

Philosophical Club Meeting  
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**ERNEST MILLER HEMINGWAY – A PHILOSOPHER?**  
July 21, 1899 – July 2, 1961

**Statistics**

<b>Nationality</b>	<b>American</b>
<b>Notable awards</b>	<b>Pulitzer Prize for Fiction (1953) Nobel Prize in Literature (1954)</b>
<b>Spouse(s)</b>	<b>Elizabeth Hadley Richardson (1921-1927) Pauline Pfeiffer (1927-1940) Martha Gellhorn (1940-1945) Mary Welsh Hemingway (1946-1961)</b>
<b>Children</b>	<b>Jack Hemingway (1923-2000} Patrick Hemingway (1928-} Gregory Hemingway (1931-2001)</b>

Hemingway never called himself a philosopher, but philosophical ideas and beliefs crop up in his writings and sayings. Most importantly his own life was a testament to his philosophical ideas, although he probably would have been the first to say that he is simply living every minute of his life to the fullest.

Socrates said – “The unexamined life is not worth living for a human being”.

Surely Hemmingway never suffered this problem. His writings and sayings comment on just about all of the issues in life and of his day.

In this paper I shall summarize some of his thoughts, philosophical or not on multiple topics of life according to Hemingway.

Henry David Thoreau famously said “most men lead lives of quiet desperations and go to the grave with the song still in them”.

Hemmingway’s life is the giant opposite of this statement.

Earnest Miller Hemingway was an American author and journalist. His economical and understated style had a strong influence on 20<sup>th</sup> Century fiction, while his life of adventure and his public image influenced later generations. Hemingway produced most of this between the mid 1920s and the mid 1950s, and won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1954. He published seven novels, including six short story collections and two non-fiction works. Three novels, four collections of short stories and three non-fiction works were published posthumously. Many of these are considered classics of American literature.

Hemingway was raised in Oak Park, Illinois. After high school he reported for a few months for *The Kansas City Star*, before leaving for the Italian front to enlist with the World War I ambulance drivers. In 1918, he was seriously wounded and returned home. His wartime experiences formed the basis for his novel *A Farewell to Arms*. In 1922, he married Hadley Richardson, the first of his four wives. The couple moved to Paris, where he worked as a foreign correspondent, and fell under the influence of the modernist writers and artists of the 1920s “Lost Generation” expatriate community. *The Sun Also Rises*, Hemingway’s first novel, was published in 1926.

After his 1927 divorce from Hadley Richardson Hemingway married Pauline Pfeiffer. They divorced after he returned from the Spanish Civil War where he had acted as a journalist, and after which he wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Martha Gellhorn became his third wife in 1940. They separated when he met Mary Welsh in London during World War II; during which he was present at the Normandy Landings and liberation of Paris.

Shortly after the publication of *The Old Man and the Sea* in 1952, Hemingway went on safari to Africa, where he was almost killed in a plane crash that left him in pain or ill-health for much of the rest of his life. Hemingway had permanent residences in Key West, Florida, and Cuba during the 1930s and 1940s, but in 1959 he moved from Cuba to Ketchum, Idaho, where he committed suicide in the summer of 1961.

What follows are actual quotations, comments and statements by Hemingway which I believe illustrates some of his philosophical views on life. I shall make an occasional comment on some of these. A note of warning – Hemingway is occasionally earthly and certainly not always politically correct by the standards of our day.

## WRITING

**When a man has the ability to write and the desire to write, no critic can damage his work if it is good, or save it if it is bad.**

**In the beginning I was not making any money at it, and I just wrote as well as I could--the editors didn't like it, but someday they would. I really didn't care about criticism. The best thing about your early days is that you are not noticed. You don't have to deal with criticism, and you really enjoy your workdays. You think it's easy to write and you feel wonderful, but you're not thinking about the reader, who is not having much enjoyment. But when you start to mature and begin to write for the reader, writing becomes more difficult. In fact, when you look back on anything you've written, what you recall is what a tough go it was. Every day the rejected manuscripts would come back through the slot in the door of that bare room where I lived over the Montmartre sawmill. They'd fall through the slot onto the wood floor, and clipped to them was that most savage of all reprimands—the printed rejection slip. The rejection slip is very hard to take on an empty stomach, and there were times when I'd sit at that old wooden table and read one of those cold slips that had been attached to a story I had loved and worked on very hard and believed in, and I couldn't help crying. When the hurt is bad enough, I cry.**

