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A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF MARTHA GELLHORN

presented by

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A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF

MARTHA GELLHORN

By

Jacqueline Elizabeth Orsagh

A DISSERTATION

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## ABSTRACT

### A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF MARTHA GELLHORN

By

Jacqueline Elizabeth Orsagh

This study is primarily concerned with Martha Gellhorn's becoming a writer of fiction. The thesis moves chronologically, beginning with an examination of the home environment which instilled in Gellhorn both a desire to serve others and a respect for the individual. Because she was taught that anything she wanted to do she could do, Martha Gellhorn turned early to journalism. Although an indirect and overenthusiastic style marked her initial pieces, her first novel (What Mad Pursuit--1934) revealed a less certain grasp of that literary form, in that she posed as heroine a transparent characterization of herself. On the other hand, an effective sincerity and realism permeated her prose and her concern with justice, responsible action, and a heightened sense of living added depth and interest to a generally unsophisticated book. Although both her journalistic and fiction careers had begun early, it was the former which matured more quickly.

Gellhorn's idealism, her need to write, and her extraordinary curiosity led her to the romantic course her life took. Gaining steerage abroad by writing for a trade magazine, Gellhorn immersed herself in the post-World War I peace movement in Europe. She returned home to work for the New Deal as a relief investigator. She was in Madrid almost from the beginning of the Spanish Civil War, in Czechoslovakia before and after the Munich Pact, in Helsinki when the Russians bombed Finland, in China as Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung combined forces to expell the Japanese invaders, stowed away on a hospital ship off Omaha Red Beach during the Invasion of Normandy, and in Dachau when the Germans surrendered.

During or after each event, Gellhorn was writing. In the Great Depression she sent Harry Hopkins lengthy reports on the efficacy of the works projects and relief system, adding her own observations on the plight of the poor. Although she traveled to Spain merely as a show of solidarity for the Republicans, Gellhorn sent an article on the life of a city at war to Collier's. When the magazine added her name to its masthead, Gellhorn understood that she had made herself a war correspondent, won a ticket to the history of her time, and wedged a place in a masculine world.

Gellhorn's journalism improved as her writing pace increased. While her aim was always to enlist support for those who were trying

to live their lives with dignity--the poor in America's depression, the Republicans in Madrid, the refugees in Czechoslovakia, the Jews in Dachau--Gellhorn learned quickly to concentrate paragraphs into a few well-chosen details. Rather than philosophize about the absurdity of war, she utilized the power of an image: a mother still walking her son across the street, unaware that he had been killed by the last shellburst. In order to compete with newspaper and radio, Gellhorn sought to make her pieces vivid, in part, by reordering what she saw into a natural unity and investing statistics with humanity.

Although Gellhorn's articles were appearing regularly in American magazines after 1940, she never lost sight of her goal to be a "serious writer"--to her, a writer of fiction. Until the publication of her fifth book (Liana--1944), however, Gellhorn's novels and short stories suffered from their journalistic roots. While they gained the authenticity or realism which has always been one strength of her writing, they lacked the depth, ambiguity, and creative reordering which mark good fiction. The disconcerting autobiographical emphasis of Gellhorn's first novel continued to mar her fiction until the forties. In What Mad Pursuit (1934), A Stricken Field (1940), and some of the stories in Heart of Another (1941), Gellhorn was too close to the history behind her work and so concerned with her message that she unconsciously simplified her plots to good against bad, caricatured her characters as villain and hero. The black/white

delination was real for Gellhorn in her reporting and she was slow to realize its weakening effect on her fiction.

In her forties, when she was still reporting in her black/white fashion on the Nazi atrocities, Gellhorn shifted in her fiction from a concern with political philosophies and external movements to an exploration of the individual and his or her inner needs. With this development her characters grew more complex, her stories more profound.

Long after her journalism had been attracting critical acclaim, Gellhorn wrote a novel about World War II called The Wine of Astonishment. Borrowing from her journalism the details she needed to convince her readers of the external action which centers around the Battle of the Bulge, Gellhorn succeeded in writing a complex book about the isolation of twentieth century man and his power to break through the self-imposed imprisonment to a richer, more meaningful life. Borrowing also from her journalism her account of Dachau, Gellhorn reordered the incident into one experienced by a Jew who has denied his heritage. The lesson of responsible action, no longer sentimentalized in an autobiographical protagonist, is dramatically heightened by the encounter of a non-Jewish Jew with the atrocities of Dachau. The characters lose their hero/villain status and impress as human beings; the craft is careful and effective. Wine of Astonishment is Gellhorn at her best.

Although the journalism of Martha Gellhorn maintained a recognized level of excellence to the point where, in 1959, several of her

Jacqueline Elizabeth Orsagh

war articles were collected into a volume called The Face of War, her fiction was not as consistently praised nor as praiseworthy. Several of her stories published in magazines after the second world war were, in fact, strikingly minor. Those which surfaced in The Honeyed Peace (1953), Two By Two (1958), and Pretty Tales for Tired People (1965), however, revealed once again the accomplished hand of Wine and Astonishment.

To Jay Yentis and Elsie Orsagh

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## PREFACE

A Critical Biography of Martha Gellhorn is primarily concerned with Martha Gellhorn's becoming a writer of fiction. It is intended neither as a comprehensive biography of the writer nor an exhaustive analysis of her literary development; but rather as an opening to both discussions. The thesis moves chronologically, beginning with an examination of the home environment which instilled in Gellhorn both a desire to serve others and a respect for the individual. Because she was taught that anything she wanted to do she could do, Martha Gellhorn was encouraged in her early ambition to be a writer. In addition, the St. Louis home prepared her for a bold life by convincing her that the main prerequisite for any behavior was an instinctive sense of right and wrong.

Motivated both by her determination to be a writer and her concern with justice, Martha Gellhorn turned early to journalism. It was, if not her preferred medium, the quicker and more obvious one for the expression of her idealism. She left Bryn Mawr after her junior year to become a cub reporter for the Albany Times Union, quit her job after six months and free lanced for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and managed, still before the age of twenty-one, to publish an article in the New Republic. Although an indirect and overenthusiastic style

marked her early journalism, her first novel (What Mad Pursuit--1934) revealed a less sure grasp of that literary form, in that she posed as heroine a transparent characterization of herself. On the other hand, an effective sincerity and realism permeated her prose and her concern with justice, responsible action, and a heightened sense of living invested depth and interest in a generally unsophisticated novel. Although both her journalistic and fiction careers had begun early, it was the former which matured more steadily.

Gellhorn's idealism, her need to write, and her extraordinary curiosity led her to the romantic course her life took. Gaining steerage abroad by writing for a trade magazine, Gellhorn immersed herself in the post-World War I peace movement in Europe. She returned home to work for the New Deal as a relief investigator. She was in Madrid almost from the beginning of the Spanish Civil War, investigated Czechoslovakia before and after the Munich Pact, reported from Russian-bombed, sub-zero Finland, analyzed the British defenses and the Burma Road on a working honeymoon with Earnest Hemingway, stowed away in order to see the Invasion of Normandy, drove to Paris through German-occupied France, flew in a Black Widow, and heard the news of the German surrender in Dachau.

During or after each event, Gellhorn was writing. In the Great Depression she sent Harry Hopkins lengthy reports on the efficacy of the works projects and relief system, adding her own comments on the plight of the poor. Although she traveled to Spain merely as a show of solidarity for the Republicans, Gellhorn sent an article on the life of the people in a city at war to Collier's. When the magazine

added her name to its masthead, Gellhorn understood that she had made herself a war correspondent and won a front seat ticket to the history of her time. She had wedged herself into a man's world, vaguely aware that in the first world war only men were war correspondents. It was Collier's, then, that paid Gellhorn to write about the war in Europe and China, but when the military bureaucracy refused to allow women into combat zones, it was Martha Gellhorn who devised the means of access.

Gellhorn's journalism matured as her writing pace increased. While her aim was always to enlist support for those struggling to live their lives with decency--the poor in America's depression, the Republicans in Madrid, the refugees in Czechoslovakia, the Jews in Dachau--Gellhorn learned quickly to concentrate paragraphs into a few well-chosen details. Rather than philosophize about the absurdity of war, she utilized the power of an image: a mother still walking her son across the street, unaware that he had been killed by the last shellburst. In order to compete with newspaper and radio, Gellhorn learned to make her pieces vivid, in part, by reordering what she saw into a natural unity and investing statistics with humanity.

Although Gellhorn's articles were appearing regularly in American magazines after 1940, she never lost sight of her goal to be a "serious writer"--to her, a writer of fiction. Yet where her journalism seemed to emerge naturally from her concern with justice and her desire to write, her fiction required much effort.

Until the publication of her fifth book, Liana (1944), Gellhorn's novels and short stories suffered from their journalistic roots. While they gained the authenticity or realism which was always one strength of her writing, they lacked the depth, ambiguity, and creative reordering which mark good fiction. The disconcerting autobiographical emphasis of Gellhorn's first novel continued to mar her fiction until the forties. In What Mad Pursuit (1934), A Stricken Field (1940), and some stories in Heart of Another (1941), Gellhorn was too close to the history behind her work and so concerned with her message that she unconsciously simplified her plots to good against bad, caricatured her characters as villain and hero. The black/white delineation was real for Gellhorn in her reporting and she was slow to realize its weakening effect on her fiction.

In the forties, when she was still reporting in her black/white fashion on the Nazi atrocities, Gellhorn shifted in her fiction from a concern with political philosophies and external movements to an exploration of the individual and his or her inner need for purpose and meaning. With this development her characters grew more complex, her stories more profound.

Long after her journalism had been attracting critical acclaim, Gellhorn wrote a novel about World War II called The Wine of Astonishment. Borrowing from her journalism the details she needed to convince her readers of the external action which centers around the Battle of the Bulge, Gellhorn succeeded in writing a complex book about the isolation of twentieth century man and his power to break through the

self-imposed imprisonment to a richer, more meaningful life. Borrowing also from her journalism her account of Dachau, Gellhorn reordered the incident into one experienced by a Jew who has denied his heritage. The lesson of responsible action, no longer sentimentalized in an autobiographical protagonist, is dramatically heightened by the encounter of a non-Jewish Jew with the atrocities of Dachau. The characters lose their hero/villain status and impress as human beings; the craft is careful and effective. Wine of Astonishment is Gellhorn at her best.

Although the journalism of Martha Gellhorn maintained a recognized level of excellence to the point where, in 1959, several of her war articles were collected into a volume called The Face of War, her fiction was not as consistently praised or praiseworthy. Several of her stories published in magazines after the second world war were, in fact, strikingly minor. Those which surfaced in The Honeyed Peace (1953), Two By Two (1958), and Pretty Tales for Tired People (1965), however, revealed once again the mature artist of Wine of Astonishment. Just as Martha Gellhorn's journalism, at its best, functions for those who read it as a kind of conscience, her fiction, at its peak, serves as a type of mirror. Her reader may look into her work and discover flaws which went previously unnoticed, but flaws, which when corrected, might render him a more complete human being.

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Perhaps it is not unusual for extraordinary parents to give birth to and raise exceptional children, but in the Gellhorn-Fischel line this occurrence appears almost as natural as its service to humanity. Whether one speaks of Martha Gellhorn's grandparents, her parents, or her brothers, one finds himself describing intelligent and energetic individuals who have devoted their talents to the service of others.

Martha Gellhorn traces many of her character traits to her maternal grandparents, the Fischels. After losing their money in the Civil War, they settled in St. Louis where her grandfather, Dr. Washington Fischel, became known as an "eminent physician" of "pronounced social and ethical interests."<sup>2</sup> An independent woman long before such things were tolerated, Gellhorn's maternal grandmother was an influential woman in nineteenth century St. Louis society who numbered among her accomplishments a school for domestics which had as its purpose a scientific training designed to win the community's respect. At the same time, Mrs. Fischel believed that most servants were abominably overworked and thus she agitated for an eight hour work day.

She attempted and somewhat succeeded in making domestic work a science with learned skills and definite hours which the community would acknowledge.

In a different sphere, Martha's grandmother helped found the Society for Ethical Culture which is today an international religious and philosophical organization. The non-sectarian society respects "prophets" such as Christ and Buddha as teachers of moral behavior. It adheres to their philosophies while avoiding any mysticism.<sup>3</sup> Its emphasis on education has prompted the society's pioneering kindergarten and adult education.

George Gellhorn, Martha's father, was born in Breslau, Germany and educated at the Gymnasium in Ohlau; he received his M.D. from the University of Wurzburg in 1894. Although he carried a letter of introduction to a doctor in America, George Gellhorn impulsively signed on as a ship's doctor and sailed around the world for a few years before coming to the United States in 1899. From her father, Martha Gellhorn inherited her wanderlust, her desire to see everything, her curiosity to know the entire world and the way everyone in it lives.<sup>4</sup>

With the straight-line destination of a nineteenth century novel, George Gellhorn's single letter of introduction brought him to Dr. Washington Fischel. While in the St. Louis home, George Gellhorn found himself suddenly bewitched. As the family legend has it, Edna Gellhorn floated down the center stairway as the light from a stained glass window highlighted her golden hair. George thought her nothing

less than a vision of loveliness and decided instantly he would wed her. It took him, however, almost three years to persuade the inspiring woman to marry.<sup>5</sup>

George Gellhorn made his contribution primarily through his medical career. Distinguishing himself as a gynecologist and obstetrician, he attained a number of professorial and medical appointments at St. Louis University, Washington University, Barnard Free Skin and Cancer Hospital, St. Luke and City Hospitals, Barnes and St. Louis Maternity Hospitals, and Jewish and St. Louis County Hospitals. But then, Martha Gellhorn quickly asserts, George Gellhorn was no ordinary doctor. She described him as well read and "finely cultured." In addition, he had received a superior training in Germany, spoke at least five languages, and loved fine music.<sup>6</sup>

From all indications, the fineness of Edna Gelthorn's appearance was matched by that of her character. Each time one runs across a description of her, whether it be by one of Martha's ex-husbands, a neighborhood friend, or a journalist, it is with a reverence approaching worship that they discuss her. The account of T. S. Matthews, Gellhorn's second husband, is typical:

. . . she carries herself with natural and unconscious pride and is plainly unafraid of anything or any person. But she is not in the least aggressive. In fact, she is hopelessly attractive, to everybody. It isn't so much that she is pretty and sometimes beautiful (she is that) or that her blue eyes are often as appealing as a little girl's. The essential and peculiar thing about her is a quality which I can neither describe nor analyze, but is something quite different from charm and

good looks, and much more. When you're with Omi [his and MG's nickname for Edna Gellhorn], you feel better about the human race.<sup>7</sup>

Edna Gellhorn might have made that feeling more concrete through her constant efforts toward the betterment of the human race. On a personal level, she seemed to remember all of her friends all of the time. Each day, T. S. Matthews recalls, Edna Gellhorn bought a present for someone and sent at least a dozen letters and postcards to friends and family all over the world. Her many telegrams read like her letters, "for the simple reason" that she never tried "to save words."<sup>8</sup>

If Edna Gellhorn never forgot her friends, she likewise remembered those less fortunate than she. In her attempts to make St. Louis a civilized community to be proud of, Edna succeeded in achieving several reforms, including "purer silk, wrapped bread, free clinics, better schools, smoke abatement . . . equal opportunities and rights for Negroes, improved marriage and divorce laws, better child labor legislation."<sup>9</sup> Supported by a sound philosophical orientation, Edna Gellhorn's housecleaning proceeded through the State of Missouri. A neighbor, Peggy Schutze, fondly recalls her approach:

She had worked out a very practical idea of political action and taught a lot of it to us. . . . Edna said, "Political science will get you not very far. You learn more from priests and gangsters. It's perfectly fair to steal their thunder and use it against them, whenever you have a good cause to do so."<sup>10</sup>

Edna Gellhorn's foresight is confirmed, in part, by her role in establishing the American Association for the United Nations. She also used

her charm and tactics to better women's status. According to St. Louis papers and her daughter Martha, Edna Gellhorn "almost invented" the League of Women Voters. And she served, in addition to her full-time crusading, on the League's Board of Presidents.<sup>11</sup> She was also a suffragette. In fact, Martha Gellhorn recalls that as a small child she sat aboard the floats of the suffragettes with slogans which pointed to her as the spirit of the future.<sup>12</sup>

Proud of her family and especially of her mother's calm, gentle spirit, Martha Gellhorn's own nature tends toward a frankness sometimes painful and a spirit often fiery; she attacks her goals with an untempered anger and aggression. Nonetheless, it is significant that over the table in her attic where she does her writing hangs a portrait of her mother, as if the woman who attracted "human beings of all kinds" like "a fire on a cold day,"<sup>13</sup> might serve as a muse for her own themes.

If George and Edna Gellhorn cut remarkable figures in the public circle, their sense of freedom and capacity for love was most heartily appreciated in the privacy of their home. To this day, Martha Gellhorn has only love and admiration for these people whom she remembers as liberated, intelligent, and generous.

The extraordinary character of the Gellhorn parents created an atmosphere which encouraged their four children to develop independently, but to their fullest potential with a sense that only by sharing one's talents is one fulfilled. Not surprisingly then, each of Martha Gellhorn's brothers has distinguished himself in his service to humankind. George, the oldest, followed his father's route and became a doctor.

Walter, two years Martha's senior, entered the educational field and earned, after an A.B. from Amherst, the L.H.D., L.L.B., and L.L.D. A one-time secretary to U.S. Supreme Court Justice Stone and a distinguished university professor, Walter Gellhorn was the Oliver Wendell Holmes lecturer at Harvard in 1966. A prolific author of articles and books, Walter has given modern society a clearer definition of our Constitutional rights as American citizens.

The youngest Gellhorn child, Alfred, combined the careers of both his brothers and made his name as physician and educator. As a professor of pharmacology, cancer research, and medicine, Alfred later served for five years as the director of the medical center at the University of Pennsylvania before he headed the biomedical center on education at City College in New York. While Walter's articles on crime, taxes, and civil rights frequently appeared in the New York Times, Alfred's less frequent medical contributions to the same paper were equally impressive.

Born in 1908, Martha Gellhorn early displayed the generosity and intelligence shared and reinforced by her family. Inheriting her mother's striking beauty and her father's insatiable curiosity, Martha Gellhorn developed also an independence and strength of character understood more easily by a look at the soundness of the Gellhorn foundation. Imbued with her family's sense of obligation to serve humanity, Gellhorn would write with a preoccupation with justice. Her reporting and her fiction alike harshly highlight what is, so that readers may be moved to work toward what should be.

1:2

## A Different Set of Rules

George and Edna Gellhorn made sure that their home was a fertile ground for the growth of a free and democratic spirit. To her brick townhouse on McPherson Street in St. Louis, Edna Gellhorn invited and mixed exotic combinations of guests. Men and women of all race, religion, and politics were welcome. And in order to foster what they considered appropriate values, Martha's parents insisted on certain rules of conduct. Rule Number One: people are people. None of their guests were to be designated by religion, race, or sex. One was not permitted to say "that Negro woman," "Jewish man," or "Spanish person." No labels. The "McPherson House" held open its doors to almost everyone and the children were raised with the continual flow of persons and ideas in their home. The sharing of ideas was looked on as a crucial activity. Money, on the other hand, was not to be discussed. Rule Number Two outlawed it as a value in the Gellhorn household.<sup>14</sup>

The Gellhorn children were also forbidden to repeat gossip or opinion. They were not allowed to say that Susan said that Bob did . . . . They had to make their own observations and any judgment had to be based on their observations and then explained. They were thus taught at an early age to think for themselves.<sup>15</sup>

While Martha Gellhorn was receiving an education within her own home, her father saw to it that his children took in another kind

of instruction. As his spirit for travel was never satiated, George Gellhorn led his family on trips crisscrossing the United States and Europe. Different cultures lost what might appear a threatening aspect and became just another way of life to the Gellhorn children.<sup>16</sup>

If these experiences set the Gellhorn family apart from society, the parental histories only widened that separation. Mentioning neither her suffrage work or reform crusading, one should note that Edna Gellhorn's college career alone invited gossip. It was still unusual at the turn of the century for a St. Louis woman to attend college and Edna Gellhorn had gone east to Bryn Mawr.<sup>17</sup>

Similarly, George Gellhorn would even today be considered a Thoreauvian non-conformist. When asked to join a St. Louis country club, he surprised the one who invited him by asking what was done there. When the man blurted out that they, well, played golf, George Gellhorn replied that he walked a great deal on his own and had no need of hitting a ball around. Moreover, he opposed the very concept of an exclusive club as antithetical to the principles of American democracy. Well versed in the American political philosophies, he had particularly studied the works of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson and he agreed entirely with their visions of America. Rather than endorse what he considered aristocratic and un-American, George Gellhorn rejected the invitation and the Gellhorns were the sole family of their distinction in St. Louis not to join the club.<sup>18</sup>

Martha Gellhorn admits that her family was part of the upper class of St. Louis society, but recalls how different they were.



When her father had attended classical concerts in Germany, the management had provided some sort of nourishment, such as pastry, with the belief that after sustenance one was in better condition to return to the concert and enjoy the rest of the program. Although no such sustenance was provided in the United States, George Gellhorn went on doing what he felt comfortable doing. It made sense to eat so he ate. Martha Gellhorn remembers being a bit embarrassed at her father's eating during intermission. Her family was always so different. But then it was a family rule not to do something because everyone else did it and not to condemn something because no one else did it.<sup>19</sup>

As a young girl, Martha Gellhorn felt alienated from children her own age. She was sent to St. Mary's School for Girls and was often left alone to eat her lunch. The other girls avoided her both because of her parents' "scandalous" activities and her father's German heritage. Although it was not a reason for the ostracization which Martha Gellhorn has confirmed, old newspapers reported her memories of living "through that period when all things German--even German names were distrusted." Children evidently shied away from the German-named Martha Gellhorn.<sup>20</sup> Ironically, the very recipient of that prejudice, George Gellhorn, failed to believe that bigotry could exist in America. And George and Edna Gellhorn apparently raised Martha and their three sons in a human society, one apparently free from prejudice and stereotype.

While the source of Martha Gellhorn's will and independence is speculative, one can be certain that both the actions and philosophies of her parents encouraged their development. She believes, for example,

that what one wants to do and is willing to pay the price for, one will do. She pooh-poohs the environmental theorists. Leonard Bernstein, she says, grew up in conditions of esthetic poverty. One day, as he was walking down the street, he heard a piano and stopped, transfixed. He begged and nagged until he was given piano lessons, and then . . . . Martha Gellhorn will likewise tell stories of authors who were raised in underprivileged areas, without books, without encouragement, who still, somehow, wrote. She believes that whatever we have a deep desire to do we will do. If we wish to do nothing we will do just that. We have no one to blame for our success or failure but ourselves.<sup>21</sup>

Martha Gellhorn began to formulate this theory at age eight, for it is then she says, that she first wrote seriously. She began also to devour books. (She still reads everything, she asserts, and then forgets as fast.)<sup>22</sup> When she was fourteen and still free from self-consciousness, she sent a batch of poems to Carl Sandburg for criticism. The poet kindly took the time to return the childish work, commenting that if one must, one will write. Martha Gellhorn still holds that that is the definitive word on every writer.<sup>23</sup> She long ago accepted the financial insecurity, the loneliness, and the observer's pain--the price of being a writer.

Since Martha Gellhorn was twenty years old, she has spent scarcely a year at any one time in her homeland. Perhaps there was something suffocating about the St. Louis society to the restless,

aspiring writer. At any rate, she recalls that the first time she felt happy and at ease was at the age of sixteen when she was sent with another girl and a chaperone (as was proper in the early twenties) to Grenoble, France. There she met the boys from Oxford and Paris and while they were her age they seemed older, more sophisticated. In St. Louis, Martha Gellhorn recalls, one needed only to hum the top tunes as one danced and one was popular. She preferred talking, discussing ideas as was the successful custom of the Gellhorn home. Consequently, the boys, like the young girls at St. Mary's, avoided her. She was, she says, the kiss of death. In Grenoble, she found the opposite to be true. People were excited by her as a person and they weighed her opinions. She thrived in France, feeling more at home there than she ever had in St. Louis.<sup>24</sup>

As Martha grew to love the Europeans, she grew also to love their continent. Although she had seen America's mountains, plains, and plateaus, she thought American cities ugly and felt a sort of affinity with the European land itself--city and country.<sup>25</sup> Indeed, the feeling has endured. Since then, she has always felt more comfortable in Europe. Shortly after leaving college in 1929 Martha Gellhorn also left the United States, returning only to visit her family and lend her services to an America in crisis.

1:3

## Fragility to Peril

After she graduated from St. Mary's, Martha Gellhorn attended the progressive John Burroughs School and in 1926 she followed her mother's lead and traveled east to Bryn Mawr. Originally an English major, Martha was pressured into changing her specialization after she shocked her instructors by writing disrespectfully about Wordsworth on an examination. She then switched to French and found it both easy and fun.<sup>26</sup> Before quitting Bryn Mawr in her junior year, the tall, blonde young woman had picked up the name, "Dutchy,"<sup>27</sup> and spent some time living in a settlement, a welfare center providing community services to the underprivileged. This action was a result of her infinite curiosity. Not content to read about how poor people lived, Martha Gellhorn had to see for herself by living with them.

Some time before she "got bored" with Bryn Mawr, Martha Gellhorn had written a whole volume of verse and then destroyed it. Leaving college in 1929, Gellhorn turned to prose.<sup>28</sup> As Hemingway and many writers before her had used newspaper work as a preparation for fiction writing, so did Gellhorn. She landed her first job with the Albany Times Union.<sup>29</sup> Martha's looks, which editors interpreted as youth and "blonde fragility," prompted many rejections.<sup>30</sup> It is not surprising then, that she initially worked for the Union as a cub reporter covering only the ladies' club and morgue.<sup>31</sup> In a short time, however, Gellhorn had asserted herself and displayed that fiery nature to the extent that her co-workers began referring to her as "The Blonde

Peril."<sup>32</sup> The job was not Martha Gellhorn's idea of a fine career and the ambitious young woman returned home after only six months and tried to get a position with the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.<sup>33</sup>

While her first attempt proved wholly unsuccessful, Martha Gellhorn contacted the editor of the Post-Dispatch sometime later about a series of articles on the Southwest. He agreed to read them but "shrugged off" the suggestion that he "assign" her and finance the trip. Undaunted, Martha Gellhorn telephoned the Santa Fe Railroad and told them she had been assigned to do a series on the Southwest. Would they cooperate by arranging transportation? In the end, the railroad was satisfied, the Post-Dispatch approved the articles, and the series alerted the New Republic, for whom Martha Gellhorn soon began to work in New York.<sup>34</sup>

In addition to writing book reviews for the New Republic,<sup>35</sup> Martha published in 1929 her first magazine article. In "Rudy Valée: God's Gift to Us Girls," Gellhorn easily captured the ecstatic worship of Valée adorers, holding that Valée's popularity owed itself to the American woman's need for a beau. Under the guise of objectivity, Gellhorn attempted to satirize the gushy exchange of wooing and swooning. While she probably hit on the psychological base of this audience's adoration, Gellhorn's article is neither amusing nor good reporting. If her piece is a satire, it confuses with its honesty and emotion and Gellhorn fails to maintain the distance necessary for such an approach. If it is not satire, the analysis succumbs to exaggeration and sentimentalism as she depicts Valée as "so young, so beautiful,

so calm."<sup>36</sup> Nevertheless, the article was not bad enough to halt what would become a very successful journalistic career. Yet even as Martha Gellhorn saw her goal to be a writer beginning to materialize, she grew restless in New York; she decided to try her hand as a foreign correspondent.<sup>37</sup>

In the autumn of the same year, while only twenty years old, Gellhorn paid for her steerage across the Atlantic by writing for the Norddeutscher Lloyd's trade magazine.<sup>38</sup> Although it was the first time she had been to Europe alone, Gellhorn soon proved her independence. Unemployed and with only ten dollars in her pocket, she walked into the United Press Paris office; she walked out with an assignment.<sup>39</sup> Giving UP only two weeks of her time,<sup>40</sup> Martha Gellhorn next moved to the Parisian fashion life and onto the Paris staff of Vogue.<sup>41</sup> She did this by a practice which, she says, was often used in those days. As she had no money for clothes, "grand designers" loaned her their creations. They judged that her personality and beauty would be their guarantee that their clothes would be both seen and admired.<sup>42</sup> As Marguerite Martyn of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch elaborates;

. . . it was the delight of Paris dressmakers to dress her up in the newest models and have her parade them, not as the usual mannequin at the race tracks, but as a personality among personages. She wore the first halter neck backless evening gown at the World Economic Congress in London and the Parisian dressmaker's confidence in her ability to show it off was not misplaced. It became a hit that swept the fashion world.<sup>43</sup>

From Vogue Martha Gellhorn moved to the Paris office of a large American advertising firm. There she wrote what she termed "stuffy advertising copy" until an "aviator" offered to fly her to North Africa.<sup>44</sup> During this time Martha Gellhorn was earning a reputation for herself in "the salons of the intelligentsia as on the Rue de la Paix."<sup>45</sup> Devoting her energies and intelligence to politics, Gellhorn became "one of a group of young pacifists." It was a poor, if passionate group, she says later in The Face of War (1959), dedicated to doing away with the old and evil order which would lead the world into another war. With the pacifists, she believed in the necessity of a Franco-German rapprochement for European peace.<sup>46</sup>

Gellhorn attracted yet further attention by this involvement in the pacifist movement and the people she was with. She traveled about Europe for four months, for example, with the famous Marquis de Jouvenel, whose father had been, among other things, editor-in-chief of Le Matin<sup>47</sup> and Ambassador to Italy. The addition of Paris originals to her smart looks and a handsome Marquis to her arm helps explain why she attracted publicity.

