingway had learned about Spain and war, life and death, courage and cowardice. With the defeat of the Republic he felt free to tell the whole story—without sparing anyone.” Moreover, Hemingway remained visibly shaken by the West’s failure to rescue Spain from the clutches of Fascism and evil dictatorship. In Hemingway’s view, the so-called “Free World”—especially America and England—had simply sold-out one of their own! And the freedom loving West was further shamed by the glaring fact that only the Soviet Union aided Spain in their desperate struggle against Fascism and the Nazis. Thus, no matter how much Hemingway might help the American government—and the British Secret Service—he never fully forgave the West for its failure to act decisively during the Spanish Civil War. Moreover, this apparent failure would inevitably lead to certain unanticipated consequences, later on.

Key West Florida (1928 to 1939):

At the final sunset of their “happy days” in Europe, Hemingway and his second wife, Pauline, went forth from Paris. Afterwards, he wrote about these experiences in his best-selling book, *The Sun Also Rises*. However, some people felt that he simply had to leave, since—much to the chagrin of his friends—he had described many unhappy events in this quasi-fictional tell-all book. Indeed, there’s an old joke about never befriending a writer—because you could quite possibly “end up in one of his books!” With Hemingway this was a perennial risk—and he lost many friends because of this particular artistic liberty.

Either way, Hemingway arrived in *Key West* around April of 1928. Hem immediately fell in love with the Keys, calling it the “*Saint Tropez of the Poor*.” And despite his wife’s apprehensions, he purchased a large House in Key West; which later became well-known for its many polydactyl cats—which, even today, prowl amidst its lush tropical gardens. Nowadays, the *Hemingway House* is the most popular tourist attraction in all of Key West—that is, besides Hem’s preferred hangout.

Aboard his new boat the *Pilar*, Hemingway wistfully wandered amidst the green islands of the Florida Keys—sailing about the cool waters of the wide-open *Caribbean*—and visiting nearby *Cuba* as much as possible. He said, “Their native ways were sometimes rough and obscure,” but he had “never felt nearer to personal perfection or true brotherly love than when he visited Cuba”—that joyous land of Latin jazz, Salsa music, and fevered dance. Moreover, at dusk—prior to the Cuban revolution—the stars would famously come out to play in old Havana.

Indeed, Hemingway loved all of the Caribbean peoples, especially his eccentric friends in *Florida*—particularly, those cheerful denizens of *Key Largo*, *Islamorada*, and *Key West*. He felt that—here—he could write about his dreams and of the island’s beauties; and that his readers would truly listen and finally come to understand him—so he was finally happy, after a fashion. Parading around Key West with his entourage of new friends, “he felt as if he were a kid again.” He once wrote, “*Got tight last night on absinthe and did knife tricks;*” which rather succinctly summed up Hemingway’s “island persona”—much like that famous Jimmy Buffet song, “*Margaritaville*.” Hem partied incessantly, ate indulgently, and drank plentifully during these delightful, relaxing, and peaceful times.

He and his friends were especially keen on cheap red wine and margaritas, which they consumed primarily at *Sloppy Joe’s*. This popular dive bar was Hemingway’s favorite and was owned by his good friend, Joe Russell—a man who was known as “an avid angler, and sometimes smuggler.” In fact, Joe’s bar is still annual host to the raucous *Hemingway Days* Festival, where stalwart visitors can participate in its ever popular “Hemingway Look-Alike Contest.” Indeed these “island boys” marked not the time, and years just seemed to slip away—that is, until they started to hear more and more bad news from the European Homefront.

However, Hemingway and his second wife were not so young anymore; and she sometimes spoke rather shrilly to him—especially after his drunken escapades. Though ironically, Hemingway himself always seemed to think and write the same way. Hem, or “*Papa*” as he started calling himself, merely continued to deck his golden fishing boat, the *Pilar*, with more and more trophy fish—sportingly wrangled from the surrounding waters of Florida’s magnificent Gulf Stream. He also decked his house with many trophy heads, taken from wild animals he had hunted, while summering in mountainous woodlands “*way out West*”—particularly while big game hunting within the forested areas of *Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho*.

Interestingly, Hemingway’s relaxed personal style and sense of decorum—which was more and more imitated, as he became evermore famous—was a strange, eclectic affair: “It’s as if an imagination is intermingling salt water with desert, sea with plain, creatures of the deep with creatures of the bush.” Nevertheless, Papa’s artistic vision became even more popular than the writer himself—in fact, much like being married to him. So, over the course his decade long residence in Key West, it came to pass that Hemingway’s wife seemed even older than him, though she had been young when Hem first fell in love with her. Thus, Papa predictably but foolishly started yet another adulterous affair—this time with the gorgeous wife of an American millionaire. A woman who, incidentally, just happened to vacation in Cuba. No wonder he visited there so often.

Cuba—Hemingway's Third Wife & "The Crook Factory" (1939 to 1960):

One night in 1939, when the moon was full over the skies of *Cuba*, some locals—intent on meeting Hemingway—came to the north shore and looked out upon the cresting waves at the *Pilar* fishing off in the distance. Hem's boat was slowly but inexorably sailing towards the myriad lights surrounding the port city of *Havana*. Luckily, local peasants had already told them that he was near. These former devotees and Spanish "comrades" planned to show Papa a good time at the *El Floridita bar*—the place where he loved to drink his Papa Doble or famous double daiquiri, which he supposedly invented there. They also hoped to take him home hunting the next day.

Hemingway knew that Cuba was not a perfect country, but he was finally writing again—better than a decade earlier—and he was planning to settle down somewhere near Havana. By now, he was working on his third wife, **Martha Gellhorn**. Hemingway recalled that "the lights of Havana were not like those of Paris; for they were harsh and glaring, while the lights of Paris shined softly and magically—as shone the moonlight on the floor of his Parisian apartment." But, Havana was a "rocking city" filled with music, dancing, and nearly continuous partying. So, in 1940, Hemingway and Martha decided, after first renting, to finally purchase an old rundown estate named *Finca Vigia*—or "Lookout Farm"—located in the Cuban countryside, just outside of the port city.

Then on December 7, 1941, the U.S. formally entered WWII. Martha, who was already a prominent journalist herself, spirited off to report on the fighting overseas; but Hemingway decided to remain in Cuba for an entirely different kind of fight. In fact, "He got U.S. government approval to organize a volunteer counter-intelligence operation in Havana" so that he might bring together men who could stand against any Fascist sympathizers working either with Franco or the Axis powers. Thus, Hemingway dreamed of bulletproofing Cuba against Fascism, so that there wouldn't be a repeat of what had happened in Spain. "*The Crook Factory* was the name Hemingway gave to this spy network. There were nearly thirty agents in the group, most of them needy exiles from Republican Spain. Ernest was naturally Numero Uno." Ironically, Papa thought that intelligence work could and should be fun—especially if you truly wanted to sway the minds of the populace.

Next—almost as a publicity stunt—"Hemingway talked the US Ambassador in Havana into turning the *Pilar* into anti-submarine hunter. It was equipped with machine guns, explosives, and even a bazooka, and it was manned by Ernest's friends: rich athletes, fishermen, a radical priest, and even a jai alai player. The men on board spent months at sea fishing, drinking, and lobbing the occasional grenade into the water when things grew too dull." Like jolly Privateers, they hunted German U-boats beneath *Islands In the [Gulf] Stream*.

When these heroes finally sailed into the Port of Havana, they found rose-wreathed revelers bound from house to house, leaning from windows and balconies. These Cuban sycophants listened enthusiastically to Hemingway's impromptu speeches—and even tossed him flowers and thunderously applauded when he was done. For a brief moment, Hemingway believed he had finally found those who thought and felt as he, though this town was not nearly as fair as Paris. His plan was working! He was truly "bulletproofing" the Cubans against Fascism. Little did Papa foresee that he was also helping to radicalize "The People's Movement" for Castro's impending Communist revolution (the uprising lasting from 1953 to 1959).

WW II—The Liberation of **Paris**, Task Force Hem, & “Putting on **The Ritz**” (August, 1944):

When dawn commenced on that 25th day of August in 1944, Hemingway looked about in dismay; for the domes of *Paris* were not golden in the sun, but grey and dismal. And the French people were pale from failed resistance and dull with the wine of forgetfulness. Unlike the radiant artists and intellectuals that young Hemingway once befriended, the spirit of Paris now laid broken by Nazi occupation—and worse, by the treachery of *Vichy* government collaborators. Well, he thought, at least they didn’t burn the city down like Hitler insanely demanded. During this final *Liberation*—perhaps, because the French people had been so good to him (Indeed, they had even thrown him blossoms, in celebration of his literary successes)—Hemingway finally decided to act! After all, his current wife Martha had already vehemently criticized him for not taking a more active role in the European war.

So, this time Hemingway decided to storm the city with his own private army of French *Resistance* fighters—which he predictably named *Task Force Hem*. History records that first “The Task Force paused to clear some snipers out of the *Bois de Boulogne*. Then the ‘Captain’ moved on to the liberate the wine cellar at the *Ritz Hotel*”—that is, in order to do some real celebrating afterwards. And celebrate he did; but not before nearly getting into a fistfight with some reporters, who were demanding that Hemingway share his luxurious room with them. In all fairness, the Germans had “used the hotel as the headquarters of the Luftwaffe” during much of World War II, so it was logical to head there first when liberating the city. Besides, the food there was still world renowned.

Even Martha remembered her youthful revelries in this extraordinary town and wore dark roses in her hair to commemorate its victorious liberation. At night, **Hemingway & Gellhorn** spoke to the Parisian revelers and—as before—he was crowned “Poet-Laureate of the Lost Generation.” Thus, in the frescoed halls of the rich he undeniably laid siege. And upon a crystal dais, raised over a floor which doubled as a mirror, he spoke to a crowd of reporters and enthusiastic spectators; all while the Ritz’s waiters and hotel staff served drinks to the exultant audience—bottles of the Hotel’s finest wines. Here, the mirrored floors seemed to reflect old, beautiful, and half-remembered things; instead of the wine-reddened feasters who occasionally pelted him with roses, yet again.

The Hotel Manager even bade him to put away his tattered military uniform, clothing him instead in a satin coat-of-gold. And afterwards, he lodged him within a gilded and tapestried *luxury suite*, on a bed of carven wood—with luxurious canopies and coverlets of flower-embroidered silk. Thus dwelt “Captain” Hemingway and his courageous commandos. Life simply couldn’t get much better than this! Indeed, “Task Force Hem” was graciously “held up” in Paris’ finest hotel—located in the finest city, within the finest country in the world. That is, Paris: that stylish city of classical music, intimate dance, and unbridled romance—with its nearly ubiquitous background ambiance of jazz! Hemingway must have felt like he was in heaven; however, reality would come crashing down on him soon enough.