**When a writer first starts out, he gets a big kick from the stuff he does, and the reader doesn't get any; then, after a while, the writer gets a little kick and the reader gets a little kick; and, finally, if the writer's any good, he doesn't get any kick at all and the reader gets everything.**

**There are only two absolutes I know about writing: one is that if you make love while you are jamming on a novel, you are in danger of leaving the best parts of it in the bed; the other is that integrity in a writer is like virginity in a woman—once lost, it is never recovered.**

**Fiction is inventing out of what knowledge you have. If you invent successfully it is more true than if you try to remember it.**

**I learned how to make a landscape from Mr. Paul Cezanne by viewing his paintings at the Luxembourg Museum a thousand times on an empty gut, and I am pretty sure that if Mr. Paul was around, he would like the way I write them and be happy that I learned it from him.**

Never yet sold a share of stock I bought, never had to. I can ride out any depression as long as they put me in a chair and give me a pencil and paper.

A book you talk about is a book you don't write.

A big lie is more plausible than truth. People, who write fiction, if they had not taken it up, might have become very successful liars. As they get further and further away from a war they have taken part in, all men have a tendency to make it more as they wish it had been rather than how it really was.

The test of a book is how much good stuff you can throw away.

When I'm working on a book I try to write every day except Sunday. I don't work on Sunday. It's very bad luck to work on a Sunday. Sometimes I do, but it's bad luck just the same.

I like to write standing up to reduce the old belly and because you have more vitality on your feet. Who ever went ten rounds sitting on his ass? I write description in longhand because that's hardest for me and you're closer to the paper when you work by hand, but I use the typewriter for dialogue because people speak like a typewriter works.

I have always made things stick that I wanted to stick. I've never kept notes or a journal. I just push the recall button and there it is. If it isn't there, it wasn't worth keeping.

The country that a novelist writes about is the country he knows, and the country that he knows is in his heart.

I'm the kind of writer who can discard a sheet of manuscript paper without crumpling it up into a ball.

I logged a lot of reading time on the *S.S. Africa* and reread *Huckleberry Fin*, which I have always touted as the best American book ever written and which I still think is. But I had not read it for a long time, and this time I read it, there were at least forty paragraphs I wished I could fix. And a lot of the wonderful stuff you remember, you discover you put there yourself.

In order to write about life, first you must live it!

**I hate plays. Did you ever listen to the dialogue of a play with your eyes shut?**

**You invent a novel from what you know from all the things you've ever learned—and then you write it down, as if you're telling the story to yourself or to your kids.**

**All my life I had been struggling to perfect my ear to record exactly what I heard, and I was a sad son of a bitch when I discovered they had invented a machine that put all my training out of business.**

**For a long time now I have tried simply to write the best I can. Sometimes I have good luck and write better than I can.**

**My aim is to put down on paper what I see and what I feel in the best and simplest way.**

**The most essential gift for a good writer is a built-in, shock-proof, shit detector. This is the writer's radar, and all great writers have had it.**

**You have to repeat yourself again and again as a man but you should not do so as a writer.**

**The writer must have a devotion to his work that a Priest of God has for his.**

## WAR

The Germans shot a lot of our good guys, but the beauty about our country is that there's a good guy born every minute.

Never think that war, no matter how necessary, nor how justified, is not a crime.

I used to keep a bowl by the side of my bed, full of metal fragments they took from my leg, and people used to come and take them as good-luck souvenirs. Two hundred twenty-seven pieces. Right leg. True count. Got hit with a Minenwerfers that had been lobbed in by an Austrian trench mortar. They would fill these Minenwerfers with the goddamnedest collection of crap you ever saw—nuts, bolts, screws, nails, spikes, metal scrap—and when they blew, you caught whatever you were in the way of. Three Italians with me had their legs blown off. I was lucky. The kneecap was down on my shin and the leg had caught all that metal, but the kneecap was still attached. The big fight was to keep them from sawing off the leg. They awarded me the *Croce al Merito di Guerra* with three citations, and the *Medaglia d'Argento al Valore Militare*. I threw them into the bowl with the other scrap metal.