Gellhorn's devotion to the idealism of the European youth movement kept her writing and traveling. She managed, for example, to witness the proceedings of the League of Nations in Geneva, sending the St. Louis Post-Dispatch some effective portraits of the woman delegates. In "Geneva Portraits," Gellhorn focused on one Mlle. Forchhammer and clarified her own views on the subject of feminism. Gellhorn asserted that as her mother and women like her had won

the vote, women needed no longer to make an issue of their sex. With the main legal battle behind them, women were most effective who neither traded on their femininity nor denied it. They should, like Mlle. Forchhammer, simply ignore it.<sup>48</sup> As Gellhorn had done in New York and Albany, and was doing in European capitals, one should just go ahead and do whatever it is she wants to do. One had only to ignore the limitations of one's sex to see them vanish. Martha Gellhorn's faith in the potential of the individual was at this point infinite.

While she was climbing the Pyrennees, crisscrossing Europe, working for the pacifists, and modeling clothes, Martha Gellhorn continued to write. She lost a notebook packed full of literary material in Switzerland's Lago Maggiore,<sup>49</sup> experimented briefly as an editor of a French newspaper,<sup>50</sup> and wrote in 1931 and 1932 her first novel. Entitled What Mad Pursuit, the book was published in 1934 by Stokes. Gellhorn continued her interest in politics by investigating living conditions among textile workers in France and England, writing articles for French newspapers, and accompanying the French delegation to Berlin.<sup>51</sup>

In The Face of War, Gellhorn describes the last event which indelibly imprinted itself in her memory. Calling herself a "liberal-reformer" in 1934, Gellhorn stresses how each of the French pacifists seemed to hold a different political position. Yet they were all equally outraged when the German police entered their third class



train compartment and confiscated their newspapers. When the "clean, blonde," young Nazis greeted them in Berlin, Gellhorn tried to like and excuse them. Like many others at the time, Gellhorn pitied the people who had so recently suffered defeat. She tried to agree that they were Socialists, as they insisted, and not National Socialists. As she later clarifies, "I was a pacifist and it interfered with my principles to use my eyes." Yet, even in 1934, she did observe that the "khaki-clad formations" of Nazis had "one parrot brain among the lot" and she did not like them.<sup>52</sup>

Although her main activity was in Europe, Martha Gellhorn had not remained away from her family and country for the entire time between 1929 and 1934. She traveled west, for example, in 1930 and 1931 when she "roamed in Mexico, Hollywood, and Texas' oil fields."<sup>53</sup> And in 1930 the New Republic did publish a second piece by Gellhorn. In "Toronto Express," Gellhorn relates an account of her train trip from New York's Central Station to Toronto. Already proving her flair for human description, Gellhorn drew on her European train trips, exploiting an encounter with a World War I POW to whom she had insisted on the impossibility of another war. Concluding ominously, Gellhorn notes, as she looks from the train window, that no life is visible. In this work, however, as in the earlier ones, Gellhorn's style is marred by unsophisticated indirection and flowery diction.

In 1931, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch also published an article; this one was sent from Mexico City. In "Mexico's History in a Film

Epic," one notes Gellhorn's stylistic improvement. Although the article lacks the quick fluidity which becomes a quality of the mature Gellhorn, it possesses a smoothness missing from earlier works like "The Geneva Portraits." As she discusses the advantages of the Mexican setting for Serge Eisenstein's next film and his directing techniques, Gellhorn shows both insight and finesse.<sup>54</sup>

Visits home such as these, however, were brief and unspectacular. In 1934 the story was different. Always tuned to American politics, Martha Gellhorn was attracted by the newly elected President Franklin Roosevelt and torn by the misery of the Great Depression. As if pulled by the desperate condition of her homeland, Gellhorn returned to the United States where her brief but intense involvement with the administration would launch her second book and bring her international renown.

1:4

## First Novel

Due to the delay between writing and publishing, however, it was Martha Gellhorn's first novel, What Mad Pursuit, which was published in 1934 as she returned home. Although less significant than the book to come, What Mad Pursuit\* deserves critical attention because it is the author's first attempt at writing a novel.

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\*In future references What Mad Pursuit will be abbreviated WMP.

Self-conscious and largely autobiographical, WMP stems from Martha Gellhorn's experiences in college, Albany, and Europe. She does here what she does all her career; she writes about what she knows best, using her own experiences and the people she has met as raw material for her fiction. In WMP, however, Gellhorn is not yet able to reorder fact into fiction. She is too closely involved with her story. While WMP is wordy, and at times, even tedious, the book has a freshness and idealism which may encourage some readers to overlook its flaws.

Beginning with an epigraph which she borrowed from Hemingway, Gellhorn ironically shows that "Nothing Ever Happens to the Brave." In her account, Sue, Judith, and Charis are driven by their actions and ideals from an eastern college resembling Bryn Mawr. Charis, the novel's strength, is also its main weakness. While we want to believe in the character of Charis, she is too good, too strong, and the abundance of affection which Gellhorn lavishes on her prompts us to look away. Charis becomes more an ideal than a personality and her name, an abbreviation of charisma, itself only hinders the characterization. As the New York Times reviewed:

Crude as it is, there is something fresh and appealing about this book. It would be more likeable if Miss Gellhorn were not so enamoured of her own heroine.<sup>55</sup>

WMP, however, is a female initiation story, rare in an American literary canon abounding in Holden Caulfields and Huck Finns. While it would never be considered a major work, the novel should perhaps be analyzed as a new genre and a new challenge.

Proposing that the pursuit of justice is mad in our unfair world, Gellhorn clarifies in her first novel those themes which pervade her fiction and journalism. She is, above all, a humanist devoted to the equality of all sexes, creeds, and races. Her idealism is here embodied in Charis. Disillusioned when Sue is expelled for sleeping in the dormitory of a nearby male college and incensed when Sue's male accomplice is not similarly punished, Charis stalks into the dean's office, resignation in hand. Quitting college as her author had, Charis also turns to newspaper work for financial and idealistic support. The conflicts and tension are just beginning, however. Charis' boss prefers to think of her as a lady to be won rather than as a mundane newspaper reporter. And when she witnesses police brutality to a woman striker, she insists, at the cost of her job, on testifying. After a non-guilty verdict is handed in by a jury ironically impressed with the "feminine innocence" of Charis, the newspaper owner telephones Charis. Ready to cash in on her looks and reputation, he agrees to reinstate Charis and increase her salary, if she will endorse the woman's page. Typical of author Gellhorn, Charis answers by hanging up on the owner even though she has no alternative but a tedious existence with an aunt in Salt Lake City.

The pattern has by now been set: happiness and involvement lasting until the inevitable conflict of one's ideals with one's world, then sorrow and loneliness. The book shows, in example

after example, the painful price of realizing one's principles. When Charis announces her intention to quit college, for instance, she merely explains:

"It's a question of justice." (p. 18)

and narrator Gellhorn comments:

"It's hell to have to live up to your principles.  
(p. 19)

When her editor learns of Charis' decision to testify for labor, he shakes his head and solemnly predicts:

"A terrible attack of ideals. They'll get you into a lot of trouble." (p. 59)

Along with the theme of pursuing one's ideals even into discomfort and uncertainty, WMP highlights Charis' repugnance of the mechanical existence of the people around her. Like Gellhorn, Charis is far from content to fall into a stereotype; certainly she is too full of life's force to accept the designated "woman's role." Her energy and curiosity require a more demanding and varied life. One newspaper assignment takes her to the morgue where she recoils, as author Gellhorn may have, at the corpse before her:

"No, no . . . it can't be like that. It isn't true. Not ugly and poor and reeking of formaldehyde. If that's all life comes to it's not good enough, it's too terrible. It can't be like that." (p. 37)

Later, after an unhappy fling at debutante parties, Charis yearns for some pure ideal, something sacred to hold dear:

"I for one, am fed up. This is a foul life . . . . Why can't we find something-- . . . . Something to believe in." (p. 90)

Charis dedicates her life to justice, leaving the United States and its "old, dreary, uninspired people" for what she hopes will be a better experience in Europe. Unlike her author, however, Charis does not find fulfillment abroad. Instead the pattern repeats itself and while she grows with each incident more confident and more resolved, she grows also more lonely.

In her first novel then, Gellhorn raises three themes which will reappear in her later work: the problem of living a vital life when surrounded by a mechanical existence, the need for independent women to find both fulfillment and companionship, and the quest for justice in a world of compromise and inequality. While her thematic development is clear and appealing, Gellhorn condemns the book as childish and never includes it in any lists of her published works. (She recalls how Hadley, Ernest Hemingway's first wife, had once lost a whole suitcase of Hemingway's early work and what had appeared a tragedy to many was actually a gift to Ernest who was consequently spared the embarrassment of a researcher's examining his immature pieces.) Gellhorn's work matured quickly after WMP and her next book was greeted enthusiastically by critics here and abroad.

## Chapter 2

## Pursuing Trouble

2:1

Hopkins and the Roosevelts

Setting her pattern for years to come, Martha Gellhorn wrote and worked in Europe while keeping a sharp eye on the quality of life in the United States. She was acutely aware of the Great Depression, the most devastating economic experience to befall Americans, and she watched closely the New Deal attempts of the Roosevelt administration to deal with the emergency. She was particularly interested in the Federal Emergency Relief Administration and Harry Hopkins, the organization's administrator.

The FERA, as it became known, began with the passage of the Federal Emergency Relief Act of May 12, 1933. The organization was to have five hundred million dollars appropriated by Congress to be spent in cooperation with the forty-eight states in taking care of the unemployed. In addition, the FERA was created in order to relieve eighteen million people, four million destitute families, who needed basic help in order to survive.<sup>1</sup>

The immediate task of the FERA in 1933 was to set up the machinery for dispersing relief to the unemployed. Half of the five hundred million dollars was made available to the states on a three to one matching plan. For every one dollar of relief received

the state and local funds were to supply three. The second half of the initial sum was set aside for special grants and aids to those states which were so heavily burdened that they could not afford to match federal dollars. The investigation of relief clients, determination of need, administration of the work relief projects, and the task of dispersing funds were all executed by local officials.<sup>2</sup>

The FERA sometimes paid the rent of families whose breadwinner had been dismissed from his/her job and who otherwise would be evicted. The FERA generally paid for needed medicine of their clients, sometimes footing the doctor bill as well. The primary item for which assistance was given, of course, was food. The FERA hired nutrition experts to teach women how to get the maximum nutritional value with the least expense. Still the need was great and while the initial sum of five hundred million dollars was eventually expanded to six billion, the funds were always short.<sup>3</sup>

The FERA attempted to keep people alive with a minimum of food and medicine and clothing. The administrators could not afford to pay hospital bills for the sick or institutional bills for those for whom the depression had brought mental and spiritual breakdown. While the scarcity of funds made them determined that on one who could get along without relief received help, the administrators and investigators for the FERA were far from satisfied in the necessary means of evaluating clients' needs. They hoped to help while maintaining the basic respect and dignity of the individual, yet



they had no choice but to barge into homes and pry into personal and financial concerns.<sup>4</sup>

Soon after one of Martha Gellhorn's friends told her what Harry Hopkins was trying to do with the FERA, the writer left Europe for Washington, D.C. Her homeland had been in trouble for some years; Harry Hopkins and his FERA both aroused her curiosity and gave her an idea of how she might help.<sup>5</sup>

Strangely enough, Gellhorn recalls, she managed to see the man at the top.<sup>6</sup> Many years afterward, Time, in its own inimitable fashion, described Gellhorn's initial appearance before Hopkins. The magazine stated that the writer was "not exactly the right type" for the job, because

Her face was too beautiful, her blonde hair too expensive looking, her long legs too distracting, her clothes too Paris-perfect.<sup>7</sup>

Gellhorn was surprised that she even saw Harry Hopkins for she had had no training in social work and her main skill, as she saw it, was her ability to speak French. Yet she knew she could be useful and she must have persuaded Hopkins of the fact, too, because when she insisted that someone should be in the field reporting the success of the system, Hopkins agreed. That would be her job.<sup>8</sup>

Only a week after she started with the FERA in 1934, however, Martha Gellhorn stormed back into Hopkins' office outraged at what she had seen.<sup>9</sup> It was bad enough that the poor had to cope with loss of income, security, dignity, and hope; they could not bear deceit and fraud, too. She had already seen widespread bureaucratic

corruption, she said, and it vitiated the project's very purpose--robbing those it pretended to help. She wanted out. It took Hopkins hours to calm her down.<sup>10</sup> For some reason, perhaps her work in the field or her obvious idealism, Hopkins refused to allow Gellhorn to quit. He persuaded her instead to talk to Eleanor Roosevelt.<sup>11</sup>

Neither the White House nor Eleanor Roosevelt intimidated Gellhorn as she repeated her arguments. Rather than grow angry at this young woman's arrogance, Eleanor prompted Martha to relay her feelings once more--to the President. Martha said no, no more, she just wanted out. But before she realized what happened, she was at a White House dinner party, seated next to Franklin Roosevelt. Martha again spoke her mind. The project that was designed to help the poor exploited them. She vividly described for FDR the graft she had already observed. She was revolted she told him, and she wanted out. The President suggested she remain with the project and write more about it. Gellhorn refused. But the combined efforts of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt persuaded Gellhorn to return to the field. She agreed to write at least a bit longer.<sup>12</sup>

Gellhorn's main complaints had been with the administration of relief and the politics of the works projects. Many of the distressed localities had initiated work relief projects as early as 1931. After the inception of the FERA, its funds were used to support these projects.<sup>13</sup> When the FERA was liquidated on May 6, 1935, Harry Hopkins continued as administrator of its successor,

the Works Projects Administration.<sup>14</sup> The WPA took ninety per cent of its work force from the unemployed and put men to work building bridges, highways, schools, etc. Both the FERA and WPA tried to maintain wage, hour, and work condition standards.<sup>15</sup> While the project was probably run more honestly than most, it could be no more pure than the men and women who ran it. Gellhorn focused on these corruptions and it was these she brought to the attention of Hopkins and the Roosevelts.

Untempered by her bout with the White House, Martha Gellhorn returned to serious investigating and reporting, spending almost two years with the FERA. Officially known as a "relief investigator-at-large," Gellhorn traveled across the United States, studying the lives of the unemployed and sending back what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. labeled in 1959 "graphic reports."<sup>16</sup> Her vivid reports provided the poor with an articulate voice which reached not only Hopkins, but the Roosevelts as well. Both praised her concrete accounts.<sup>17</sup>

These two years provided Gellhorn with more than a period of intense emotional involvement and hectic traveling. Her radical consciousness, prepared for by her family traditions and training, and fostered through her political activity with the French pacifists, would be honed on these experiences with America's poorest. In a similar fashion, her journalistic career could not help but be advanced by the heavy exercise of these years. Since governmental

decisions might be based on her accounts, Gellhorn needed to describe all she saw with hard objectivity; she learned to write quickly and accurately. Few can propose better journalistic instruction than scenes and facts which must be reported and a pen that is allowed little rest.

In the first forty days of her assignment, for example, Gellhorn filed six reports with Harry Hopkins' FERA, traveling in that time through South Carolina, North Carolina, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. In each locale Gellhorn attempted a lightening but paradoxically thorough investigation. Her South Carolina report of November 5, 1934 illustrates her routine:

I visited Columbia, Newberry, Whitmore, Greenwood, Aderson, Greenville, Spartanburg, and Rock Hill. Everywhere, I have attempted to interview the county administrator, and head Social Worker, Mill owners, Union Presidents, individual social workers, a doctor caring for textile workers, a doctor in charge of the county clinic, relief clients, textile workers; as many of these as possible in their native haunt. Sometimes this list is not complete and sometimes I have added a prominent business man, a mayor, a teacher, a judge. Within the limits of time (it's all pretty breathless) I have tried to get a check on every point of view noted, by listening to the opposition [sic].<sup>18</sup>

While Hopkins had supplied his new employee with a list of questions to aid her investigations, Gellhorn learned quickly and soon needed little guidance in the field. While she continued to report to Hopkins on what the relief was able to buy for the unemployed, the extent to which a sense of insecurity was spreading, and the general validity of the system, she was soon making unsolicited observations and adding her own suggestions.

Neither her reading nor her earlier work in a settlement house prepared Martha Gellhorn for her trips into the lives of the destitutes. She was most appalled by the crippling state of health among America's lower class and the profiteering of the New Deal opportunities. While intensely idealistic, Martha Gellhorn was not naive enough to lay the entire blame for impetigo, tuberculosis, rickets, anemia, and the increase of feeble-mindedness on the government. She asserted that desperate living conditions and malnutrition contributed too much, but she observed that a whole strata of society was bettering itself during the depression. The medical care supplied to these marginals was more than they had ever had; the relief money was a gift to those who never intended to work.

Gellhorn wrote with great alarm about the spread of syphilis and the ever increasing rate of imbecility. She could not comprehend the ignorance that created the health hazards nor the extent to which the American people were moronic, but she could recreate for Hopkins the scenes she had witnessed:

I have seen a village where the latrines drain nicely down a gully to a well from which they get their drinking water. Nobody thinks anything about this; but half the population is both syphilitic and moronic and why they aren't all dead of typhoid I don't know.<sup>19</sup>

She attacked the "idiot doctors" who crippled syphilitic patients by administering "syphilis tonics" and she recommended the establishment of VD clinics. When she saw in South Carolina the burdensome size of poor families, she suggested that prenatal clinics

disseminate birth control information. Later Gellhorn took a harder approach. She discovered whole villages of "half-wits" which were reproducing themselves, she wrote, "with alarming vigor." In New Hampshire she found cretinism a particularly serious problem and described three generations of imbeciles living together:

. . . the entire population has intermarried in this district (Seabrook), and they can trace their cretins back for seven generations.<sup>20</sup>

Such instances of imbecility prompted Martha Gellhorn not only to repeat her advice for birth control dissemination, but to suggest the need for sterilization laws as well. She implied that unless health work were started immediately, America would have a majority of morons. The percentages revealed in her report were astounding:

My own limited experience is this: out of every three families I visited had moronic children or one moronic parent. I don't mean merely stupid, I mean definitely below normal intelligence; fit only for sanitariums.<sup>21</sup>

Throughout these reports, Martha Gellhorn wrote politely and respectfully to Hopkins. She was generally careful to compliment the intentions of the FERA and their results, but she could not contain her indignation toward the profiteers and exploiters. The White House confrontation might have assured her that the administration's intentions were high, but it also encouraged her outrage at any corruption she observed. She condemned the Carolinian bosses for the exorbitant prices they charged for the slums their employees had to live in and the groceries their employees were forced to buy.

Gellhorn also lashed out at the spoils system which was practiced by Massachusetts' FERA administrators. The fact that her remarks were elaborate and unsolicited testified to Gellhorn's boldness. The fact that she ignored her youth, her rookie-status (she had been in the field for less than a month), and her sex testified to her self-confidence and strong will:

I want to deal with a subject which is not included in our instructions. The subject is the administration of relief . . . . It seems that our administrative posts are frequently assigned on recommendations of the Mayor and town Board of Aldermen. The administrator is a nice inefficient guy who is being rewarded for being somebody's cousin. . . . The direct relief is handled by the Public Welfare which is a municipal biz and purely political in personnel. . . . these administrators . . . were never very clever folk but when put into a job which demands intelligence, training, and disinterestedness, they are more than pitiful--they are criminally incompetent. The effect of this is cumbersome . . . [the unemployed] feel (and say) that it is a political graft: pull and bribery will get you work but need won't. . . . it is a bum business from every point of view. Bum business because it is destroying the confidence of the unemployed and creating a dangerous mental attitude; and also because the suspicion of the general public renders them hostile to relief and non-cooperative to the highest degree.

. . .

Politics is bad in any shape; but it shouldn't get around to manhandling the destitute.<sup>22</sup>

In New Hampshire, Gellhorn wrote critically of the factory owners who exploited children and the non-unionized plant bosses who devised a few tricks to cheat their workers and keep production costs low. Gellhorn described a girl who worked forty hours but was forced to punch a time clock as if she had worked only twenty-four. If she refused, a more desperate worker would take her place. Another trick

had a worker being told to come to the factory and stay. He might remain forty hours but would be paid only for the actual time working--a scant three or four dollars. Although the overall conditions in New Hampshire were better than elsewhere and the state's organization was relatively free of politics and nepotism, the factory owners were doing serious injury to the FERA by showing men that it was less profitable to work than to be on relief. Gellhorn wrote:

. . . the man who is working is far worse than the man on relief; he has less money; he has neither [sic] fuel, medical service nor [sic] rent. He is driven hard while working and at the end of the week, he finds a starvation wage in his envelope.<sup>23</sup>

The last segment of Gellhorn's whirlwind investigation of the FERA's effectiveness in the east began on December 3 in Rhode Island and ended five days later. After visiting Providence, Pawtucket, and Woonsocket, Gellhorn relayed the mill owners' criticisms of the FERA approach and supported their accusations of political corruption by noting that in Rhode Island one must be both Catholic and democrat before becoming an administrator. As far as the local works projects, Gellhorn reiterated her earlier observation that the men worked well only when they utilized their skills. In New Hampshire, where the men had no previous experience with the kind of work involved in the project, they were lackadaisical. Here she noted "an entirely different spirit" and accomplishment, but complained that there was graft involved in who was hired for these outside jobs.<sup>24</sup>



Summarizing what she had seen in her five-state blitz, Gellhorn warned that if the present administration continued, "whopping graft and incompetence" would "blight a good deal of the ERA organization." She insisted that everywhere relief was "below subsistence level" and that no matter how administered nor how much, it was always "ruinous to the morale of the people receiving it." Noting again that those on relief were better off than those working, Gellhorn still insisted that most people preferred to work. She recommended "a decently paid ERA massive work project: as the best solution."<sup>25</sup> The WPA was only four and a half months from inception.

Winding up her forty-day investigatory journey, Martha Gellhorn took a Christmas break. When she returned to the field in April of 1933 she was startled at the changes she observed. The administration had instructed her to alert them to any spread of communism or other organized protest. Where Lorena Hicks, an earlier investigator for the FERA, had described in 1933 extensive communist activity, Gellhorn had reported to Hopkins in 1934:

The problem is not one of fighting off a "red menace"  
 . . . but of fighting off hopelessness; despair;  
 dangerous feeling of helplessness and dependence.<sup>26</sup>

She had proudly noted that a kind of messianic faith in their president had sustained many of these people and defeated any opposing ideology. Every house she visited in North Carolina; for example, iconically displayed some sort of picture of Franklin Roosevelt. The poor Americans believed him to be "at once God and their ultimate friend"; they told Gellhorn that

though everything else fails, he is there, and will not let them down.<sup>27</sup>

But by 1935 in Camden, New Jersey, the faith in FDR seemed to have dissipated with the last crumbs of hope. Gellhorn reported that the unemployed had plunged into a frighteningly final despair. FDR and the hope he had inspired appeared now a mean trick. The young men gave up any hope of ever finding work and those over forty complained to the reporter, "'Even if there was any work we wouldn't get it; we're too old.'" Gellhorn wrote that "they have been on relief too long"; that the situation was "like the third year of the war when everything peters out into gray resignation."<sup>28</sup>

Gellhorn was witness as a whole class of hard-working and proud people resigned their dignity and self-respect. While she could not blame them for ceasing to care, the final resignation to a living death impressed itself upon her. It is this aspect of her relief work which haunted her and emerged finally in The Trouble I've Seen. In 1935 she wrote Hopkins of a twenty-eight year old man who had "been out of steady work for six years";

He told me that it took from three to six months for a man to stop going around looking for work. "What's the use, you only wear out your only pair of shoes and then you get so disgusted." . . . it's a kind of final admission of defeat or failure or both.<sup>29</sup>

Gellhorn was upset, most of all, by the disintegration which accompanied the defeat:

I find them all in the same shape--fear, fear driving them into a state of semi-collapse; cracking nerves; and an overpowering terror of the future . . . each family in its own miserable home going to pieces.<sup>30</sup>

As was the case in all the tragedies Gellhorn documented, she was sorriest for the young. It was as if the adults might be ever so slightly guilty for the cataclysmic situations, but the children were always innocent. It was cruel irony which forced them to accept the harshest realities of adulthood without the shelter of a child's fantasies. Calling youth "the greatest single tragedy" of the depression, Gellhorn wrote Hopkins:

I find them really hopeless; much more hopeless than the older people, who can remember an easier life, a less stringent world . . . these young people have grown up against a shut door.<sup>31</sup>

Without judging them, Gellhorn related how the girls stole in the five and dime, and how both sexes prostituted themselves for pocket money. In many cases, these youngsters were the children of white collar workers who had been recently fired and were too proud to accept relief. The children, Gellhorn explained, suffered first from malnutrition, then from hunger, and all the time from a sense of disintegration and fear. Hindsight makes Gellhorn's prophetic warning to Hopkins strangely haunting:

And what can these young men and women do; what will these children grow up to? I should think it would be a cinch to run a war these days, with a good many of the world's young men having nothing better to do anyhow than get shot; and at least fed for a bit beforehand, and busy . . .<sup>32</sup>

Always conscious of the importance of her role with the FERA, Gellhorn applied herself seriously to her work. She often wrote hastily in order to communicate the facts as quickly as possible

and return to the field. Her reports, consequently, are lightly marked with punctuation, spelling, and typographical errors. Occasionally her rhetoric is clumsy or ungrammatical as excerpts quoted here have already revealed. Once in a good number of pages she is guilty of odd or vague phrasing, such as "the health problem is really terrific." Gellhorn's reports to Hopkins are not flowery and never flawed with the indirection of her early articles, yet they lack the careful craft of concentration which later becomes her journalistic strength.

Nonetheless, the reports comprise a substantial body of writing, much of which is concrete and vivid and remains today a primary view of depression America. Gellhorn's reports to Hopkins, written without aesthetic design, nevertheless reveal two attributes of the effective journalist. First, Gellhorn communicates a sense of sincerity and concern which convinces her reader of the importance of her subject. Secondly, Gellhorn's descriptions are graphically clear. With the optimum mixture of telling and showing, she is already forcing her reader to see through her eyes. She begins one paragraph, for example, by writing that the "housing is unspeakable," supporting that statement with the following description:

I have seen houses where the plaster had fallen through to the lathe, and the basement floated in water. One entire block of houses I visited is so infected with bedbugs that the only way to keep whole is to burn out the beds twice a week and paint the woodwork with carbolic acid, and even so you can just sit around and watch the little creatures crawling all over and dropping from the ceiling . . .<sup>33</sup>

In addition to showing her reader what she has seen, Gellhorn forces him to hear what she has heard. In these reports, she efficiently allows the poor to speak for themselves by running together, in several instances, the phrases she has been hearing. This currently popular technique frequently makes for choppy transitions, but Gellhorn is clearly more interested in content than in fluidity. The following is a mere excerpt of one such paragraph:

Their pride is dying but not without due agony. I get these comments constantly: "We can't live on that \$12 (family of ten)--we're going to starve--and my husband can't find work--he's out every day looking--and I get afraid about him; he gets so black . . . ." ". . . and look at the children. How would you feel if you saw your own kids like that; half naked and sick. . . ." "it seems like we're just going backwards since the last two years . . . ." "We can't go crazy; we've got the kids to think about . . . ." "I don't want to ask for nothing. I hate this charity. But we haven't got any shoes; do you think you could get us something to put on our feet--just a pair of rubbers would do."<sup>34</sup>

It is clear, throughout these reports, that Gellhorn was interested in accuracy and objectivity as she attempted to represent all perspectives. No doubt the writer was unaware of the self-portrait she sketched through her rhetoric. The reporter emerges as a strong-willed, independent person who passionately cares both about the quality of her work and the predicament of the poor. She is revealed as occasionally sarcastic ("Another bright thought: feeble-mindedness is on the increase.")<sup>35</sup> and frequently astute ("I find that the foreign born--or one generation American--reacts better to hardship than the native.")<sup>36</sup> The idealism of her

egalitarianism and her sometimes unbounded love for people is oddly balanced by her disgust at moronic communities and her recommendations for harsh sterilization laws. Similarly, her faith in "good old American stock" and "family and pride" is undercut by her implication that the very poor are the cause of their own problems. Gellhorn feels most for the white collar class, those who have worked and enjoyed status and material comfort and have lost all. The staunch individualist frets little for the permanently poor who are first to demand a handout. Rarely does Gellhorn express anything but praise and love for those who strive to comb at the destructive effects of the depression, but in one instance she reveals a sense of superiority over a group of factory workers:

I think probably the majority of these want to work seriously, as they understand work (the eight hour day; the whistle and supervisor) and want to manage their own lives as muddle-headedly as they are used to.<sup>37</sup>

Gellhorn repeated many theses in her reports to Hopkins. She reported on what relief could buy and the degree to which a sense of insecurity was spreading. She detailed the crush of poverty and malnutrition and the extent of feeble-mindedness. The subject which aroused the hottest emotion was always the same: corruption. Her White House run-in had taught her respect but not restraint and it was unreasonable to expect Martha Gellhorn to remain a passive observer. On the contrary, the young woman encouraged the poor to revolt against their oppressors and it was her incapacity to remain calm and detached which ended her career with the FERA.

As Gellhorn recalls, one manager had devised a trick to pull in federal monies. His responsibility was to oversee the digging for one of the work projects. He repeatedly collected all the shovels and, by inflating his costs, turned a good profit on each batch. Not only was he stealing money intended for the poor, but each time he threw the shovels away the men were left unemployed and thus, unpaid until the new batch arrived.<sup>38</sup>

Gellhorn grew furious when she saw that the working men tolerated this behavior. She ignored her assigned role as observer and gathered together all the workers, warning them that nothing would rectify their situation until they destroyed something. She told them that the people in Washington understood violence and were scared to death of it. If there were some kind of property damage, for example, Washington would send out an investigator. Finally, some windows were broken, the FBI investigated, and Martha Gellhorn was fired.<sup>39</sup>

Rescuing Gellhorn was none other than Franklin Roosevelt who contacted her and invited her to the White House. Gellhorn remembers that she had no other place to go and write and the "free rent" of the White House had appealed to her. Thus after being fired from a government job and while the FBI began a file on her, Martha Gellhorn settled in at the White House as the personal guest of the President and First Lady.<sup>40</sup> No doubt it was during this period that the long friendship between Martha Gellhorn and Eleanor Roosevelt began.