Cuban Revolution—"Right, Left, & Wrong" (1939 to 1960):

It is not known precisely how long Hemingway tarried in *Cuba* or exactly why, but his self-imposed "American exile" lasted from about 1939 to 1960—just over two decades. Then late one day in 1959, when *Fidel Castro*—the Communist leader of Cuba's *revolutionary* forces—finally seized the Presidency, Hemingway feared that his festive days in Cuba were nearly over.

Many of Hemingway's richer friends had frequently visited him during the mid '50s, residing in the cabanas and tropical grounds of his palatial *Fincia Vigia* estate. These literary aficionados enjoyed barhopping with their famed "celebrity companion," taking him to various hot spots in and around Havana. Indeed, before the revolution, *Havana* was almost overwhelmed with glitterati, glamorous socialites, wild partygoers, and whirling Salsa dancers—all hailing from cities throughout Latin America. Even dusky trumpet-players, fresh from New Orleans, coveted playing in the music halls of Cuba.

All this of course was not very conducive to writing, but Hemingway was exceptionally famous now—having won the **Pulitzer Prize** for *The Old Man and the Sea* in 1953. After his books became international bestsellers, admirers—now from around the world—would affectionately throw roses at Hemingway, out of love and respect. This was apparently a "Latin thing." However, with all this exuberant "rose throwing," it's a lucky that he never took a thorn in the eye. But, perhaps he did—at least metaphorically speaking—for Communist partisans were not nearly so impressed by Ol' Papa: Nor did they condone his extravagant lifestyle. For many Cubans, Hemingway represented everything that was wrong with America—especially, the growing gap between the privileged elite and the restless masses. And day-by-day, things always seemed to get worse for them; but always better for visiting foreigners. Unfortunately, these same radicalized Cubans never got to see Hemingway's first apartment in Paris. It was undeniably a shabby and pathetic affair. Indeed, Hemingway knew what poverty was firsthand; but ironically, he tended to either ignore or downplay it as simply "*roughing it*"—as if he were out camping somewhere in the great outdoors.

To make matters worse, his third wife Martha—who had always been tough, but sweet, as a younger woman—grew coarser and ever redder with anger, especially when they fought. Thereafter, she dreamed less and less of living with this great "*warrior-poet*." And even worse for Papa, fellow writers and critics listened now with less delight; and grew ever more dissatisfied with the audacious stories told by the elder Hemingway. Indeed, critics either loved him or hated him, and his mood vacillated wildly, depending on his reviews. Ironically, Hem was never as stoical as he wanted others to believe. But, though Hemingway grew despondent, and began to drink even more heavily, he never ceased writing. Indeed, during quiet evening dinners, he would dare to tell his closest friends about his "innermost dreams" for human perfection—of an alleged "City of God"—right here on earth; rather than in some heavenly afterlife. Wasn't this the dream of the Communists as well. If so, why all the angry rhetoric?

Then one day, following Castro's audacious coup, the reddened and fatted revelers of Havana—who snorted massive profits in cocaine and indulged in poppies from the Silk Road—found that all the wealth within the clubs, banquet halls, and casinos had been seized, quite literally overnight. Indeed, old Havana died that day! And Cuba now laid writhing in poverty and economic isolation—a disaster which would unfortunately last for decades to come.

Hemingway's Depression & A Fine Sense of "Cuban Irony":

All the while, Hemingway, now older and much heavier, merely retreated more and more into depression—writing mainly about himself and his emotions, in some dark corner of his failing estate. Inevitably, the Communists would seize *Finca Vigia*—along with Hemingway's priceless collection of nearly 6,000 books. Accordingly, the intrepid writer finally put aside his remaining work and, begrudgingly, locked his latest manuscripts in a nearby bank vault. Papa then went, seemingly forgotten, out of old Cuba. And thenceforth, out of that magical port of Havana—once an international metropolis of Latin culture, dance, and music. Ironically, he was clad only in the ragged khaki shirt and pants in which he had originally arrived—but those khakis still suited him, even though his shirt buttons now strained against a massive beer belly.

Ironically (almost adding insult to injury), the **Hemingway estate** is now fiercely protected and lovingly preserved as a *Cuban national landmark*—like some sort of “sacred shrine” for visiting literary acolytes. And his famous boat, the *Pilar*, is permanently drydocked here—enshrined for viewing by both Cubans and an adoring international community. Indeed, *Finca Vigia* is now one of Cuba's most famous tourist destinations. This irony of would likely have been too much for even Hemingway to bear.

Noble Prize for Literature (1954):

Remember however, that despite this great personal and financial loss, Papa always retained the immortal *Poet's "garland of laurel"*—signifying forever his momentous literary contributions to the English-speaking world. Indeed, Hemingway received the **Pulitzer Prize** in 1953, and a year later, the coveted **Noble Prize** in 1954. This is without a doubt, the highest compensation for intellectual and artistic excellence that anyone—during his (or her) lifetime—can hope to achieve. And remarkably, Hemingway had never attended college.

When Hemingway finally wept over his dreadful breakup with Martha—as well as lamenting the confiscation of his beautiful home and beloved book collection—he would, at long last, finally discover a permanent retreat within the sunny valleys of Idaho. There he found an essentially undiscovered land, amidst a vast mountainous wilderness, strewn with evergreen (...such as Martha used to love). But no matter how reclusive he could sometimes get, Hemingway still enjoyed traveling; especially with beloved and adoring friends. And unquestionably, his most memorable adventures were his famous—and now somewhat infamous—African safaris.

Africa—Safari, Big Game Hunting, & “the Snows of Kilimanjaro” (1933 & 1954):

Into the sunset, Hemingway would inevitably wander; always seeking exotic lands, fellow travelers, and estranged comrades—anyone, who might understand his writing and his dreams. However, in all the cities of *Africa*, and within all the verdant lands south of the Sahara, *natives* would inevitably laugh at stories about this “*great white hunter*.” They particularly liked the (true) story of how Papa, flying dilapidated *bush planes*, was in two nearly fatal plane crashes, within two consecutive days! Naturally, he survived both of them; only (truly) injuring himself afterwards, by drunkenly falling into a *campfire*—the same fire erected in celebration of his previous close calls with death. However, he did receive a mild concussion during his second crash; because—as the plane took off—it exploded into flames, and Hemingway’s only recourse was to headbutt a window loose, in order to escape. Really—this all happened! And if that wasn’t incredible enough, after the initial crash, he had to spend the night lost in the *jungle*, during which time he was nearly stampeded (to death) by a herd of *elephants*. Yet, the native children laughed the most at his tattered Khaki uniform, his odd-looking Safari hat, and his seemingly useless assortment of hunting paraphernalia. But Hemingway took most of this derision in stride; and he always tried to remain young at heart, even though his body now appeared much older than his actual age.

After his African adventuring, Hemingway wrote an unexceptional “non-fiction” book about his **Safaris**, entitled *The Green Hills of Africa*. But his fictional account, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, did a much better job at capturing “the true spirit of Africa”—it proved to be “a rare work of technical mastery, imagination, and confession.” As Errol Selkirk affirms, “It was written a year after the non-fiction Africa book. And it was absolutely true—even if it was invented.”

The Great White Hunter, Famous Fisherman, & “Citizen of the World”:

Even in strange and remote places, Papa wore his “Noble wreath” proudly upon his rather big head—at least “metaphorically speaking”—even if it was sometimes hard to fit over his ego. No matter where he happened to reside on the planet—as a confirmed “citizen of the world”—he invariably took his duties as an international “*celebrity*” seriously, but always with strong drink close at hand. He was particularly “Ernest” whenever he spoke about human potential, our shared humanity, or our collective hopes for the future.

To this day, Papa’s larger-than-life Persona persists as an enduring “*archetype of adventure*.” This is probably why *Bass Pro Shop* has a whole series of **Hemingway Restaurants** either named after him or directly inspired by him, like *Islamorada*. These wonderful in-store bistros—with their huge *fish* and massive *aquariums*—beautifully capture the Ocean’s rich bounty, found especially amidst “the purple islands” of the Florida Keys. But while resolutely celebrating the ever-popular sports of *camping*, *hunting*, and *fishing*, these places also (subtly) remind customers of the persistent need to conserve our planet’s fish and wildlife resources.

Yes, Hemingway was an avid hunter and fisherman. And he even made a point of cooking or *barbequing* his kills—but obviously, not their magnificent *heads* and *antlers*. Indeed, Papa could likely grill as well as any celebrated chef. Nonetheless, Hemingway always maintained that humans desperately needed to protect the world’s precious and endangered creatures. Today, Papa would have undoubtedly been at the forefront of the growing *conservation* movement—that is, if only he had lived a little longer.

American West—“Hemingway Vacations” in Wyoming, Montana, & Idaho:

While vacationing one summer, Hemingway finally decided to try his hand at “cowboying.” So, he journeyed to *Montana* to help out at the *Hargrave Cattle & Guest Ranch*—owned by an old cowboy named Leo Hargrave. Much to Hemingway’s delight, the *Cowboys* there really looked the part—that is, like authentic *wilderness men*, all bent and dirty.

Hemingway eventually asked if he could interview the *Cow Boss*—namely, the owner and supervisor who kept his cattle on the stony slopes, just above the nearby quicksand marsh. The older cowboy, not really knowing much about Papa, indicated that he was in fact the man he was probably looking for; and that he would be happy to answer any questions that he might have regarding wilderness living or the myriad joys of *ranching*.

Then, towards the end of this impromptu interview, Papa finally spoke openly to this honest and hard-working outdoorsman, inquiring as with so many others: “Can you tell me where I can find honest people, with good character, in these *Western United States*—specifically, where flows the bonds of brotherly fellowship?” Papa confessed, “I once lived in Paris—that beautiful city of white marble and blue slate—but even these fortunate Parisians can sometimes be unfriendly. Now, I’m looking for a much more remote destination—a place where few people visit. A place where the *fields* and *falls* team with tiny quail, singing exultantly throughout verdant *valleys*. A true wilderness, where the hills are full of pronghorn and elk, and where the *mountains* are *forested* with enormous *evergreen* trees.”

The cowboy heard this and looked long and hard—and even a bit strangely—at Hemingway, as if recalling something far away in time and space. And as he stared at Papa, the other dudes and cowhands also noted each line on Hemingway’s face; his distinctive white beard and, most notably, his ostensible air of celebrity. Finally, the Cow Boss nodded his head, and smiled in friendly recognition, as he replied:

Chicago Reminiscence & “Modern-day Huck Finn”:

“O stranger, I have indeed heard the name Hemingway, and the other names you have spoken, but they come to me from afar, down many long years. However, for a brief time in my youth, I lived in *Chicago* and I think that we may have attended the same *high school* together. In fact, I’m sure of it now. My family moved away ‘bout the time that you began writin’ for the school **newspaper**. You were a very popular kid, and that’s probably why I seem to remember you. Besides, I skimmed an article about a famous ‘Hemingway’ in our local paper, and I suspected that it was probably you that they were writin’ about—you, already tellin’ clever tales for the school paper, and at such a tender age!”