The wound combat makes in you, as a writer, is a very slow healing one!

There is a military cliché: “Better to die on your feet than to live on your knees, but you better get on your belly damn fast if you want to stay alive in plenty places”.

I believe that all people who stand to profit by a war and who help provoke it should be shot on the first day it starts by accredited representatives of the loyal citizens of their country who will fight it.

Never mistake motion for action.

Once we have a war there is only one thing to do. It must be won. For defeat brings worse things than any that can ever happen in war.

Why the hell do the good and the brave have to die before everyone else?

In modern war you will die like a dog for no good reason.

Courage is grace under pressure.

## SPORTS

Regarding sports, I was a mediocre ballplayer, a slightly better football player, a worthless tennis player, and a contemptible performer on the violoncello and tuba. Boxing I learned the really hard way, and I had a certain aptitude for it. Anything about boxing or fighting is my own business and I could always be broke and wish to write about it myself. I deplore the tendency that any literate man should have everything that he knows about and has personally experienced written about by someone else who neither knows about it nor has experienced it. This is especially true about fishing and shooting, which were the only things I was ever good at. These are sports which are not performed in public or in stadiums, and so those who are any good at them, if they tell about them truly are almost invariably regarded as liars.

There are bullfighters who do it just for the money—they are worthless. The only one who matters is the bullfighter who feels it, so that if he did it for nothing, he would do it as well. Same holds true for damn near everyone else.

Bullfighting is the only art in which the artist is in danger of death, and in which the degree of brilliance in the performance is left to the fighter's honor.

As a fisherman, Castro could not win his own fishing tournament even though it was rigged.

## HOLLYWOOD

If you ask me, Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman were superstars both on and off the screen.

A very excited operator's voice told me that Darryl F. Zanuck himself of Twentieth Century Fox was going to speak to me. And by golly he did! "Hello, Ernest?" he said (you could tell it was Hollywood, because here he was calling me Ernest, and we only knew each other from having exchanged my story for his dough). "Ernest, we are in executive session here in my conference room, and we've been wrestling all day with a crisis that only you can resolve. We have made a truly wonderful picture of your wonder story "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," and we're ready for distribution, but we feel that the title is too long for the average movie marquee, so we would appreciate it very much if you could change it to something short, with eye appeal—you know, a title that would create on-sight excitement—something that'll appeal to both sexes and make them feel they have to see the movie." I told Zanuck to hold on while I gave the matter some thought. The bartender mixed me a drink and every once in a while I'd go back to the phone to tell the operator not to cut us off because I was engaged in emergency thinking. Finally, when I felt my A.T. and T. stock had gone up a couple of points, I said that I thought I had just what the doctor ordered. Zanuck said he had his pencil at the ready. Now, I said, you want something short and exciting that will catch the eye of both sexes, right? Well, the, here it is: F as in Fox, U as in Universal, C as in Culver City and K as in R.K.O. That should fit all the marquees, and you can't beat it as a sex symbol.

I read about the movie version of *The Snow of Kilimanjaro* and how there was only one minor alteration—the man is rescued and lives instead of dying—a very minor change, don't you think?

I received a telegram from the producer David O. Selznick, who had just completed a remake of *A Farewell to Arms* with his wife, Jennifer Jones, starring as the novel's heroine, Catherine Barkley. Selznick had not paid me anything for this version, because back in the twenties the book had been sold outright, with no provision for remakes. This telegram said that Selznick had just informed the work press that, although not legally obligated to, he was hereby pledging himself to pay Mr. Hemingway \$50,000 from the profits of the picture, if and when it earned any profits. I sent Mr. Selznick a telegram in reply saying that if by some miracle, your movie, which stars forty-one-year old Mrs. Selznick portraying twenty-four-year-old Catherine Barkley, does earn \$50,000, you should have all \$50,000 changed into nickels at your local bank and shove them up your ass until they come out of your ears. You know, you write a book like that that you're fond of over the years, then you see that happens to it, it's like pissing in your father's beer.