Later that year, Martha Gellhorn recalls, she was lent the use of a friend's house and there she turned the horror and hopelessness that she had seen as a relief investigator into four lengthy stories called The Trouble I've Seen. When she succeeded in getting that "trouble" out of her system and onto paper, she returned to Europe. As Gellhorn explains it, something sick grows inside her as she witnesses cruelty or misery and she rids herself of the parasite by writing about it. She returns to health only, to use her own word, after she "vomits" the experience into a book or article. When the agony is finally out, when Gellhorn has satisfactorily put it into black and white, she is healthy again and ready to throw her energies into her next project.<sup>41</sup> In this case, she was free to return to Europe.

The sickness/health analogy is not mere metaphor. Gellhorn physiologically followed a similar pattern throughout her career. She forced herself to document the hideous sides of human nature and chance long after the whole process sickened her, because she believed some little bit in the power of the pen. She virtually drove herself through physical discomfort and agonizing scenes in order to report truthfully and well what she had seen. In case after case, however, Gellhorn eventually succumbed to the stress. Similarly, her work with the FERA was not without ill effects. Both Time and the New York World Telegram reported that Gellhorn was overcome with "nervous exhaustion." The Telegram account read:



The job ended about the middle of December, and Martha Gellhorn went to bed for a month . . . . Nervous exhaustion, the doctor said, and an alarming low blood count.<sup>42</sup>

Her condition was no doubt aggravated by the death of her father that January. Nevertheless, Martha Gellhorn worked diligently to complete both her book and a pair of articles before the summer of 1936 when she sailed for Europe.

The Trouble I've Seen expressed Gellhorn's love and respect for the man who had taught her that all humankind deserved the inalienable rights espoused by the country's founders, for Gellhorn had succeeded, in her book, in spotlighting the crimes of injustice, poverty, and oppression. Her evidence, her observations transferred into fiction, pleaded her case. If the success of her book were not in itself a tribute to her father, its dedication, "To My Father," was.

2:2

#### The Trouble I've Seen

There were several reasons for the success of The Trouble I've Seen,\* not the least of which was Martha Gellhorn's growing skill as a writer. With a grim determination to convince her reader of the reality of her subject, Gellhorn wrote simply but forcefully, consciously shedding the euphemism of her earlier work. Her main aim here was to bring life both to the cold statistic of twenty

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\*The Trouble I've Seen will hereafter be abbreviated TTIS.

million people on relief<sup>43</sup> and to the pain they endured. Gellhorn focused, in TTIS, on the physical and spritual collapse of four groups of people, emphasizing the resulting crush on the human psyche when all attempts to preserve self-respect failed.

The strength of the book lies in Gellhorn's realism. Without sentimentalism, editorializing, or excess, Gellhorn smoothly leads us from one sad situation to another. As briefly as possible, she sketches characters for us, reveals their humanity through a carefully selected detail or two, and has us witness as their world disintegrates. There is discomfort for the reader who watches some rebel while many surrender, realizing that no Prince Charmings or Fairy Godmothers will appear to relieve the unpleasant tightening in his stomach.

In the first story, "Mrs. Maddison," a woman once secure is forced by economics to move into a shack abandoned by a Negro. Mrs. Maddison recovers the newspapered walls with carefully sketched advertisements from old magazines which she has obtained by explaining that she wanted to do some leisurely reading. Too proud to spend her relief money on herself, the dignified old woman haggles pathetically for what she will give to her daughter and granddaughter. Witnessing her son-in-law's alcoholic escape from his joblessness and consequent sense of uselessness, Mrs. Maddison assumes the burden of keeping the four alive. Conflict occurs when son-in-law Hill is confronted by relief-bought food, refuses it, and storms away.

Knowing that she must leave the husband she still loves, Tennessee rebels against the situation by disowning the mother who resented him.

The story's second section deals with the old woman's son, Alec, and his wife, Sabine. Romantically convinced of the promise of working a government farm, Alec, Sabine, and Mrs. Maddison find themselves in the psychological crisis state of anomie--Emile Durkheim's term for an individual's disorganization when confronted by the discrepancy between expectation and reality. Instead of their romanticized dreams, the three face another Negro shack, one without a solid floor, without an unbroken window, without even protection from the rain. More dreams die as Alex faces the results of his ignorance of farming. He suffers severe sunstroke and Sabine succumbs to malaria. Still young, they cringe as they look closely at one another, watching as each grows ugly in the heat and dust and toil. Worse still, no respite redeems the ugliness; they are too isolated from people to socialize. As hatred for the farm turns to hatred for life, Alec and Sabine ignore the emerging cotton plants, the blossoming roses, the fresh vegetables, and obstinately flee the farm. The chapter ends as Mrs. Maddison writes to President Roosevelt, explaining why her good son has left the farm he loaned them.

Gellhorn wastes no words telling us to weep for once proud people now broken in spirit and body. She never interprets. We come to understand, for example, the love and strength of Mrs.

Maddison from the details Gellhorn selects for us. Without contrivance, Gellhorn presents the superimposed misery she witnessed in the field; there is always more, always worse. The lesson seems to be that tomorrow may steal what little people have today.

In the third and final chapter of "Mrs. Maddison," for example, the drunken Bill finds Tennessee at a party given to celebrate the return of Alec and Sabine, and threatens a vicious beating. Fearing for her life, Tennessee cries out to Alec, who accepts the defense of his sister. Like the world around them, the fight is irrational, ugly, and dirty. Bill falls backward, hitting his head hard against the stove. Tricked again by fate, Tennessee screams incredulously at Alec, accusing him of murder. Mrs. Maddison, now disowned by all her children, hears the tale from a friend and once again accepts the burden of protecting her family. After visiting Alec in jail, assuring him of her support, the old woman rushes from job to job, cleaning houses, making curtains, washing, cleaning--anything for a nickel. The bus trip to Jackson is necessary to procure Alec's defense lawyer. Mr. Everett encourages her. At best, they may get an acquittal; at worst, ten years. Mrs. Maddison "could never thank him enough for this feeling of being saved, of having someone kind and helping now; when she was almost exhausted, almost unable to endure her trouble. She could find no words" (p. 74).

Most of us have been aesthetically conditioned by literature and fairy tales to believe in an equalizing process. We expect in this terribly desperate story a tragedy over which the protagonist triumphs finally, to live happily ever after. A great reward must eventually compensate the character for his/her great suffering. Here, however, the author's point is that reality lies in another direction. There is no recompense, no happy ending, and the character's goodness is irrelevant. The most to be gleaned from existence is a momentary security, as expressed in the story's final passage:

I'm safe, Mrs. Maddison thought, I'm safe for a little while; anyhow, till to-morrow [sic]. (p. 76)

The other three short stories in TTIS continue to depict different types of people with different concerns. Yet all are alike in their incredulity of life's whittling away at their security and humanity, and all are impotent in their attempts to defend themselves. In "Joe and Pete," for example, Gellhorn describes what happens to two men involved in a strike. Joe, an intellectual who inspires his men's confidence, devotedly organizes, finances, and runs the union of the Minton Soup Company. After federal officials halt his three-day strike, Joe realizes that his men have lost. While they gained three cents an hour, the company retains the scab labor and manages to lay off almost all those connected with the strike.

Pete, a worker who has managed to live comfortably at middle-class standards, who has enjoyed surprising his wife with

fine clothes, finds himself suddenly jobless. With faith in the system, however, he seeks work. After an exhausting time of marching from factory to store to factory, Pete's faith in himself fades with that of his country. His collapse is final when, in a desperate attempt to pay his bills, he resorts to selling shoelaces and gum on a streetcorner. Spying a competitor downstreet, Pete violently rushes at the person who threatens his survival. When he yanks his adversary around, Pete discovers a blind man. In a stupor, Pete dumps his wares in with those of the blind, explaining that they cannot belong to him--he is not blind.

When the very men for whom he has sacrificed request his resignation as union leader, Joe also reaches a final defeat. He picks up a brick and hurries back to the factory, ready to strike down his oppressors. At the last moment, however, he recoils; he will not let them rob him of his humanity, too:

This was the last thing for him, to show he was a man anyhow, and they couldn't cheat him and kick him around and make him crazy. (p. 145)

Joe drops the brick, and heads for the nearest freight train, prepared to become one more bum hitching a ride to nowhere.

In her third story, "Jim," Gellhorn shows a once loving family being torn apart by poverty. Revered for his fine craftsmanship, Mr. Barr's age works against him until both job and self-respect are taken. Even his furniture must go to pay his bills. Shameful of his now useless life, Jim's father disappears from

his family for whole days. With nothing to alleviate her poor and miserable life, Jim's sister Clara finds her only escape in sex. The neighbors are soon gossiping about Clara's promiscuity, however, and the family suffers further indignity. Finding his own refuge in grandiose dreams of becoming a surgeon and musician, Jim fails to concentrate on his studies and drops out of school. His mother finally breaks under the iron weights of hostility and humiliation, recoiling from the insanity around her by withdrawing into an autistic state and acknowledging only beauty.

In the second section of this story, Clara's boyfriend leaves her for better job possibilities in Florida and Clara, Desperate and alone, turns to the one sure means of earning easy money. Another young woman, Lou, hears Jim playing his accordian in the woods. The couple soon want to marry, but economics dictate that they content themselves with being lovers. When Lou announces she is pregnant Jim knows he must act, stealing their wedding clothes from his employer. Their momentary happiness is marred by the growing sound of voices. Jim grabs Lou's arm and begins to run. Gellhorn attaches symbolic importance to the final chase scene. Like many couples in depression America, Jim and Lou will never be safe; they will be pursued for the rest of their lives--by poverty and law.

The final story in TTIS is the book's most poignant and pathetic; its reality scorching even today. Martha Gellhorn had

frequently written Hopkins of the amateur prostitution induced by the depression. While the facts outraged her, Gellhorn knew the power of such material set to fiction. Here she presents Ruby, an eleven year old easily mistaken for nine who becomes a prostitute in order to buy a pair of roller skates. What may sound soap-operaish and unbelievable is made credible by Gellhorn's linking of events, each convincing in itself, and by her able sense of detail.

Beginning her story with a glimpse of the delighted Ruby whizzing down the street on Johnny's coaster, Gellhorn summons our own childhood desires. She informs by flashback that when Ruby's father could no longer find work he began to beat his children until he abandoned them entirely. Ruby rummages through garbage cans searching for wheels to build her own coaster. Told that only God and the Relief lady have power to help her, Ruby prays that He put out a "garbage pail somewhere" where she could find it "with an ole roller skate inside" (p. 229). Her hopes for Relief money fade when her mother's check is unusually skimpy. (The child is too young to understand that the Relief people play favorites.) Ruby is made to realize her poverty when her classmates mock her tattered clothing and dirty face. She wins a toothbrush from school which is all but useless without toothpaste.

The promise of a minimal thirty cents a day lures Ruby unknowingly into a prostitution ring of thirteen year olds. After she is arrested by the police, Ruby is made a state ward. The state



reasons that because her mother was unaware of Ruby's activities, she must be unfit. Denied her precious skates, Ruby is to be locked away from the wind and sun and her loving mother as well.

The power of the book's hard prose would probably have been sufficient to bring wide acclaim to TTIS during the depression years, but Martha Gellhorn received inestimable aid from two of the decade's most famous personalities. Having visited the United States just as Gellhorn finished her book, H. G. Wells was so enthusiastic about it that he wrote a laudatory preface for TTIS and took the book to London where it was immediately published.<sup>44</sup>

Wells made clear his hearty approval of both the young author and her book:

She is a new writer but her technique has an instinctive directness and vigour and all she tells is drawn from her own acutely apprehended experiences. . . . Enlarge this book a million times and you have the complete American tragedy. She has that sympathetic artistry which achieves identification between reader and character. We live the lives of these people of hers. . . . Miss Gellhorn seems to me a considerable writer indeed. (pp. viii-ix)

In addition to the appreciative preface by Wells, Gellhorn's book was applauded by Eleanor Roosevelt in her syndicated newspaper column, "My Day." There was good reason for the plug. Besides the letters which had passed between Martha Gellhorn and the First Lady in the last year and a half, the writer had been invited to the White House a number of times. What had begun with her work for Hopkins as a formal relationship became in time a warm friendship. Clearly Gellhorn admired Eleanor Roosevelt, but the ambitious writer

was not unaware of the rewards of having friends in high places. She had not hesitated to ask favors which would further either her career or the causes she embraced. In February of 1936, for example, Martha Gellhorn had politely requested a letter of introduction to use in her job pursuits in New York.<sup>45</sup> On her part, Gellhorn impressed the First Lady with her idealism, her sincerity, and her talent. Gellhorn's causes were the poor and the oppressed and she was as concerned as Eleanor Roosevelt with having America fulfill its promise. The admiration was mutual.

Gellhorn had written to the First Lady about her book as early as February of 1936, adding that it was already coming out in Great Britain and expressing her gratitude for having had the opportunity to get the material. No doubt it was Gellhorn's idea to send Eleanor Roosevelt an advance copy of TTIS. Whatever her reasons, Gellhorn's gesture proved prudent; even before TTIS was publicly available that September, Eleanor Roosevelt was sounding its praises in American newspapers. In three separate "My Day" columns, the First Lady applauded the book and its author. In order to defend the power of Gellhorn's prose, Eleanor Roosevelt agreed in print to reread one story to some friends of Gellhorn's publisher. She followed through by reading a chapter to some New York book sellers, discussing Martha Gellhorn and the strength of her book.<sup>46</sup> William Morrow, who sold TTIS for two dollars and fifty cents, cashed in on the prestigious Roosevelt name by including on the book's promotion circular one of the First Lady's compliments:

"A very remarkable piece of writing . . . she can make many people and many situations real for us . . ."

--Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

In both Britain and the United States, TTIS was reviewed by newspapers in almost every major city and the consensus was overwhelmingly enthusiastic. The critical reception of the magazine was just as hearty. The Saturday Review of Literature, for example, spotted a five or six inch picture of the twenty-eight year old Gellhorn on the magazine's cover with the caption:

Miss Gellhorn has seen not only physical hunger and spiritual despair on the relief lines. Existing side by side with these she has seen love and courage.<sup>47</sup>

Inside, Mabel Ulrich wrote a strong and favorable review, claiming that TTIS had been woven "out of the very tissues of human beings."<sup>48</sup> By October, Donald Gordon made public his intention of including TTIS in his new digest magazine, The Book Digest of Current Best Sellers.<sup>49</sup>

The popularity of Gellhorn's second book spread not only throughout the United States and Great Britain, but to France as well. TTIS was warmly discussed in French newspapers. Bertrand de Jouvenel, the journalist and political celebrity whom Martha Gellhorn was rumored to have married, wrote a long and laudatory review. Two years later the book was translated into French by Madame Denise Geneix. *Détresse Américaine*, as it was titled, was hailed as "one of the great books of the day" and the name of Martha Gellhorn was linked with that of Dickens, Dostoyevski, and France's own Victor Hugo.<sup>50</sup> The popularity of TTIS was not quick to ebb; in 1940 it

was recalled by Lewis Gannett of the Herald Tribune as "one of the books of 1936 that still lives and dances in the memory."<sup>51</sup>

Considering the rare nature of a reception of almost unanimous approval, one wonders why TTIS did not last much past 1940. In her attempts to shave away the excess that was largely at fault in her first novel and to imitate the concentration of Hemingway which she had admired while still in college, Gellhorn pared too much. She dropped the first person narrative which had earlier caused her stylistic problems and adopted a reporter's objectivity, but she swung too far from the crucial elements of fiction. As was the case with her reports to Hopkins, Gellhorn was most interested in communicating "the terribly frightening picture" to the public and that meant getting them to feel the pain and disintegration of the unemployed. While she corrected her grammar, polished her prose, and developed her characters in TTIS, she succeeded in giving us little more than provocative and creative case studies. The critics were right to applaud her writing, for it was hard, clear, concise, and unsentimental. And it was uncannily effective in recreating a sense of the depression. It was all that, but it was not beautiful.

Realism is the book's strength. Gellhorn convinces her reader of each incident as it happens and of the entire progression of events. Her characters, drawn from all parts of the spectrum of human nature, are likewise believable. TTIS effortlessly persuades its readers that under the squeeze of irrational forces, abnormal

behavior emerges and characters such as Mrs. Maddison and Ruby appear neither exaggerated nor unreal. When the Spectator's Graham Greene praised Gellhorn for her "unfeminine style," he noted that her masculine characters were presented "as convincingly as her female."<sup>52</sup>

Nevertheless, the characters in TTIS are not elaborately developed, partly because of the natural drawbacks of the short story form and partly because Gellhorn apparently worked on them only enough to make them believable. While Ruby and Mrs. Maddison are memorable, they lack the complexity and ambiguity of classical characters. In addition, we have difficulty finding in them something of ourselves. A little girl scavenging through garbage cans for roller skate wheels, a man who realizes he has taken the work of the blind--these are not characters we easily identify with in a non-depression society.

The main feature hindering the book's longevity is its distinctly topical nature. While people still confront overwhelming odds such as those faced by the characters of TTIS, the book offers them no solutions because Gellhorn poses none. Nor indeed does she raise questions. We cannot read her stories and learn how to live more fully or discover a previously unknown part of ourselves. TTIS lacks the ambiguity and universality of a classic. It remains a vivid, if sad look into the lives of the unemployed during America's Great Depression. Its message of grief and collapse is persuasive,

but its appeal to change is rendered somewhat ineffective by forty years distance.

Some may argue that TTIS is one more example of the proletarian or socialist realism of the 1930's and that it is partially this aspect of the work which accounts for the ease with which it has been forgotten. Certainly Gellhorn knew of the rising literary form for she always read voraciously and she could hardly have remained unaware of the First Writer's Conference held in May of 1935 in New York. Indeed, one can see TTIS as primarily a look at society's oppressed with frequent potshots at the oppressors.

Significantly, TTIS closely follows the nine tenets of proletarian realism as defined by the movement's spokesperson, Michael Gold. Gellhorn employed (1) the "technical proficiency of a "Hemingway" in TTIS, while (2) dealing with the "real conflicts" and suffering of "the hungry, persecuted and heroic millions." Her theme (3) was essentially social and she avoided (4) the disdained "verbal acrobatics." Her material (5) derived from first-hand experience and it was written (6) in a cinematic, clear form. Without embellishment of character or situation, Gellhorn (8) allowed the truth to plead its own case and her whole work illustrated the concept that (9) life itself is the supreme melodrama.<sup>53</sup>

On only one point did TTIS fail to follow the popular literary form of the thirties, but the departure was major. Gellhorn never even hinted at the revolution (7) which Gold wanted to "sweep this mess out of the world forever." She hated the conditions she

saw during her Relief work and she knew the old law of haves and have nots. But nowhere in TTIS did Gellhorn advocate revolt. In "Joe and Pete," for example, she showed Joe desperate enough to strike down the exploitative factory owners, but she had him hop a freight train rather than lose the dignity and self-respect he still had.

Gellhorn was far too egoistic to spread the "party line," or write propaganda and, more often than not, her favorite characters were middle class persons dismissed from their jobs, not proletarians. Gellhorn never bowed to the spreading of anyone else's message and it was not that crucial aspect of proletarian realism which accounted for the book's failure to endure. The paring down of style, however, until even the beauty is lost, and the topical nature of her subject were serious liabilities.

Instead of a classic or great work, Martha Gellhorn wrote a book which forcefully defined depression America. She had taken the hideous scenes of her work in the field and brought them alive so others could feel the pain and understand the misery of the unemployed. If she had ever dreamed of a best selling book which would launch her name and career, that dream materialized with TTIS.

One would think that when an author has been only semi-successful with her first book and has a second which promises to reap many more rewards that that author would await breathlessly the critical response of her second work. Yet while TTIS was going

to press and while advance copies were being circulated and discussed, Gellhorn was far away in European libraries, solidly enmeshed in the research of a third book which she hoped to have ready for publication in the spring.<sup>54</sup> In an effort to build the historical set of a book about pacifism, Gellhorn worked in five months<sup>55</sup> in the libraries of Tübingen, Stuttgart, and Munich.<sup>56</sup>

In Germany, Gellhorn encountered once again the Nazis whom she had previously tried to like, or at least excuse. She admitted later that by 1936 "no amount of clinging to [pacifistic] principles helped" her; she saw what the "bullying Nazi louts were like and were up to."<sup>57</sup> She feverishly forced herself to work and "stayed some months in Germany discussing, with anyone who still dared to discuss, the freedom of the mind, the rights of the individual, and the Red-Swine dogs of Spain."<sup>58</sup> Gellhorn had been in Stuttgart that summer of 1936 when the Nazi papers first published news about the fighting in Spain. They referred to the elected Republic of Spain as bloodthirsty rabble and "Red Swine Dogs." It hadn't taken Gellhorn long to recognize the one value of the Nazi papers: "Whatever they were against, you could be for";<sup>59</sup> and she swung her sympathies to the Spanish republicans. As she succinctly put it: "I had stopped being a pacifist and become an anti-fascist."<sup>60</sup>

As she had nothing else to give, Gellhorn was determined to support Spain by her physical presence. As she explains, however, her "morality" at the time dictated that she complete one thing before beginning another. She returned to America then, to the



wonderful reception of TTIS and finished her third book, even though she shoved it forever into a closet and has never allowed anyone to read it.<sup>61</sup> That she worried about it and was constantly revising it is evident in this excerpt from a letter Eleanor Roosevelt sent her when she was busily writing her own biography:

"You do get yourself into a state of jitters . . . .  
It is better to write it all down and then go back.  
. . . I think you lose the flow of thought by too  
much rewriting. It will not be a lifeless story if  
you feel it, although it may need polishing."<sup>62</sup>

By November, Gellhorn was busy in the States not only with work on her novel, but also with public lecturing, frequent lunches with Eleanor Roosevelt,<sup>63</sup> and more articles. Perhaps it was her piece in July's Spectator which had made Martha Gellhorn a likely speaker for drama previews. In "The Federal Theatre," Gellhorn had written clearly and concisely, applauding both the sponsor of what she envisioned as the people's theatre and the concept of it. In any case, she spoke at a preview of the Group Theatre's production of "Johnny Johnson" hosted that November by the League of Women Shoppers.<sup>64</sup>

Also that November, Living Age and the London Spectator published another Gellhorn piece which Reader's Digest reprinted the following March. In "Justice at Night," Gellhorn displays her unique trait of merging journalism and fiction. The work appears to be nothing more than Gellhorn's account of her journey across the United States, but as it recreates some corners of America the article has the timing, development, and density of a good short

story. The work begins prophetically, for example, with a scene of a New Jersey used car dealer cheating her; thus an ominous and sinister mood is set. As Gellhorn relates the facts one feels that if they are harsh they are accurate, the details genuine. Yet this is no cold documentary; the article reads with the interest of an adventure story.

From the crowded industrial centers Gellhorn travels, in "Justice at Night," to the barren plains of Mississippi. She is about to decide that no one lives there when her car collapses and a truck driver, bottle in hand, offers her friend and her a ride and takes them on a slight detour. Gellhorn and companion suddenly find themselves at the lynching of a nineteen year old black man who has been accused of raping a fifty year old white widow. A bitter indictment against the oppressors, Gellhorn's prose flaunts the hypocrisy of the law, the nonchalance of the sheriff. As the male crowd grows angry at the Northerners' interference, Gellhorn realizes that this "drunken Party" constitutes an American ritual. Impotent before the determined and drunken mob, Gellhorn watches the innocent hang and burn.

Gellhorn easily achieves reader sympathy in her piece and it is the rare reader who is not convinced of the barbarism of Gellhorn's experience. All this is a testimony to Gellhorn's ability to convince. So persuasive was the piece, in fact, that that November Gellhorn was asked to appear as a witness before the Senate Committee

on an anti-lynching bill. Ironically, Gellhorn had never seen a lynching. The sole foundation for her imaginative account was a drunken truck driver who had picked her up after a lynching and a black man she encountered whose son had been lynched. Embarrassed by the troublesome reality of her first person story, Gellhorn wrote to Eleanor Roosevelt for advice.<sup>65</sup> The First Lady cautioned her not to make it known that she had not seen what she had described, and congratulated her on her wonderful imagination.<sup>66</sup>

Throughout her career, Martha Gellhorn switched back and forth between journalism and fiction. Her journalism excelled not only because Gellhorn was a superb journalist in that she managed to see whatever it was which was important to see at the time, but also because she wrote with a creativity which transformed names and statistics into human beings and experiences. Her fiction, on the other hand, surprised its readers with its journalistic realism; her remarkable imagination invested both character and situation with life.

2:3

Meeting Papa and Off to Spain

Since December would bring the first Christmas without their father, Martha, her brother Alfred, and their mother decided to spend the holiday away from their St. Louis home. After selecting Miami as their vacation spot, the trio despaired at their first

look at the city and impetuously boarded a bus for Key West, an area which still enjoyed a certain rugged and rural appeal.

Contrary to critics such as Matthew Josephson, James McLendon, Leicester Hemingway, and others who have depicted Martha Gellhorn as chasing after Ernest Hemingway in an attempt to seduce, interview, or extract free literary advice, the encounter between the two was accidental.<sup>67</sup> Martha maintains that as soon as they arrived in Key West her mother went to the telegraph office, sending get well, happy birthday, and cheery Christmas messages to friends and family. Intrigued by the name of the adjacent bar, the trio set off to explore "Sloppy Joes."<sup>68</sup> It was there that "Marty" met "Papa." In "Sloppy Joes," Martha Gellhorn noticed a big, dirty man who turned out to be Ernest Hemingway. Carlos Baker elaborates that "Ernest turned on the charm, introduced himself in a shy mumble, and said that he had known St. Louis in the days of his youth. Both his wives had gone to school there."<sup>69</sup> Hemingway was impressed by the lovely blonde hair, the tall, slim figure, the "Bryn Mawr accent," and the fact that this woman was working on her third book. The Trouble I've Seen was still making news. Gellhorn recalls simply that Ernest spoke to them and they to him.<sup>70</sup>

Martha Gellhorn reminds us that Ernest Hemingway was married to Pauline at the time and so his courtship of her was "discreet." She, however, was enjoying the attentions of a young beau and judged Hemingway old in comparison. Nonetheless, Hemingway had been her literary hero ever since she had read his work in college.<sup>71</sup> She

had even borrowed a line from A Farewell to Arms (which she still insists is his finest work) as an ironic epigraph for What Mad Pursuit: "Nothing Ever Happens to the Brave."

James McLendon, a biographer of the Key West part of Hemingway's life, entitles one of his chapters, "A Beautiful Blonde in a Black Dress." To that initial encounter between Martha Gellhorn and Ernest Hemingway, McLendon lends a fairy tale quality:

Ernest was almost sun-black from his daily fishing trip. He was barefooted and dressed only in canvas shorts and a T-shirt. Martha had on a one-piece, black dress and high heels; her golden blond hair hung easily to her shoulders and her shapely legs and arms were almost snow-white. As she took a seat by Ernest, they looked . . . "like beauty and the beast."<sup>72</sup>

Both McLendon and Leicester Hemingway describe how the two writers attracted one another, even before they had had the first of many drinks together that December afternoon. Ernest was so enchanted, McLendon writes, that he forgot he had invited friends to his home for dinner. He and Martha easily downed a "run" of "Papa Dobles"<sup>73</sup> and were so engrossed in their conversation that neither noticed night had fallen.<sup>74</sup> Pauline finally sent one of their guests, Charles Thompson, to retrieve Hemingway. When Ernest was recalled home, however, he refused to move, and Thompson reported back that Hemingway was talking to "a beautiful blonde in a black dress" and would meet them later. Sometime later Hemingway did catch up with his friends at Pena's, bringing along Martha Gellhorn.<sup>75</sup>

Martha Gellhorn was not the only one in her family to attract Hemingway's attentions. As McLendon writes, "the chemistry"

between Ernest Hemingway and Edna Gellhorn "worked with almost an uncanny warmth."<sup>76</sup> The electricity between her mother and would-be husband continued to flow, even after Hemingway and she were divorced, and it was the charm of Martha Gellhorn's mother which finally persuaded Ernest Hemingway to behave more civilly toward an ex-wife he had grown to resent. Gellhorn notes that both her husbands continued to correspond with her mother long after their marriages to her had ended in unpleasant divorces.<sup>77</sup>

When Edna Gellhorn returned home to St. Louis and Alfred to college, Martha remained behind to write her novel in the pleasant Florida climate. It was not long before she was known as "Marty" to the Hemingway coterie, becoming almost a "fixture" at the Whitehead Street house.<sup>78</sup> The gossip did not start then; it merely intensified. Friends of the Hemingways grew apprehensive as they watched the less than secure marriage endure the strain of Hemingway's growing attachment to Martha Gellhorn. Matthew Josephson recalls more than once, for example, Pauline's sarcastic inquiry if Ernest were "busy again helping Miss Gellhorn with her writing."<sup>79</sup> Josephson explains that Hemingway was fully aware that his friendship for Martha Gellhorn had caused a bit of scandal, for Hemingway laughingly told him:

"Oh, I'm a fool with women--I always feel I have to marry 'em."<sup>80</sup>

Once he had left Hadley for Pauline; now Martha Gellhorn had charmed him.