“Now my recollection’ is coming back to me. I have heard your tales in my youth, but only as retold by a schoolmate—who said that you were given to strange **stories** about Indians, and wild dreams, and scary forests. He said that you would weave long tales about such things as the moon, the trees, and west wind. We sometimes laughed at his imperfect retellings, but he knew your stories, almost by heart. He really liked you, but he said that you thought you were some sort of ‘King’s son’—whatever that meant. Even I recall that you were a rather good lookin’ lad, and I reckon’ that the girls really liked you; but you were also a bit wild—like a modern-day Huck Finn! My friend claimed that you even ran away to the forests of *Michigan* to find an *Ojibway* Indian tribe—where kindred spirits, livin’ there, might listen to your stories and heed your dreams.”

Hemingway smiled broadly at this glowing account of his long, lost youth and chuckled at Ol’ Leo’s comparison, saying, “Well, I think it’s funny that you mentioned *Huckleberry Finn*. I think you could make the case that ‘Huck Finn’ is the root of all modern **American literature**, so I take that as a great compliment!” More than he could possibly admit, Papa sincerely enjoyed this chance encounter with an old schoolmate—and in the wilderness of Montana, of all places. But of course, weird stuff like that was always happening to famous “celebrities.”

Idaho—Sun Valley, Ketchum, & the F.B.I.:

Papa eventually found a place where the people were not only friendly, but where they also respected his now much-needed privacy—this was in *Sun Valley, Idaho*. More precisely, in the little town of *Ketchum*, located nearby. Solitude was becoming more and more important for Hemingway because, in his old age, he was starting to get a bit paranoid. In fact, he would occasionally ramble on about “how the *F.B.I.* would someday come and arrest him!” Most people suspected that this was probably due to the extreme brain and bodily trauma that he had sustained in Italy, not to mention additional insults accumulated throughout his life. But there was more to it than this. And only the *F.B.I.* really knew the whole story!

— End of ACT II —

F.B.I. & Hemingway:

Special Agent Kurtz stood over the *chalk outline* of Hemingway’s body, exactly where it had been discovered *D.O.A.*—dead on arrival. Curiously, he confessed to the other agents just how much Hemingway’s writing had meant to him, particularly in his youth. In fact, *Agent Kurtz* may have even joined the *Bureau* largely because of Papa’s tales of honor, service, and adventure; not to mention his brutal stories about the heartlessness of some *criminals*—such as in his short story, “*The Killers*.” Certainly, both of Kurtz’s parents were big Hemingway fans. Once, while working as a cub **reporter** for *The Kansas City Star*, young Hem curiously observed, “*It’s razor wounds in the African belt and slugging in the wet block. In Little Italy they preferred the sawed-off shotgun. We can almost tell what part of the city a man is from just by seeing how they did him in.*” There’s no doubt about it: Stories like this surely inspired an impressionable youth, such as young Kurtz, to pursue a life of *detective work*. And now, this beloved writer was dead—by nothing less than suicide, at that!

Reminiscing aloud, Kurtz said, “Despite being an alleged ‘realist,’ how often did Hemingway write about lands that never really were or things that can never be? More often than is generally acknowledged, I suspect. Of a more perfect world he *dreamed* much. Particularly, when he wrote about the idealistic, but flawed inhabitants of Bohemian Paris. Likewise, he also championed his courageous but imperfect Spanish comrades—almost to a fault. But it was the fall of Cuba—to a bastardized philosophy of brotherly love—that seemed to bother Papa the most. It suggested that communism was just another worthless lie, especially as propagated by that dictator Castro! Seeing both what was best and worse in human nature was Hemingway’s special gift—and his writing certainly reflected this perennial ambiguity. Nevertheless, Papa always sought to make the world a better place, despite being horribly flawed himself—after all, he went through four wives. Most notably, Hemingway bird-dogged on anything and everything that was wrong about this world; probably because he secretly sensed—like all of us, in mythic dream—that he was really a ‘Prince from some other realm.’ But that here, we only knew him from his fleshly birth. This—in a nutshell—seemed to sum up Hemingway’s religion; even if it was little more than a deeply felt intuition.”

Unfortunately for Hemingway, “There never was a perfect city or place, nor those who could truly delight in his strange tales—save in the dreams and dreaming life of his fictional *heroes*. And now, my personal hero was dead—dead, and gone forever. Perhaps, I should have seen this coming—we all should have! After all, once in a caustic fit of anger, Hemingway surprisingly wrote, ‘*...my sympathies are always for exploited working people against absentee landlords, even if I drink around with landlords and shoot pigeons with them. I would just as soon shoot them as pigeons.*’”

Then Agent Kurtz unexpectedly came to the point—and admitted that Papa had actually noticed him while dining at that *Ketchum Café*. In fact, “...He looked me straight in the eye. He seemed to know what was about to happen. This undoubtedly set-in-motion the whole macabre chain-of-events which followed...” Kurtz’s speech trailed off into silence, as he pondered Papa’s unhappy fate—the *arrest warrant* remaining neatly tucked away in his coat pocket, only inches from his now broken heart. Hemingway’s final act, when seen from the vantage point of the *F.B.I.*, followed an almost preternatural logic. Much to Kurtz’s—and everyone else’s disbelief, and chagrin—this larger than life “**American hero**” was actually a confirmed Soviet *spy*!

Codename Argo & New York City (1940):

Special Agent Kurtz went on to explain the situation to the belated agents, who had just arrived to survey the bloody scene. “Technically, Hemingway was a *double agent*, since he worked for both *Russian* and *U.S.* Intelligence. Keep in mind that the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. were on the same side—until 1945! Hell, American oil companies singlehandedly kept Stalin’s tanks moving during their momentous fight against the Nazis. And besides, **Papa’s reporting** had been truly helpful to the Allied Forces and the overall ‘war effort’; not only during the war, but also years before it had openly manifested into armed conflict. This blatant and ironic fact made his arrest all that much more depressing.”

“Of course, we were observing him at that Ketchum Diner, trying to decide exactly how we should make our approach. We were planning to take it easy on him and to try to keep the entire incident under wraps. Though, I was still ordered to take him into custody—by, no later than, the end of the week—so that he could be thoroughly and effectively *interrogated*. He simply knew too much. And we couldn’t just ‘cut him loose’ or ‘ignore’ the situation because his special celebrity status. His inevitable *arrest* was made all the more urgent, due to his recent injuries—and the apparent rapid onset of aging.”

Then, Agent Kurtz began to philosophize, despite protocols against *political discussions* while working a case. After all, the *F.B.I.* was supposed to concern itself only with the facts. Kurtz continued anyway, claiming “It wasn’t just depression that caused Hemingway to take his own life, it was probably also due to a profound sense of guilt—a feeling that he had somehow wronged the American people by naively falling for Stalin’s propaganda. After all, Papa normally tried to do the right thing. Damn! How could he have been so foolish? He seemed utterly blind to the shortfalls and failings of communist ideology. Sure, Marx reads well on paper; but like Ayn Rand’s fantasies—or even Adam Smith’s naïve assumption of a perfectly ‘free market’—these political ideas must be tested in real life, by real people, in real time. Nothing ever works in ‘practice’ like people think it will in idealized ‘theory’—especially when it comes to the so-called ‘social sciences.’”

“Lacking this crucial insight, we suspect that Hemingway was *radicalized* sometime around the period of the *Spanish Civil War*, during the late 1930’s; but perhaps even earlier, while he lived in Paris. However, he didn’t officially begin working with the Soviets until later; when he was formally recruited, while visiting New York’s Lower East Side, around 1940. His mission was ostensibly to help Russia foster a more positive image whenever interacting with known literati and intellectuals—and most especially, the press! Papa was allowed to proceed with this rather vague and ambiguous ‘*mission*’ in any manner he saw fit. Ironically, *Soviet intelligence* (the NKVD) gave him the **codename** of ‘**Argo**.’ This name seems exceedingly appropriate for such a closet idealist as Hemingway—a uniquely flawed *hero*, like Jason himself, so much given over to lost causes and impossible dreams! And of course, both of these heroes were allegedly skilled sailors and fishermen. Furthermore—like *Jason and the Argonauts*—Hemingway was also a ‘fisher of men.’”

Communism vs. Capitalism—“Learning to Counting Past Two”:

Agent Kurtz continued, “I just don’t understand why Hemingway didn’t take note of Western Europe’s radical re-appraisal of *communism*—especially after the cold war started in 1947? Indeed, most of the nation states of *Western Europe* would eventually seek a compromise between the extremes of unbridled ‘*laissez-faire*’ *capitalism* on the one hand; and centralized, *totalitarian communism* on the other. Hell, it’s a no-brainer! The top ten *free nations*—that is, those with advanced, first-world economies—have all adopted a middle path between these two ridiculous and dangerous extremes. In fact, most of them have opted for a sort of Libertarian or ‘*Free Market*’ *Socialism*—or better yet, an ‘Entrepreneurial Socialism’—what I like to whimsically call ‘socialism light.’ That is, a sensible hybrid that burrows the best political and economic ideas from several of these different social systems—mixing and matching, as the situation demands. Most importantly however, these top ten freedom-loving countries have continued to remain both *democratic* and essentially *capitalist*—all while providing universal healthcare, free college, and long-term financial security for everyone ...Not to mention all the other government services that everyone already seems to take for granted.”

“Perhaps if Papa were still alive, he might take comfort in these facts. Indeed, a talk show host recently suggested that modern ‘*Democratic Socialism*’ should try re-branding itself as ‘*Capitalism Plus*’—or perhaps even ‘*Deluxe Capitalism*.’ Maybe this would ease the fears of so many right-wing pundits—or at least, the fears of the American voters. Ironically, the U.S. has now fallen to number eleven (or worse) on most quality of life indexes. And to add insult to injury, the European Union is eventually poised to surpass the U.S. economy within the next few decades (even with Brexit). Hell, Italy’s economy alone is equal to that of Russia’s. No wonder their leader wants to use his aging military to annex the Ukraine. This would most likely double Russia’s ailing economy overnight. But ...sorry ...I digress, especially whenever I think about the future....” Agent Kurtz suddenly stopped himself, realizing the urgency of his timely blunder.

“Somehow however, Hemingway just seemed unable to grasp these other options. And ironically, many Americans seem to be in the same boat—that is, seemingly unable to transcend this embarrassingly *false dichotomy*—opting instead for outmoded and even disproven systems of social, political, and economic thought (like, for example, the so-called “trickle-down effect”). In fact, most Americans are just like Hemingway in this twofold habit of *dualistic thinking*. Only we seem (regrettably) to be more comfortable with some form of weak Fascism, rather than merely trying to take care of our own. Hemingway would have been utterly appalled at this political trend—that is, the subtle erosion of morality, ethics, and lawfulness—and more significantly, America’s loss of ‘common-sense.’ It’s simply mind-blowing! And ironically, it probably feels a lot like it must have felt in Germany during the early 1920’s.”