Hollywood may magnanimously offer the writer what they vaguely call "a piece of the picture" but the only words that have any meaning are: "No, thanks, I want the cash up front."

## HUNTING

In shooting you've got to be careful, not worried.

Best training I got for shooting birds was from my father. He used to give me only three shells for a whole day's hunting, and he was very strict about shooting only on the wing. He had his spies around, so I never tried to cheat.

Shoot a lion at one hundred yards because a lion can cover one hundred yards in three and three-fourths seconds. You've got to break bone. If you just shoot a lion, it won't stop him. You've got to shoot like a surgeon to break bone. And watch for the lioness. While you are posing with one foot up on her dead husband she will sail in and tear you in half. That makes a rather messy photo for the folks back home.

To shoot good, you've got to get calm first, calm inside, as if you're in a church and you've got something to believe in—then let go.

## TRAVEL

Italians are wonderful people. Probably have had the worst press in the world.

I love Africa and I feel it's another home, and anytime a man can feel that, not counting where he's born is where he's meant to be.

I like heat, but it can really get too hot in St. Louis, Senegal, Bilbao, and Madrid.

In Zurich they overbell you to death.

I found that learning all the Romance languages was made easier by reading the newspapers—an English-language paper in the morning and then the foreign-language paper in the afternoon—it was the same news and the familiarity with the news events helped me understand the afternoon papers.

On our last trip (Africa) I had a tick on my prick for four days. All local remedies, such as burning the tick's ass and rubbing lion dung on him, failed. Even tried a pair of tweezers. Finally Philip Percival, our White Hunter, suggested suffocating him in candle wax. We dripped a mound of candle wax on him and sure enough, it worked. That's one remedy you won't find in *Black's Medical Dictionary*.

Switzerland is a small, steep country, much more up and down than sideways, and is all stuck over with large brown hotels built in the cuckoo style of Architecture.

Why live in New York or London when there's Venice and Paris?

## WRITERS

When he turned down the Nobel Prize, I guess Sartre knew that the Prize is a whore who can seduce you and give you an incurable disease. I knew that once but now I've got her and she's got me, and you know who she is, this whore called Fame?  
Death's little sister.

Sartre told me at dinner last night that a newspaperman made up the word existentialism and that he, Sartre, had nothing to do with it.

Gertrude Stein once said that Scott's flame and my flame weren't the same. Scott was so damn insecure he decided she meant I had a bigger or brighter flame than he did. When he first brought it up, I said all the talk about flames was Stein horseshit, since we were both serious writers who would write the best we could until we died and there was no competition between flames or anything else. But he kept on. And on, and on.

Sometimes I wish I had a ghost writer.  
By Ernest Hemingway as told to Truman Capote.

Gertrude Stein was a complainer. So she labeled that generation with her complaint. But it was bullshit. There was no movement, no tight band of pot-smoking nihilists wandering around looking for Mommy to lead them out of the dada wilderness. What there was, was a lot of people around the same age who had been through the war and now were writing or composing or whatever, and other people who had not been through the war and either wished they had been or wished they were writing or boasted about not being in the war. Nobody I know at that time thought of himself as wearing the silks of the Lost Generation, or had even heard the label. We were a pretty solid mob. The characters in *The Sun Also Rises* were tragic, but the real hero was the earth, and you get the sense of its triumph in abiding forever.

What does you harm as a writer is when other writers steal your stuff. There was "name" writer who used to steal my stories as fast as I could write them. He'd change the names of the characters and the locale and sell them for more than I got. But I finally found a way to stop him. I stopped writing for two years and the son of a bitch starved to death.

Poor Faulkner. Does he really think big emotions come from big words? He thinks I don't know the ten-dollar words. I know them, all right. But there are older and simpler and better words, and these are the ones I use.