Indeed Hemingway and Gellhorn were frequently seen together and one hardly finds it surprising that two passionate and attractive

writers enjoyed each other's company. They talked enthusiastically about many things, including the clean writing style and the genius of Hemingway's early work,<sup>81</sup> the civil war raging in Spain, and the responsibility of a writer to use his/her talent to further human freedom.<sup>82</sup>

Martha Gellhorn and Ernest Hemingway may also have talked about their meeting again in Madrid and this rendezvous was probably on both their minds as they parted early in 1937. Gellhorn had finally left Key West by car and Hemingway had followed immediately. The couple met in Miami where Hemingway treated Martha Gellhorn to a fine dinner. They later boarded the same northbound train and parted enroute; she to her St. Louis home, he to New York and his NANA contract. Days later Martha Gellhorn sent "Ernestino" a letter complaining of the damp winter in St. Louis. Desirous of the warmth of a more tropical climate, Gellhorn pleasurably recalled their steak dinner in Miami. She was reading his books "with great admiration, and thought him a lovely guy."<sup>83</sup> Martha Gellhorn also wrote to Eleanor Roosevelt, mentioning among other things, how impressed she was by Hemingway's craft and the care he took with his words.<sup>84</sup>

While Ernest Hemingway went on to Madrid that February, Gellhorn remained behind, forcing herself to write ten pages a day in order to finish her book.<sup>85</sup> She also took time to assist in the relief given to flood victims in southern Missouri, accompany the Red Cross and helping with the actual repair work in the area.<sup>86</sup>

That finished, Martha Gellhorn was at last free to follow the pure ideal for which her autobiographical heroine in What Mad Pursuit had yearned; she rallied with thousands of Americans who supported Republican Spain and personal freedoms. Luckily, she had obtained a special letter from a friendly editor of Collier's:

The letter said, to whom it may concern, that the bearer, Martha Gellhorn, was a special correspondent for Collier's in Spain. This letter was intended to help me with any authorities who wondered what I was doing in Spain, or why I was trying to get there. I had no connection with a newspaper or magazine, and believed that all one did about a war was go to it, as a gesture of solidarity and get killed, or survive if lucky until the war was over.<sup>87</sup>

While Martha Gellhorn had been planning to go to Spain since she had read the Nazi propaganda about the "Red Swine Dogs" in the summer of 1936, she had never bothered to weigh her decision. She hadn't thought about her safety; she had no guarantees of where she would sleep or what she would eat. Things were not that complicated in her outlook. She had been brought up to do without hesitation whatever she thought was right. To support Loyalist Spain was more than "right"; to Gellhorn, as to thousands, it was decent and essential. And if to support Spain meant to die, so be it. Gloriously, Gellhorn set off for Spain as for a crusade. She carried only the letter from Collier's, a knapsack, and fifty dollars.<sup>88</sup>



"It was in Spain that men learned that one can be right and yet be beaten, that force can vanquish spirit, that there are times when courage is not its own recompense. It is this, doubtless, which explains why so many men, the world over, regard the Spanish drama as a personal tragedy."

Albert Camus<sup>1</sup>

3:1

Self-Made Correspondent

I had no idea you could be what I became, an unscathed tourist of wars.

Martha Gellhorn<sup>2</sup>

Getting to Spain was no easy task. The doctrine of non-intervention proclaimed by the Western democracies in August of 1936 outlawed the free passage of either people or supplies into Republican Spain. Martha Gellhorn sailed again across the Atlantic, launching her attack on the French authorities in Paris. She requested the stamps and papers needed to leave the country but fared badly with the French fonctionnaire, and ended up studying a map, boarding a train, and getting off at a stop nearest the Andorran-Spanish border. After walking the "short distance from one country to another," Martha Gellhorn boarded another train, this one packed with Republican soldiers. Since she spoke no Spanish at that time, Gellhorn understood little of what they said, but she remembered

long after the incident that the soldiers had behaved "beautifully." They laughed and sang and offered her their food, even though the Spanish government could not afford to feed them and their meal consisted of only "garlic sausage and bread made of powdered stone." She saw in these defenders of liberty the warmth and generosity she had expected; later she would witness their courage.<sup>3</sup>

Gellhorn's favorable expression was confirmed in Barcelona. The city was gay with sun and banner. Everything was free; even the taxi driver refused his fee. It was almost as if the people who rallied to the defense of Republican Spain had suspended or forgotten their material needs. All appeared united in a cause which was so important that their individual desires seemed trivial in comparison. Martha Gellhorn was treated with cheer and love and sent onward in trucks and already jammed cars. Finally, down the eastern coast of Spain and by way of Valencia, she arrived in late March of 1937 in Madrid,<sup>4</sup> the capital city which had been under seige by Franco's fascists since the evening of November 7, 1936.<sup>5</sup> Suddenly, with Madrid's "shell-pitted, silent streets" before her, Gellhorn knew she was in the middle of a war;<sup>6</sup> she realized also that an entirely new life lay before her:

I had not felt that I were at war until now, but now I knew I was. It was a feeling I cannot describe; a whole city was a battlefield, waiting in the dark. It made you walk carefully and listen hard and it lifted the heart.<sup>7</sup>

Martha Gellhorn recalls that when she finally met Hemingway, he raised his arm and placed his hand atop her, as if to "annex" her.

The independent woman betrayed no resentment to the patronizing gesture. Several years later, in fact, the incident still forced a smile from Martha Gellhorn.<sup>8</sup> Perhaps the guidance of a man who was at once her literary hero, her suitor, a war veteran, and ten years her senior was not altogether unwelcome in besieged Madrid.

Carlos Baker, however, relates a more detailed and volatile account of the meeting. As he tells it, the exhausted and chilled Martha Gellhorn went directly upon arrival in Madrid to the basement restaurant the press frequented. Rather than applaud her initiative or greet her warmly, Hemingway chided, "'I knew you'd get her, daughter . . . because I fixed it so you could.'" Furious because outside of a few calls Hemingway had done nothing, Gellhorn resented the chauvinistic attitude that she needed help. Since she considered herself "more politically aware" and "more fiercely anti-fascist" than Hemingway, his comment had attacked her conviction and bruised her pride, especially because it reminded her that technically she was not a war correspondent.<sup>9</sup>

Gellhorn's unofficial status, however, was kept something of a secret. Even today, Leicester Hemingway and James McLendon assert in their biographies of Ernest Hemingway that Martha Gellhorn arrived in Madrid with full correspondent privileges and duties. Hemingway evidently encouraged the ruse. The day after Gellhorn arrived in Madrid he brought her to the Telefónica to meet the men responsible for all visitor accommodations, passes, and censorship<sup>10</sup> and instructed them:

"That's Marty--be nice to her--she writes for Collier's--you know, a million circulation . . ."11

The men apparently never heard exactly what Hemingway had said, however, so smitten were they by what they later described as "this sleek woman with the halo of fair hair, who walked through the dark, fusty office with a swaying movement" like that of the Hollywood stars.<sup>12</sup> What the observers had overlooked was Gellhorn's commitment to her profession, and while she was candidly proud of her good looks she would have grown angry all over again had she thought that she was not being taken seriously.<sup>13</sup>

Martha Gellhorn immediately fell in with the correspondents in Madrid, particularly with Ernest Hemingway and Herbert Matthews of the New York Times. She considered them "experienced men who had serious work to do" and she "tagged along behind them," observing both war and war correspondent. Because her official status entitled her to neither transportation nor military passes to battlefronts, Gellhorn depended on Hemingway and Matthews. For weeks she occupied herself with learning Spanish, learning war, and trying to cheer the wounded, but the inactivity, as she called it, frustrated her.<sup>14</sup> Then one day either Hemingway or Matthews, but she thinks, probably Hemingway, suggested that she write.<sup>15</sup> The meticulous researcher complained that she still knew nothing of war. Hemingway suggested Madrid as a topic. Admitting that writing was her sole weapon with which to serve the "Causa," Gellhorn hesitated. Why write about Madrid? Madrid was "routine." Hemingway pointed out that blackouts

and shellings were hardly everyone's routine. With Collier's address in her pocket, Gellhorn wrote and then mailed an article on the daily life of Madrid. To her surprise, Collier's accepted the article and after a second, put her name on the masthead.<sup>16</sup> Partly by accident, partly by gall, Martha Gellhorn had made herself a war correspondent. Collier's was her ticket to the world and the history of her time. This was her beginning and she knew it:

Thanks to Collier's, I had the chance to see the life of my time, which was war. They never cut or altered anything I wrote. They did, however, invent their own titles for most of my articles . . . . they were a trifling price to pay for the freedom Collier's gave me; for eight years I could go where I wanted, when I wanted, and write what I saw.<sup>17</sup>

In her first articles on Madrid, Gellhorn sought to impress her American audience with the Republicans' constancy of routine and heroic struggle despite the carcasses of their animals in the streets, despite the obliteration of their buildings, and despite the ground grown red from blood. "Only the Shells Whine" begins slowly, calmly, almost apolitically. Gellhorn matter-of-factly sketches the human element around her, hinting with "trails of human blood on the pavement," but depicting no human mutilation, no death, no grief. Instead she poses the Madridians as curious spectators of the shellings who eerily maintain routine regardless of the terror. The mood and intensity of the piece mount as Gellhorn's tone becomes more condemning and as she shifts to the streets where "death stalks." She meticulously portrays each element of the

pathetic society, preparing but never preparing her reader for the shocking tragedy of death:

A small piece of twisted steel, hot and very sharp, sprays off from the shell; it takes the little boy in the throat. The old woman stands there, holding the hand of the dead child, looking at him stupidly, not saying anything, and men run out toward her to carry the child. At their left, at the side of the square, is a huge brilliant sign which says: Get out of Madrid.<sup>18</sup>

Turning again to the ravaged buildings which the people have no choice but to call home, Gellhorn focuses on these as any passerby might, showing simultaneously the personal invasion and destruction of war:

You knew about the people living in the houses, just from standing in the street. You knew their taste in furniture and china and art, and whether they were rich or only a little rich, and it was extraordinary how moving and how secret people's lives were when you suddenly saw their ruined homes.<sup>19</sup>

The direct style of the long and factual piece resembled that of The Trouble I've Seen, where Gellhorn imprinted a sense of misery by superimposing one tragedy with another even more consequential. Similarly, Gellhorn's preoccupation with the fate of children and her concluding illustration of the common person's nobility were fast becoming characteristic themes of her work. Of all human behavior, Gellhorn had found most exemplary the display of one's love when confronted by misery and that of courage when threatened by defeat. Thus she ended "Only the Shells Whine," with a scene at a benefit performance held to raise money for the hospitals. As Gellhorn stresses the force of their applause, we are

made to understand the courage of the Madridians who flaunt their festivity as a show of solidarity.

3:2

### The Meaning of Spain

Spain was a melting pot in which the dross came out and pure gold remained.

Herbert Matthews<sup>20</sup>

It is difficult for those who did not actively support the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War to comprehend the depth of that experience for those who did. It is an understatement to say that for most of the men and women the Spanish war years composed the most profoundly spiritual experience in their lives.

The desperate sense of right shared by the journalists supporting Republican Spain is not unique in itself. The civil rights and peace movements of the nineteen-sixties displayed similar emotion and solidarity. The obvious difference is that the sacrifice in Spain endured for almost three years; the Republican supporters risked not brief imprisonment or assault, but death. Their friendships were formed not over one weekend, but throughout almost three years of watching death and three years away from home, security, and career. They shared danger, food, drink, and conversation along with the conviction that here Fascism could be defeated, here a world war could be prevented, here one side was right and

one wrong. The meaning of Spain was similar to that of the peace movement; but it was intensified a hundredfold.

Herbert Matthews, a correspondent for the New York Times and close friend of Gellhorn and Hemingway, tried hard to describe the meaning of the Spanish experience:

I know, as surely as I know anything in this world, that nothing so wonderful will ever happen to me again as those two and a half years I spent in Spain . . . . It made men ready to die gladly and proudly. It gave meaning to life; it gave courage and faith to humanity; it taught us what internationalism means as no League of Nations or Dumbarton Oaks will ever do. There one learned that men could be brothers, that nations and frontiers, religions and races were but outer trappings, and that nothing counted, nothing was worth fighting for, but the ideal of liberty.<sup>21</sup>

Matthews explained that everyone living through that period with the Loyalists feels as deeply as he and that whenever one of them meets another in any corner of the world, he greets a kindred soul. The bond between them, he continued, is "stronger than tempered steel" for in Spain "we lived our best, and what has come after and what there is to come one can never carry us to the heights again."<sup>22</sup>

To this day Martha Gellhorn has not read a book about the Spanish Civil War; she cannot, she says, because "'they might get the facts straight but none capture the emotion, the commitment, the feeling that we were all in it together, the certainty that we were right.'"<sup>23</sup> "'We knew, we just knew,'" Gellhorn emphasizes, "'that Spain was the place to stop Fascism. This was it. It was one of the moments in history when there was no doubt.'"<sup>24</sup>



Spain was the international meeting place for idealists in the late thirties; thus correspondents, many of whom were still idealists, and supporters flocked into Madrid from all over the globe. Matthews thought the discomfort and danger a small price to pay for the Spanish "good times." Danger and romance mixed with some of the world's most fascinating people to create a thoroughly thrilling atmosphere.<sup>25</sup> The coterie of correspondents met frequently at popular spots. Martha Gellhorn, Ernest Hemingway, Herbert Matthews, Sefton Delmer (Daily Express), and Antoine de Saint-Exupery all made their headquarters at Madrid's Hotel Florida while the city itself was under seige.<sup>26</sup>

Delmer equipped his sitting room with electric burners and chafing dishes and provided a popular kitchen and restaurant for the preparation and distribution of food and supplies brought in from France by newly-arriving correspondents.<sup>27</sup> Virginia Cowles, another correspondent who often worked with Martha Gellhorn, described Delmer's room and the fraternity of foreign journalists who met there:

A ham was suspended from a coathanger on the cupboard door and the table was littered with crackers and sardine tins. Every night from eleven on, the press gathered; there were Herbert Matthews of the New York Times; Ernest Hemingway of North Atlantic Newspaper Alliance; Hank Gorrill of the United Press; Thomas Loyetha of the International News Service; Martha Gellhorn of Collier's; George and Helen Seldes, Josephine Herbst and many others. Although the food was distributed gingerly, there was always plenty of beer and whiskey and the gathering seldom broke up before the early hours of the morning.<sup>28</sup>

Among the chords of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which Delmer played late into the night, the correspondents heard the distant thunder of war artillery.<sup>29</sup>

Hemingway's room in the same hotel was another frequented place, according to Matthews, who recalled that during one period of the war, American Internationals, friends, correspondents, and international celebrities gathered there with Ernest Hemingway and Martha Gellhorn almost every night. Hemingway, Matthews said, believed that he had a "dead angle" and that the room was secure from the rocket's trajectories. Matthews recalled also the bravado with which they threw open the windows and played a Chopin "Mazurka" while the shells shook the hotel's foundation.<sup>30</sup>

The evening meetings were usually happy respites from the strain of war and the serious business of writing about it, but the correspondents gathered for the battles, too. One of the earliest of these was the Loyalist attack on the Casa de Camp. Watching from grandstand seats in an apartment house on the Paseo de Rosales, less than a thousand yards away, were Martha Gellhorn, Ernest Hemingway, Sefton Delmer, Virginia Cowles, John Dos Passos, and Henry Buckley (Daily Telegraph). Hemingway had dubbed the battered building "the Old Homestead" and it was there that he, Gellhorn, and Matthews first worked together as journalists.<sup>31</sup> Joining them almost every morning and afternoon were Sidney Franklin, Virginia Cowles, and J. B. S. Haldane.<sup>32</sup>

Martha Gellhorn has said that when she and her companions were not fearing for the world's future or evaluating its present, they were laughing. With death and mutilation all around, laughter is evidently the best defense for maintaining one's sanity. In Spain, then, the gatherings of the Republican supporters were no less raucous than the loudest college parties; on the contrary, the stakes were higher in Spain and the need to relax and forget more intense. It is perhaps this aspect of war which gives its participants the paradoxical memories: humanity of the race at its ebb and friendship and festivity at its peak. In Spain, this comradeship was reinforced by an absolute faith in the "Causa." It is hardly surprising, then, that the correspondents often partied until the early hours of the morning, most of them rising late and doing the majority of their writing in the afternoons.<sup>33</sup> The schedule was one Martha Gellhorn would keep in years to come whenever her work permitted.

While journalists recall the Spanish Civil War with respect and affection, they admit that their job was far from easy. Two constant frustrations were the "official line" and international opinion. Truth was often kept from them, not out of malice, but out of a patronizing sense of protection. Correspondents were even required, at times, to quote authorities who told them what their own eyes denied.<sup>34</sup> Because she was not writing for a paper or magazine which necessitated a piece or two a week, Gellhorn was evidently not put in that frustrating position. For an idealist like Martha

Gellhorn, to write other than the truth would have been to deny the essence of her being in Spain.

No less frustrating was the reaction of the rest of the world. While Hitler and Mussolini were sending in arms and troops to aid Franco, the Spanish Loyalists depended on men and women who unofficially left their countries at their own expense to support the cause of freedom. There was no organized help from the western democracies. The correspondents' anxiety and awe at the western world's almost total ignorance of Spain's brave fight was well expressed by Herbert Matthews in the first autumn of the war:

Is it possible that there are still people who do not know that the Spanish War is changing the face of the earth? Has the world gone mad, or just we newspapermen and writers who seem to be preaching in wilderness or indifference and ignorance?<sup>35</sup>

Most of the work of the correspondent was done within the battle zone, of which Madrid was a definite part. Gellhorn obviously enjoyed the city's accessibility to the front and later noted:

. . . it is really too strange. I walked from my hotel to the front as easily as you would walk from the Metropolitan Museum to the Empire State Building.<sup>36</sup>

As Martha Gellhorn arrived in Madrid, the largest rebel force yet assembled was attacking north of Madrid, toward Guadalajara. Success would have meant final defeat for the Republicans.<sup>37</sup> Quickly indoctrinated into war, Gellhorn traveled north with Hemingway<sup>38</sup> on March 27, 1937 into the red hills of Guadalajara. The couple watched as a swarm of rebel troupes moved across the valley preparing

for a Loyalist attack. With soldiers all around them Hemingway and Gellhorn "smoked and laughed."<sup>39</sup>

In Guadalajara a major story broke. Most of the attacking divisions which the Loyalists successfully routed had been Italian. It was the first proof that Mussolini's support extended beyond arms and advisors and the correspondents hurried back to Madrid to write the report.<sup>40</sup>

Guadalajara was only the first of eight years of fighting fronts attended by Martha Gellhorn. On April 5, she, Hemingway, and Matthews visited the Abraham Lincoln Battalion at Jarama.<sup>41</sup> Arriving in the midst of an attack, Martha Gellhorn spent the day at the unit's first aid post, watching the bloody bodies being brought in on stretchers. Gellhorn applauded the courage of these men in an article which eventually found its way back to the grateful battalion.<sup>42</sup> Indeed, Martha Gellhorn's courage and support were making her a treasured friend of the American battalion. Milton Wolff, who was the last commander of the Lincoln Battalion in Spain and is now the National Commander of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, recalled Martha Gellhorn with admiration:

. . . she was a good and true friend of our "cause," a compassionate woman much concerned about the fate of children in a country at war (the main area of her concern in Viet Nam . . . and for many years as well). Also, as you must know, a strikingly beautiful woman whose presence brightened our life on the very few occasions we met.<sup>43</sup>

Moved by the selflessness of the American fighting far from home on the side of freedom, Gellhorn later wrote another article,

"Men Without Medals." Praising the courage and integrity of the American Lincoln Battalion, Gellhorn described for her readers how volunteers were rushed to the front above Morata before many even knew how to load a rifle. In the same way that she admired the citizens of Madrid who courageously applauded the benefit performance, Gellhorn respected the volunteers who ignored both the cold and the "stray bullets cracking over them" to set up ping pong tables and hold contests with a nearby British battalion. In case her readers had not guessed her feelings, Gellhorn made them clear,

I'm proud as a goat that the Americans are known in Spain as good men and fine soldiers. That's all there is to it: I'm proud.<sup>44</sup>

"Men Without Medals" included detailed descriptions of Madrid, Brunete, Mosquito Ridge, Quijorna Road, but returned finally to an emotional appeal that one honor these fighting men:

In this war there are no rewards you could name . . . . The men who came all this distance, neither for glory nor money and perhaps to die, knew why they came and what they thought about living and dying, both. But it is nothing you can ask them about or talk about. It belongs to them. . . . You can think of it with respect.<sup>45</sup>

In consideration of Gellhorn's own courage and compassion, the men of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion invited her as a guest of honor to their thirtieth Anniversary Dinner in February of 1967.<sup>46</sup>

The Guadalajara and Jarama trips turned out to be only preparation for ten weary days on the central fronts.<sup>47</sup> Gellhorn and Hemingway left Madrid again on April 21 to travel along the

Sierra de Guadarrama range.<sup>48</sup> They spent several hours on horseback climbing the 4,800-foot mountain to inspect Loyalist positions. On one occasion, they rode, huddled in the dark of an armoured car, listening to the "sharp rivet hammering" of four rebel machine gun bursts against the car's metal plates. Yet such risky ventures seemed no less dangerous than merely surviving in Madrid, where the bombardment continued throughout April.<sup>49</sup> Martha Gellhorn returned to her hotel one evening to discover a "neat round bullet hole in her window." The maid had forgotten to draw the curtains and the police shot at the light as a reminder of blackout restrictions.<sup>50</sup>

Before the summer months, Gellhorn and Hemingway returned to the United States for what may have appeared a brief respite, but was, in fact, an attempt to gain support for Spain. Before she left Madrid, however, Martha Gellhorn had been given a sealed envelope by Frederick Voigt, Berlin correspondent for the Manchester Guardian. He had assured Gellhorn that the envelope contained only a carbon copy of an already censored dispatch which he was sending to his paper in case the original was waylaid. Suspicious because Voigt had been spreading exaggerated and sensationalized reports of a Madridian "reign of terror," Hemingway persuaded Gellhorn to let him take the letter to the censorer. The contents revealed no carbon copy, but rather an article describing massacres in Madrid. Infuriated that Voigt has exposed Gellhorn to the risk of being caught with an uncensored dispatch, Hemingway threatened to punch Voigt.<sup>51</sup> Gellhorn still had much to learn about war reporting.

In order to help Ernest Hemingway and Joris Ivens promote A Spanish Earth, the film they were making to enlist aid for Spain, Martha Gellhorn wrote to Eleanor Roosevelt and requested a White House viewing. Between last minute work on the film in New York and Hollywood, however, and the schedules of all involved, a unanimously satisfactory date was no easy find. After exchanging several letters, Eleanor Roosevelt and Martha Gellhorn finally agreed upon July 8 at the White House with the First Lady promising to entrain from Hyde Park.<sup>52</sup>

Gellhorn and Hemingway had begun their work on behalf of Spain almost as soon as they set foot once again on American soil. They lectured, wrote letters, and in early June,<sup>53</sup> sat together on a platform at Carnegie Hall waiting to address the capacity crowd of the Second American Writers' Congress.<sup>54</sup> The writers had met to discuss, among other concerns, what they could and should do to combat fascism. The thrust of Gellhorn's talk was the responsibility of the writer to sacrifice time and career ambitions in order to support Spain. Journalistic competition in Spain, she explained, gave way to a higher purpose:

No one in Madrid tries to get a scoop or to beat anyone else. The object is to get it out . . . . We have the obligation of seeing and understanding what happens, of telling the truth . . . . We have, in short, the vital job of shaping history as it happens.<sup>55</sup>

After emphasizing the power of the journalist to mold opinion and thus effect change, Gellhorn concluded her speech with a call to action which made clear her belief that a writer cannot write in



isolation, but must attend to the world's injustice in order to say something of value:

A writer must be a man of action now. Action takes time, and time is what we all need most. But a man who has given a year of his life, without heroics or boastfulness, to the war in Spain, or who, in the same way, has given a year of his life to steel strikes, or to the unemployed, or to the problems of race prejudice, has not lost or wasted time. If you should survive such action, what you have to say about it afterwards is the truth, is necessary and real, and it will last.<sup>56</sup>

Ivens and Hemingway showed clips from "A Spanish Earth" for the Writers' Congress and Hemingway delivered a talk of his own, emphasizing both a writer's obligation to get at the truth and the tendency of Fascism to squelch truth. The papers of Hemingway and Gellhorn were collected along with those of Malcolm Cowley, Granville Hicks, Archibald MacLeish, Kenneth Burke, and other literary spokespersons at the Congress into a volume called The Writer in a Changing World which was published that fall.

On July 8 Martha Gellhorn and Joris Ivens awaited Hemingway's arrival in New York City. From there the three set off for Newark where they caught the afternoon plane for Washington, D.C. Gellhorn astonished her companions by ordering sandwiches at the airport and warning them that White House food was notoriously bad. Although she was delighted to see Harry Hopkins along with the Roosevelts, Martha Gellhorn was apprehensive as to how the film and her comrades would be accepted. The dinner was made even worse than her predictions by the capital's stifling heat and the oven-like atmosphere of the Presidential mansion. Nevertheless, Ivens, Hemingway, and Gellhorn

were well pleased with the obvious sympathy of the Roosevelts and Gellhorn thought the finished film powerful.<sup>57</sup>

Before and after the film's viewing, Gellhorn tried to get away to Connecticut to do serious writing on a book about Spain. By mid-July, however, she gave up hope of ever finishing the work, admitting she was too close to her subject to do a credible job,<sup>58</sup> and by late summer, she was returning to Europe with her "trench buddy" and suitor, Ernest Hemingway.

After rejoining Herbert Matthews at Paris' Cafe de la Paix in early September,<sup>59</sup> the correspondents discussed the gloomy consequences of the Republican forces' rumored surrender at Belchite; they still had hope that Madrid, at least, could defy Franco's rebels.<sup>60</sup> Yet as they flew over the Pyrennees and down the coast to Valencia, they admitted that they were not surprised that half of Spain with some help from Russia and international volunteers could be crushed by Spain's other half aided by Germany, Italy, and Portugal. As they moved closer to the facts of war, however, the three writers learned that the Aragon offensive at Belchite had not failed; on the contrary, it amounted to the greatest victory since Guadalajara.<sup>61</sup>

Martha Gellhorn, who was now broadcasting for NBC as well as writing for Collier's, rushed with Hemingway and Matthews to the Aragon front to investigate.<sup>62</sup> They were the first American correspondents permitted to survey conditions there and they wrote the first batch of stories on the American campaign in Aragon.<sup>63</sup>

Anticipating a rough time, the three writers bought blankets and sleeping bags, carrying what food they could.<sup>64</sup> The problem of food was partially met, however, by the country people's gifts of food and wine. The trio frequently cooked over an open fire and slept on mattresses spread out in an open truck which they parked in farmyards. Their early risings were forced by bursts of animal sounds which prevented post-dawn sleep. As snow fell in the mountains, glacial winds chilled the air of the open truck. In addition, the expedition necessitated leaving the truck and climbing steep, treacherous trails both by foot and horseback and then camping out in the frigid night air. Astonished that a woman could endure the hardships, with courage and confidence yet, Hemingway praised Gellhorn.<sup>65</sup>

Inspecting the battle sites, Gellhorn and Hemingway sought to boost morale while accumulating first-hand information for their articles. After talking with many prisoners, they returned to the soldiers they so highly respected.<sup>66</sup> Their sympathy and courage guaranteed their reception. Saul Wellman, political commissar of the Canadian Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion, recalled one warm summer afternoon after the important battle of Quinto, when the couple appeared. He was still impressed, thirty-five years later, with the presence of Martha Gellhorn:

Martha Gellhorn and Hemingway came up. We weren't excited about the celebrity but we were excited about this very beautiful woman. We chitchatted about absolutely nothing. She was warm and friendly. The guys

were more interested in talking to her than Hemingway. All I can remember<sup>67</sup> is this warm, beautiful woman with long blonde hair.

In late September, the three correspondents returned to Madrid, making the Teruel front on their way.<sup>68</sup> Gellhorn and Hemingway moved back into the Hotel Florida, despite the daily shellings. On October 5 they joined Matthews and Delmer in an inspection of the Brunete sector.<sup>69</sup> To declare their neutrality Delmer had fastened British and American flags to the front of his Ford. The gesture dysfunctioned, however, and the rebel artillerymen mistook the car for a "super staff" vehicle and shelled the road it followed.<sup>70</sup>

3:3

### The Hemingway Affair

Soon after they arrived in Madrid, Martha Gellhorn and Ernest Hemingway had become lovers. This fact was dramatically recalled for Carlos Baker by Sefton Delmer, who stated that he learned of the liaison when a rebel shell burst a hotwater tank in the Hotel Florida. As people scurried from their bedrooms, many relationships were revealed, among them, Delmer says, that of Ernest and Martha.<sup>71</sup> Gellhorn never attempted to conceal her living with Hemingway, however, and by late 1938 the affair was well known.<sup>72</sup> The early relationship between Martha Gellhorn and Ernest Hemingway has been described by writers as nothing less

than an old-fashioned love story. Malcolm Cowley, for example, stated that Hemingway read what Gellhorn wrote, discussed her work, and fell in love with her "like a big hemlock tree crashing down through the underbrush."<sup>73</sup> Hemingway even offered to fight a duel over Martha Gellhorn. According to a story he related to A. E. Hotchner, a General Modesto was also in love with Martha Gellhorn and made three passes at her in front of Hemingway. The writer invited the general into the men's room and laid down the rules: "'All right, General . . . let's have it out. We hold handkerchiefs in our mouths and keep firing till one of us drops.'" Pulling out their handkerchiefs and guns, the men were ready to proceed with the duel when a friend interrupted and then discouraged Hemingway, explaining that the Republicans could scarcely afford the monument which was automatically awarded to all Spanish generals.<sup>74</sup>

It would have been contrary to all of nature's laws had Martha Gellhorn and Ernest Hemingway not fallen in love while in Spain. Everything worked to increase the attraction they already felt for one another. The courtship had begun earlier in Key West where they also realized that they shared the belief that writers should use their talents to improve the world.<sup>75</sup> As each came independently to Spain each was acting on that belief, leaving behind the safety and comfort of home and preparing to die, if necessary, for the cause of liberty. Merely by supporting Spain and asserting that there the future of the world would be decided, there right could triumph over wrong, they were isolating themselves from the

rest of the world and drawing closer to one another. The constant shellings, the sharing of food and drink and hope and danger united them still more. Had the courtship of Ernest Hemingway and Martha Gellhorn been a work of fiction, critics would have been quick to point out that the sharing of danger in the struggle for right is a common theme in love stories.