“The contemporary philosopher, G.I. Gurdjieff, always maintained that Westerners desperately needed to learn how to ‘*count past two*’ as he cleverly put it. Indeed, it appears that we are as much victims to this sort of false dichotomy as we ever were in ancient times. It’s as if we’ve made no real progress on these *controversial*, but enormously important *social issues*. So, if you will indulge me, may I suggest a more logical way to analyze these complex systems? Indeed, I’ve been thinking a lot about this, as of late.”

Papa's Politics—A Tripartite Analysis:

The agents didn't seem to mind Kurtz's *political analysis* so he continued, "There are at least *three* different *parameters* that we need to identify whenever trying to understand any social, political, or economic system. In fact, as just noted, these three distinct conditions—the *social*, the *political*, and the *economic*—indicate the *exact* three topics (or subject areas) that need to be carefully analyzed."

"The '*political*' *dimension* ranges from outright *Authoritarianism* (by a 'few' or a 'single person') on the one hand, to an extreme '*individualist-autonomy*' on the other—if you prefer, you may call this later position *Libertarianism* (as opposed to its opposite extreme, *Totalitarianism*). The old name was 'Anarchism'; but this originally just meant 'self-rule,' and not bedlam nor terrorist aggression. Of course, modern constitutional *Democracy* tends towards a middle position between these two extremes—specifically, an excess of centralized 'power' versus an exaggeration of individual 'rights'—thus trying to balance individual needs against those of the larger group."

"However, somewhat independent of this so-called 'political dimension' (already mentioned); is a less immediately obvious but equally important issue—let's call it the social, cultural, or '*sociological*' *dimension*. This is a rather more complex topic, which seems to run tangential to the first—along a perpendicular *Left* versus *Right* axis. This 'socio-cultural dimension' concerns itself with not only sociology in the narrow sense; but also, with anthropology and psychology as well. However, at least politically speaking, all this analysis tends to boil down to one central question: Are humans essentially *cooperative* or *competitive*? And more to the point, which of these approaches tends to create the best society? If you think that humans are basically 'cooperative,' then you likely tend towards *Left-wing* politics. If on the other hand, you think that humans are essentially 'competitive,' then you probably consider yourself more *Right-wing*. But—before answering this fundamental question—consider the fact that the preponderance of scientific evidence suggests that humans evolved primarily through cooperative behavior—although within significantly smaller groups than today's current populations. And while competition may very well 'bring out the best in us,' we must heed Einstein's warning: That too much competition in the nuclear age will likely see the species extinguish itself—that is, in the not too distant future.

Perhaps the middle ground between these two different psychological tendencies might be called the *Freudian solution*. That is, in order to balance our individual desires against those of others, each of us must learn to *sublimate* our own aggressive and 'competitive' demands in a way that is more useful to the group. In fact, this psychic 'sublimation' is essentially required of every civilized person alive today, even if it leads—unfortunately—to some discontent. Indeed, this was the central thesis behind *Sigmund Freud's* most famous book, *Civilization and its Discontents*. Ironically, this civilized middle position—or Freudian compromise—sounds a bit like Democratic Socialism, doesn't it? But, hold your horses, I'll come back to this point in a moment"

Far from being bored with Kurtz's lengthy discourse, the agents urged him onwards. Besides, none of them really gave this stuff much thought; tending to think in rather simplistic terms, at least when it came to politics—that is until now! So, Kurtz continued, “The *third dimension* is a little more straightforward, as it concerns itself merely with ‘*economic*’ questions. Specifically, that of the organization and supply of needed resources—and of course, modern monetary policy. This is where *capitalism* really begins to shine; although there have traditionally been many *forces* against it: Such as, religious *restrictions* and social taboos, rigid caste and class *divisions*, and especially guild *secrecy* (i.e., what we nowadays call ‘intellectual property’). Education and technical *knowhow* should also be added to this list. As well as *wages* and *employment*—or the lack thereof! Of course today, this is probably where to shoe pinches the most. And if you think that this issue is at near crisis level already, just wait until *Artificial Intelligence* (A.I.) and *Robotics* really take over—*unemployment* will easily supersede fifty-percent (or more) in the 21st-century! Therefore, only some version of “*socialism*” can even hope to deal with this sort of massive *economic dislocation*. If you disagree, then just try to think of another solution—I bet you dollars to donuts that you can't! But right now, we seem to just be naïvely vilifying this word instead. Well, that's just crazy. Machines—like *H.G. Wells* and *Buckminster Fuller* predicted—could very well help us attain that *utopian future* which we all so desire, but not if only a few people own absolutely everything! Indeed, this would simply be a recipe for disaster—and near constant social unrest ...as well as inevitable revolution. In fact, you can take that to the bank—as many protestors already have.”

Kurtz finally seemed to lose some steam, so he concluded, “Now, to come full circle back to why it bothers me how and why people—including the likes of intellectuals, such as Ernest Hemingway—seem so simple minded when it comes to politics. Well, it's just that we can't afford to think about party and politics this rigidly anymore. Our social-political future is only getting more complicated. And even if the world is overcrowded, and resources prove to be limited, world war is simply not an option—the next one may finish us off, especially if we use biological weapons!”

“Rather, it just seems more logical to try and cooperate instead. Again, not out of any foolish notion of natural human goodness; but simply out of an ‘enlightened self-interest,’ like so many capitalists claim. This may be why Hemingway—perhaps feeling like a true ‘citizen of the world’—may have felt obligated to feed information to both sides during the cold war. Maybe—like President Kennedy (or even Reagan)—Hemingway felt that the world was literally on the brink. And that any act of cooperation—or equalization of ‘competitive advantage’—might help humanity through these difficult times ...or at least, forestall destruction. Maybe Papa—that great **American** ‘**existentialist**’ philosopher—is still a hero after all!” Then as abruptly as he began, Kurtz suddenly fell silent, lost in contemplation. His last words echoing Hemingway himself—“*Yes, isn't it pretty to think so.*”

Idaho—Ketchum Compound “**Suicide**” (1961):

In the twilight of July 1st, 1961—as the stars came out one by one—the moon cast a strange glow on the marsh behind *Hemingway’s Ketchum Compound*. Papa saw a radiance like that which a child sees, quivering on the floor as he rocked himself to sleep that evening. There sat an extremely old man of only 61 years... Then, awakening early in the morning of July 2nd, **Ernest Miller Hemingway** put on his tattered military uniform—a uniform which he had already mended and altered many times (in order to fit his burgeoning stomach). Now remaining exceedingly still, this internationally crowned “**Poet-Laureate**” gazed ahead, as if looking out upon the golden domes of a fair city, where his dreams were finally understood. Papa then stood with a shotgun to his head—and with a click—embarked upon his final adventure, permanently entering that “unknown country” that we know only as death. Later that day, Papa’s carnal body took its final ambulance ride—this time to the county morgue; rather than thru the war-torn trenches of Italy, where as a young man Hemingway was lucky enough to survive in the first place.

Well Papa had a good run for his money, though. In the end he had no lasting regrets. In fact, he imagined that he might even do it all again ...someday. But next time around, he would definitely find a way to keep those damn Fascists from ever returning to power. Indeed, Hemingway once admitted that he wasn’t really a communist at heart; rather, he was just vehemently anti-Fascist! Except—like the British aristocrat, Kim Philby—Hemingway simply fell victim to the false dichotomy that these two political ideologies were the only choices available. Predictably, this radical stance—no matter how well concealed—would ultimately precipitate his downfall.

Conversely, Hemingway once (rightly) noted seven “*warning signs*” that he and *George Orwell* used to identify Authoritarian leaders and crypto-fascist thinking. And this may prove especially relevant, today. They were as follows: First, the leader thinks that they are above the law; Second, the leader thinks in simplistic terms; Third, the leader holds mass rallies; Fourth, the leader incites violence; Fifth, the leader claims that “the system is against you”; Sixth, the leader attacks the courts; Seventh, the leader attacks the press—for example, repeatedly claiming that “The Press is the enemy of the people” (like Stalin). Hemingway, despite his many faults, always wanted what was best for America—so, perhaps we can forgive his wilder indiscretions and still try to celebrate him warts and all? But most of all—as a “freedom-loving people”—perhaps we should simply heed this important warning!

Nearing his last days on earth, Hemingway once mused, “*Every man’s life ends the same way. It is only the details of how he lived that distinguish one man from another.*” Thus, special agent Kurtz (rightly) observed, “...the most significant detail of Hemingway’s life was that he was simply a **writer**—and a damned good one at that! And this *writing* will forever remain—as it should—his lasting claim to fame, rather than any partisan infamy.” Or, as Errol Selkirk says, “People die and civilizations crumble. But good writing endures, because it is able to evoke emotion in any one who reads it. Literature, for Hemingway, was a sensation machine that he hoped would ensure his immortality.” Either way, that night something of youth and beauty died in the world—even if this “youth” paradoxically looked twice his age, happened to sport a snowy-white beard, and displayed a rather sizable beer belly.

Looking somberly at the exact bloodstained spot where Hemingway blew his brains out, only a chalkdust outline remained—forever haunting this imperfect world, which always seems precariously poised somewhere between heaven and hell ...signifying what? The end, or perhaps a new beginning? Kurtz pondered this, as he faithfully visited Hemingway's *Ketchum grave*, noting how the spot was well positioned between two beautiful and massive *evergreen trees*—"an appropriate symbol for everlasting hope" he thought, "even for an alleged agnostic."

Idaho Cemetery—The F.B.I.'s Coroner's Report & "Cover-up":

Agent Kurtz returned to his car, following his *Ketchum gravesite* visitation. He sat down and finally opened the "official" *F.B.I. Coroner's Report* on Ernest Miller Hemingway. After reading only three lines, Kurtz sat there stunned—how could he have missed this fact? The confidential report ultimately claimed that the shotgun that killed Hemingway was about four inches too long for a suicide—his hands simply would not have been able to reach the trigger! Additionally, *C.S.I.* found some trace evidence on the stock, indicating that someone had actually held down his hand as the shot was fired. So, there it was! The Medical Examiner had effectively concluded that his death was a murder, and not suicide...

Well he thought, this simply wouldn't do. "We can only cover-up Hemingway's 'clandestine life' if he ostensibly took his own life—but not if he was openly murdered! Any hint of a murder investigation would surely blow the case wide open. No, this simply wouldn't do ...at all!" Agent Kurtz crossed-out the Coroner's "concluding statement" and scribbled in the margins. He wrote instead, "this statement has been officially contravened according to independent analysis." Then he concluded the letter with, "The Deputy Director considers this case to be 'judiciously handled' and 'closed' until further inquiry." That was that. He was just following orders. Indeed, "orders" from the very top! After all, "they" claimed that "...we just can't have such a famous American icon as Hemingway publicly disgraced—especially in such a controversial manner as this. Everyone needs a hero, even if no one ever seems to meet the mark." Kurtz turned-on the ignition and drove down the shaded cemetery path. As he pulled onto the road, he thought to himself, "I wonder when the American people will—finally—discover the truth? Well, hopefully I will have moved on by then—if not, there will sure be hell to pay. Thank god *X-Files* Branch can handle these delicate cases; however, I'll have to be more careful with regard to my 'futuristic' references—it's bound to raise more questions than I dare answer. After all, 'temporal operations' is our government's single biggest secret." Then, as if waiting patiently for Kurtz to finally finish his last few thoughts, Kurtz's shadowy government-issue sedan crested the hill and suddenly vanished from sight—abruptly exiting this perilous nexus of space and time.