I told Scott that being a rummy made him very vulnerable—I mean a rummy married to a crazy is not the kind of pari-mutuel that aids a writer. I told Scott that because I thought the brutal truth might shake him out of himself, and then I tried to set him up by pointing out that Joyce was as bad a rummy as he was and that most good writers were rummies. How the hell can you bleed over your own personal tragedies when you're a writer? You should welcome them, because serious writers have to be hurt really terrible before they can write seriously. But once you get the hurt and can handle it, consider yourself lucky—that is what there is to write about and you have to be as faithful to it as a scientist is faithful to his laboratory. You can't cheat or pretend. You have to excise the hurt honestly. That's what I told Scott. And I told him that at this point in his life, hurt as he was, he could write twice as well as he ever could, booze or no booze. Zelda or no Zelda. Tried to build him up. Light a fire. Didn't work. He resented my telling him and he was angry and it didn't work at all.

The Nobel Prize be damned! Every day there are letters, phone calls, and brutal interruptions. It is getting on my nerves! I do not want to be driven out of here in the good working months. It is my home and my workplace and I love it. But I am not a public performer, nor am I running for office. I am a writer and I have a right to work and also a right to make a fight to stay alive. Nobody takes the excuse that you want to work or that you've gotten pathological about pieces about you, and one goddamn more and you'd never write another bloody line.

I knew James Joyce from 1921 till his death. In Paris he was always surrounded by professional friends and sycophants. We'd have discussions which would get very heated, and sooner or later Joyce would get in some really rough insult; he was a nice man but nasty especially if anyone started to talk about writing, nasty as hell, and when he really had everything in an uproar, he would suddenly depart and expect me to handle the characters in his wake who were demanding satisfaction. Joyce was very proud and very rude—especially to jerks. He really enjoyed drinking, and those nights when I'd bring him home after a protracted drinking bout, his wife, Nora, would open the door and say, "Well, here comes James Joyce the author, drunk again with Ernest Hemingway." He was mortally afraid of lightning.

When they published Gertrude Stein's *Autobiography of Alice Toklas*, Picasso and I were very disappointed because it was so full of lies.

I'm not going to get into the ring with Tolstoy.

## WOMEN

When women have any feeling of guilt, they tend to get rid of it by slapping it onto you.

What makes a woman good in bed makes it impossible for her to live alone. But not the tough ones. The tough ones like to live alone. Even when they're living with a man, they're living alone.

God knows I do not have a definitive reading on womenies, but I do know that little things count much more than big things. And it's all a question of balance. Too little sex, neglected; too much, you're oversexed; Christ, man should get changing readings on a woman's mood like he gets the *cotes jaunes* before each race. But don't try to find an untroublesome woman. She will dull out on you.

The only constructive thing I ever learned about women is no matter how they turned out, you should remember them only as they were on the best day they ever had.

Only one marriage I regret. I remember after I got that marriage license I went across from the license bureau to a bar for a drink. The bartender said, "What will you have, sir?" And I said, "A glass of hemlock."

Le jockey was the best nightclub that ever was. Best orchestra, best drinks, a wonderful clientele, and the world's most beautiful women. Was in there one night when the place was set on fire by the most sensational woman anybody ever saw. Or ever will. Tall, coffee skin, ebony eyes, legs of paradise, a smile to end all smiles. Very hot night but she was wearing a coat of black fur, her breasts handling the fur like it was silk. She turned her eyes on me—she was dancing with the big British gunner subaltern who had brought her—but I responded to the eyes like a hypnotic and cut in on them. The subaltern tried to shoulder me out but the girl slid off him and onto me. Everything under that fur instantly communicated with me. I introduced myself and asked her name. "Josephine Baker," she said. We danced non stop for the rest of the night. She never took off her fur coat. Wasn't until the joint closed she showed me she had nothing on underneath.

These Cuban girls, you look into their black eyes, they have hot sunlight in them.

As you get older, it is harder to have heroes, but more necessary.

My own ethics are only to attack on time and never leave your wounded except to pleasant auspices.

Love is infinitely more durable than hate.

When I was young I never wanted to get married, but after I did, I could never be without a wife again. Same about kids. I never wanted any, but after I had one, I never wanted to be without them. To be a successful father, though, there's one absolute rule: when you have a kid, don't look at it for the first two years.

You can have true affection for only a few things in life, and by getting rid of material things, I make sure I won't waste mine on something that can't feel my affection.

Did you ever see me leave a place with anything but reluctance?

Courage is a matter of one's conscience, not beholden to the evaluation of others.