In addition to the idealism which brought them to Spain, Gellhorn and Hemingway remained there for the same purpose: to send the truth home to Americans. Since they were both writers, they worked together, not only by attending the same fronts and investigating the same conditions, but also by going over each other's work. Leicester Hemingway noted that they often blended an idea of one with the style of the other and entered the finished piece in a magazine under either of their names.<sup>76</sup>

Even if one were to discount the physical and ideological closeness, the romantic climate, one would be left with the personal charisma of each of the writers. Hemingway was recognized even then as the American writer of the twentieth century, and he was witty, rugged, and charming. Martha Gellhorn, on the other hand, was a writer of promise, and an intelligent vibrant young woman with smart looks and fine, well-fitting clothes. Many of the writers who discuss the Spanish Civil War have described Martha Gellhorn as a determined journalist and as a beautiful blonde who wore a "chiffon scarf," "slacks from Saks Fifth Avenue,"<sup>27</sup> and "good boots."<sup>78</sup>

Herbert Matthews affectionately recalled the couple. "In Spain," he said, "they were happy together." This was the period in [Hemingway's] life when he fell in love with [Martha Gellhorn] and "in many ways . . . it was one of the happiest periods in Hemingway's life."<sup>79</sup> Martha invented a pet name for her suitor and Matthews, Bob Capa, and a few chosen joined her in calling Ernest Hemingway "Scrooby."<sup>80</sup> There was no indication, according to Matthews, of the "tempestuous marriage and divorce" of later years.

Matthews, Dos Passos, Delmer, Sid Franklin, and Virginia Cowles became the most frequent companions of the outstanding couple. Admiring the "humorous indulgence" with which Martha treated Ernest, and applauding her lack of "servile obsequiousness" with which others ordinarily met his demands, Delmer testified that Gellhorn represented a new challenge for Hemingway.<sup>81</sup> Indeed, from the moment of Gellhorn's arrival in Spain, a private battle between dominating male and indomitable female coexisted with and perhaps nurtured the love affair.

In late October Hemingway finished his play, The Fifth Column.<sup>82</sup> He was still married to Pauline at the time, and although his affair with Martha Gellhorn was well known, he had always pretended that everything was fine at home. Now he dedicated his play, in longhand, "To Marty and Herbert with Love."<sup>83</sup> While the dedication represented both another rejection of Pauline and a move toward public recognition of his relationship with Martha Gellhorn, The

Fifth Column itself revealed tensions which, even as early as 1937, underlaid what many considered a story book love affair.

Many have pointed to the unmistakable resemblance between the heroine and Martha Gellhorn as further evidence of Hemingway's affections. While that may be so, an analysis of the emotional, mental, and spiritual qualities of the heroine prompts one to speculate on the cause of Hemingway's distortion. He took Gellhorn's work, her ability to make rooms homey, her accent, her beauty, and her silver fox cape and used these items to make his heroine ridiculous. The author's attitude toward his heroine is not one of respect or indulgence; on the contrary, he convinces his readers that her purpose is merely sexual and therefore slight.

The authenticity of the setting of The Fifth Column derived from the experience of Hemingway and Gellhorn during the Spanish Civil War. The political and romantic plots center around their own hotel in Madrid. Hangouts, such as Chicoté's, are mentioned, and the Internationals hold key roles. More importantly, The Fifth Column features Dorothy Bridges, a "tall handsome blonde" with a "very cultivated voice," as a war correspondent living in the Hotel Florida with at least one man at any time. Bridges, however, writes, "when she's not too lazy," for Cosmopolitan rather than for Collier's. Unlike the active Gellhorn, Bridges never emerges from her bedroom. When she is not sleeping, she is coyly manipulating her latest conquest, brushing her golden locks, or admiring herself in her silver



fox cape. Insipid and "on the make," she considers the bombings "lovely" and interjects "darling" as every second word. In sum, her qualities make good the epithet of "bored Vassar bitch" with which her former lover labels her.

Bridges' aim in life is to go somewhere "lovely" where Phillip, her current lover, will write. In the interim she promises to transform his hotel room with her able decorating skills. At the beginning of each scene she busies herself with some new domestic occupation: putting up curtains, fixing bedspreads, or just tidying. And she never leaves the bedroom. A neurotic heroine, Dorothy clings to Phillip for she has no life beyond what she can squeeze out of him. His decision to marry her reveals her lack of substance:

And I'd like to marry her because she's got the longest, straightest legs in the world, and I don't have to listen to her when she talks if it doesn't make too good sense.<sup>84</sup>

When Phillip inevitably chooses his work over Dorothy she pleads, in a last ditch attempt to hold him, with all she has:

Phillip: . . . you're useless, really. You're uneducated, you're useless, you're lazy.  
 Dorothy: Maybe the others. But I'm not useless.  
 Phillip: Why aren't you useless?  
 Dorothy: You know--or you ought to know.<sup>85</sup>

Predictably, Phillip is too much the Hemingway hero to sacrifice his work for a woman, so he leaves.

The obvious question is how to reconcile Hemingway's portrait of Bridges with the original. Why did he salute Gellhorn by using her as inspiration for his heroine and then omit her conviction, courage, and intelligence from the characterization? Did he

draw Bridges as he wished Gellhorn to be? Or was it just impossible for Hemingway to feature a likeable liberated woman in his male dominated fictional world? At the least, Hemingway's creation of the fictive Dorothy from the real Martha hints at the tension which complicated their relationship as early as 1937.

To observers, however, Martha Gellhorn and Earnest Hemingway remained an attractive and exciting couple. Pauline, for one, worried about the stories which filtered back to Key West, and left her home for Paris in a final effort to save her marriage. She had even gained weight<sup>86</sup> and grown her hair longer in order to look more like Martha.<sup>87</sup>

After six straight weeks of being on war fronts, Hemingway and Gellhorn were celebrating a quiet, if premature, winter holiday in Barcelona.<sup>88</sup> After friends alerted him to Pauline's presence, Ernest boarded a train to Paris.<sup>89</sup> He toured the capital with his wife and agreed finally to sail with Pauline for Miami and home<sup>90</sup> where she had built for him the only swimming pool south of Miami at that time.<sup>91</sup> The reunion was strained, however. Hemingway refused to consider his affair with Gellhorn and blamed the failure of his marriage on Pauline's sister.<sup>92</sup>

Hardly one to sit and wait, Gellhorn had departed Spain for America, arriving December 24 to resume her fervent work on behalf of Spain. A few months earlier she had been recognized by the New York Times, along with Eleanor Roosevelt, as one of the few popular female lecturers.<sup>93</sup> Soon after the first of the year,

Gellhorn was engaged in a hectic-paced lecture tour to gain support and money for Spain. In St. Louis, Sioux City, Minneapolis, and Des Moines, Gellhorn outlined Spain's recent history, described conditions in Madrid, explained the war as a test of democracy, and impressed her audience with the need for their support.<sup>94</sup> In one speech she portrayed Spain as a single cell where the body's illness could be fought and arrested. Yet Gellhorn had never felt comfortable as a lecturer.<sup>95</sup> She hated the new celebrity status she had attained and she disliked lecturing well-intentioned people who knew little about politics and history. One hour was too short a time to tell them calmly of Franco, Hitler, Mussolini, and the Internationals. She did not know how to hold back, but spent herself at each lecture. The work and the pace soon proved intolerable. She broke under the strain of twenty-two lectures in less than a month. She had lost fourteen pounds in three weeks and had contracted a fever; the doctor advised that she quit before she crack.<sup>96</sup>

Martha Gellhorn could not stay away from the history-making war, however, and when sad news of Spain reached her she decided at once to sail. She knew that she was watching the infancy of the next world war and she condemned the foreign policies of England, France, and the United States for allowing Fascism to take hold in Europe. Her letters to Eleanor Roosevelt had often pleaded for help for Spanish refugees and statistically listed the degree to which the three Fascist states were involved in the war. Now as she sailed on the Cunard White Star, Martha Gellhorn bitterly asked Eleanor

Roosevelt why the United States did not lift its embargo to Spain. She wanted to know why every effort was being taken to insure that the next war would be a colossal massacre.<sup>97</sup> It was clear to her and to many others that Fascism could have been crushed early; instead the democracies permitted it to grow and flourish until a global war was needed to halt it.

Not yet thirty years old, Martha Gellhorn returned to Spain the spring of 1938 a seasoned war correspondent. By late April Collier's had assigned her to report on the reactions of Czechoslovakia, England, and France. The war was spreading and Gellhorn's reputation as a serious correspondent was growing.

3:4

#### A Turn for the Worse

After testing his weapons and strategies in Spain, Hitler had turned his menacing appetite to other countries. He had absorbed Austria into his growing German base in March of 1938 and had all but marched troops into Czechoslovakia that May. Since Czechoslovakia was both the strategic key in European defenses and Hitler's next target, Gellhorn flew into the only remaining democracy in central Europe. She was there that May when Czechoslovakia responded to Germany's threats by a quick and well-organized mobilization. That action, together with stern warnings from Russia and France, appeared to arrest Hitler and the Czechoslovakian spirit

rose. Infected with an optimism which hindsight can now brand naive, Gellhorn appraised the spirit and ability of the resisting people.

The war correspondent sent Collier's an article celebrating the heroic resistance Czechoslovakia planned against Hitler. Gellhorn implied that Czechoslovakia's well-trained, "formidable army of two and a half million men" could hold Germany. Although spotted with unfortunate facts, such as Czechoslovakia's strategic position in the way of westward expansion into Europe, Jewish merchants selling their shops for a loss, and young girls rehearsing with gas masks, Gellhorn's article is optimistic--as if to say good would triumph. She ignored the obvious, that important munitions industries and fortifications against Germany were in areas predominantly German and pro-Nazi. Instead, she praised the Czech people who stood ready to defend their democratic way of life.

They talk a great deal about democracy in Czechoslovakia because they think they may have to fight for it.

Gellhorn even suggested that such a battle was not inevitable. Yet she flaunted the people's cock-sureness, their daring the entire German army to attack, and she lovingly recalled that the refrain of a popular song in Prague was "All right, Adolf, come ahead."<sup>98</sup>

After returning to the Spanish front and then briefly sojourning in Paris, Martha Gellhorn traveled to England at the suggestion of Charles Colebaugh, editor of Collier's:

Her editor, three thousand miles away, in New York, was alarmed; he saw a civil war in Spain; he saw the French army manning three frontiers; the German army elated after its absorption of Austria; and the Czech army

digging in its third line of defense only twelve miles from Prague. He saw the British Isles, once immune from attack, now transformed through the development of aircraft into one of the most vulnerable targets in Europe. "What is the reaction of the British public?" he cabled. "Are the people alarmed? What do they think of Fascism or Aggression or the possibility of War?"<sup>99</sup>

Gellhorn entered Great Britain with a long nurtured disgust of the country's foreign policy, particularly its failure to help Spain. Virginia Cowles, who accompanied Martha in her investigation in England, recorded Gellhorn's indignation at the apathy she found. Beginning their exhibition in a working class pub in Birmingham and motoring north as far as Newcastle and then back again to London, the correspondents chose their subjects at random but found no one who considered Hitler a threat. Flabbergasted at this dangerous stupidity, Gellhorn was at a loss about how to answer her editor's reasonable questions. "I can't cable back, 'War! Who wants a War?'" she complained to Cowles. Yet even in the heaviest arms-producing cities, the Britons remained unconcerned.<sup>100</sup>

It was one thing for the British populace to be unaware of their own predicament, but when Gellhorn discovered that they were equally oblivious to the plight of the Spanish Loyalists and the Czechoslovakians, she threw herself into action. She told them stories intended to make them realize that all people were related and what happened to one group of them was happening to them all. Her investigation turned into a lecture tour with the English working man as her audience: "With a burst of exasperation Martha told them all about Adolf Hitler, his mighty armies and his host of

bombers." When the men failed to respond and merely regarded Martha Gellhorn as if she were a "bit queer," the furious correspondent complained to Sim Feversham, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Agriculture.<sup>101</sup>

Taking the whole situation lightly, Feversham amusingly dubbed the two women a pair of warmongers who were "just trying to upset the country and stir up trouble." Impressed with the seriousness of what she was finding, Martha Gellhorn told Feversham that she intended to instruct his peasants further. When he corrected her, explaining "'In England we call them farmers,'" Gellhorn made her point by responding, "'I know, that's what you call them.'"<sup>102</sup>

Feversham later led the indignant correspondents to one of his "farmer's" cottages. The man they encountered bowed several times, doggedly assuring his lord that he, too, believed all was right in the world, that Hitler desired no war with England, etc. Finally, Gellhorn could tolerate the man's bootlicking no longer. Stamping back across the field, she defiantly challenged Feversham:

"Just try coming to my country some day . . . you won't get all that bowing and scraping, and imagine putting ideas into that poor old man's head! When the war does come, you're corpse will be found bobbing about in the river and we'll know who did it. But you can rest assured I won't give him away."<sup>103</sup>

When the two women finally took leave of the Secretary, Gellhorn gave Cowles a capsulized version of the English character which Cowles thought memorable:

"And the worst part of it is, their skulls are so thick, you can't crack them. If the world came to an end

tomorrow, and there's only one person left, I know, it's bound to be an Englishman."<sup>104</sup>

Gellhorn's feelings toward British foreign policy and its apathetic populace rang clear in the heavily sarcastic article which later appeared in Collier's. She began her piece with the advertisements which cluttered the London Illustrated News, such as overhead roads, reinforced concrete buildings, Indestructo Laminated Glass, gas masks, etc. Yet, she added, and this was her point, "when you go to London you forget about the war."<sup>103</sup> Even the very high production of war machines with the majority of people at work producing them and the fact that this was all part of an all too familiar pattern failed to stir the English calm.

Gellhorn reserved the brunt of her criticism for the British government. Not only did she condemn the official encouragement of apathy and ignorance, but Gellhorn called Britain's very defense efforts shortsighted and ultimately ineffectual. England promised a free gas mask to every citizen in time of war, for example, when high-explosive bombs constituted the most serious threat. Gellhorn sarcastically complained:

. . . bomb shelters against high-explosive bombs are not being built, because they are too expensive, and the main plan of the A.R.P. is dispersal, which means that when the sirens howl out the warning, the citizens of England are supposed to go home and wait and try to think about something else.<sup>106</sup>

Gellhorn analyzed more objectively the defense plans England had for her coasts--the triple line of airfields, the famous 3.7 gun, the searchlight, the balloon barges--but suggested that these defenses



were also inadequate, unable to withstand the attack of the German army. Because the people expressed no political awareness, much less anxiety, over these worrisome conditions, Gellhorn concluded her article in resignation:

It rose from England like mist; it was as real as the London fog: everything's going to be all right-- somehow. And at last I thought, well, they certainly believe it, so maybe it's true: the Lord will provide for England.<sup>107</sup>

Less than a month after her visit to England, Gellhorn was in Paris, evaluating the French political acumen for the last article in the series. Favorably impressed with the people's awareness, Gellhorn praised the French whose minds needed no preparation for war, who required no consolation "with cheap gas masks," who did "not trust their badly printed feverish newspapers, but read them."<sup>108</sup> With respect for the reasons behind France's hesitation, Gellhorn applauded the country's wisdom:

France has great friends and a tested courage of her own; she believes she could win a war. But that's not what she wants. She has won wars before and knows there is nothing in it--nothing but heartbreak and calamity. This is what the men and women of France are thinking as the iron ring of enemies tightens around their land.<sup>109</sup>

Gellhorn stressed her agreement with the French consensus that in war "there is neither victory nor defeat; there is only catastrophe."<sup>110</sup>

Consequently, she explained, "the threat of war is used to blackmail, and England pays and France--bitterly--pays with her." Gellhorn was beginning to understand that neither country would

come to the aid of Czechoslovakia and that the noble republic would have to stand alone or fall.<sup>111</sup> Yet France was busily rearming and Gellhorn spent much of her article on army, navy, and air force statistics. The army was ready, Gellhorn wrote; the people were prepared. All depended on Hitler.

Gellhorn returned to Czechoslovakia after it had received its death warrant and she, like the brave democracy, was permanently affected. The apathy of the English people coupled with what she termed "Europe's betrayal" of Czechoslovakia were sufficient to crush her stubborn idealism. It was clear by September of 1938 that the world would stand by and allow Fascism to triumph in Spain, beating freedom and personal rights into nonexistence. As Facism's threat grew each day more visible and imminent, Gellhorn thought England's behavior and inadequate preparation more abhorrent and America's isolationism less excusable.

After 1938, after witnessing the merciless crush of right by wrong, the tone of Gellhorn's writing changed. Never again was she so naively idealistic. Before this time, Gellhorn gloried in danger because she embraced a Cause. Her themes espoused the beauty of heroism, self-sacrifice, and courage in those who faced inevitable defeat. Madrid was beautiful, the people were beautiful, the soldiers were beautiful. Sure of herself and her mission, Gellhorn

utilized journalism as a guiding light for those yet unenlightened. The naiveté reached its peak in her first article on Czechoslovakia where Gellhorn applauded the country's heroic attempts to halt Hitler with two and a half million men. Now, when she returned to Czechoslovakia in late 1938, she witnessed the "obituary of a democracy." Speaking in a tone newly dusted with cynicism and political wisdom, Gellhorn saw little glory in "the army that never had a chance to fight." In the threats of concentration camps and suicides she saw only horror. In lieu of the usually optimistic ending to her journalistic pieces, Gellhorn repeated the ominous words of a defeated soldier to indict all who failed to rally to the cause of freedom:

"You realize we were all alone," he said. "England and France will see for themselves when it is Alsace-Lorraine he wants, or colonies. Even the Poles will see when he wants the Corridor . . ."112

Gellhorn was bitter but she did not give up. Instead she sent Eleanor Roosevelt a long report detailing the horrors suffered by Czechoslovakian refugees. The First Lady thought the situation so appalling that she passed the report on to the President.

Gellhorn returned to Spain for the third and final winter of the Civil War. In Barcelona she witnessed the sad parade of departing Internationals, a desperate but futile gesture intended to shame Franco into sending home his foreign fighters. Gellhorn lamented most the effects of war on Spain's children. Innocent of both cause and current violence, the young ones were the greatest losers. Everywhere she looked, Gellhorn saw children with sickly

white faces and distended bellies. Even the teen-age girls who rouged their faces could not camouflage the effects of malnutrition. While money could be had and was in Barcelona and Madrid, there was scarcely any food to be bought with it and the innocent children were becoming deformed through lack of proper nourishment. In addition, three years, at the least, were stolen from their lives. Their parents, fearful of the massive bombings, forbade their children to attend school. Thus the young ones lost out on all sides; they grew up facing each day the realities of death, mutilation, and starvation, but never knew the whimsical life of children. The children's wards in the hospitals were filled to capacity, but were conspicuously lacking in the "safe" childhood afflictions of mumps, measles and the like.<sup>113</sup>

Despite the suffering the war extracted from them and their children, the Republicans fought on and Gellhorn could not help but admire their courage. She recalled that because they had no other place to spend it, the Barcelonians used their money for recreation. They loved the American westerns and considered the hero and horse far more thrilling than the constant covey of bombers who sent down more death and devastation with each pass. Martha Gellhorn watched the movies with her Spanish friends, sitting and scratching like them, from too little soap and too many fleas.<sup>114</sup>

In Barcelona and Madrid the correspondent learned what a weapon the airplane could be. At the first airbombings of civilians in history, the incidents would still have horrified the democratic

world had they not caused physical and spiritual torture to the cities' inhabitants.<sup>115</sup> With Italian and German aid, Franco eventually wore down the Loyalists until Barcelona fell in January of 1939 and Madrid on March 27.

Gellhorn left Spain in December of 1938, loaded with materials to be translated into fiction, or what she considered serious writing. Never again would the enemy be so plain and so hideous. Never again would Gellhorn confront him on such a personal level as in Madrid, where she fought Franco's broadcasts with one of her own.<sup>116</sup> Had the western world responded differently, Spain could have won and the holocaust yet to come could have been prevented.

While Spain would become a sad memory of liberties crushed, families killed, and children mutilated and orphaned, the war itself was an important step in the journalistic career of Martha Gellhorn. Motivating the writer was her conviction that Spain desperately needed the free world's help and that the people already there were courageously battling in what should have been everyone's fight for freedom. Once she began writing, she saw her material everywhere. There was news in the citizens of Madrid as well as in the international brigades and the obvious aid from Hitler and Mussolini. Although she had earlier complained that she knew nothing about war, there were top-notch correspondents, soldiers, and the event itself to teach her.

Gellhorn's first articles as a war correspondent were a good beginning for her journalistic development. Despite a subjective article on Czechoslovakia and general idealistic coloring, Gellhorn was already writing in 1937 and 1938 a hard, straightforward piece. Her front-line experience lent authority and authenticity; her detail selection was calculated to gain a particular reader reaction, but it was her facts more than her emotional appeal or sarcasm that convinced her Collier's readers that the English were stupid to be unprepared, that Czechoslovakia had been betrayed by a cowardly Europe, and that Hitler could have been stopped early had support been sent to those who struggled heroically in Spain. Hers was a name which was becoming familiar to Collier's subscribers for factual, front-line reporting. Because Gellhorn focused on the effects of the war on ordinary people rather than concentrate on political leaders, her American readers learned the terrors of living in a city which was bombed daily like Madrid, or one which was absorbed by Hitler's armies, like Prague. They understood how the people of France feared war even as they prepared for it; they knew the bitterness of the betrayed Czechoslovakian soldier. By showing the humanity behind the statistics, Gellhorn was bringing the current history of Europe into people's homes well before the advent of television.

Martha Gellhorn left Spain in the winter of 1938 and arrived in the United States on December 20. While she would not forget the misery she had seen in Spain and Czechoslovakia, she soon realized that the unconcern of Americans was largely due to the buffer of the Atlantic and she decided to accept the buoyancy of a physically-safe people to lift her own spirits. She was delighted to spend an old-fashioned Christmas with her family, the first in ten years. The occasion was made even brighter with the arrival of flowers from Eleanor Roosevelt.<sup>1</sup>

Martha Gellhorn stayed on in New York when her mother returned to St. Louis, planning to finish her business with Collier's and then head south at the end of the month for relaxation and story-writing.<sup>2</sup> Her plans were interrupted, however, by the death of her grandmother. Gellhorn returned to St. Louis to console her mother, remained until mid-month, and then returned to New York. On January 19 she attended a formal dinner at the White House and talked at length with Eleanor Roosevelt. Gellhorn had seen much in Spain and Europe which she wanted to share with the First Lady for both personal and political reasons--the embargo of Spain and

the neutrality laws, for example, she thought criminal. In addition, Eleanor Roosevelt could inform her on the recent workings of the governmental machine.

The correspondence between the First Lady and Martha Gellhorn that year reflected the writer's concern for those still fighting in Spain: Gellhorn's letters were full of requests for Eleanor Roosevelt to see or rescue key figures, to read particular books or reports, to encourage or discourage specific legislation. On her part, Gellhorn helped the men of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion readjust to civilian life by giving them money, editing their articles, and finding them jobs.<sup>3</sup>

Determined to begin some of the "serious writing" she had long been eager to do, Gellhorn picked up her mother in Washington in the end of January and the two of them drove south. As she motored through the States to Naples, Florida, Gellhorn's indignation toward the general American apathy cooled. She studied the people she encountered and realized that they, like the majority of people anywhere, were so busy trying to keep their own lives together that they had little time to reflect on the world's problems. She noted also that the inaccurately reported news was no incentive for their interest. The blame for America's inaction, she decided, lay with Congress.<sup>4</sup>

Although Gellhorn had set to work on the fiction which she would publish in the next years, she did keep her date with Hemingway



to rendezvous in Havana before spring. He was delighted to see Gellhorn in Cuba, but he had done nothing toward finding them a place to stay, having been too busy celebrating in bars the fact that he had already begun work on For Whom the Bell Tolls. Gellhorn, however, was determined to stay.<sup>5</sup> After a brief search, she located a one-story Spanish colonial which sat on the highest piece of land in the area and, although it was fifteen miles from Havana, had a lovely view of the city's lights.<sup>6</sup> When she brought Hemingway out to evaluate her find, her lover snubbed the place, complaining that it needed repair, was too far from downtown, and, at one hundred dollars a month, too expensive.<sup>7</sup>

Fearful of putting away her suitcase, even temporarily, and terrified of establishing roots, Gellhorn nevertheless set out to change Hemingway's mind. She hired craftspeople and servants at her own expense and ordered and shopped and cleaned until the decayed estate was transformed into a cozy villa.<sup>8</sup> When Hemingway returned from his fishing trip, she insisted he reconsider the Finca Vigía, as it was called, or "Look-out Farm."<sup>9</sup> He did and was so impressed with the metamorphosis that the couple took a lease and moved in.<sup>10</sup>

Because she had despised housework and grown tired from her labors, Gellhorn began to question the wisdom of her decision. She feared the anchoring effect of possessions and household and the interference of her new life with her writing. While the doubts evidently never disappeared they were partially relieved by the bursts of nature all around her and the warm, comfortable climate.

Rather than feel confined she felt almost inspired.<sup>11</sup> By March she had begun again to write.

As Hemingway progressed on For Whom the Bell Tolls, Gellhorn wrote stories, but concentrated her creative energies on a novel in which she sought to capture the suffering of the Czechoslovakian refugees. She foresaw a global war and figured that before long half the world would be refugees. Concerned both with educating her reader and writing good literature, Gellhorn had to reconcile the misery she felt it imperative to communicate with the overall interest level of the book. Her aim was to keep her material completely honest while preventing its becoming heavy with despair. The writing was frustrating, but Gellhorn kept at it. By the end of August she was in New York with the manuscript for A Stricken Field.<sup>12</sup>

The day she arrived in New York, Gellhorn learned that Collier's wanted her to investigate Russia and the correspondent readied herself once more for war, planning to set sail on the Normandie September 13. Martha Gellhorn and Eleanor Roosevelt managed to meet in late August in New York<sup>13</sup> and on September 11 President Franklin Roosevelt wrote a letter which was intended to facilitate Gellhorn's dangerous travels. Gellhorn had no official capacity, but the letter went a long way in making clear a connection between the correspondent and the White House. It read:

To All American Foreign Service Officers;

The bearer of this note, Miss Martha Gellhorn, is an old friend of Mrs. Roosevelt's and mine. For

a period of five months or so, Miss Gellhorn will visit Russia and various other countries. Her purpose is to secure material for publication by one of our weekly magazines.

I will appreciate it if you will kindly give her every assistance.

Very sincerely yours,  
[signed] Franklin D. Roosevelt<sup>14</sup>

Gellhorn was delighted with the letter and she both telegraphed Eleanor Roosevelt and wrote the President. Always careful to give generous thanks for considerate gifts, Gellhorn made clear her appreciation in a respectful and flattering letter to Franklin Roosevelt.<sup>15</sup>

While awaiting her Russian visa, Gellhorn caught the flu and, with her mother's and doctor's urgings and the agreement of Collier's, delayed sailing. After a brief stay with her mother in St. Louis, Gellhorn went west to recuperate<sup>16</sup> with Ernest Hemingway, who had broken with Pauline and was waiting for Martha in Sun Valley, a new resort in central Idaho. Gellhorn arrived in the small town in the Sawtooth Mountains in late September and she and Hemingway paid thirty-eight dollars a day for one of the most expensive suites in the Challenger Inn, the resort's main lodge. They spent the majority of their afternoons there hunting and fishing and Gellhorn thought the mountains a wonderful prescription for her cold.<sup>17</sup>

While the couple was enjoying the sunshine, fresh air, and serenity of the Idaho mountains, the European situation worsened. The secret nonaggression pact concluded between Germany and the USSR had untied Hitler's hands and left him free to attack Poland, which

he did September 1. England, together with France and almost all the members of the British Commonwealth, declared war on Germany and the second world war began. Gellhorn expected the news, yet to this day has no recollection of the exact declaration; her fears had often prompted her to skip the newspapers and avoid the radio. She did recall, as late as 1959, however, her scorn for the patriotic zeal of what she called the "Johnny-come-lately anti-Fascists":<sup>18</sup>

Beginning with Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland, repeated chances to prevent this war had been lost, and so had the chances to make war in the name of honor. This was the war to save our skins. It must absolutely be won; it was an overdue police operation, a war against, too late to be a war for. Now one could only ally one's mind and heart to the innocents --the various unknown people who would be paying for war, with all they had to love and lose.<sup>19</sup>

Gellhorn remained at the Sun Valley resort in October, using the isolated atmosphere to rewrite A Stricken Field and restore her strength. With Europe officially at war, however, and with all she loved being threatened, Gellhorn could hardly remain in the peaceful security of the Sawtooth Mountains. Russia had invaded Poland only two weeks after the German Blitzkrieg and annexed its eastern sector. Stalin continued his own expansion westward and demanded concessions from Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania; Finland alone refused to grant Russia border territories or to yield military rights within the country. With Leningrad only twenty miles from the Finnish border, Stalin insisted.<sup>20</sup>

That was the situation in early November when Charles Colebaugh of Collier's suggested that Gellhorn cover Finland for the

magazine. The correspondent fell swiftly to her research. Discovering a highly literate nation governed by a just democracy, Gellhorn knew that whatever happened between Russia and Finland, Finland would not be the aggressor. She eagerly accepted the assignment.<sup>21</sup> Hemingway made no serious attempt to keep Gellhorn from leaving him, but he was soon describing the "dark depths of his loneliness without her."<sup>22</sup>

Setting sail for England and then Finland, Gellhorn reflected on the "total madness" of the war begun by a "criminal lunatic." Once she had thought she understood war; now she was unsure. The glory had faded with Hitler's triumphs. After fourteen days of waiting to be sunk, of sliding through enemy and Allied mine fields, of eating food tasting like boiled cardboard,<sup>23</sup> Gellhorn knew she was committing herself to documenting the world's hellish course and she knew also the toll it would exact from her:

The sense of the insanity and wickedness of this war grew in me until, for purposes of mental hygiene, I gave up trying to think or judge, and turned myself into a walking tape recorder with eyes. The way people stay sane in war, I imagine, is to suspend a large part of their reasoning minds, lose most of their sensitivity, laugh when they get the chance, and go a bit, but increasingly crazy.<sup>24</sup>

Gellhorn arrived in the "strange frozen country" one dark afternoon in December and was awakened, promptly at nine the next morning by the first bombs, which were Russia's announcement that negotiations had failed. She wrote, describing yet another capital city where enemy bombs fell. While the situation was a familiar

one to her, it was not to the incredulous Finns. "For the first time in history they heard the sound of bombs falling on Helsinki," she wrote, "and they moved unhurriedly to bomb shelters or took cover in doorways and waited."<sup>25</sup>

Gellhorn admired the Finns who developed a country where, she noted, men did not suffer from unemployment nor starve, where all received education and health care, where guarantees were legally instituted to insure an equal division of wealth. Gellhorn sympathized in her articles the people's hatred of war and their clear knowledge of its consequences. She explained how they intelligently accepted the disaster of war with calm "because [they] had no choice," and decided to "fight a defensive war rather than lose their country, their republic and their hard-working, unaggressive, decent way of life."<sup>26</sup> Gellhorn concluded one article by depicting a nine year-old who grew angry watching the Russian bombers, but there was none of the false optimism of the early Czechoslovakian article. In fact, there was no optimism.