Concluding Notes: Errol Selkirk's *Hemingway: For Beginners* (and the *Ernest Hemingway Collection* website) provided essential quotes and biographical details for this uniquely "Lovecraftian story"—not to mention Michael Palin's entertaining travel documentary and Woody Allen's romantic comedy (already listed in the introductory note). *Wikipedia* was also referenced, but mostly to fact check critical elements of the narrative. Finally, if you interested in reading more about Hemingway's clandestine life, then you should consult the book *Writer, Sailor, Soldier, Spy: Ernest Hemingway's Secret Adventures, 1935-1961*, written by Nicholas Reynolds (a former USMC Colonel & C.I.A. Officer).

Original Story 'Teaser':

...Did the horror writer H.P. Lovecraft foresee Ernest Hemingway's entire life story—through an alleged "dream trance"—which he subsequently disguised, and released as his own manuscript, *The Quest of Iranon*? Herein, lies proof that he did exactly that! Judge for yourself ...If you have the guts!

HEMINGWAY'S QUEST BACKGROUND INFO

Regarding my new story, **HEMINGWAY'S QUEST: A Political Murder Mystery** (in Three Acts) [THREAD ID: 1-3 MML 1 L 9]: The material that must be “disclaimed” is an old H.P. Lovecraft story in the public domain. In fact, it was originally written in 1921—approximately a hundred years ago. This short story was entitled *The Quest of Iranon* (and it was actually only five pages long). Today, I have radically changed and expanded this fantasy tale—which allegedly takes place in some imaginary “Dreamland”—into a mostly true **biography** about the famous writer Ernest Hemingway.

While this 1921 story about the archetypal quest of every true artist is—indeed—an inspirational Lovecraftian tale, I have radically revised this five-page story into a completely new narrative. That is, a 33-page account of **Hemingway's own personal quest**—so, I'm definitely the author of this “original work.” I just make the fantastic claim about Lovecraft somehow “channeling” Hemingway's life merely as a promotional gimmick—and I don't really think that Lovecraft knew very much about Hemingway.

I actually wrote all this so I could smuggle real information about this important writer into my kid's reading materials. Towards this end, I have also included an extensive four-page “*Hemingway Reading List*” and a six-page “*Hemingway Travel Itinerary*” as an appendix to this controversial true-life **murder mystery**. Incidentally, the very first paragraph and introductory note (prefacing my story) tries to make this clear to the unwitting reader—that is, before they even start to read this scandalous biography—which by the way, reads more like a disguised historical travel documentary, with only the subtle feel of a weird Lovecraftian tale.

HEMINGWAY ***Reading List*** ...for ***Hemingway's Quest: A Political Murder Mystery***,
by T. Christopher Kurth

Note: The “**titles**” of Hemingway’s most famous **novels** have been carefully worked into each, relevant, section of the narrative—look to this as a handy recommended **reading list**, linking each book, by topic, to reader’s interest.

Original Inspiration for this Hemingway “**mystery**”:

- ***The Quest of Iranon***, by H.P. Lovecraft (1921 Story about the “**Archetypal Quest**” of every *true* Artist)
- ***Hemingway Adventure***, by **Michael Palin** (1999 Book & Popular PBS **Documentary**)
- ***The Da Vinci Code***, by Dan Brown (2003 Book & 2006 **Movie** with Tom Hanks)
- ***Hemingway: For Beginners***, by Errol Selkirk

— ACT I —

Early Life—Chicago, Upper Michigan, & Reporting for The Kansas City:

- ***In Our Time***, by Ernest Hemingway (1925—see below)
 - “**Big Two-Hearted River**,” by Ernest Hemingway (1925—Published in Hem’s First Book, ***In Our Time***)
 - ***Men Without Women***, by Ernest Hemingway (1927)
 - “**The Killers**,” by Ernest Hemingway (1927—Published in ***Men Without Women***)
- See, also, the relevant sections entitled “**Chicago Reminiscence**” and the “**F.B.I.**,” towards the end of the story and list.

WORLD WAR I & The European Campaign:

WW I—Italy & Europe (June 7th 1918 to July 7th 1918):

WW I—The Final (Brutal) Months on The Italian Front & the Austrian Offensive (in July 1918):

Milan Hospital & Hemingway’s First Love (July 7th 1918- to early 1919):

- ***A Farewell to Arms***, by Ernest Hemingway (1929)

Chicago & Canada—Hemingway’s First Marriage (early 1919 to December 1921):

PARIS—The ‘Capitol of the World’ (Hemingway Lived in Paris from 1922 to 1928):

Buildings & Streets of Paris—The Physical Structures that ‘Embody’ Paris [Section I.A]

City Parks & Parisian Waterways—Physical Features that ‘Nurture’ the Inner Paris [Section I.B]:

- ***Midnight in Paris*** by **Woody Allen** (2011 Woody Allen **Movie**)

Cathedrals & Churches—Religious and ‘Devotional’ Structures in Paris [Section VIII.]:

- ***The Hunchback of Notre-Dame***, by Victor Hugo (**Classic** 1831 Book)

History & Humanity of France—Spiritual ‘Aspirations’ and ‘Intuitions’ Underlying Paris [Section VII.]:

- ***The Da Vinci Code***, by Dan Brown (2003 Book & 2006 **Movie**)

French Philosophic & Literary Traditions—Higher Intellectual ‘Contemplations’ within Paris [Section VI.]:

- ***A Moveable Feast***, by Ernest Hemingway (1964—Published Posthumously)
- ***Ulysses***, by James Joyce
- ***Requiem for a Nun***, by William Faulkner
- ***The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock***, by T.S. Eliot
- ***Three Stories & Ten Poems***, by Ernest Hemingway (1923 Privately Published Manuscript)

Academic Philosophy & Science in France—Intellectual ‘Studies’ in Paris [Section III.]:

French Arts & Humanities—Artistic ‘Devotions’ & Higher Emotional ‘Expression’ in Paris [Section V.]:

___ **Museum Masterpieces: The Louvre**, by Richard Brettell (The Great Courses & Academic ‘Transcript’)

___ **The Da Vinci Code**, by Dan Brown (2003 Book & 2006 **Movie** with Tom Hanks)

___ **Moulin Rouge!** (2001 **Movie** with Nicole Kidman & Ewan McGregor)

___ **The Phantom of the Opera**, by Gaston Leroux (**Classic** 1910 Book & Later Broadway Play & 2004 **Movie**)

The Catholic Church in France—The Social-Religious ‘Essence’ of Paris [Section IV.B]:

France & French Culture—The Social-Cultural ‘Persona’ of Paris [Section IV.A]:

___ **The Sun Also Rises**, by Ernest Hemingway (1926—Hemingway’s First Literary Success)

___ **Men Without Women**, by Ernest Hemingway (1927)

Newspaper Journalism & Foreign Reporting—Intellectual ‘Investigation’ & travel throughout Europe [Section III.]:

French Politics & Warfare—The Social-Emotional Aspects of Parisian ‘Government’ [Section II.]:

The Liberation of Paris & Task Force Hemingway—Direct ‘Action’ in Paris [Section I.A]:

___ **Hemingway & Gellhorn** (2012 HBO **Movie** with **Nicole Kidman** & Clive Owen)

The Transatlantic Review & Hemingway’s First Two ‘Published’ Books:

___ **In Our Time**, by Ernest Hemingway (1925—see below for more info)

___ **The Torrents of Spring**, by Ernest Hemingway (1926 Satire of Sherwood Anderson)

F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, & Zelda:

SPAIN & Venice—Holidays “Bullfighting, Bullslinging, & Bullshitting”:

___ **The Sun Also Rises**, by Ernest Hemingway (1926—Hemingway’s First Literary Success)

___ **Death in the Afternoon**, by Ernest Hemingway (1932 Non-fiction “Bible of Bullfighting”)

___ **The Dangerous Summer**, by Ernest Hemingway (1960 *Life* Magazine Article & 1985 Book)

— ACT II —

SPANISH CIVIL WAR (1936 to 1939):

— ***The Spanish Earth*** (1937 Propaganda **Film** Narrated by Ernest Hemingway)

— ***The Fifth Column***, by Ernest Hemingway (1938 Hem's **Play** about the Spanish Civil War)

— ***For Whom the Bell Tolls***, by Ernest Hemingway (1939—Despite Controversy, Hem's Most Famous Book! It was unanimously awarded the **Pulitzer Prize**; but, at the last moment, the vote was overturned by the committee head.)

KEY WEST Florida (1928 to 1939):

— ***Winner Take Nothing***, by Ernest Hemingway (1933)

— ***Have and Have Not***, by Ernest Hemingway (1937)

CUBA—Hemingway's Third Wife & "The Crook Factory" (1939 to 1960):

WW II—The Liberation of Paris, Task Force Hem, & "Putting on The Ritz" (August, 1944):

— ***Islands In the Stream***, by Ernest Hemingway (1970—Published Posthumously)

CUBAN REVOLUTION—"Right, Left, & Wrong" (1939 to 1960):

Hemingway's Depression & A Fine Sense of Cuban Irony:

— ***Across the River and into the Trees***, by Hemingway (1950—Hem's First "Unfavorable Reviews")

— ***Garden of Eden***, by Hemingway (Never Published During Hem's Life—He Abandoned it, for good Reason!)

NOBLE PRIZE for Literature (1954):

— ***The Old Man and the Sea***, by Ernest Hemingway (1953—**Pulitzer Prize** Winner!)

AFRICA—Safari, Hunting Big Game, & "the Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1933 & 1954):

Great White Hunter, Famous Fisherman, & "Citizen of the World":

— ***The Green Hills of Africa***, by Ernest Hemingway (1935)

— ***The Snows of Kilimanjaro***, by Ernest Hemingway (1936/38—Hem's Best Short Story)

— ***True at First Light***, by Hemingway? (1955—Controversially Rewritten & Published in 1999)

AMERICAN WEST—"Hemingway Vacations" in Wyoming, Montana, & Idaho:

Chicago Reminiscence & "a Modern-day Huck Finn":

Idaho—Sun Valley, Ketchum, & the F.B.I.:

— ***In Our Time***, by Hemingway (1925—Hem's original Masterpiece, especially the **Nick Adams** stories)

— ACT III —

F.B.I. & Hemingway:

— **“The Killers”**, by Ernest Hemingway (1927—Published in **Men Without Women**)

Codename Argo & New York City (1940):

Communism vs. Capitalism—“Learning to Counting Past Two”:

Papa’s Politics—A Tripartite Analysis:

Idaho—Ketchum Compound **“Suicide”** (1961):

— **Civilization and its Discontents**, by Sigmund Freud

— THE FINALE —

IDAHO CEMETERY—F.B.I.’s Coroner’s Report & “Cover-up”:

— **Writer, Sailor, Soldier, Spy: Ernest Hemingway’s Secret Adventures, 1935-1961,**

by Nicholas Reynolds (USMC Colonel & C.I.A. Officer)

HEMINGWAY *Travel Itinerary* ...for **Hemingway's Quest**: *A Political Murder Mystery*,
by T. Christopher Kurth

Note: The **people**, **places**, and **things** mentioned in *Hemingway's Quest* are **highlighted** and linked to **Michael Palin's *Hemingway Adventure***—providing a useful **traveler's reference** for both Hemingway fans and aspiring adventures. **Paris** has been especially emphasized, since this was Hemingway's favorite place. The Paris section has, additionally, been (loosely) tied to **Woody Allen's** movie, *Midnight in Paris*, for amusing cross-reference.