## LIFE

I don't like to go to other people's houses, because I can't trust the food and drink. The last time I accepted a dinner invitation was about a year ago. They served sweet champagne, which I had to drink to be polite, and it took ten days for me to get it out of my system.

I used to be co-owner of Sloppy Joe's. Silent partner, they call it. We had gambling in the back, and that's where the real money was. But getting good dice-changers was difficult because if he was so good, you couldn't detect it yourself, you knew he would steal from you. The only big expense in a gambling operation, ours included, is police protection. We paid \$7,500 to elect a sheriff who, in his second year in office, went God happy on us and closed us down, so we closed down the sheriff.

Drinking is fun, not a release from something. When it's a release from something, except the straight mechanical pressure that we are all subjected to always, then I think you get to be a rummy. But I am not a first-stone caster.

I've been drunk one thousand, five hundred and forty-seven times in my life, but never in the morning.

You can tell me how to write, shoot, or make love, but you cannot tell me how to enter a harbor.

We stood there, helplessly watching the de Havilland burn up, and I made several scientific notations that might interest students of the alcoholic occult. First noted there were four little pops, which I chalked up as belonging to our four bottles of Carlsberg beer. Then there was a more substantial pop, which I credited to the bottle of Grand Macnish. But the only really good bang came from the Gordon's gin. It was an unopened bottle with a metal top. The Grand Macnish was corked and besides was half gone. But the Gordon's had real éclat.

They've slowed me down but they haven't stopped me. They'd have to chop off both legs at the knees and nail me to the stake for that—but even then I could probably still get them with my reflex action.

I'm very fond of Jardin du Luxembourg because it kept us from starvation. On days when the dinner pot was absolutely devoid of content, I would put Bumby, then about a year old, into the baby carriage and wheel him over to the Jardin. There was always a gendarme on duty, but I knew that about four o'clock he would go to a bar across from the park to have a glass of wine. That's when I would appear with Mr. Bumby and a pocketful of corn for the pigeons. I would sit on a bench, in my guise of buggy-pushing pigeon-lover, casing the flock for clarity of eye and plumpness. The Luxembourg was well known for the classiness of its pigeons. Once my selection was made, it was a simple matter to entice my victim with corn, snatch him, wring his neck, and flip his carcass under Mr. Bumby's blanket. We got a little tired of pigeon that winter, but they filled many a void.

I can't think of any better way to spend money than on champagne.

Back in the old days, Harry's New York Bar on rue Daunou was one of the few good, solid bars, and there was an ex-pug used to come in with a pet lion. He'd stand at the bar here and the lion would stand here beside him. He was a very nice lion with good manners--no growls or roars--but, as lions will, he occasionally shit on the floor. This, of course, had a rather adverse effect on the trade and, as politely as he could, Harry asked the ex-pug not to bring the lion around anymore. But the next day the pug was back with lion, lion dropped another load, drinkers dispersed, Harry again made request. The third day, same thing. Realizing it was do or die for poor Harry's business, this time when lion let go, I went over, picked up the pug, who had been a welterweight, carried him outside, and threw him in the street. Then I came back and grabbed the lion's mane and hustled him out of there. Out on the sidewalk the lion gave me a look, but he went quietly.

Man is not made for defeat. Man can be destroyed but not defeated.

Discipline is much more desirable than inspiration

Style is not just an idle concept. It is simply a way to get done what is supposed to be done. The fact that the right way also looks beautiful when it's done is just incidental.

When I'm not going good, I go off where I can be alone and work the fat off my soul the way a fighter goes up into the mountains to work and train and burn the fat out of his body. Being alone and loneliness are two different things. I'll be alone but I won't be lonely.

Who said a dilemma had only two horns? He must have been fooling around with little dilemmas before they were of age. A real dilemma has between eight and ten pairs of horns and can kill you as far as you can see it and vice versa.

I don't want to be an art critic. I just want to look at pictures and be happy with them and learn from them.

I think body and mind are closely coordinate. Fattening of the body can lead to fattening of the mind. I would be tempted to say that it can lead to fattening of the soul, but I don't know anything about the soul.

Never bet on any animal that can talk except yourself.