Remaining in Finland to cover the war, Gellhorn sent informative dispatches back to the States. The Finns, she felt, were undoubtedly the superior race. They systematically destroyed anything that could be useful to the Russians, thus forcing them, à la Napoleon, into an unfriendly climate without food or shelter. The Finnish soldiers were shocked by the inexperienced, louse-infected Russian prisoners who had had only ten hours of combat flying training and insisted that Finland had attacked Russia. The tale of the

Russian infantry column which attacked "en masse in line" while "hidden and dispersed Finns mowed them down with marching gun fire" was another story Gellhorn reported, noting the Finn's regret at the human slaughter.<sup>27</sup>

Gellhorn fought for permission to visit the front, prepared as she was to walk through eight kilometers of frozen forests, where every inch seemed taken up "by either a tree or a granite boulder." The General refused his permission and Gellhorn, well worn in arguing with generals, recognized the futile game. Nevertheless, her persistence and the unofficial letter she carried from President Roosevelt won her a trip and she crossed the Mannerheim Line of defenses, visiting the airfields and Viipuri prison.<sup>28</sup> Throughout her stay in Finland and especially on her excursions through the forests, Gellhorn was exposed to frigid temperatures. Even her array of woolen underwear, flannel slacks, sweater, leather jacket, fur coat, heavy shoes, wool socks, and fur-lined gloves was no match for Finland's winter.<sup>29</sup> Many admired her uncomplaining conduct and Hemingway was astounded at her courage. When interviewed a few years later, he heartily applauded her endurance:

She hates the cold and it really hurts her. But she was the first journalist, man or woman, to get to the front in the Finnish War and she wrote fine dispatches from there, with the cold never about 20 below zero.<sup>30</sup>

On the night that the Russians presented the Finns with an ultimatum threatening to bomb Helsinki off the map unless their demands were accepted, Frank Hayne, assistant American Military Attache to Moscow, remembers seeing "a beautiful, demure-looking blonde

sitting in the corner of the Kamp restaurant." Recognizing her as an American and thus in need of protection, Hayne introduced himself, explained the ultimatum and the order that all Americans leave, and asked if she wanted to be evacuated.

"'Christ, yes!'" she responded. Her job in Finland was completed and she was now anxious to return to Hemingway and home.

Surprised at her abruptness, Hayne instructed her to pack. "Five minutes later," he recalls, she came downstairs "with a pair of pyjamas and a bottle of whiskey" and he "'knew at once this girl had been evacuated before.'"31

Gellhorn returned home around Christmastime, stopping in Paris to try to rescue "some friends who were imprisoned with the defeated Spanish army beside the Mediterranean, in holes dug on the beach at Argeles." Gellhorn could interest no one in the project and "realized finally how unwise it was to be 'prematurely anti-Fascist.'"32 Paris taught her the reality of political injustice, a lesson she would not forget:

It was an important lesson for me because I decided I had learned the same thing over and over, for long enough; political reality and political morality have nothing to do with each other.<sup>33</sup>

Since Gellhorn had known most of the powerful men in France from her youthful political activity there, she was in a good position to judge that the French ruling class could not comprehend the seriousness of the war. Saddened, she bade good-bye to three French people who she believed "were so fin that they were sure to be killed" and fled from Europe. Once again she sought a temporary refuge:



I didn't think there would be a battle, I thought there would be a massacre, and I could not bear to witness another, to watch helplessly while the innocent were destroyed.<sup>34</sup>

The letter bearing Franklin Roosevelt's signature which Gellhorn had carried into Finland had helped to pacify Finnish authorities. Now she reported her observations back to the White House. Joseph Lash recalls Eleanor Roosevelt's wish to read aloud one of Martha Gellhorn's letters. Reminding her guests that her close friend had just returned from Finland, the First Lady read the letter which stressed that the popular view of the Finnish resistance--that it was a Mannerheim-Hoover plot to subvert the Soviet government--was mere "Communist rot." Gellhorn explained that it was in reality a "poor man's war," and that Finland was fighting for its independence. She contrasted the brave, disciplined Finnish army with the sloppiness of the Russian. Eleanor Roosevelt made clear her agreement with Gellhorn's advice that the United States stay out of the war but aid Finland,<sup>35</sup> later writing her friend that a loan was planned.<sup>36</sup> She thought Gellhorn's articles from Finland "among the finest on the war"<sup>37</sup> and continued to mention her friend in her column.

When Gellhorn had returned to Cuba in January she found that Hemingway was faring well with his novel.<sup>38</sup> To Gellhorn, who always preferred warm climates, Cuban life presented a welcome change to the sub-zero temperatures of the Finnish terrain. In contrast to the chronic bombings which pounded the cities of Finland, the only sounds

to disturb her at the Finca that winter were the birds singing in the big Ceiba tree.<sup>39</sup>

Gellhorn and Hemingway played tennis in the afternoon and their life together once again seemed harmonious.<sup>40</sup> So testified Leicester Hemingway who visited his brother at the Finca. Leicester recalls a moment when Martha swam over toward them and the drink that awaited her: "When she surfaced from the clear water, laughing and reaching for her drink, Ernest would grin, 'That's my mermaid. What a woman that one is.'"<sup>41</sup> Leicester Hemingway concurred with his brother's sentiments, describing Martha as "enchanting" with her "wondrous" stories from Finland and the hunting knives which the Finns had given her. Impressed equally with her character and looks, Leicester stated that Martha Gellhorn "had real brains, beauty and the body of a Circe."<sup>42</sup>

The most serious source of friction in the couple's marital life was Hemingway's excessive drinking. One Sunday in February he broke down and took Martha to the movies as attempted reconciliation for staying out until three that morning.<sup>43</sup>

Yet even a week's visit from her mother in the spring had done nothing to arrest Gellhorn's growing restlessness and by June the writer was itching once again to leave the isolated villa. Infuriated by the threats of increased taxes and the gross misuse of federal monies, Gellhorn bristled at American politics. She longed to discover the facts for herself. When Hemingway responded to her needs with criticism rather than empathy, Gellhorn left for New

York.<sup>44</sup> She finished a twenty-thousand word story in the city and then moved into the White House to write some articles and chat with Eleanor Roosevelt in the First Lady's spare moments. In between their political discussions Gellhorn quizzed her friend on the subject of motherhood. With Hemingway's sons spending their summers at the Finca, Gellhorn had become their mother-by-proxy and the appointment both excited and worried her. After almost a month in the States, Gellhorn returned to Cuba where her mother joined her once again in mid-July.<sup>45</sup>

The visit was like a holiday as Martha, in an attempt to coax her mother to relax, swam with her in the clear Cuban waters and sunbathed on the bleached beaches. She and Ernest took Edna fishing on the Gulf where the trio watched a whale shark swim by the boat and spotted a marlin leaping through the distant waves.<sup>46</sup> Like any intimate couple, however, Ernest and Martha had their problems and their strong personalities clashed even in the presence of Martha's mother. One day Gellhorn stalked into a bar where Hemingway was talking politics with a friend. He was over two hours late for a date with Martha and her mother. As Hemingway mumbled an apology Gellhorn shrugged it off and stormed, "'You can stand me up . . . but you can't do that to my mother.'" Hemingway silently paid the bill and "sheepishly followed her out."<sup>47</sup>

By August Hemingway had finished For Whom the Bell Tolls. Although his heroine took her name from a nurse he had met in Spain, Maria's physical characteristics, especially the blonde hair which

flowed "like a wheat field in the wind," composed a special tribute to Martha Gellhorn. In addition, Hemingway had made clear his feelings in the dedication: "This book is for Martha Gellhorn."<sup>48</sup> The couple took advantage of the occasion to remember their close friend, Herbert Matthews, who was together with them in Spain, and sent him a copy of the book, inscribed, "To Herbert with love from Martha and Scrooby."<sup>49</sup>

That summer the writers flew to New York to proof the galleys of Hemingway's novel.<sup>50</sup> Staying at the Barclay on East 48th Street, they entertained Robert Capa, H. G. Wells, and several other friends.

The couple planned a vacation in Sun Valley with Hemingway's sons and, after three years of what Gellhorn termed "living in contented sin," decided to be married as soon as Hemingway's divorce from Pauline was completed. Martha Gellhorn was far from overwhelmed at marrying.<sup>51</sup> With the war escalating in Europe, her freedom and mobility were more precious to her in 1940 than ever before. There was always that tension between her independence and Hemingway's demands; yet there was an attraction too. His talent, his zest for living, his interests challenged her own.

When she stopped in St. Louis to call on her mother, Martha's doubts were exacerbated by her mother's advising against the marriage. Nevertheless, she met Hemingway in Sun Valley<sup>52</sup> and refrained from calling him "the Pig," the name she had affectionately dubbed him during the Spanish Civil War when he weighed over two hundred pounds and his receding hairline and clumsy clothes contributed to an awesome

image.<sup>53</sup> The couple returned to their plush suite, paying now the celebrity rate of one dollar a day.<sup>54</sup> Gellhorn took advantage of the October vacation to begin work on a collection of short stories. Although writing, anticipating her marriage, and shooting jackrabbits with Ernest and his sons,<sup>55</sup> Gellhorn was already planning to investigate China's Burma Road once her volume of stories was completed.<sup>56</sup>

In a rare moment, Edna Gellhorn flew to Sun Valley.<sup>57</sup> The woman who had raised her children to make their own decisions tried to discourage Martha and Ernest from legalizing their relationship. Hemingway, who deeply respected Edna Gellhorn, was hurt, especially as his prospective bride began to balk.<sup>58</sup>

4:2

#### Honeymoon Over the Burma Road

The uncontested divorce was awarded to Pauline on grounds of desertion on November 4<sup>59</sup> and Hemingway and Gellhorn, pleased that nothing harmful had been said, left Sun Valley on the 20th to be married the next day in Cheyenne, Wyoming.<sup>60</sup> A Justice of the Peace performed a simple ceremony in the Union Pacific Railroad dining room. According to both AP and UPI reports, Hemingway gave his age as forty-one and Gellhorn gave hers as twenty-eight, even though she would have been thirty-two that November.<sup>61</sup> Oddly opposed to Gellhorn's earlier comment, Hemingway announced that it was "wonderful to be legal."<sup>62</sup>

The couple drove to Kansas City and entrained from there to New York<sup>63</sup> where they continued what Gellhorn called their "hectic" honeymoon. The purpose of the New York destination were twofold. Collier's had consented to send Gellhorn to China, the Phillippines, and the Burma Road and had asked her to report to the New York office on December 7. The plan was for her to leave first and Hemingway to follow a month later. Long eager to see the Orient, she was delighted to have earned her way there,<sup>64</sup> explaining to a reporter, "'Right now I'm the war correspondent in the family.'"<sup>65</sup> Gellhorn's idea of fun, Hemingway commented, "was to celebrate the rest of their honeymoon on the Burma Road."<sup>66</sup>

Martha Gellhorn's devotion to front-line events was strong. She had been in the western hemisphere long enough to revitalize her spirit and to complete almost two books; now she wanted to return to the action on the other side of the world. The events in Europe had been devastating, however, and Gellhorn could not bring herself to watch the destruction she was sure would come. When she later recalled the year, Gellhorn considered 1940 the "most ominous year of the war," a year when the bell tolled daily for free peoples:

Far off, safe in the sun, I listened to the radio, a daily funeral bell. The defeat of Finland; the Nazi invasion of Denmark and Norway; the failure of the British campaign in Norway; the Nazi invasion of Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg; the Nazi terror raid on Rotterdam; the surrender of the Dutch and Belgium armies; the Dunkirk evacuation; the Battle of France, immediately followed by the parade of the Nazi army down the Champs-Elysees; Italy's entry into the war; the French armistice with Germany and Italy; the Battle of Britain and from then on, through the blitz,

through the winter, the awful mounting toll of the civilian dead; the pact between Germany, Italy and Japan, called horribly "The New Order"; the Italian attack on Greece; the start of the war in the western desert.<sup>67</sup>

More than the conquests of the European democracies and the escalation of the war, Gellhorn hated the German Gestapo:

War and death could be borne; what was beyond our imagination, and the root of all fear, was the tortures of the Gestapo. So in 1940 Europe was lost and the Gestapo hunted over the Continent, searching for the best and the bravest.<sup>68</sup>

Few were concerned about the war in China in 1940, for it was not yet part of the second world war, but Gellhorn judged that as one of the Axis powers, Japan would become a menace in the Far East. She knew also that the civil war raging in China had temporarily been halted. The leaders, Chiang Kai-shek (Nationalist Party) and Mao Tse-tung (Communist), had established a shaky alliance in 1937 in order to ward off the second large-scale invasion of the Japanese, whose aggression had begun in 1931 with the invasion of Manchuria. Gellhorn wanted to see for herself the extent of the Japanese threat and the political maneuverings of the Chinese. She anticipated writing a book centered, however, not around the political giants but on the Burma Road,<sup>69</sup> the fourteen hundred mile highway between Kunming, China and Lashio, Burma upon which the Chinese depended as a supply route.

When Hemingway returned to Cuba Gellhorn stayed on in New York to arrange her travel papers. After Eleanor Roosevelt made clear her desire to help, Gellhorn sent the First Lady a copy of

the letter the President had given her before she went to Finland, suggesting that her destination be changed to the inclusive "Far East" and that her name be written as Mrs. Martha Gellhorn Hemingway. Thankful for the Presidential assistance, Gellhorn flew to Cuba to spend a relatively quiet Christmas with Hemingway, whom she had already begun to miss. She loved having his children join them and began to appreciate the marriage. Already regretting the planned six-week separation, Martha Gellhorn was beginning to understand the conflicts of having both career and husband.<sup>70</sup>

Concluding the peaceful holiday in Cuba, Gellhorn headed for St. Louis and a week's visit with her mother. While there she took time to write friends in Florida and arrange a secluded vacation spot for Eleanor Roosevelt, who she believed was badly in need of rest. She also consented to lecture at John Burroughs School, her alma mater, and surprised herself at the confidence she felt when she told students that above all, individual freedom mattered.<sup>71</sup>

Happy that they had decided to wait until they could leave for the Far East together, Martha Gellhorn left St. Louis to rendezvous with Ernest Hemingway in New York, where they made extensive preparations for their trip. The couple left the Lombardy Hotel and flew to Los Angeles on January 27 where they were met by Gary Cooper. A friend of both of theirs, Cooper was Hemingway's choice for Jordan in the movie of For Whom the Bell Tolls. On January 30 they lunched with Ingrid Bergman, his choice for Maria.<sup>72</sup> The earlier rumors predicting Gellhorn's starring as Maria were finally



laid to rest despite the urging of an executive producer at Paramount who sought to hire her for the part.<sup>73</sup>

The couple set sail for Honolulu on the Matsonia in February.<sup>74</sup> Once there, Gellhorn took advantage of the tropical climate to swim, surf, and prove again that she was an expert rifle shot.<sup>75</sup> In hops across the Pacific like a skipping stone, the Pan American ship steamed from Honolulu to Midway, Wake, Guam, Manila, and finally to Hong Kong.<sup>76</sup> There the honeymooners rented a luxurious suite. Instead of the tensions they expected in a city so close to war, the couple found the British colony's atmosphere filled with beauty, food, and entertainment. Gellhorn called it a "continuous circus."<sup>77</sup>

Collier's had assigned the correspondent to analyze the defenses of Hong Kong, Singapore, and the Dutch East Indies, to observe the Burma Road, and to report on the action in the Sino-Japanese war. She began the last two parts of the staggering assignment first. One morning at 4:30, Gellhorn left Hong Kong's cold and windy airfield and boarded a China National Aviation Corporation plane. On her way to Chungking, the then capital city some eight hundred miles inland from Hong Kong, Gellhorn would cross both Japanese lines and mountain ranges exceeding 9,000 feet altitudes. Yet since the plane carried no de-icing equipment, it was forced to fly under a ceiling of 16,000 feet. In weather in which no American plane would fly, the CNAC DC-2 took off, "sliding and swaying into the wind."<sup>78</sup> Gellhorn had another story.

At 13,000 feet the red and green wing lights blinked off. By the time the sun rose, Gellhorn had been battered against the seat in front of her, hail had rapped the wings and fuselage, ice had formed on the wings and propellers. When the plane landed in Chungking the weather was too good for it to take off again for Kunming. When it finally did arrive in the southern Chinese city, the DC-2 barely missed a Japanese attack there and took off again in dark, treacherous weather. After twelve hours of roller coaster flying, covering a greater distance than that between Los Angeles and St. Louis, Gellhorn landed in Lashio, and slept "soundly on beds with boards instead of springs." At dawn she took a bath in a tin washtub, and then inspected Lashio. She noted the end of the railroad from Rangoon (southern coastal Burma) and the beginning of the 1,407 mile-long Burma Road into China.<sup>79</sup>

In a dispatch, Gellhorn described the incredible trip, lavishing praise on the eight American pilots and five planes responsible for keeping open the shortest route into China:

Without heroics, they do the most dangerous commercial flying in the world. The red-haired Virginian who runs the show said, "the only way to make these planes safe is to keep them on the ground."<sup>80</sup>

She later confessed that her China articles were "not entirely candid." Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek impressed her as the "two most determined people" she had ever met. "Immensely intelligent, gracious," yet "inhuman," Gellhorn judged the Chinese rulers to be ruthlessly obsessed with power; but because she had accepted their

hospitality, she felt obligated not to write unkind words. Gellhorn resolved never again to accept a political invitation.<sup>81</sup>

In March Hemingway accompanied her on another adventure, this time to the Canton front and the Seventh Army headquarters. Leaving from Hong Kong, the couple flew northwest for one and a half hours over mountains and Japanese lines, "landing blind on a mud field inside China." From there they rode, with five Chinese, in a rickety old Chevy over a muddy road until reaching the Seventh War Zone headquarters at Shaokwan. The next day, the general in command of the zone invited them to lunch, introducing them to rice wine. According to Carlos Baker, Gellhorn sickened at the drink made with "small snakes coiled in the bottom of the bottles," and Hemingway later reported that Gellhorn, repulsed by the squalor and unnerved by the "fungus infection on her hands and feet," pleaded with him. "'Papa,'" she is to have said, "'if you love me, get me out of China.'" <sup>82</sup> In her own article, however, Gellhorn flatly commented that "even in a prohibition army, there is always rice wine for visitors" and described the luncheon as a gay, if Bacchanalian affair.<sup>83</sup> Gellhorn later recalled that while she and Hemingway both hated the ubiquitous filth and disease of China, Hemingway was more vocal about it and taunted her by repeatedly asking, "Who got us here?" <sup>84</sup> It was he who left the country first, leaving Martha Gellhorn to carry out her professional responsibilities.

The Canton trip might have forced Hemingway's decision. After a truck trip through wildernesses where the road disappeared

for miles at a time, Gellhorn and Hemingway reached the front. There it was necessary for the couple to take to the saddle and it was there that the Mr. Ma incident, which Gellhorn will include in her next book, Mr. Ma's Tiger, took place. The horses they were told to mount were little larger than Shetland ponies and Gellhorn had all she could do to keep from dragging her feet. Ernest Hemingway refused to mount the creature and hauled it up over his arms, instead. Gellhorn ordered him to put the horse down, fearful of offending their guide, Mr. Ma. Hemingway resisted, pretending sympathy for the horse that was to carry him and continued to hold it off the ground. Gellhorn again insisted that he put the animal down, the couple eventually convincing Mr. Ma and their Chinese hosts that they were better hikers than horse men.<sup>85</sup>

On foot and horseback through mud and rain, Gellhorn traveled to inspect the Canton fighting front for Collier's. What most impressed her was the abject poverty of the Chinese soldier who was given the equivalent of twenty-three American cents plus a rice allowance each month. Although she admired the qualities she found innate in the Chinese people and thought they would protect their lands from the Japanese invaders, Gellhorn reacted violently to the economic and health conditions:

I felt that it was pure doom to be Chinese; no worse luck could befall a human being than to be born and live there, unless by some golden chance you happened to be born one of the .00000099 percent who had power, money, privilege (and even then, even then). I pitied

them all, I saw no tolerable future for them, and I longed to escape from what I escaped into: the age-old misery, filth, hopelessness, and <sup>86</sup>my own claustrophobia inside that enormous country.

In April, the fatigued Hemingway returned to Hong Kong and Gellhorn headed south two thousand miles to Jakarta, capital of the Republic of Indonesia. Resenting her extended absence, Hemingway later told a story, which Baker says was "probably invented," of a night spent with three beautiful Chinese women. He finally left Asia in May, returning to New York. While she deplored the filth and poverty which she encountered everywhere in China, Martha Gellhorn gave little thought to her own comfort, taking pride in completing her assignments, even under nightmarish conditions such as these.

After a tedious voyage aboard a Chinese clipper, Martha Gellhorn finally landed in San Francisco on May 28. Depressed by her appearance after months in China, she spent a few hours shopping in the city before boarding a United Air Lines plane for Los Angeles. She stopped once again to see her mother in St. Louis before joining Hemingway in New York City.<sup>87</sup>

On their way home, Martha Gellhorn and Ernest Hemingway stopped to report their observations to the military in Washington. Gellhorn, who considered the English presence in the Orient uninspiring and their defense systems in Singapore inadequate, was complimented on her sharp analysis.<sup>88</sup>

After a working summer at the Finca, Gellhorn and Hemingway returned north for a vacation at their favorite resort. Gellhorn had

finished her collection of short stories and sent Eleanor Roosevelt the first copy of The Heart of Another. For the first time, she felt satisfied with one of her books, believing that she had successfully invested the stories with a depth which greatly enriched them.<sup>89</sup> Soon after Gellhorn sent the book she and Hemingway met Gary Cooper and his wife at Sun Valley. The four enjoyed each other's company as well as some rigorous hunting and skeet shooting.<sup>90</sup>

Hemingway's sons also joined the party and they delighted in their stepmother's presence. Gregory, in particular, remembers how he savored his moments with his "Marty." Not only was he impressed with her pure skin and honey-blond hair, but Gregory appreciated her patience and vitality. Fascinated by her stories of China and Spain and faraway places, Gregory fondly recalls that his stepmother understood when to keep silent. Above all, she spoke to the nine-year old boy as an equal, and this action won Martha Gellhorn her stepson's love.<sup>91</sup>

The boys joined Hemingway and Gellhorn each morning at Sun Valley and the four went shooting together. Later in the month, Gellhorn and her husband canoed down the Sun Valley Creek hunting wild duck.<sup>92</sup>

On December 3, 1941 Martha Gellhorn and Ernest Hemingway left Sun Valley for the Grand Canyon.<sup>93</sup> A few days later they stopped in a "dingy little bar" on the Mexican border, ordered daiquiris, and had begun talking about cattle-raising in Arizona

when a ragged Indian child entered the bar. Clutching sweaty newspapers, the boy quietly said, "'Con la guerra, la guerra.'" The magnetic words gradually drew attention and Gellhorn bought a newspaper and read through the smeary type announcing both the Pearl Harbor attack and America's declaration of war. She was ashamed that a country which preached freedom for all peoples had to be forced into a war against Fascism and later commented that

It seemed a dreadful way for a great nation to get into a war--blown in, with its fleet down.<sup>94</sup>

4:3

## Tensions at Home

Although Martha Gellhorn feared what she thought would be the inevitable destruction of Europe, she could not help but want to be there, to see for herself and document the history. Her initial attempts to get across the Atlantic were stymied, however, by the United States military who refused to allow women into combat areas. Having no wish to report anything secondary, Gellhorn prepared herself for her eventual departure to the front by reading the infantryman's manual and studying automatic weapons, tanks, planes, and strategies that would be pertinent to a global conflict with air forces.<sup>95</sup>

Angered at the limitations others put on her sex, Gellhorn nevertheless found a temporary contentment in the peacefully beautiful Cuban life. She and Ernest spent two weeks in Mexico City as

guests of wealthy Americans and Martha later flew to St. Louis to visit her mother.<sup>96</sup> Yet, by mid-July Gellhorn was paralyzed by conflicts. The Cuban pleasures were mixed. While she loved the warmth and sun of the Caribbean and the constant mingling with exciting people, Gellhorn was upset both by her isolation from news centers and the increasing strain in her relationship with her husband. Although the couple enjoyed many grand times and often laughed until they "roared on the floor," it was doubtful that they would ever again be as happy as they had been in Spain. Gellhorn was coming to realize that the best in their relationship had peaked before their marriage. Her tolerance of his eccentricities, especially his excessive drinking, was ebbing. When he was angry, his bursts of temper might result in anything--glasses thrown about, windows shot out, people hurt or embarrassed. As the only glassware in the house was her fine family crystal, Gellhorn made a point to buy some cheap glasses which could be readily accessible for Hemingway's frequent tantrums.<sup>97</sup>

Gellhorn was beginning to realize that her husband's eccentricities extended beyond those of genius. Sometimes before their marriage, he had explained to her how he could kill himself with a shotgun by using his toe to spring the trigger.<sup>98</sup> The extent of the violence in Hemingway was evidenced years after her marriage, when his son, Patrick, sustained a concussion as a result of a car accident. Martha Gellhorn later told Carlos Baker that because Patrick had revealed in his delirium his hate for his father, Ernest Hemingway



had kept his son in a strait-jacket and had him given electric shock treatments.<sup>99</sup> Hemingway's outbursts worried Gellhorn even as early as the 1940's and it was then that she began to fear that while her husband was part genius he was also part mad.<sup>100</sup>

Hemingway loved publicity while Gellhorn, a cherisher of privacy, deplored it. Thus the time in Hemingway's life when he was least in the news was when he was married to Martha Gellhorn. She ducked pictures, interviews, every sort of publicity. Her insistence was difficult for Hemingway, who thrived on sensationalism.<sup>101</sup>

Differences seemed to spring up between the couple where before there had appeared common ground. When Gellhorn wanted to see a play or movie Hemingway insisted on attending boxing matches and sporting events; when she wanted to keep their place neat he seemed to revel in the "manliness" of dirt. While he probably exaggerated Gellhorn's interest in neatness, Hemingway elaborated to A. E. Hotchner this particular rift between them (One should consider the post-divorce bitterness in evaluating this comment.):

She liked everything sanitary. Her father was a doctor, so she made our house look as much like a hospital as possible. No animal heads, no matter how beautiful, because they were unsanitary. Her Time friends all came down to the "Finca," dressed in pressed flannels, to play impeccable, pity-pat tennis. My pelota pals also played, but they played rough. They would jump into the pool all sweated and without showering because they said only fairies took showers . . . . That began the friction between Miss Martha and me--my pelota friends dirtying up her Time pals!<sup>102</sup>

Growing increasingly scornful of his wife's ambitions, Hemingway resented Gellhorn's frequent absences. Yet she insists that the

whole problem of her being away could have been prevented had Ernest been "less tight" with his money. Because they financed their living expenses on a fifty-fifty basis, Gellhorn needed to work to pay her share. Had Hemingway ever said that he had money enough for both of them Gellhorn would have had no reason to leave him. She took advantage of his silence on the subject to quit Cuba and travel elsewhere.<sup>103</sup>

Gellhorn realizes now that Hemingway wanted to own and command everything, even her. The more he tried to bind her, however, the more she clung to her independence. The situation was exacerbated by her anxiety about European affairs. She felt obligated by the marital ties, disgusted by the world's atrocities, and longed "to forget both and join those who were suffering in the war."<sup>104</sup> She compromised temporarily by accepting an assignment for Collier's a six-week investigatory cruise of the Caribbean.

Once again, Eleanor Roosevelt interceded in order to facilitate Gellhorn's travels. This time, however, the First Lady could not help. France refused the correspondent permission to visit Martinique and French Guiana<sup>105</sup> and, had it not been for a stealthy entry *icognito*, Gellhorn would have missed the French colonies altogether.

Martha Gellhorn said good-bye to Hemingway and his sons, who had come for a vacation, and left Cuba during hurricane season on a small potato boat with one sail, no motor, and a crew of five

blacks. Ernest remained behind to reflect on the many times Martha had left him.<sup>106</sup>

The investigatory cruise, as Carlos Baker called it, was no pleasurable sight-seeing tour; rather, Gellhorn planned to search for German submarines where foreign freighters were being sunk. Longing to send Collier's first-hand war material, Gellhorn determined to find whatever Caribbean warfare there was and she paid her crew exorbitantly to head for the areas where submarines were rumored. Although the confrontation between sloop and sub never occurred, the trip was not without adventure.

After a fierce storm, her crew abandoned her on an island. Gellhorn managed to locate a radio and send for help. Although the correspondent refuses to detail each part of the trip, she does recall a hollowed out tree trunk which she and another all-black crew floated in sometime later up an uncharted river. The "cruise," she states, ended in a "dinghy" with yet another black crew. When Gellhorn's health finally succumbed to the hardships, she contracted a disease which manifested all the symptoms of malaria, making her feel that all her bones had been broken.<sup>107</sup>

Throughout this harrowing journey, Gellhorn had faithfully been gathering material for Collier's. From Cuba she had sailed to Haiti and Puerto Rico, later sending Collier's an article on the American territory. In "A Little Worse Than Peace," Gellhorn illustrated the courage of yet another national group. In one example after another, Gellhorn portrayed the average Puerto Rican adjusting

to the scarcity of goods and the bite of the depression. Her politics were again clear as she criticized the "thin top layer of society" that remained unaffected by war or depression. Despite the poverty, malnutrition, and scarcity of many products, Gellhorn speculated that the island territory was a welcome outpost for soldiers from the States. Aware of the interests of her continental readers, Gellhorn described how "the American boys" had to adapt to climate, language, and custom. They might not realize at first, she explained, that when they invited a girl to the movies they had also to buy a ticket for her chaperone.