— ACT I —

U.S.A.

Early Life—Chicago, Upper Michigan, & Reporting for The Kansas City:
Chicago Reminiscence & “a Modern-day Huck Finn”:

__ **Chicago**: Hemingway **Birthplace** Museum

__ **Chicago**: Hemingway **Boyhood Home**

__ **Chicago**: Hemingway **House**

__ **Chicago**: The **Field Museum** of Natural History (Hemingway's Childhood Favorite!)

__ **Michigan**: Upper Michigan/**Hemingway Cottage/Lake Walloon**

__ **Kansas City**: **Kansas City Star** Newspaper Building (Hemingway's Start!)

ITALY

World War I & The European Campaign:

WW I—Italy & Europe (June 7th 1918 to July 7th 1918):

__ **Italy: Milan**/Garibaldi Train Station/

WW I—The Final (Brutal) Months on The Italian Front & the Austrian Offensive (in July 1918):

__ **Italy: Venice**/Piave River Front/ Village of Fossalta/

Milan Hospital & Hemingway's First Love (July 7th 1918- to early 1919):

__ **Italy: Milan** Hospital

CANADA

Canada & Chicago—Hemingway's First Marriage (early 1919 to December 1921):

__ **Canada: Toronto**

PARIS—The ‘*Capitol of the World*’: Hemingway ‘**Lived**’ in **Paris** from 1922 to 1928 [Section 0.]:

Note: Paris itinerary has been loosely tied to **Woody Allen**’s movie, **Midnight in Paris**, for cross-reference.

Buildings & Streets of Paris—The **Outer Physical** Structures that ‘*Embody*’ Paris [Section I.A]

__ **Eiffel Tower** /Dinner

__ **Champs-Elysees** Avenue/Lunch

City **Parks & Parisian Waterways**—**Physical** Features that ‘*Nurture*’ the **Inner** Paris [Section I.B]:

__ **Tuilleries** Garden/Picnic

F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, & Zelda:

__ **Quay de la Seine** Riverfront/Walkway

__ **Pont Neuf** Bridge

Cathedrals & Churches—**Religious** and ‘*Devotional*’ Structures in Paris [Section VIII.]:

__ **Hotel Esmeralda**

__ **Ile de la Cite**

__ **Notre-Dame** /Rose Window

__ **Saint-Chapelle** /Starry Ceiling

__ **La Madeleine** Greek Temple

History & Humanity of France—**Spiritual** ‘*Aspirations*’ and ‘*Intuitions*’ Underlying Paris [Section VII.]:

__ **Louvre Pyramid**

__ **La Pyramide Inversee**

__ **Guimet Museum** /Pantheon Bouddhique/Zen Garden

__ **Paris Catacombs** Burial Crypt

__ **Le Manoir de Paris** Haunted House

French Philosophic & **Literary** Traditions—**Higher Intellectual** ‘*Contemplations*’ within Paris [Section VI.]:

__ **Latin Quarter**

__ **The Sorbonne**: University of Paris

__ **Montparnasse**

__ **Shakespeare & Company** Bookshop/Writer’s Hostel

__ **Pablo Picasso’s** Residence

__ Hotel d’Angleterre (*‘The Hotel Jacob’*)

__ **Les Deux Magots**

__ **Café de Flore**

__ **Saint-Sulpice** Church

__ **Odeon** Theatre

__ Hemingway Apartment (6 *rue Ferou*)

__ **Jardin du Luxembourg**

__ **Gertrude Stein’s** Residence (27 *rue de Fleurens*)

__ Ezra Pound’s Residence (No.70 *rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs*)

__ Second Hemingway Apartment (113 *rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs*)

__ Travel Bookstore (**‘Hotel Ventia’**) (159 *Boulevard du Montparnasse*)

__ **La Closerie des Lilas** (171 *Boulevard du Montparnasse*)

__ **Auberge de Venise** (**‘The Dingo Bar’**) Restaurant

__ **Harry’s New York Bar**

Academic Philosophy & Science in France—**Intellectual** ‘*Studies*’ in Paris [Section III. & VI.]:

__ **Café Procope**

__ **Rene Descartes** University

__ Rue Montesquieu

__ **Rue Voltaire**

__ **Paris Diderot** University

__ **Bibliothèque Nationale de France**/Voltaire’s Heart

__ Parc des Buttes-Chaumont/**Temple de la Sibylle**

__ Ermenonville’s **Parc Jean-Jacques Rousseau**/Temple of Reason

French Arts & Humanities—Artistic ‘Devotions’ & Higher Emotional ‘Expression’ in Paris [Section V.]:

__ **Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés**

__ **Monet’s House & Garden** at **Giverny**

__ **Monet’s Lily Pond** & **Japanese Bridge**

__ **Musee Marmottan Monet**

__ **Musee de l’Orangerie/****Water Lily Murals**

__ **Galerie nationale du jeu Paume**

__ **Musee d’Orsay** Railway Station/ ‘Impressionist’ Museum

__ **Musee du Louvre/****Mona Lisa** /Madonna/Magi/Victory/Venus

__ **Pompidou Centre**

__ **Montmartre**

__ **Moulin Rouge**

__ **Bois de Boulogne**

__ **Brassai Steps**

__ **Sacre-Coeur** (See “Catholicism”)

__ **Salvador Dali Museum**

__ **August Rodin Museum**

__ **Pablo Picasso Museum**

__ **Palais Garnier** ‘Famous’ Opera House

__ **Le Louxor Palais du Cinema** Movie Theatre

The **Catholic Church** in France—The Social-**Psychological** ‘**Essence**’ of Paris [Section **IV.B**]:

__ **Sacre-Coeur** Catholic **Cathedral**

France & **French Culture**—The Social-Cultural ‘**Persona**’ of Paris [Section **IV.A**]:

__ **Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel**

__ **Arenes de Lutece** Roman Amphitheatre

__ **Place de la Concorde**

__ **Musee du Quai Branly**/ Patric Blanc’s **Hanging Garden**

__ **Pere Lachaise** ‘Celebrity’ **Cemetery** (Most visited Necropolis in the World!)

__ **Pantheon**

__ Hemingway-Pheiffer Apartment (69 *rue Froidevaux*)

The Transatlantic Review & Hemingway’s First Two ‘Published’ Books:

Newspaper **Journalism** & Foreign Reporting—**Intellectual** ‘Investigation’ & travel throughout Europe [Section **III.**]:

French **Politics** & Warfare—The Social-**Emotional** Aspects of Parisian ‘Government’ [Section **II.**]:

__ **Versailles**

__ **Arc de Triomphe** of Napoleon

__ Josephine’s Malmaison

Liberation of Paris, Task Force Hem, & “Putting on The Ritz”/WW II (August, 1944)—Direct ‘**Action**’ in Paris [Section **I.A & B.**]:

__ **Bois de Boulogne** Park

__ **Ritz Hotel**

SPAIN & Venice—Holidays “Bullfighting, Bullslinging, & Bullshitting”:

__ **Pamploma**: Pension Aguillar

__ **San Fermin**: “*The Running of the Bulls*”

— ACT II—

SPANISH CIVIL WAR (1936 to 1939):

__ **Basque Region**: Guernica

— ACTS II & III—

KEY WEST Florida (1928 to 1939):

__ Ernest **Hemingway Home** & Museum

__ **Sloppy Joe's** Bar

CUBA—Hemingway's Third Wife & "The Crook Factory" (1939 to 1960):

CUBAN REVOLUTION—"Right, Left, & Wrong" (1939 to 1960):

Hemingway's Depression & A Fine Sense of Cuban Irony:

Noble Prize for Literature (1954):

__ Hemingway's **Finca Vigia** Estate ("Lookout Farm") & the **Pilar**

AFRICA—Safari, Hunting Big Game, & "*the Snows of Kilimanjaro*" (1933 & 1954):

Great White Hunter, Famous Fisherman, & "Citizen of the World":

__ Bass Pro Shop & **Islamorada** Restaurant

AMERICAN WEST—"Hemingway Vacations" in Wyoming, Montana, & Idaho:

__ **Wyoming**: Jackson Hole, **Grand Teton** National Park, **Yellowstone** NP

__ **Montana**: Hargrave Cattle & Guest Ranch

IDAHO—**Sun Valley**, Ketchum, & the F.B.I.:

IDAHO CEMETERY:

__ **Idaho**: **Sun Valley**, Ketchum, **Hemingway House**, & Ketchum **Grave**

HEMINGWAY'S *Intellectual Contributions* — People, Places, Things, & Ideas

...found in **Hemingway's Quest**: *A Political Murder Mystery*, by T. Christopher Kurth

Note: The **people**, **places**, and **things** mentioned in *Hemingway's Quest* are highlighted and linked to **Michael Palin's *Hemingway Adventure***—providing a useful traveler's reference for both Hemingway fans and aspiring adventures. **Paris** has been especially emphasized, since this was Hemingway's favorite place. The Paris section has, additionally, been (loosely) tied to **Woody Allen's** movie, *Midnight in Paris*, for amusing cross-reference.

