

philippine studies

Ateneo de Manila University · Loyola Heights, Quezon City · 1108 Philippines

The Big Dynamic Hemingway: Papa Hemingway

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Philippine Studies vol. 15, no. 2 (1967): 389–394

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Fri June 30 13:30:20 2008

And stands about the woodlands wide
Wearing snow for Eastertide.

"Along" for "under", "woodland ride" for "woodlands wide", "white" for "snow"—small alterations; but it is of such little things that the perfection of great poetry consists.

MIGUEL A. BERNAD

THE BIG DYNAMIC HEMINGWAY

PAPA HEMINGWAY. A Personal Memoir by A. E. Hotchner.
New York: Random House, 1966. xii, 304 pp., with photographs.

We heard of Hemingway's death on an afternoon in July 1961, just outside of Cambridge, Massachusetts. We were in a streetcar on our way to (or was it on our way from?) an informal lawn party to which we had been invited. We were an international group. There was an editor from Finland, a novelist from Germany, a school superintendent from Israel, a Member of Parliament from England, the house master of a Colegio Mayor in Madrid. There were lady teachers from India, from Southern France, and from Cambridge University in England. There were Africans, Indians, a Ceylonese, a Brazilian, a Japanese, and this lone member from the Philippines. We filled the streetcar: all the seats were taken, some of us had to stand. Someone (I think it was the Spaniard) said in a low voice: "Hemingway is dead. I heard it over the radio." The word was passed along, and the shock of it stayed with many of us for the rest of that summer.

What shocked us was not his death—that had to come some time—but the manner of his dying. An accident, it was said. He was cleaning his shotgun and it went off: so they said; but we found that difficult to believe. How could an accident like that happen to a man who knew guns as well as Hemingway did?

In a few days, what we had suspected became an acknowledged fact. Hemingway's death was no accident. He had committed suicide.

For the rest of that summer the members of the Harvard International Seminar could not seem to forget that event. The subject would crop up in our formal sessions and in our informal gatherings. I remember the delegate from Israel making a plea that we should once for all drop the subject: as he put it, we should respect Hemingway's way of ending his life. But the subject would not down. It

was mentioned even at the formal dinner that concluded the International Seminar in mid-August.

One of those who were most affected by Hemingway's death was the delegate from Japan. He was in some way connected with the cinema, but he was also widely read and was a great admirer of Hemingway's novels. To him, Hemingway's suicide was like a personal blow. And this seemed to me strange, since the Japanese as a people were reputed to take a casual attitude towards suicide.

There was something else that I found curious. In the course of the Seminar I read a paper on Hemingway's stories, which I had written several years previously, and which had in fact been published in *Philippine Studies* in 1959. In that paper I tried to analyze two stories which I considered his best: one ("A Clean Well-Lighted Place") a representative of his earlier agnosticism, and the other (*The Old Man and the Sea*) an affirmation of his recaptured faith in God and man. I was afterwards gratified to find from Hotchner's book (the book under review) that Hemingway himself had considered those two stories as his best works; but what struck me in the summer of 1961 was the fact that few of my colleagues from many nations had actually read those stories—or for that matter any of the stories of Hemingway—yet they (like us) had felt the shock of Hemingway's violent end.

I mention these things because they illustrate the kind of fame that Hemingway had achieved. He was an American who belonged to the world. He had made his mark not only as a writer but also as a man—an extraordinary man of tremendous vigor. Vitality, action, color—these were the qualities of this big dynamic man whose death was a personal blow to Asians and Europeans no less than to Americans.

And it is this dynamic bigness that comes through with great vividness in Hotchner's Memoir. Hotchner came to know Hemingway almost by accident in 1948. They became fast friends, and every year thereafter, Hotchner joined the Hemingways in their holidays; fishing in Cuba, hunting in Idaho, following the bullfights in Spain, or traveling from Venice through the Alps and the Riviera into Spain.

The value of this book consists in two things: first, in the vividness of the reporting, and second, in the kind of things reported. This is not mere literary gossip, an attempt to bask in the reflected glory of a great writer. This is excellent first-hand biography, which gives an insight into the mind and the attitudes of a writer who dealt, not with the superficialities of life, but with the very essence of human existence. A student of Hemingway's works, reading this book, will go back to the works with deeper understanding of what the works were about and of the prejudices and limitations (for he had

many) with which Hemingway had written them. The last chapters in Hotchner's book made painful reading, for they describe vividly the gradual deterioration of a once robust mind.

For this reviewer, four passages stand out among many. One describes an incident in 1954, two years after the publication of Hemingway's last novel, *The Old Man and the Sea* and when Hemingway was still suffering from his accident in Africa the previous year:

In the northern town of Burgos, Ernest asked Adamo to stop at the cathedral, which is one of the grandest in Spain. "Wherever you see a great cathedral," Ernest said, "it's grain country." With my help Ernest pulled himself torturously from the car and went slowly up the cathedral steps, bringing both feet together on each step. He touched the holy water and crossed the murky deserted interior, his moccasins barely audible on the stone floor. He stood for a moment at a side altar, looking up at the candles, his grey trench coat, white whiskers and steel-rimmed glasses giving him a monkish quality. Then, holding tightly, he lowered his knees onto a prayer bench and bent his forehead onto his overlapped hands. He stayed that way for several minutes.