Gellhorn followed the island chain to South America. Once there she explored the jungle around Paramaribo in Surinam (Dutch Guiana) and investigated yet another outpost for American soldiers.

In "Holland's Last Stand," an article published that December by Collier's, Gellhorn inoffensively confronted her readers with their ignorance of the Dutch colony. After a brief history of the country, she explained Surinam's importance to the war effort:

For the Dutch it is no longer a forgotten colony but the last big piece of land that remains their own and free. For us, it means aluminum from the bauxite mines--an enormous percentage of the aluminum we must have for our war industries.<sup>108</sup>

Consistent with her thoroughness and curiosity, Gellhorn investigated the jungle, the capital, the biggest bauxite mine, the American soldiers stationed there, and a Bush Negro village. She drove over the narrow road to Albina, the Dutch outpost bordering French Guiana. There she noted a number of Indian villages and

spied the French penal colony of Saint Laurent. Still smitten by France's refusal to grant her a visa, Gellhorn determined to see the inside of the prison and judge for herself how well it was run. She posed as a tourist from Paramaribo wanting to buy convict-made trinkets and she enlisted the aid of a friendly Dutchman. He managed to get her into the prison and they both spoke "ungrammatical German loudly" and encountered no resistance. In her article, Gellhorn lashed out at the harsh treatment in what she labeled "morgues-for-the-living," calling French Guiana a shameful country. She ended this article, like the one in Puerto Rico, with a warm look at the American boys who were in Surinam.<sup>109</sup>

Satisfied with her adventure if not the relevance of her journalism, Gellhorn happily returned to the safety of the Finca in late September. Delighted to be back with Hemingway and their menagerie of ducks, dogs, cats, chickens, lovebirds, and pigeons, Gellhorn finished three articles. Encouraged by her industry and the money it earned, she began work on Liana, a novel set in the Caribbean.<sup>110</sup> The marital relationship again became strained, however, and as Hemingway was intolerant of her being away, Martha Gellhorn made a point of rarely being home. After a little more than a month, Gellhorn took off for New York and Collier's. Before flying from there to the White House for an extended stay, Gellhorn took time to lecture to Sarah Lawrence College students in Bronxville.<sup>111</sup>

The correspondent remained in the Presidential mansion even after its chief residents departed. After talking at great length with Gellhorn, Eleanor Roosevelt had left for Great Britain. Gellhorn

took advantage of her moments with the President to talk to him about the political matters most urgent to her. When he, too, departed for the weekend, Martha Gellhorn retired with a cold to Lincoln's bed.<sup>112</sup>

When she did return to Hemingway in late November, for what he called "a spot of domesticity," their relationship suffered in-creasing tension. Gellhorn found the noise and frequent interrup-tions from Hemingway's guests detrimental to her writing. When he entertained his friends with discussions on the "great unending battle between men and women," they knew his source to be domestic.<sup>113</sup>

Gellhorn's Caribbean retreat had been partially motivated by her need to declare her independence from Hemingway's possession. After five years he had grown intolerant of his egotism. His obses-sion for "manufactured glamour" involved her involuntarily and cruelly:

One night in Havana he scolded her publicly for lack of generosity in Christmas gifts to the Finca servants, and then drove the Lincoln home alone, leaving her to fend for herself. On another evening, when she insisted on driving because he had been drinking, he slapped her with the back of his hand.<sup>114</sup>

Gellhorn had responded to the latter incident by walking home, leaving Hemingway to his beloved Lincoln--after she had driven it through a ditch and into a tree.<sup>115</sup>

Visitors to the Finca in 1943 continued to report the "ter-rible fights" between their hosts. Gellhorn's persistent urging of Hemingway to give up his Caribbean games and go to the wars en-gered him. More importantly, Hemingway could not comprehend the

phenomenon of a liberated woman. As Baker explains, "Marty's refusal to knuckle under hurt him." She scolded him when he was filthy and advised him to bathe. When he planned elaborate fishing trips, she often hired a car from the first land they touched and returned home. "He could not understand why she was unwilling to 'tag along and like it' as Hadley and Pauline had done."<sup>116</sup>

When Gellhorn finished her novel, Liana, she saw its revision through in New York, leaving for Europe on October 25, 1943 as a war correspondent for Collier's.

4:4

#### Three Volumes and More

Since 1937 when Martha Gellhorn became a war correspondent through her own perseverance, she had been following the history of her time and reporting it in articles which Collier's published. While she wrote only four articles on Spain in the almost two and a half years she was there, she wrote one piece each on the preparation of France and England for World War II, one each on Czechoslovakia before and after the Munich Pact, one on her trip across the Atlantic and North Sea to Finland, three on Finland's defensive war against Russian attack, one on Sweden's questionable neutrality, six on her trip to the Far East including one each on Singapore and the Dutch East Indies, and one each on Puerto Rico and Surinam. In all, Collier's published twenty-one Gellhorn articles in the four years between 1938 and 1942.

Gellhorn's record of productivity is more amazing when we consider that during this same four-year period she attended three war fronts, married, had a novel and short story collection published, and began work on Liana, her third novel. With the exception of a few awkward distractions, one finds these articles no worse for Gellhorn's hectic pace. By 1942 her well-tuned journalistic style was already set; her pace would but increase during World War II.

Gellhorn's pieces have, to this point, dealt mainly with one of her perilous journeys to a fighting front or her observations of the effects of war on the civilian population. Avoiding both heavy philosophical pieces and major personality interviews, Martha Gellhorn was interested in the effects of the history of her time, which had been depression and war, on the common people.

While her choice of subject may appear less exciting than some, Gellhorn's approach shows everyday life to be the genuine drama. With the exceptional capacity to recreate the struggle of a family as it tries to survive in war-torn Madrid, Helsinki, or Hong Kong, Gellhorn's most impressive writing credential is her ability to show. As Ernest Hemingway once told a reporter:

Her pieces are always about people. The things that happen really happen, and you feel it as though it were you and you were there.<sup>118</sup>

While she relates the facts as objectively as a camera records what its eye sees, Gellhorn guides the camera carefully and her selectivity is important in making her readers care and convincing them of moral truths. She develops a sharper focus of an



historical moment--spelling out beauty, courage, or atrocity in color, detail, and incident--but Gellhorn intends that her readers be moved by that history. She made clear her journalistic objectives in 1942 in her lecture to the Sarah Lawrence College students:

"You must learn to see, care, and feel objectively. . . . You must write the story not the way you want it to be, but the way it is. Present it accurately, but hope that, at the same time, it will be seen in the way you want it to be seen."<sup>119</sup>

Gellhorn creates a sense of reader participation through a well-disciplined style. Wasting little time on trimmings, she most often begins an article amid an action or with a concrete example of something she wishes to show as proof of her point. In "Holland's Last Stand," Gellhorn shows her readers how obscure Surinam is, gently chastising them, between the lines, for their ignorance and ethnocentricity. In a concentrated first paragraph, Gellhorn blends humor with a reference to the American soldiers stationed there to compel her readers' attention:

When the American soldiers write home saying they are in Surinam, they get letters back saying that it must be very exciting in Australia or that it must be terribly hot in West Africa.<sup>120</sup>

Gellhorn strives to make her readers feel that her observations are their own. To do this, she concentrates on hard nouns and verbs, rigorously avoids clichés, and searches for her own adjectives and expressions. The results, most often, are vivid pictures and sensations. It is the rare reader who cannot feel the crunch of the "toothbreaking hard bread that Scandinavians enjoy," or cringe at

the haunting effects of war which have left the Barcelona woman with "a gray frozen face."

With only a few words, Gellhorn sandwiches one picture next to another, creating a montage effect which recreates the mood and temper of a whole country. From Finland, for example, she conveys the thrill of a journalist at war:

They did not take the dark paper from the windows even in the brief Helsinki daytime and we lived in a state of electric-lighted excitement, trying to separate rumor from fact.<sup>121</sup>

From the Dutch East Indies, she communicates the bright sun, forcing her readers to squint and refocus on the too quickly moving people:

To the newcomer, stunned and sun-blinded, the intense activity of the Surabaya naval base looks like a speeded-up movie.<sup>122</sup>

Similarly, Gellhorn's readers cannot help but be as fascinated as she with the color and texture of the people of Surinam after she shows them that

The small women of the East--Javanese and Hindu--pad around barefoot in the dust; there are colored policemen in green uniforms; a lovely white lady on a bicycle, with a wicker basket on the handle bars holding her chubby blond son; Creole women, enormous under their starched dresses with baskets balanced on top of their bandanas . . .<sup>123</sup>

Nor need readers be told about the poverty in Puerto Rico; they witness it themselves through Gellhorn's images:

There is a woman cooking lunch in a tin can for her two small children and her husband.<sup>124</sup>

In the same way, readers hear the haunting tones of Franco's "careful, pompous radio voice" from Madrid:

"The chief of Spain, the only chief, is willing to  
give his blood for you . . . . Franco, Franco . . .<sup>125</sup>

Occasionally, Gellhorn's struggle for originality reveals the effort of the writer and results in awkward phrases. When she wants to show Sweden's incapacity to remain aloof from the war that encroaches on all sides, for example, Gellhorn's "but Sweden is not located on the moon"<sup>126</sup> falls flat. In another instance, she develops the clever analogy of a movie set for the British operations at Singapore. The comparison is apt and creative, but weakens when it lapses into an eventually uncomfortable lightness:

In a movie of this sort there has to be drama, so bring  
on the spies, the Japs, and the Communists.<sup>127</sup>

Almost all these articles are written with the "I" firmly entrenched and Gellhorn's readers come to know her through her adventures and politics, living through her experiences with her. At times she slips into the more distracting "you," but generally creates a "you are there" effect without the false drama. Story teller, travel guide, and moralist, Martha Gellhorn becomes, through her articles, an identifiable personality. By blending a careful selection of facts with her subtle use of association and implication, Gellhorn communicates her personal views with persuasion.

Few could read her articles, for example, and maintain that Hitler and Mussolini were not tyrants aiding their brother, Franco. Few could fail to understand in a vividly new way that war's innocent children should be protected from starvation, mutilation, and fear. As they travel with Martha Gellhorn on that cargo ship to

England and through the mine fields to Finland, her readers wonder, as they finish the article, just how long they have been holding their breath. After the deluge of examples which she presents to prove the fairness of Sweden's socialistic system, one is hard put to disapprove of a country where workers play tennis on the same courts as their king and ski at the same resorts as the wealthy. It is equally difficult for the reader not to applaud the bravery of the Swedes who hope to aid Finland at the risk of German invasion.

In fact, while Gellhorn spares little detail in showing us blood, death, misery, and poverty, her articles are rarely depressing. Although she harshly treats those who exploit or tyrannize, she sees in the everyday citizens of Spain, Finland, Sweden, Surinam, and Puerto Rico nobility and strength. Even her articles on China, which she fills with statistics on the unwholesome health of the overpopulated and underdeveloped country, state that "Japan would never conquer China by force alone."<sup>128</sup>

Reflecting her essential faith in the worth of the individual, Gellhorn's journalism reminds us of the idealistic values behind the United States Constitution. She assures us that human beings all over the world are struggling for their freedom and dignity. The stories she tells of other peoples are compelling as well as uplifting. Gellhorn's reader shares in the excitement of her adventures while learning about Chinese, European, and Caribbean cultures. They can almost feel the thrills of her plane ride through the dark treacherous skies over the Japanese front. And Gellhorn provides

insights, historical and cultural, into the lives of the inhabitants of Spain, Finland, Sweden, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, Puerto Rico, and Surinam. Between the lines, Gellhorn is always reminding us that despite the different customs and languages people are essentially alike. They, too, want to survive with dignity and freedom. Foremost in her mind and clear in her journalism is the obligation she feels everyone has to help others. One pattern at which she is particularly successful in these articles is that of an attractive first paragraph, a geographical and historical lesson, subtle instruction in the moral truths, and a final paragraph recalling the civil rights which Americans enjoy.

By 1942 Gellhorn has mastered the device that she would use effectively in both her journalism and fiction, that of implication and association, or the left unsaid. In an article on Spain, for example, Gellhorn again reports what she has seen. Through careful selectivity of her details, however, she simultaneously convinces her reader of the horror of the Nazi regime and the inherent nobility of those who oppose it. She need not explain that the Nazis were cruel, their tortures hideous. She merely states a thought as it would come into her mind.

I wonder what happened to the German who was the best man for the night patrols in the eleventh International Brigade. He was a somber man, whose teeth were irregularly broken, whose fintertips were nailless pulp; the first graduate of Gestapo torture I had known.<sup>129</sup>

In the same way, Gellhorn shows, but never tells, the inequity in Puerto Rico where the rich manage to remain unaffected by the poverty

and war around them while their poorer neighbors suffer the hardships of depression. Each Gellhorn article is full of concreteness and concentration, piling one example atop another, each creating a picture and each relating more than is superficially apparent. One instance which also reflects her own love for the human family is the following passage taken from her account of her boat trip to Finland. Here Gellhorn illustrates a man's love for his wife from whom he has been separated by war. Left unsaid is her condemnation of war and capricious laws and her praise of the man's courage:

The old Austrian, an enemy alien by law, got through all right, to our intense relief. He had left a good job in Guatemala to return to Holland to be at least that near to his wife, who had gone to Germany on a visit and now could not get out. They had been married for twenty-five years and he loved her the way people love in the old story books, and we could not have endured to see him stopped in his effort to be closer to her.<sup>130</sup>

By the 1940's, Gellhorn was concentrating philosophical statements in phrases which critics and reporters loved to quote. To convey the harshness of the difficulties which the Puerto Rico suffered while not directly involved in the war, Gellhorn had written that "war is just a little worse than peace. It is a hungrier time."<sup>131</sup> Collier's editors recognized the power of the words and seized the quotable phrase, entitling the article "A Little Worse Than Peace."

While some of these pre-World War II articles are superior to others, the pattern and messages remain essentially consistent. After Gellhorn witnessed the betrayal of Czechoslovakia, however, her attitude toward war and the eventual outcome of a struggle

between good and bad changed. Thereafter her idealism is less blatant. Although her support for the people who strive to make their lives more dignified is no less apparent, her confidence that they shall eventually succeed is conspicuously absent.

One reason for the strength of her articles was the meticulous research she conducted. Writing only about what she knew, Gellhorn could more easily convince her reader of the speaker's authority. After almost three years on Spain's battlefronts, Martha Gellhorn could talk intelligently about war. She collected additional information through her in-depth investigations in Czechoslovakia, Finland, and China, and her careful readings. When she wrote then, that Puerto Rico was an important link to America's safety because it was the "center of the defense chain that [guarded] the Canal from the east, and the Venezuelan oil fields and the gulf ports," her readers did not rush to their maps to check her accuracy. Her knowledge of history, geography, and statistics were, more often than not, superior.

Although Martha Gellhorn's journalism enjoyed critical acclaim, her articles often featured as Collier's cover stories, Gellhorn's fiction of the same period was not so successful. The three volumes, A Stricken Field, The Heart of Another, and Liani, met only lukewarm reception.

Of the three books, it was A Stricken Field,\* published in 1940, which received the most attention from critics and

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\* Hereafter abbreviated ASF.

reviewers. This was due, in part, to her distinguishing herself earlier that year in Finland and, in part, to her connection with Ernest Hemingway, which was made obvious by her dedicating her novel to him.

ASF, researched on location and finished at the Finca, depicts the misery of the refugees in Czechoslovakia between the time of the Munich Pact and the Anschluss. A story within a story, the novel portrays both the suffering of the communist Germans, Rita and Peter, and the help given to them by an American war correspondent, Mary Douglas.

Douglas, embarrassed by the safety of her American homeland and passport, is drawn mothlike to the romantic glow of the anti-Nazi conspirators. Like the larger European move to halt Hitler, however, Douglas' aid proves inadequate. Her plan to enlist the help of a British special commissioner and a French general in a scheme to protect Rita fails. Mary is forced to watch as noble people lose their homes, country, and way of life. Too few step forward to help and the weary refugees are killed, battered, or starved into subservience. When Mary Douglas is forced to leave Czechoslovakia after only one week, she knows she has done nothing to alleviate the pain and suffering of those made homeless by Hitler. The tragedy she has witnessed is made clear in the many capsulized images which Gellhorn presents.



It is the correspondent, however, who is the novel's focal point and it is here that author Gellhorn runs into trouble. Young, idealistic, with "fine legs," and recently come from Spain, Mary Douglas is a transparent stand-in for correspondent Gellhorn. The autobiographical detail compounds until Mary Douglas possesses both Gellhorn's past and present, as exemplified in this passage:

When we were younger, she thought, we covered three bell alarms and the morgue, but now we are successful and cover large international disasters. (p. 7)

When Gellhorn was writing ASF she was not yet married to Ernest Hemingway and her satisfaction with their living arrangement was echoed by Douglas:

It hadn't seemed necessary [to marry] or perhaps they were afraid to change anything: they were doing so wonderfully. What difference would it make, Mary wondered, marriage is for living in one place, and tennis with the neighbors on Sunday afternoon. We aren't like that, we'll never be settled. (p. 87)

While we are willing to accept the autobiographical aspect in Gellhorn's articles, it is quite another thing in her fiction. In her journalism, we recognize Martha Gellhorn for what she is--our camera eye and focus. She shares with us her experiences, selecting them carefully and writing creatively about them. In ASF, however, we recognize Gellhorn as heroine and when she enlists our sympathy and support for her romantic heroine it is as if she asks these things for herself. The book's main weakness is, in fact, the inability of Mary to convince us. As Marianne Hauser states in the Saturday Review:

Mary Douglas represents the very soul of the book, she is human, full of sympathy and pity; she is observant; she is good-hearted, and intelligent enough to be realistic. Yet she is a type rather than a human being, and at times we wish, for the novel's sake, that she were less noble and more real.<sup>133</sup>

While the majority of the reviewers praised the book for its sensitivity and vividness, agreeing that Gellhorn was an admirable reporter, they criticized the book as a novel. At this stage, Gellhorn's fiction was still self-centered, crowded with words and personal recollections. Her control was also flawed. So crucial was it to Martha Gellhorn that her readers understand the depths of the Czechoslovakian tragedy that she lost sight of the discipline of her craft. In order that her reader see every detail as Martha/Mary had seen it, Gellhorn exhaustingly bombarded him with vivid scenes, not all of which were relevant to the book's overall pattern and structure.

While Gellhorn's prose in ASF is less wordy than that of WMP and her early magazine articles, she has not yet learned to delete out as well as select in. In contrast to her later fiction and contemporary journalism, there is little white space on her pages and they resemble more the block pages of Faulkner, though without his fluidity and eloquence, than the open spaces of Hemingway.

The point of view is also troublesome. Gellhorn tells her story in the third person omniscient narrator with the central focus on Mary, but she frequently lapses into the uncomfortable "you," or second person of view.

The reader spends too much time with heroine Mary Douglas/Martha Gellhorn and begins to look at the novel more as a diary than a work of art, losing sight of subtle implications and craft. Gellhorn's characters exist as one extreme of the spectrum. Mary combines, as do the refugees, all that is noble, brave, and good. The Nazis, of course, are evil.

Despite its shortcomings, ASF is not a bad piece of fiction. In it Martha Gellhorn introduces Americans to the history of Europe in human terms. Eleanor Roosevelt, again one of Gellhorn's boosters, publicly praised ASF as a book "which gives the reader a 'vivid realization' of the plight of the innocent victims of European hostilities."<sup>134</sup> As Mary Douglas works to save the children whose parents have gone to fight Franco or Hitler, Gellhorn clarifies the futile situation:

. . . oh the map, she knew the map. We are surrounded here by Germany, Austria, Hungary, Roumainia, and Poland. On the map, you can cover it all with two hands spread out. Indeed? Roumania. Only Roumania. They don't like Jews either, she thought. They cannot afford to encourage refugees. They don't like Communists. They don't like penniless aliens. We must get the children out. Aren't they hated too? Aren't they our children? (pp. 81-82)

One finds in ASF, as in Gellhorn's other works, those apt phrases which have become one of the author's trademarks. Gellhorn describes the global situation of 1938, for example, as "a world hurrying between large disasters" (p. 82).

While America's major newspapers and magazines reviewed Gellhorn's novel, there was a mixed reaction. In her column Eleanor

Roosevelt rightly told Americans that ASF was "a masterpiece as a vivid picture,"<sup>135</sup> George Harriss claimed it the "Book of the Month," Charles Clayton (Globe Democrat) selected Gellhorn as "author of the week,"<sup>136</sup> and Marianne Hauser commented: "It is hard for a reviewer to point out the weaknesses of a novel which in spirit is so much on the right side, and which reveals so clearly the author's strength of feeling."<sup>137</sup> There were others, however, as Frank Brookhouser of the Philadelphia Inquirer who expressed disappointment, not in the book's vividness but in its craft, claiming that Gellhorn was capable of better than the "flimsily put together" ASF.<sup>138</sup>

While British reviews of ASF, which was later published in London, were not so numerous, they were more positive. George Nelson of the Central European Observer went so far as to call Martha Gellhorn "Walt Whitman in a woman's dress."<sup>139</sup>

Although the structure of ASF lacks the tightness and surety of Gellhorn's later novels, she employs a framing device which effectively produces a haunting statement. As the novel begins with Mary looking down at the newly occupied Rhine Valley from the plane which is about to land in Prague, so the book ends, after her frantic departure one week later, with Mary looking down the Rhine. Only this time she notices that just as the land on the side of the fence belonging to the Nazis looked no different from what had been Czechoslovakia and what was now France looked no different at all. This tragic and ominous ending reflects the bitterness and disillusionment Gellhorn felt with the betrayal of Czechoslovakia in 1938.

One year after the publication of ASF, Martha Gellhorn began her association with Hemingway's publishers. In 1941 Charles Scribner's Sons published The Heart of Another,\* a collection of nine short stories. Again autobiographical in focus, the tales are set in locales corresponding to Gellhorn's wartime activity: the Riviera, Madrid, Germany, Finland, Corsica, Paris, and Cuba. Some of the stories were copyrighted as early as 1936 and 1937, explaining in part the unevenness in quality.

Conradian in philosophy ("the heart of another is a dark forest"), the epigraph of HOA reflects Gellhorn's concern with the depths of human experience. By 1940, when Gellhorn was busy with her heaviest work on HOA, she had seen the democracies stand by and permit the falls of Spain, Czechoslovakia, Finland, and Poland. Yet in each country, the ordinary people struggled bravely against overwhelming odds to maintain their dignity and way of life. Gellhorn began to believe wars, nations, even political philosophies, to be temporary and secondary; the enduring value of life, the constant, was its people. In the end it was only they who mattered and yet it was their lives which wars and political philosophies casually destroyed. Ordinary human beings who struggled for survival, happiness, or meaning, Gellhorn believed, embodied the essence of life. It was they she sought to capture in HOA.<sup>140</sup>

The first story, and the volume's best, depicts an American woman in Corsica who prepares a house for her husband, an anti-fascist wounded while fighting with the Internationals in Spain. Although the

woman is basically kind, her need for the safety and security of a home for her husband when he is released from the hospital blinds her to the problems of others. Luigi, a sharecropper who works the vineyards, has lived for eleven years in the house she is now restoring. He hates being forced to live in one room, resenting her paint and cleanliness.

Failing to see what they share anything, the two human beings build a higher and harder metaphorical wall between them until Luigi rebels. Half-mad, he returns from town one night to destroy the property which has been taken from him. The woman has locked the house, but she fears for her life as she awaits Luigi's break-in. In a suspenseful sequence, the windows are tried and the door-knobs are turned, but Luigi does not get in.

The next morning the American is firm with resolution. She will talk to the owner; vineyards or no vineyards, Luigi must go. She is stopped short when she spies the limp body of Luigi. He has hanged himself with one of the few possessions he could call his own, a frayed rope. The woman learns what she was too preoccupied to see before, that Luigi had needs as important as hers.

In "Luigi's House" Gellhorn illustrates war's ability to accentuate human frailties. Grown fearful of war and danger, the American loses sight of everything but her need to create a safe nest for her and her husband. Luigi, on the other hand, cannot comprehend that the economics of war demands that he relinquish the house he has lived in most of his life. Both live isolated,

unwilling to give of themselves, afraid to share feelings or shelter. Such self-centeredness is typically human, but Gellhorn underlines here the quality in war which intensifies our experience. The American woman comes to understand what she might never have learned in a normal world, that life is a process of giving or it is meaningless. She realizes the lesson from Luigi's tragic end:

I only meant to make a home, she thought, I only meant to make a home. I only wanted the house to be lovely. She did not look back and knew it was not her house and never would be. It was Luigi's house. It was Luigi's house now. (p. 33)

While "Luigi's House" is probably based on an incident Gellhorn experienced, the author is not transparently obvious as heroine. The story runs deeper than an eye-witness account of what war may do to two people who have little in common, revealing basic truths about human nature. The historical setting helps convince the reader of the story's authenticity; the existential probing provokes our own analysis. "Luigi's House" is good craft and good reading and with this story Martha Gellhorn's art matures well past her earlier fiction attempts.

Not all the stories in HOA possess the depth and creativity of "Luigi's House," however. A number of Gellhorn's tales are flatter, heavily autobiographical, and stylistically more journalistic than literary. Aware of the difficulties she faced with the short fiction form, Gellhorn told students at Sarah Lawrence College:

"Short stories are incredibly hard to write. They're too short to carry you out of the embarrassment of a bad plot; they have to be terribly concentrated, and there's not enough room to develop characters fully.

However creative writing is wonderful; for if you don't have the facts you can invent them."<sup>141</sup>

While Gellhorn's historical detail infuses her plots with plausibility, her characters do lack development here. The only character one feels one knows is the ubiquitous heroine, a thinly disguised Martha Gellhorn. In "A Sense of Direction," for example, Gellhorn draws that archetypal triangle in Spain in the shape of a female journalist, male correspondent, and an Italian Commandante easily recognized as Gellhorn, Hemingway, and the Spanish General Modesto.\*\*

"Good Will to Men" describes Gellhorn's attempt to rescue Max, a German Communist who has fought with the Loyalists and been imprisoned by the French. Confronted by the rich, unconcerned opportunists, Gellhorn illustrates the political lesson she learned in France after her departure from Finland in 1939.\* There is no attempt to convince the reader that the narrator is other than Martha Gellhorn. She uses the first person point of view and acknowledges that she has just come from Finland and is on her way home. She likes her life, full of bustle and importance. Again, it is somewhat embarrassing to read a story where we are subtly asked to admire the courage and righteousness of the heroine-author.

"Portrait of a Lady" is another disconcerting story. Here the heroine is an American war correspondent who sends the first dispatch on the first days of the bombing of Helsinki. She has

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\*See p. 79 where Hemingway-Modesto incident is discussed.

\*\*See pp. 112-113 where French incident is discussed.



written two books and become well known as a journalist; and her husband is rich, famous, and amenable to the free relationship on which she insists. She hints at the hostility she feels toward her husband and even mentions their favorite resort, Sun Valley. While Gellhorn qualifies her portrait of her heroine by drawing her as spoiled and arrogant and finally condemns her for her selfishness, the damage has already been done. Immediately recognizing Martha Gellhorn as heroine, the readers have taken the story lightly and lost sight of all but the plot or Martha Gellhorn's personal adventure story. The statements about human nature, the philosophies underlying her stories, are easily overwhelmed by the heavy autobiographical detail. Her stories become, in some cases, almost that which she described to her students--journalism with convenient facts "created." The essence of the stories, the beauty of the artist's craft, has been obscured.

This obfuscation of Gellhorn's message is unfortunate, for her disenchantment with the history of her time has led her to expand on some provocative themes which are often critical of human nature. "Summer Resort," for example, illustrates both the superficiality of the lives of the wealthy and the bestiality of the crowd. The latter theme is realized through the plot sequence. A man who has saved long and hard for a vacation in Corsica drowns, and rather than send for a doctor, the people who witness the event merely crowd around as spectators at a sporting event. Gellhorn's condemnation of those who fail to help someone in need is clear:

The children meantime leaned forward to stare and the women, with bright eyes, clucked their sympathy but did not turn away. (p. 175)

Many of the stories of HOA refreshingly feature a female protagonist, female stream-of-consciousness, and female initiation, thus presenting a welcome change from male-dominated literature. "Slow Train from Garmisch," for example, artistically utilizes the reactions of a train's people to illustrate a girl's initiation into pain, experience, and finally self-reliance.

The behavior of the train's people reveals both their past and their levels of sensitivity and gives rise to the idea that this conglomeration is representative of the larger society outside. The singular incident, then, here a boy's rejection of a girl, takes on a universal quality; the girl may be any one of us as we lose our illusions and meet head-on the painful reality of experience:

The girl thought to herself with wonder; but I have a pain inside me, a real pain. I didn't think it could hurt in my body too. Just because he doesn't want me and I don't know where to go. . . . I'm ugly with crying, the girl thought, and with not being wanted. (p. 184)

Stubbornly refusing to allow herself to be made ugly, the girl carelessly takes out her make-up. As she observes her reflection in the mirror, however, she begins to take pride in her actions and combs her hair with definite, firm strokes. As the people depart from the train, she is able to smile and thank them for their support, announcing finally that she is going on to Paris--"Paris was lovely, Paris was a happy place" (p. 185). She has lost

something precious in losing her innocence, but she has gained something too. She knows now that she has an inner strength to call upon when the road she travels becomes impassable. Gellhorn works throughout the story to make us feel the girl's pain, reminding us of our own journey from innocence to experience.