Early Life—Chicago, Upper Michigan, & Reporting for The Kansas City Star:

- ___ **Ernest Miller Hemingway**
- ___ 20th Century **Poet**
- ___ **Writer of 'Journalistic' Fiction & Prose**
- ___ **Chicago**
- ___ **The Kansas City Star**
- ___ **Upper Michigan's** Forests and Lakes
- ___ **Indians & Indian Woodlands** of upper Michigan
- ___ **Lake Walloon**
- ___ **Hemingway Cottage** at Lake Walloon
- ___ **In Our Time** (1925)
- ___ **Men Without Women** (1927)

Chicago Reminiscence & "a Modern-day Huck Finn":

- ___ **High School** in Chicago
- ___ **High School Newspaper**
- ___ **Wild Stories & Strange Tales** about: **Indians, Dreams, Scary Forests, The Moon, Trees, & Wind**
- ___ **Forests of Michigan & the Ojibway** Indians
- ___ **A Modern-day Huck Finn**
- ___ **Huckleberry Finn & American Literature**

World War I & The European Campaign:

- ___ **Milan**
- ___ Garibaldi Train Station
- ___ **WWI Italy**
- ___ **Piave River Front**
- ___ Fossalta
- ___ Hemingway as **Ambulance Driver**

WW I—Italy & Europe (June 7th 1918 to July 7th 1918):

- ___ **Italy & The Italian Front**
- ___ **Austrian Offensive**
- ___ **Venice & the Grand Canals of Venice**
- ___ The “**Jazz Age**”
- ___ **France & Europe**
- ___ **America & American Tourists**

WW I—The Final (Brutal) Months on The Italian Front & the Austrian Offensive (in July 1918):

- ___ A “*Real*” **Soldier**
- ___ **A Farewell to Arms**

Milan Hospital & Hemingway’s First Love (July 7th 1918- to early 1919):

- ___ **Hospital in Milan**
- ___ A **Nurse** named **Agnes**

Chicago & Canada—Hemingway’s First Marriage (early 1919 to December 1921):

- ___ American “**War Hero**”
- ___ Post-War **Chicago** & “**War Stories**”
- ___ The “**American Dream**”
- ___ **Toronto** & the **Toronto Star**
- ___ Well-Traveled **Writers** & **Sherwood Anderson**
- ___ **Hadley Richardson** & (First) **Marriage**
- ___ **Moved** to Paris as “**Foreign Reporter**” for the **Toronto Star**

PARIS—‘*The Capitol of the World*’: Hemingway ‘Lived’ in Paris from 1922 to 1928 [Section 0.]:

Note: The Paris section has been *loosely* tied to Woody Allen’s movie, *Midnight in Paris*.

- ___ **France & Paris** ‘*Capitol of the World*’
- ___ The **Latin Quarter**
- ___ **Hemingway Residence** (*74 rue du Cardinal Lemoine*)
- ___ **Hemingway Writing Studio** (*rue Mouffetard*)
- ___ American **expats** & the “**Lost Generation**”
- ___ **A Moveable Feast**
- ___ **Carl Jung**

Buildings & Streets of Paris—The **Outer Physical** Structures that ‘*Embody*’ Paris [Section I.A]

- ___ **Eiffel Tower**
- ___ **Champs-Elysees** Avenue

City **Parks** & Parisian **Waterways**—**Physical** Features that ‘*Nurture*’ the **Inner** Paris [Section I.B]:

- ___ **Tuileries** Garden
- See also F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, & Zelda:
- ___ The **Seine** River
 - ___ **Quay de la Seine** Riverwalk
 - ___ **Pont Neuf** Bridge

Cathedrals & Churches—**Religious** and ‘*Devotional*’ Structures in Paris [Section VIII.]:

- ___ **Hotel Esmeralda** & the **Hunchback of Notre-Dame**
- ___ **Ile de la Cite**
- ___ **Notre-Dame** & the **Rose Window**
- ___ **Saint-Chapelle** & the **Starry Ceiling**
- ___ **La Madeleine** Greek Temple

History & Humanity of France—**Spiritual** ‘*Aspirations*’ and ‘*Intuitions*’ Underlying Paris [Section VII.]:

- ___ **Louvre Pyramid** & **La Pyramide Inversee**
- ___ **Guimet Museum** & the Pantheon Bouddhique & Zen **Garden**
- ___ **Joan of Arc**
- ___ **Paris Catacombs** Burial Crypt
- ___ **Le Manoir de Paris** Haunted House
- ___ **Gilles de Rais**

French Philosophic & **Literary** Traditions—**Higher Intellectual** ‘*Contemplations*’ within Paris [Section VI.]:

___ **Latin Quarter**

___ **The Sorbonne:** University of Paris

___ **Montparnasse** Cafes, Restaurants, Hotels, & Favorite Destinations

___ ***A Moveable Feast*** Hemingway Walking Tour (*Arrondissement No.5*)

___ **Shakespeare & Company** Bookshop & **Ms. Beach’s** Writer’s Hostel

___ **James Joyce**, Joyce’s ***Ulysses*** & Residence

___ Pablo Picasso, Picasso’s Paintings, & Summer Residence

___ Hotel d’Angleterre (*‘The Hotel Jacob’*)

___ **Les Deux Magots**

___ **Jean-Paul Sartre** & Simone de Beauvoir

___ **Café de Flore**

___ **Saint-Sulpice** Church

___ Odeon Theatre

___ Hemingway Apartment (*6 rue Ferou*)

___ **Jardin du Luxembourg**

___ **Gertrude Stein’s** Salon & Residence (*27 rue de Fleurens*)

___ **Ezra Pound’s** (‘Writing & Boxing’) Residence (*No.70 rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs*)

___ Second Hemingway Apartment (*113 rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs*)

___ Travel Bookstore (‘Hotel Ventia’) (*159 Boulevard du Montparnasse*)

___ **La Closerie des Lilas** (*171 Boulevard du Montparnasse*)

___ Auberge de Venise & **F. Scott Fitzgerald** (*‘The Dingo Bar’*) Restaurant

___ **Harry’s New York Bar** & **F. Scott Fitzgerald**

Academic Philosophy & Science in France—**Intellectual** ‘*Studies*’ in Paris [Section III. & VI.Combined]:

___ **Café Procope** & French Intellectuals

___ **Rene Descartes** & **Paris Descartes University**

___ **Montesquieu** & Rue Montesquieu

___ **Voltaire** & Rue Voltaire

___ **Diderot**, Diderot’s ***Encyclopedia*** & **Paris Diderot University**

___ Bibliotheque **Nationale** de **France** & Voltaire’s Heart

___ Parc des Buttes-Chaumont & **Temple de la Sibylle**

___ **Jean-Jacques Rousseau**, Ermenonville’s **Parc Jean-Jacques Rousseau** & **Temple of Reason**

___ French ‘**Enlightenment**’ Tradition & ‘**Humanist**’ Philosophy

___ **Plato’s Academy** & the ‘Perennial’ **Philosophy** of **Ancient Wisdom**

French **Arts** & Humanities—Artistic ‘*Devotions*’ & **Higher Emotional** ‘*Expression*’ in Paris [Section V.]:

___ **Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Pres**

___ Count St. Germain

___ Nicolas Flamel

___ J.K. Rowling, Beauxbatons, the Magic of Lucid **Dreaming**, & **Nick Adams**

___ **Monet’s House & Garden** at **Giverny**

___ **Monet’s Lily Pond** & Japanese **Bridge**

___ **Musee Marmottan Monet**

___ **Musee de l’Orangerie** & (Monet’s Masterpiece) the **Water Lily Murals**

___ Galerie nationale du jeu Paume, **Man Ray**, & **Brassai**

___ **Musee d’Orsay** Railway Station & ‘Impressionist’ Museum

___ **Musee du Louvre** & Da Vinci’s **Mona Lisa**, Madonna, Magi, Winged **Victory** & **Venus** de Milo

___ Pompidou Centre Modern Art Museum

___ **Montmarte** Gardens & Fountains

___ **Patric Blanc**’s ‘Hanging Gardens’

___ Bohemian Delights, Paintings, Portraits, & Couples

___ **Moulin Rouge**, the **Burlesque Show**, & **Josephine Baker**

___ **French Jazz** Scene: **Gershwin**, **Cole Porter**, **Sidney Bechet**, **Dexter Gordon**, & **Miles Davis**

___ **Brassai Steps** & the **Sacre-Coeur** (See “Catholicism”)

___ **Salvador Dali Museum**

___ **August Rodin Museum**

___ **Pablo Picasso Museum**

___ **Palais Garnier** ‘Famous’ **Opera** House & **The Phantom of the Opera**

___ **Le Louxor Palais** du Cinema Movie Theatre, **French Cinema**, & **Luis Brunel**

The **Catholic Church** in France—The Social-Psychological ‘Essence’ of Paris [Section IV.B]:

- ___ **Religion: Christianity**
- ___ **Roman Catholicism, Catholics, & Latin Culture**
- ___ **Sacre-Coeur Cathedral** & the ‘Sacred Heart of Hearts’

France & **French Culture**—The Social-Cultural ‘Persona’ of Paris [Section IV.A]:

- ___ **Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel**
- ___ **Arenes de Lutece** Roman Amphitheatre & the Poet-Warriors
- ___ **Place de la Concorde**
- ___ **Musee du Quai Branly** & Patric Blanc’s ‘Hanging Gardens’
- ___ **Pere Lachaise Cemetery** ‘Celebrity Necropolis’ & the **Poet-Laureates**
- ___ **Pantheon**
- ___ **Newspaper Writing vs. Creative Writing**
- ___ **Pauline Pheiffer** Love Affair
- ___ Hemingway-Pheiffer Apartment (69 rue Froidevaux)

Newspaper **Journalism** & Foreign Reporting—**Intellectual** ‘Investigation’ & travel throughout Europe [Section III.]:

- ___ Hemingway **Travels** as a **Newsman**
- ___ **Interviews** with Important **Leaders** (e.g., Benito Mussolini)
- ___ **Greco-Turkish Conflict** & the Horrors of War
- ___ **Reporting vs. Spying**

French **Politics** & Warfare—The Social-Emotional Aspects of Parisian ‘Government’ [Section II.]:

- ___ **“Sun Kings” & Versailles**
- ___ **Napoleon** & the **Arc de Triomphe**
- ___ **Josephine’s** Chateau de **Malmaison**
- ___ Hemingway as “Journalistic” **Musketeer**
- ___ Juan Belmonte as **Zorro**
- ___ **Arche de la Defense** & the Grande French **Republic**
- ___ **WWII** & the **Nazis**
- ___ **Vichy Collaborators** & the **Liberation of Paris**
- ___ Hemingway & Martha **Gellhorn**

Liberation of Paris, Task Force Hem, & “Putting on The Ritz”/WW II (August, 1944)—Direct ‘Action’ in Paris [Section I.A & B.]:

- ___ **The Marquis** & the **French Resistance**
- ___ Hemingway & **Task Force Hem**
- ___ **Bois de Boulogne** Park
- ___ **Ritz Hotel**

The Transatlantic Review & Hemingway's First Two 'Published' Books:

- ___ **The Transatlantic Review**
- ___ **Maddox Ford** & the Publishing World
- ___ Editing vs. Writing
- ___ Work vs. Play
- ___ Poetry & Art
- ___ Editor vs. Writer
- ___ **Boni & Liveright** Publishers
- ___ **In Our Time** (1925)
- ___ **Scribner's** Publishers
- ___ **The Torrents of Spring**

F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, & Zelda:

- ___ **F. Scott Fitzgerald** & Zelda
- ___ The **Seine** River
- ___ **Quay de la Seine** Riverwalk
- ___ **The Left Bank** & the **Jazz Scene**
- ___ **Partying** Hemingway Style

SPAIN & Venice—Holidays "Bullfighting, Bullslinging, & Bullshitting":