**Good times should be orchestrated and not left  
to the uncertainties of chance.**

**True friendship requires forgiveness, but no friendship can  
withstand the abuse of duplicity.**

**If you get too self-conscious, you get self-centered. Then follows  
selfishness, snobbery, artificiality, pretention, and postering, all worthless.**

**When the famous become infamous it's pathetic.**

**Sometimes I write in my dreams, actual lines, and when that happens  
I wake myself up and write it down or I will have dreamed it all out.**

**When people talk, listen completely. Most people never listen.**

**Every Christmas I give all of my presents away, because I'm  
convinced that you don't own anything until you give it away.**

**I have seen all the sunrises there have been in my life.**

**If I live to be an old man, what I want to be is a wise old man who  
won't bore. I'd like to see all the new fighters, horses, ballets, dames,  
bullfighters, painters, airplanes, café characters, big international whores,  
restaurants, years of wine, and never have to write a line about any of it.  
And I would like to be able to make love good until I was eighty-five.**

**If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then  
wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a  
movable feast.**

**All things truly wicked start from an innocence.**

**Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you  
to keep you mouth shut.**

**An intelligent man is sometimes forced to be drunk to spend time  
with fools.**

I have drunk since I was fifteen and few things have given me more pleasure. When you work hard all day with your head and know you must work again the next day, what else can change your ideas and make them run on a different plane like whiskey? When you are cold and wet, what else can warm you? Before an attack, who can say anything that gives you the momentary well-being that rum does? The only time it isn't good for you is when you write or when you fight. You have to do that cold. But it always helps my shooting. Modern life, too, is often a mechanical oppression, and liquor is the only mechanical relief.

The world breaks everyone, and afterward, some are strong at the broken places.

The best ammunition against lies is the truth, but there is not ammunition against gossip.

Happiness in intelligent people is the rarest thing I know.

I never played roulette that I didn't quit when I was well ahead.

There are those who urge me to take life seriously; if I ever do, a lot of characters will hang by their necks until dead.

## DEATH

I've been asked if there's anything I will regret before I die. Regret is a luxury for those who think they're going to live again. Forget all the fancy crap: courage—dignity—regret; cojones, that's all you need to die right. Cojones.

Have I had an analyst? Sure I have. Portable Corona number three. That's been my analyst. I'll tell you, even though I am not a believer in the analysis, I spend a hell of a lot of time killing animals and fish so I won't kill myself. When a man is in rebellion against death, as I am in rebellion against death, he gets pleasure out of taking to himself one of the godlike attributes, that of giving it.

All stories end in death, and he is no true storyteller who would keep that from you.

It takes a pretty good man to make any sense when he's dying.

**Fear of death increases in exact proportion to increase in wealth:  
Hemingstein's Law on the dynamics of dying.**

**Death is just another whore.**

**It has been emphasized that I have sought death all my life. If you have spent your life avoiding death as cagily as possible, but on the other hand taking no backchat from her and studying her as you would a beautiful harlot who could put you soundly to sleep forever with no problems and no necessity to work, you could be said to have studied her, but you have not sought her. Because you know among one or two other things that if you sought her, you would possess her, and from her reputation you know that she would present you with an incurable disease. So much for the constant pursuit of death.**

**What if you can no longer measure up, no longer be involved, if you have used up all your fantasies? A champion cannot retire like anyone else. How the hell can a writer retire? The public won't let him. When a man loses the center of his being, then he loses his being. Retire? It's the filthiest word in the English language. It's backing up into the grave. If I can't exist on my own terms, then existence is impossible. That is how I *have* lived and *must* live—or not live.**

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**As noted initially, Hemingway never thought of himself as a philosopher, but as we see he had more philosophical insight than most so-called philosophers.**

**Was he an epicurean, a hedonist, or something else—I don't know. I believe he was a supreme realist. His biographer, Hotchner, described his life with one word "Enjoyment".**

**Ernest Hemingway was the quintessential example of the idiom "They don't make 'em like they used to".**

**It is no wonder a man who packed so much adventure and experience into his 61 years produced also some of the finest works ever written, still celebrated and collected today!**

**Lambert Strether in "The Ambassador" said "Live all you can: it is a mistake not to". Hemingway did!!**

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