Afterward, descending the cathedral steps, he said, "Sometimes, I wish I were a better Catholic." (Pages 129-130.)

The second passage (or rather two passages) concerns the movie actor, Gary Cooper, who was Hemingway's great friend all through his life. In 1958, Cooper was spending a few days in the Hemingways' lodge in Idaho. They were eating smoked goose and drinking Chablis.

"Ain't this Mormon country wonderful!" Cooper said. "They know how to live."

"I'm practically one myself," Ernest said. "Had four wives, didn't I," He took a sip of wine. "To tell the truth, if I were reborn and I had a choice, I'd be a Mormon."

A bit self-consciously, Cooper confided to Ernest that after all these years he had finally converted to Catholicism to please his wife, Rocky, and his daughter, Maria. But he said he felt uncomfortable about it and wondered whether he had done the right thing. Ernest said that since he himself was only a miserable, failed Catholic, he couldn't give him a reading on it but he thought it would work out all right. (Page 202.)

That was in 1958. Three years later, Gary Cooper was dying of cancer in California while Hemingway was under psychiatric treatment at the Mayo Clinic. This is how Hotchner describes his last visit to Cooper:

The first week in May I went to see Cooper for the last time. During February and March on his good days, he continued to enjoy life the way he always had.

But by April the pain and ravages of the cancer had finally knocked him down for keeps, and when I went to see him that afternoon in May he was a wasted figure, lying immobile in his darkened room. His hair was gray-streaked where the dye had left it. His wife took me into the room, then left us alone. "Papa [Hemingway] phoned me a couple of weeks ago." He paused between words, because it was very painful for him to speak. "Told me he was sick too. I bet him that I will beat him out to the barn." He smiled and closed his eyes and seemed to doze off. "Heard on the radio he was back at Mayo's." The eyes flickered open. "That right?"

"Yes."

"Poor Papa." His eyes shut again. . . . He was hit by a big pain and his face contorted as he fought it off; sweat instantly covered his face. When the pain had passed, Cooper reached his hand over to the bed table and picked up a crucifix, which he put on the pillow beside his bed.

"Please give Papa a message. It's important and you mustn't forget because I'll not be talking to him again. Tell him—that time I wondered if I made the right decision"—he moved the crucifix a little closer so that it touched his cheek—"tell him it was the best thing I ever did."

"I'll tell him."

"Don't forget."

"Don't worry, Coops. I'll tell him."

He died ten days later. (Pages 289-290.)

Hotchner himself is not a Catholic. He was in Europe when he got word of Hemingway's death. He describes his reaction—like most of the book—in low key:

I sent Mary a long cable, but I did not go to Ketchum for the funeral. I could not say goodbye to Ernest in a public group. Instead I went to Santa Maria Minerva—his church, not mine—because I wanted to say goodbye to him in his own place. I found a deserted side altar and sat there for a long while, thinking about all the good times we had had. . . . I lit a candle and put some money in the poor box and spent the rest of the night alone, wandering through Rome's old streets.

Ernest had had it right: Man is not made for defeat. He can be destroyed but not defeated. (Pages 303-304.)

The last passage that stands out from this book is an incident that happened in Paris in 1950. They were out watching (and betting on) the steeplechase races.

Ernest stood up and turned and watched the people crowded to the bet windows. "Listen to their heels on the wet pavement," he said. "It's all so beautiful in this misty light. Mr. Degas could have painted it and gotten what we now see. That is what the artist must do. On canvas or on printed page he must capture the thing so truly that its magnification will endure. That is the difference between journalism and literature. There is very little literature. Much less than we think." (Pages 39-40.)

That was Hemingway's own achievement. Not everything he wrote was great literature. But in some of his works he did just that: he "captured the thing so truly that its magnification will endure."

MIGUEL A. BERNAD

ON THE PROBLEM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS: Doctoral Dissertation submitted to the Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Santo Tomas. By Pedro V. Salgado, O.P. Manila: University of Santo Tomas, 1966. viii, 104 pp.

This study, developed by way of exposition and criticism of the doctrines of Freud, Jung, Adler and St. Thomas, uses the word 'subconscious' to signify what is imperfectly or obscurely known, and the 'unconscious' as that which is absolutely or entirely ignored. The author's position in the introduction—"this problem of unconscious was not entirely unknown to the psychologists of old, but it developed and matured with the appearance of Freud, Jung and Adler"—seems a fair appraisal of the contribution of the moderns to our understanding of the developmental process of human nature. But his criticism of them and his over-emphasis on the value of the all-inclusive conceptual framework of St. Thomas makes us wonder if he has given the 'devil' (the moderns) his due. Perhaps this is to be expected in a conceptualistic approach to developmental psychology.

The expositions give a concise resume of the high points of each author. It would be asking too much of such a short treatise to look for the developmental maturing of each theory; or to seek an unraveling of evident confusions in doctrine, especially in Freud. The general criticism of the moderns—that each has over-generalized about