- ___ **The Pyrenees** Mountains & **Iberia**
- ___ **Spain** & **Latin Culture**
- ___ **Gypsies** & **Flemenco Song**
- ___ **Spanish Guitars** & **Flemenco Dancing**
- ___ **Bullfighting**: Bulls & Matadors
- ___ **Pamplona**: Pension Aguillar
- ___ **Death in the Afternoon**
- ___ Hemingway's Travels & Spanish **Holidays** "Bullfighting, Bullslinging, & Bullshitting"
- ___ Hemingway's **Parties** & his 'Star Power'
- ___ **Cervantes** & Hemingway as **Don Quixote**
- ___ Spanish **Artists**: **El Greco**, **Picasso**, **Dali** & **Gaudi** the architect
- ___ Holiday in **Venice**, Italy
- ___ **San Fermin**: "**The Running of the Bulls**"
- ___ **The Dangerous Summer**

— ACT II—

Spanish Civil War (1936 to 1939):

- ___ **Spanish Civil War**
- ___ **Franco & Fascism**
- ___ **Basque Region:** Guernica
- ___ **Picasso's Guernica** Painting
- ___ **Republicans vs. Franco's Fascist Forces**
- ___ **The Spanish Earth**
- ___ **The Fifth Column**
- ___ **For Whom the Bell Tolls**
- ___ The **Free World:** America & England as Leaders
- ___ The **Soviet Union**
- ___ **Nazis & Fascists**
- ___ **The West**

Key West Florida (1928 to 1939):

- ___ **The Sun Also Rises**
- ___ **Key West, Florida**
- ___ **Hemingway Home** & Museum
- ___ Tropical **Gardens**
- ___ Polydactyl **Cats**
- ___ The **Pilar** Fishing Boat
- ___ **The Florida Keys:** Key Largo, Islamorada, & Key West
- ___ Florida **Gulf Stream**
- ___ The **Caribbean**, Caribbean **Peoples**, & **Cuba**
- ___ Hem's **Island Persona** & Jimmy Buffet's "*Margaritaville*"
- ___ **Sloppy Joe's** Bar & **Joe Russell**
- ___ **Hemingway Days Festival** & "**Hemingway Look-Alike Contest**"
- ___ **Papa** Hemingway & The **Captain** of the **Pilar**
- ___ **Trophy Fish & Trophy Hunting** "Way Out West"
- ___ **Hemingway Style** & Decor

Cuba—Hemingway's Third Wife & "The Crook Factory" (1939 to 1960):

- ___ **Cuba**
- ___ Hem's **Pilar** Fishing Boat
- ___ The Port City of **Havana**
- ___ **Papa** Hemingway's Cuban Persona
- ___ **El Foridita Bar** & Hem's **Papa Doble** (or "Double Daiquiri")
- ___ Martha **Gellhorn**
- ___ Havana's **Cultural Scene: Music, Dancing, & Partying**
- ___ Hem's **Fincia Vigia** Estate

- ___ Martha's **Foreign Journalism**
- ___ Papa's **Counter-Intelligence** Operation
- ___ The **Crook Factory** & Hem's Spy Network
- ___ **Numero Uno** & Foreign **Intelligence**
- ___ The **Pilar** as Anti-Submarine Hunter
- ___ **Islands In the [Gulf] Stream**

WW II—The **Liberation** of **Paris**, Task Force Hem, & "Putting on The **Ritz**" (August, 1944):

- ___ **Paris** during **WWII**
- ___ The **French People** & the failed **Resistance**
- ___ The **Nazi** Occupation & **Vichy** Collaborators
- ___ The Final **Liberation**
- ___ The **Marquis** & **Resistance Fighters**
- ___ **Task Force Hem**, "Captain" Hemingway, & **Snipers** within **Bois de Boulogne**
- ___ The **Ritz Hotel**, obnoxious **Reporters**, & a **Big Party**
- ___ **Hemingway & Gellhorn**

Cuban Revolution—"Right, Left, & Wrong" (1939 to 1960):

- ___ The **Cuban Revolution**
- ___ **Fidel Castro** & **Communism**
- ___ **Cuba's Revolutionary Forces**
- ___ Hem's **Fincia Vigia** Estate ("Lookout Farm")
- ___ **Literary Aficionados** & **Celebrity Companions**
- ___ Havana **Night Life** & **Hot Spots**
- ___ **Music Halls: Latin Music, Salsa Dancers, & Jazz Trumpet-Players**
- ___ **The Old Man and the Sea** (1953)
- ___ Hem's **Pulitzer Prize** (1953) & International **Bestsellers**

Hemingway's Depression & A Fine Sense of Cuban Irony:

- ___ Communist Seizure of Hemingway's **Finca Vigia** Estate & **Library** of nearly 6,000 Books
- ___ Hemingway Estate & the **Pilar** as **Cuban National Landmarks**

Noble Prize for Literature (1954):

- ___ 1953 **Pulitzer Prize**
- ___ 1964 **Noble Prize** & The **Poet's "Garland of Laurel"**
- ___ Hemingway's **Literary Contribution**
- ___ Hemingway's **Retreat** from the World
- ___ Hem's Special **World Travels**

Africa—Safari, Hunting Big Game, & "*The Snows of Kilimanjaro*" (1933 & 1954):

- ___ **Africa Adventures**
- ___ The Verdant Lands **South of the Sahara**
- ___ Hemingway as the "**Great White Hunter**"
- ___ **Bush Planes & Plane Crashes**
- ___ **Camp Fires & Drunken Accidents**
- ___ Lost in **the Bush** & almost trampled by **Elephants**
- ___ **Hunting & Hunting Paraphernalia: Khaki Uniform & Safari Hat**
- ___ **African Safaris** & Hemingway's **Big Game Hunting**
- ___ ***The Green Hills of Africa***
- ___ ***The Snows of Kilimanjaro***

Great White Hunter, Famous Fisherman, & "Citizen of the World":

- ___ Hemingway as "**Citizen of the World**" & International **Celebrity**
- ___ "Larger-than-Life" **Persona** & "**Archetype of Adventure**"
- ___ Bass Pro Shop & **Hemingway Restaurants**
- ___ **Islamorada** Restaurant, **Trophy Fish**, & Fish **Aquariums**
- ___ **Hunting & Fishing** as Sports
- ___ **Fish & Wildlife Resources**
- ___ **Cooking**, Field **Preparation**, & **Barbequing**
- ___ Trophy **Heads & Antlers**
- ___ Wildlife **Protection** & **Conservation**

American West—“Hemingway Vacations” in Wyoming, Montana, & Idaho:

- ___ **Vacationing “Way Out West”**
- ___ **Wyoming: Jackson Hole, Grand Teton National Park, & Yellowstone NP**
- ___ **Montana: Hargrave Cattle & Guest Ranch**
- ___ **Cowboys & Wilderness Men**
- ___ Leo Hargrave the **Cow Boss, Cowboys, Cowhands, & Dudes**
- ___ **Wilderness Living & Ranching**
- ___ **Western States & Remote Destinations**
- ___ The **Wilderness: Mountains, Fields, Falls, Streams, & Valleys**
- ___ **Forests, Evergreens, Pronghorns, & Elk**

— ACTS II & III—

Idaho—**Sun Valley**, Ketchum, & the F.B.I.:

- ___ **Sun Valley, Idaho**
- ___ **Ketchum**

The F.B.I. & Hemingway

- ___ The **F.B.I.**
- ___ **Special Agent Kurtz**
- ___ **Chalk Outline**
- ___ **Hemingway’s Writing**
- ___ Criminals described in “*The Killers*”
- ___ Cub Reporter for *The Kansas City Star*
- ___ **Detective Work**
- ___ Personal **Heroes**
- ___ **Ketchum Café**
- ___ Arrest **Warrant**
- ___ An “**American Hero**”

Codename Argo & New York City (1940):

- ___ **Special Agent vs. Double Agent**
- ___ **Russia & U.S. Intelligence**
- ___ Papa’s **Reporting**
- ___ F.B.I. **Observation**
- ___ **Custody & Interrogation**
- ___ Inevitable **Arrest**
- ___ **Political Discussions**
- ___ Hemingway’s **Depression & Guilt**
- ___ **Radicalization** during **Spanish Civil War**
- ___ **Soviet Intelligence Mission**
- ___ **Codename Argo**, Jason, & the Argonauts

Communism vs. Capitalism—"Learning to Count Past Two":

- ___ Hemingway & **Communism**
- ___ **Western Europe**
- ___ 'Laissa-faire' **Monopoly Capitalism** vs. **Totalitarian Communism**
- ___ **Top Ten** Free and **Democratic Nations** & the **Middle Path**
- ___ Libertarian or "**Free Market**" **Socialism**
- ___ Still **Democratic & Capitalist**
- ___ **Democratic Socialism** or "**Capitalism Plus**"
- ___ **False Dichotomy & Dualistic Thinking**
- ___ G.I. Gurdjieff & "***Learning to Count Past Two***"
- ___ Perennial "**Controversial**" **Social Issues**

Papa's Politics—A Tripartite Analysis:

- ___ **Political Analysis**
- ___ **Three Separate Parameters**
- ___ The Primary '**Political Dimension**'
- ___ **Authoritarianism** vs. **Individualist-Autonomy**
- ___ **Totalitarianism** vs. **Libertarianism**
- ___ 'Legalistic' or **Constitutional Democracy**
- ___ The Secondary **Social** or '**Sociological Dimension**'
- ___ **Left** vs. **Right** 'social' Dimension
- ___ **Left-Wing** vs. **Right-Wing** Politics
- ___ **Cooperative Behavior** & Human **Evolution**
- ___ **Competition**
- ___ The **Freudian Solution**
- ___ **Sublimation** of Aggression & Competition
- ___ Sigmund **Freud** & ***Civilization and its Discontents***
- ___ Third '**Economic Dimension**'
- ___ Practical **Economic Issues**
- ___ **Capitalism & Monetary Policy**
- ___ **Anti-Capitalist Forces**: Religious **Restrictions**, Class **Divisions**, & Guild **Secrecy**
- ___ **Education & Knowhow** ...or Lack Thereof
- ___ **Wages & Employment** ...or Lack Thereof
- ___ **A.I. & Robotics**
- ___ Potential **Unemployment** & **Economic Dislocation**
- ___ '**Libertarian**' **Socialism**
- ___ **H.G. Wells** & **Buckminster Fuller**
- ___ Possible **Utopian Future** vs. **Social Unrest**
- ___ **Hemingway**: America's '**Existentialist**' **Philosopher**

Idaho—Ketchum Compound “**Suicide**” (1961):

___ Hemingway’s **Ketchum Compound**

___ **Ernest** Miller **Hemingway**: The “**Poet-Laureate of the twentieth century**”

___ Papa’s **Final Adventure**: The “**Unknown Country**”

___ **George Orwell**’s Wisdom & **Ernest Hemingway**’s Warnings

___ Hemingway’s **Ketchum Grave** & the **Evergreen Trees**

Idaho Cemetery:

___ **Ketchum Gravesite**

___ F.B.I. **Coroner’s Report**

___ **Cover-Up?**

___ Hemingway’s ‘**Clandestine**’ Life: *Writer, Sailor, Soldier, Spy*, by **Nicholas Reynolds**

___ **X-Files** Branch?