While the eight-page "Slow Train from Garmisch" exemplifies the concentration and density of style of which Gellhorn is capable, HOA does not maintain that level of excellence. Martha Gellhorn has not yet pared her descriptions as she will in coming years and she still writes with occasional awkwardness. The New Yorker exploited the implicit humor in one of Gellhorn's clumsy plots in HOA, labeling the following passage the "Neatest Tick of the Week":

He helped her up the cement steps of the viaduct and they walked behind each other, alongside the great oil tube on the narrow footbridge.<sup>142</sup>

The critical reception of HOA, like that of ASF, was mixed. The sheer number of reviews radically declined since The Trouble I've Seen was unanimously acclaimed in 1936, indicating perhaps, that while the critics saw Gellhorn as an excellent journalist they began to take her less seriously as a writer of fiction. Eleanor Roosevelt again praised Gellhorn's writing, emphasizing in her column the excellence of the work's first story, "Luigi's House." Ralph Thompson of the New York Times discussed the uneven quality of the stories, but commented that "all [of the stories] have a power and quality of their own."<sup>143</sup> The British reception

of the book was positive, but more reserved than had previously been the case.

The main reason for the less hearty welcome of HOA was its journalistic and heavily autobiographical elements in the absence of a subject of topical interest. In other words, critics were more willing to accept Gellhorn's exploits as the material of fiction when they were concerned with global matters such as the depression or the Czechoslovakian betrayal. They were willing to congratulate her on the vividness of her images when those images yielded a continuous picture of an historical moment. Here, however, there is no larger picture to lead one away from the egotism of an author who writes story after story about herself. Unfortunately, the autobiographical material distracts the reader from the more serious aspects of the fiction, the elements on which Gellhorn prides herself. The uncomfortable blending of fact and fiction in some of the stories prompts a reader to question the author's purpose. Is there some message she wants to communicate, some craft she has successfully designed, or merely her adventures she wants us to know? While some of the stories are well conceived and finely tuned, the book as a whole tends to resemble aerialized episodes of wartime Europe as seen through the sharp eye of reporter Gellhorn. As Marianne Hauser reviews in the New York Times:

. . . one can't get rid of that uncomfortable and somewhat embarrassing feeling to be shown across the war on a sightseeing bus.<sup>144</sup>

Liana, published in 1944, is a different book, in terms of character and setting, from anything else Gellhorn has written. Set in the Caribbean on the French island of St. Boniface, Gellhorn wrote Liana during one of the most strained periods of her relationship with Hemingway. Again the novel features a woman protagonist and is told from a woman's point of view. In this book, however, the woman is not successful, dynamic, and powerful. In other words, the heroine is not Martha Gellhorn. On the contrary, Liana is a mulatto bought by the richest white man on the island. Her position as inferior is emphasized before, and remains unchanged after he marries her.

Marc Royer singles out Liana simply because she is the most beautiful woman on the island and because he can afford to buy what others admire. For the person behind the enchanting face and body, Marc has no understanding or affection; Liana is no more than another treasure in his valuable collection. As such, he changes her name to one more civilized, more in keeping with his whiteness; he changes Liana to Julie.

Marc hires Pierre to teach his wife to read and the tutor falls in love with Liana's exoticism and innocence. Never before having experienced kindness or acceptance, Liana falls in love with Pierre. Like Marc, however, Pierre never considers Liana his equal. For Marc she is a commodity, for Pierre a child. When Pierre hears the call of the Free French in Europe, he hardly hesitates in his decision to abandon Liana and hurries to work of importance.

Although aware of Pierre's adulterous deception, Marc discusses with Pierre the priority of a man's work and promises to aid the teacher in his. The men easily forget Liana, who served them as a temporary distraction. In the end, Liana discovers for herself that it truly is a "man's world" and that her love, her needs, are deemed insignificant. The cost of that knowledge is high. Choosing her own way out, Liana kills herself.

Not only does Martha Gellhorn sense and depict the woman's dilemma in Liana, but she expands on themes only hinted at before. When the man in the family struts proudly away to engage his enemies in the battles of war, the woman stands impotently, to await her own enemies. Had that burden of love never been assumed, Gellhorn implies, it could never crush so mercilessly. The overlooked victims of war, she asserts, are the helpless women and children left alone to grieve for the loss of their husbands and fathers.

Although Martha Gellhorn insists that she is foremost a humanist concerned with the rights of all people, it is significant that this feminist book emerges from the period when her relationship with Hemingway suffered increasing hostility. In addition to the continual frustration of her marital ties, Gellhorn may well have been reacting to years of sexist press and assignment discrimination. As a war correspondent she was long used to the "protective discrimination" of authorities and generals who refused a woman permission to go to the front (for over a year she had been futilely attempting to cover European combat). When Time or one of the other weeklies

reviewed her work, they spent as many words on her blond hair, long legs, and the glamorous aspects of her life as they did on her books. While Gellhorn was usually delighted by compliments on her looks, she knew that such reporting minimized her ability, making her appear a gadfly or dilettante. Even Collier's cashed in on her sex appeal, explaining to their readers that while Martha Gellhorn was a fine correspondent, she was, more importantly, a come-to-life comic book aspiration of the beautiful woman reporter:

Returned travelers confirm our good opinion of Miss Gellhorn, say she stands out among gal correspondents not only for her writing but for her good looks. Blonde, tall, dashing and with a manner--she comes pretty close to living up to Hollywood's idea of what a big-league woman reporter should be.<sup>145</sup>

In 1941 the magazine had gone so far as to run a full-page advertisement in the New York Times, emphasizing not that Martha Gellhorn was in China braving physical hardships to report the war accurately, but that readers buying the magazine could see the "war through the eyes of a blue-eyed blond."<sup>146</sup>

Liana exemplifies the inability of the male world to take women seriously. When Pierre equates woman and child,

The possessiveness of a woman was a trap; but a child could not help being possessive since a child was helpless (p. 198).

he does not understand what Gellhorn has shown us--that if Liana and many women appear like children it is because they have been rendered helpless by the males who hold their superiority over women. Liana's only mistake in this regard is in not rebelling against the system;

but then her race, sex, and financial dependency hinder such action. While she has always been ordered about like a child and while she retains a child's wonder, her generous love and devoted sense of responsibility easily make her the most mature person in the novel. Moreover, she is the first full, believable character Gellhorn has created who is not a duplicate of the author.

While Liana lacks classical dimensions, it is a good novel. In it Gellhorn manages to escape from her overly-journalistic style and self-description, sensitively creating a convincing and moving heroine. Much of the prose is tightly wrought and Liana moves softly and gracefully toward its tragic inevitability, the element of suspense skillfully maintained. The novel sold particularly well in France under a sensational paper cover, having been translated by Henri Muller and published there in 1946 by Robert Laffont.<sup>147</sup>

Liana places Martha Gellhorn on the right path in the developing art of her fiction. By 1943 she was writing good fiction, if superior journalism. Gellhorn's strength, of course, has been in the latter medium where she exploits her uncanny ability in choosing the perfect details to convince her readers that they are there, experiencing what she has lived through. It is this journalistic excellence which stands out in The Trouble I've Seen and even A Stricken Field. Gellhorn makes her readers see as she has and convinces them of her political opinions. Her gift for making her readers care about government leaders and decisions by immortalizing seemingly everyday events of ordinary people endures throughout



her journalistic career. The Face of War, published in 1959 as a collection of her reporting on several wars, is perhaps the best example of this.

In the more creative medium, however, Gellhorn has uncomfortably straddled the line between journalism and fiction. TTIS stands as almost pure journalism, Gellhorn's intention there her message more than her means. But ASF and HOA show this strain. In them Gellhorn relies too heavily on her own adventures and on herself as protagonist. The characters generally lack development and the point of view appears too often to be that of Martha Gellhorn. Rather than willingly suspend one's disbelief even for a moment, one senses in the works that he is peering into someone's journal and a crucial step in the reading of fiction is lost. While the work may be well-written and exciting, it is hardly profound. One begins to read for plot, overlooking the author's craft and questioning the validity of the obviously biased accounts.

When Gellhorn omits the omnipresent "I" and takes that creative step away from the overly journalistic approach--or journalism with convenient facts and names created--as in Liana, she is on her way to the fine fiction that will follow. For the first time, Martha Gellhorn is not "in" one of her novels. She learns in Liana to use her experience as the background rather than substance of her novels. To the extent that Martha Gellhorn disappears as a recognizable heroine in her novels, they begin to take on those

qualities essential to good literature. Liana is the first of Gellhorn's works which is wholly a novel and not a compromise between journalism and fiction.

Despite the obvious flaws in Gellhorn's pre-World War II fiction, her craft has developed significantly. In "Luigi's House" and "Slow Train from Garmisch" she successfully masters the "Iceberg" style which meant to her that only one-ninth of the story was surface and that eight-ninths were left unsaid. For the reader this process results in a satisfying density which is surely the mark of good literature. The cleverness of Gellhorn's craft was seen even earlier in the framing device of ASF, which left the reader simultaneously with a comfortable sense of the story's unity and a haunting feeling about Europe's future. In Liana, of course, Gellhorn sheds her troublesome autobiographical perspective and develops a three-dimensional heroine. In 1942, when Gellhorn was in the midst of all this work, Ernest Hemingway judged that she was "writing beautifully," and that she had "great talent."<sup>148</sup>

Much had happened in the European theatre between the declaration of war by France and Great Britain on Germany on September 3, 1939 and Martha Gellhorn's arrival in England in November of 1943. The fourth and final phase of the war was already in progress as the Allies were finally readying themselves for the offensive, but the Axis control of the first three stages made the outcome uncertain. The first phase alone (September 1, 1939 to June 22, 1941) saw the conquest of Poland through blitzkrieg, Japan's alliance with the Axis, Finland's defeat, the capitulation of Denmark and Norway, the subjugation of the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg, the fall of France, the replacement of Neville Chamberlain by Winston Churchill as Prime Minister of Great Britain, the massive air attacks on England, and the Nazi machine conquering Yugoslavia and rolling on into Greece, invading Crete with glider planes and forcing the Greek royal family and thousands of British fighting men to evacuate.<sup>1</sup>

The second phase of the great war was characterized by Hitler's violation of his pact with Russia and his invasion of the country on June 22, 1941. Hearts all over the world quickened as

Hitler's power appeared unstoppable and people read in their newspapers of the loss of Kiev, the besiegement of Stalingrad, the capitulation of Sevastopol (last Russian outpost in the Crimea), and Rostov. Far to the southwest, German troops under the leadership of Field Marshal Rommel successfully pushed east into Africa. The British did manage to get a foothold in the Mediterranean by invading Syria and eventually concluding an armistice there. At home, American industry boomed as the United States assumed the means of financing the supplies for the Allies, but isolationists protested as the United States occupied Greenland and Iceland and convoyed ships to these points in order to keep open the Allied supply routes.

The third phase of World War II began on December 7, 1941 with Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor, the Philippines, Malaya, and Hong Kong and resulted in enemy capture of Guam, Wake, other United States island possessions, and Hong Kong, the invasion of the Philippines, and the Japanese foothold on the Malayan Peninsula. The Pearl Harbor attack helped consolidate American opinion and the United States entered the war as one of the Allies pledged to victory over Germany, Italy, and Japan.

As the war emphasis shifted to the Pacific for the United States in 1941-1942, the Japanese managed to hold onto Manila and force the British out of the Malayan Peninsula and into the refuge of Singapore. In the first three months in her war against the United States, Japan was incredibly successful. With the fall

of Singapore went control of the best ocean route between the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. Even the stubborn Dutch were worn down and Japanese forces quickly occupied Java, then Burma, New Guinea, and the Adaman and Solomon Islands. The Philippines fell. Finally, American victories in the spring of 1942 in the battles of Coral Sea and Midway restored the balance of sea power in the Pacific.

It was in the fourth and final phase (1942-1945) of World War II that the Allies finally took the offensive, but as it began Germany was still rolling onto new gains in Russia and Japan had recently won control of vast wealth resources, including one million square miles of land and one hundred million people.

This traumatic sequence Martha Gellhorn had watched carefully. At first her fear that Europe would be destroyed had kept her from the continent, but when Martha Gellhorn decided that she had to be there and see for herself what was happening, it was the protective discrimination of the military that refused her permission. She had seen the seeds of this global conflict sown in Spain. She had witnessed the results of Russia's secret pact with Germany by being in Helsinki when the first bombs were dropped. Soon after Japan joined Germany and Italy as an Axis partner, Gellhorn traveled to China and reported the Chinese defense. She had encountered the Nazis as early as 1934 and she witnessed the results of the first Gestapo tortures on the Internationals in Spain. She had long ago made her commitment to this war and while she could not bear the thought that the good European life would be bulldozed over by the

Nazi tyrants, Gellhorn had to be there to see and to help even if slightly, with her journalism.

When she finally reached England in November of 1943, Martha Gellhorn was "filled with joy to be there, to be home in the world again." She was not content to read about the history of her time; she could not passively watch the destination of Europe from afar. The role of spectator was never hers:

It is too hard to sit on the outside and watch what you can neither help nor change; it is far easier to close your eyes and your mind and jump into the general misery, where you have almost no choices left, but a lot of splendid company.<sup>2</sup>

As Martha Gellhorn prepared to witness horrors surpassing anything she had yet seen, the tide began slowly to turn. Progress was made that September in the Pacific where eastern New Guinea was recovered and the Aleutians cleared of enemies. In Africa, the Allies had captured Casablanca and Oran, and by May of 1943, cleared North Africa of foes. Even in Europe the picture was beginning to look less bleak as Mussolini was forced to resign and Italy officially surrendered September 8, re-entering the war on the side of the Allies. Russia had begun a summer offensive which continued as Martha Gellhorn sailed to England. On November 1, before her arrival in Europe, the Soviets had recaptured Kiev.

As Martha Gellhorn returned to the land she loved she knew that France, Poland, Luxembourg, Belgium, Holland, Norway, and Finland were still firmly under Hitler's control. One change in Europe which cheered her, however, was the attitude of the British. The

country which she had earlier criticized as smug and insensitive to the suffering of others had quickly learned its lesson from war.

Gellhorn applauded the adaptability of the British:

I think it is true that nothing becomes them like a catastrophe. When they are really up against it, their negative qualities turn positive, in a glorious somersault. Slowness, understatement, complacency change into endurance, a refusal to panic, and pride, the better of self-discipline.<sup>3</sup>

In the few months she was in England, Martha Gellhorn investigated all that was available to her, writing six articles which Collier's published in their March, May, and June issues. As if to compensate for time lost, Gellhorn's already hectic writing pace had quickened. The two articles which she considered the best and later included in The Face of War, were "The Bomber Boys" and "The Price of Fire."<sup>4</sup> In the first she describes the heroic dedication of the British flyers; in the second she relates the cost of that dedication. As she matter-of-factly discusses the hierarchy of disability, Gellhorn's unstated point of the horror of war is clear:

. . . the worst disability is blindness, but after that comes the loss of hands. Fortunately total loss of both hands is rare and it is amazing what these boys can learn to do with a hook for a hand.<sup>5</sup>

In two of the other four articles, Gellhorn presents her American readers with glimpses into English life. In "Children Are Soldiers Too," she emphasizes the strength of the British teenagers, who unknowingly and automatically formed the backbone of the British labor force. In "English Sunday" Gellhorn recreates life in a quiet





village where, even in the isolated corners of the British Isle, it has been altered by war.

In the last pair of articles, Gellhorn shows London full of refugees from Nazism. Many Dutch, for example, have come to London to report to their government which is reorganized there. There are, in addition, a Dutch army, Dutch paratroopers, Dutch commandos, Dutch navy, Dutch fighter squadrons, Dutch merchant navy, and Dutch fishing fleet.<sup>6</sup>

Martha Gellhorn wrote one last article on London's war life before departing for the Italian front. In "Three Poles," Gellhorn relates what three Polish young men told a British audience about their country which had been swallowed whole by the Third Reich. Through careful selection, Gellhorn impresses her readers with two points: that four and a half years of organized repression cannot snuff out a people who refuse to relinquish their freedom and that the Nazis are sadistically and systematically destroying civilized life and culture. This was the first of many graphic articles Gellhorn would write in an attempt to educate the American public on the hideousness of the enemy. "Three Poles" differs from the later anti-Nazi articles in that it is full of the proud defiance of a people who would not succumb.

At this point and until very late in 1944, Martha Gellhorn's articles focused on the courage of the sufferers, the heroism of the maimed. Admitting that her emphasis might not accurately represent war and that war was always far more monstrous than she could

describe, Martha Gellhorn explains that "from an instinct of self-preservation" she tried "to write most often what was brave and decent."<sup>7</sup>

From London, Gellhorn traveled to Italy, arriving there in February and distinguishes herself as one of the few correspondents who actually reached the front. Collier's knew their luck in employing the correspondent and mentioned her often in Amy Porter's Column "The Week's Work." When Gellhorn's dispatch arrived from Italy, Collier's bragged about the woman who consistently braved danger to bring the readers of Collier's an authentic account:

As a war correspondent for Collier's, Miss Gellhorn is one of the very few woman reporters who actually gets to the front. To gather material for this story, she jeeped along a road under constant enemy observation and spasmodic shellfire to the barracks on the outskirt of Casino. On that day one third of Casino town was held by the Americans and the rest by the enemy. From the barracks she walked three quarters of a mile toward an antitank gun emplacement to a point where she could watch the brown smoke of German shellbursts in nearby buildings and the white-plumed bursts of American phosphorous shells.<sup>8</sup>

Yet the danger was only a part of what Gellhorn faced. Almost as much of a problem to her were the Army public relations officers who believed that women and combat were mutually exclusive. While enduring the routine discomforts and dangers with everyone else, Gellhorn had constantly to devise strategies which would win her access and transport to battlefronts. When her initiative failed to win her legal means, Gellhorn resorted to sneaking or

tricking her way into war zones. She was made more and more aware of the disadvantages of being a woman, but continued to demand the same rights as any other correspondent. As she explained:

I felt like a veteran of the Crimean War by then, and I had been sent to Europe to do a job, which was not to report the rear areas or the woman's angle.<sup>9</sup>

At home, Collier's emphasized the glamour of their reporter and called in Gellhorn's famous husband for his critical and personal comments. Had they known Hemingway's inclination, Collier's would surely have urged Gellhorn to write under his name.

Although resenting her activity and absence, Hemingway sounded a model husband in the interview. His compliments were qualified, however. He praised Gellhorn's writing, for example, but admitted his prejudice. Explaining her battlefront perseverance, Hemingway noted Gellhorn's excessive need for sleep:

She hates to get up in the morning. She needs twelve hours' sleep, can use twelve and has to have ten.<sup>10</sup>

Yet even this praise was undercut by the left-handed compliment which excluded male correspondents:

But when she is at the front or getting there . . . she will get up earlier, travel longer and faster and go where no other woman can get and few would stick it out if they did.<sup>11</sup>

Ironically, while Gellhorn's actions represented a step in the direction of women's liberation, in that no woman reporter had covered combat in World War I and in that she had prompted a major magazine to hire her to do what had heretofore been a man's job, that magazine

exploited her seductive looks and husband's fame rather than her courage and competence.

As Gellhorn remained in Europe to report the war, Hemingway remained in Cuba, increasingly incensed at her audacity. In early 1944 he began announcing, according to Baker, that he was about to "saddle his horse and ride off in pursuit of Martha." If necessary, he boasted, he would chase her across the Atlantic, "kick her ass good," and present her with the choice of home or military school. Enraged that he had nothing to show for two years of hard work, while his wife had published two books and several articles, Hemingway vowed to cross the Atlantic. Yet when he wrote Martha in late January he stated that the war held no interest for him.<sup>12</sup>

Remaining in Italy long enough to gather material for two articles, Gellhorn flew home in March for what she termed the "one unavoidable break" in her war career.<sup>13</sup> Incredulous at Hemingway's passivity, Gellhorn determined to "blast him loose from Cuba." Believing firmly that her husband's proper place was at the war fronts, Gellhorn had never sympathized with Hemingway's Caribbean submarine hunts. She had long ago enraged him with her half-serious suggestion that the Pilar's Q-boat patrols were merely an excuse to obtain rationed gasoline so that he and his friends could fish while decent men and women fought and died.<sup>14</sup>

After Martha Gellhorn spoke with certain British personnel, Ernest Hemingway was offered air passage if he would consent to

report on "the heroic activities of the Royal Air Force in some one of the American magazines."<sup>15</sup> Hemingway quickly agreed. Although he could have had an assignment with almost any American newspaper or magazine, he chose purposely to work for Collier's. This was, according to Gellhorn, a clever means of attacking her so that even those close to her would not see the strike. Since only one person was officially permitted to represent each magazine and only one was allowed to visit the fronts, Gellhorn lost her correspondent status. She dreaded most the thought that after a winter of studying and preparing, she might miss the Invasion.<sup>16</sup> In addition, Leicester Hemingway explains that as chief correspondent for Collier's, Hemingway was placed in charge of Gellhorn's expense account.<sup>17</sup> Martha Gellhorn fumed. Nevertheless, she managed to arrange passage, setting out from New York on May 13 as the only passenger on a convoy ship loaded with dynamite. Ernest Hemingway remained in the city, awaiting the air sapce his wife had arranged for him.<sup>18</sup>

After the agony of twenty days aboard the ship which strictly followed blackout regulations, forbade smoking, "zigzagged interminably," and lacked lifeboats, Gellhorn reached the British coast and exhaustingly stepped ashore at Liverpool. Hemingway was not there to greet her. Instead, reporters welcomed her with the news that he had suffered a concussion and fifty-seven stitches in an automobile accident after an all-night party. Gellhorn refused to give the reporters a sympathetic reaction, believing that excessive celebrating in wartime, while common, was nonetheless contemptible.

When she saw Hemingway in the hospital, Gellhorn again refused to commiserate and burst out laughing. Her reaction cut him deeply. When he responded to her chastisements with a sexist joke she left the room in anger and the breach between them widened irreparably.<sup>19</sup> Hemingway later complained to his brother, Leicester, that Martha only came to see him twice while he was laid up.<sup>20</sup>

While Gellhorn had been steaming across the Atlantic in her dynamite-cargoed ship, Hemingway had been attracted to Mary Welsh, a reporter then with the London Bureau of Time and Life. As he began to see more of her, Hemingway's behavior toward Gellhorn became more childishly cruel. In one instance, he telephoned Gellhorn's room on the floor above, and asked his wife to dinner. He undressed and when she arrived he pretended to attack her. She retreated "in angry tears." He later called, apologized, and persuaded Martha to join him and a friend for dinner, agreeing to call for her in her room. The three set out for a better evening when they encountered Mary Welsh. "Ernest at once commandeered Mary," Baker writes, leaving Martha to his friend.<sup>21</sup>

In late May and early June of 1944 the talk in London centered on one topic--D-day. For four and one half years the Allies had awaited this date. Yet the secret was so closely guarded that volunteers who had been promised action in the invasion were not called even as it began.<sup>22</sup> On the gray, cold morning of June 6, Martha Gellhorn sat with a good percentage of the world's press in a "great guarded room in the Ministry of Information." As they

waited and watched the clock, a British officer stood up and announced, "'In five seconds the first communiqué will be given to the world. You may leave. Go!'"<sup>23</sup>

Determined not to miss the spectacular invasion of Normandy, Martha Gellhorn stowed away on a hospital ship docked off the coast. She made the channel crossing on D-day in a conspicuously large white ship without so much as a pistol aboard.<sup>24</sup> The boat sailed to a beach called Omaha Red and there Martha Gellhorn saw France and discovered herself in the "midst of the armada of the invasion."<sup>25</sup> As troops unloaded from ship to barge to shore and mines detonated and tanks clanked forward to face the enemy, Martha Gellhorn managed to get ashore. Ernest Hemingway never forgave her that achievement.<sup>26</sup>

5:2

Worse Than War

There are things far worse than war.

Martha Gellhorn<sup>27</sup>

Martha Gellhorn had taken a great chance when she stowed away aboard that hospital ship, risking both her life and her professional status. What little bargaining power she had had with the Army public relations officers was immediately lost. She was arrested for her D-Day actions and placed in a nurses' camp far away in the country. Gellhorn tolerated the restraints on her

freedom for one day, then rolled under a barb wire fence and escaped. She persuaded a pilot to take her to Italy, telling him that her fiancé was there and they had to meet immediately.<sup>28</sup>

For the rest of the war, Martha Gellhorn had no papers but her I.D. card and rather than be arrested for her illegal presence she carefully avoided American authorities. For a time this confined her to secondary fronts where she fortunately discovered fine Europeans who required little or no certification. Much later in 1944 she managed to sneak to Holland through what she called sheer "stealth and chicanery" and there she observed America's 82nd Airborne Division at work. During the Battle of the Bulge and thereafter, she more easily attached herself to American outfits. Whether the P.R.O.'s had softened or simply cared no longer with the war's end imminent, Gellhorn cared only that she was able to document the main action as the global conflict came to a close.<sup>29</sup>

Before her arrest in England and her hasty departure to the Italian front in the summer of 1944, however, Gellhorn had discovered her husband in her hotel room with another woman.<sup>30</sup> As if she had not sustained shock enough, the correspondent was still in London on June 13, when the first V-1 fell "just up the road from her hotel."<sup>31</sup> During the next three months, German planes would drop on London over nine thousand of these devastating, jet-propelled guided missiles.<sup>32</sup>



As Ernest Hemingway remained in his London hotel, receiving visitors and courting Mary Welsh,<sup>33</sup> Martha Gellhorn returned to Europe to describe the indescribable misery of war and to validate the bitterness of Germany's victims. She followed the entire Italian campaign from Casino through the Gothic Line, came up through the south of France to Paris, then managed to get to Holland, Luxembourg, and Germany.

While the three articles which Gellhorn had written about D-Day were appearing in the late July and early August issues of Collier's, the correspondent was busy gathering material and writing about the Italian front. Not every piece Gellhorn sent to Collier's was automatically published, however. One such case was an article about the Polish soldiers in Italy. Since most of them had escaped from their occupied country over the Carpathian mountains, these fierce fighters called themselves the Carpathian Lancers. Gellhorn later included an article by that name in The Face of War, noting that Collier's had refused to publish it. For the time, Gellhorn appeared too critical of the popular Russian allies.<sup>34</sup>

"Carpathian Lancers" reveals the fears of the Poles, who believed that Russian tyranny differed little from German. The Carpathian Lancers feared as much for their loved ones who had been abducted and taken to Russian labor camps as for those who were imprisoned by the Germans. The Poles worried, Gellhorn explains, that the nation posing as friend would fail finally to give up the Polish homeland they occupied:

. . . with their whole hearts they fear an ally, who is already in their homeland. For they do not believe that Russia will relinquish their country after the war; they fear they are to be sacrificed in this peace, as Czechoslovakia was in 1938. It must be remembered that almost every one of these men, irrespective of rank, class or economic condition, has spent time in either a German or a Russian prison. It must be remembered that for five years they have had no news from their families many of whom are still prisoners in Russia or Germany.<sup>35</sup>

On her frequent trips down the dusty Italian roads to the front Gellhorn saw death and ugliness. She recalls, in "Carpathian Lancers," for example, an entire field of huge dead cattle with legs pointing to the sky. She remembers that she and her army companions never did discover the cause of death, so quickly was their jeep speeding toward the front lines. At the same time that her eyes digested the mutilation of war, Gellhorn managed to note the natural beauty of the countryside.

On the eastern coast of Italy she was quick to appreciate the turquoise blue serenity of the Adriatic. The shelling continued but the important war activity stopped and Gellhorn decided to enjoy herself in the lull. No one had had time to investigate the beach and the possibility of a mine exploding was very real. Yet Martha Gellhorn and a brave second lieutenant climbed delicately over a German-destroyed railroad bridge, stepped softly onto the shattered wooden ties, hopped carefully down the embankment, and tip-toed to the shore. The couple kept close to one another, Gellhorn recalls matter-of-factly, "on the grounds that it would not be fair for just one of us to explode." While they luxuriated in the

fine water of the Adriatic, they noted the Allied shelling of German installations on one side of them and the British detonating of mines on the other.<sup>36</sup>

Martha Gellhorn frequently camped with an army unit in a hayfield a mile or so from the Second Squadron headquarters. When the major war activity had ceased, she celebrated with her Polish friends a festive meal of fried duck, tomatoes, and raw red wine. The party lasted while artillery sounded.<sup>37</sup>

Gellhorn fully enjoyed her life and the people with whom she was sharing that life. While there was, as in all war-time, excessive discomfort and danger, there was also excitement and friendship. As in Spain, she and her comrades believed fervently that the Allies had right on their side. Their triumph would end a terrible tyranny and bring liberty back to the land she loved. Some three years earlier, Martha Gellhorn had made her views clear to students at John Burroughs school, explaining that this war, like that in Spain from 1937 to 1939, was being fought "'for the right to live freely and stand up and say what you think.'"38

Even the vagabond aspect of the war enthralled Gellhorn. She thought the constant moving "great fun, like being gypsies or a small-town circus." And she fondly recalled her part in the turtle-paced stream of dust and noise:

We were a long convoy on the roads, with the sirens of the armored cars screaming at every turning and the dust like a tent to cover us.<sup>39</sup>

She returned from a jaunt to purchase dinner meats and discovered that two squadrons were attacking the enemy. So swiftly the "fog of war" descended.

From the Italian coast, Gellhorn traveled to Florence where she applauded the attempts of the Allied Military Government, the Eighth Army, and the Florentines to spare the city further abuse. She describes in "Treasure City" how the Germans, with one pull of a switch, had destroyed a third of the medieval structures of Florence to spoil forever some of the world's most spectacular beauty. She notes again victims of Gestapo torture, praising the courage of those who refuse to admit defeat. And she proudly illustrates the love of beauty of the Allies who chose the harder and slower way of entering Florence in order to prevent it from becoming a battlefield.<sup>40</sup>

Martha Gellhorn followed the Italian Campaign through the Canadian penetration of the Gothic Line in September of 1944. She had watched and moved with the main body of the Eighth Army as it traveled secretly from the center of Italy to the Adriatic coast in three days' time. Her face and clothes took on the familiar greenish white dust which rose from the roads pulverized by the massive weight of trucks, armored cars, tanks, weapon carriers, guns, jeeps, motorcycles, and ambulances. Gellhorn was proud to travel with the melting pot of the Eighth Army whose soldiers came from Poland, Canada, South Africa, India, New Zealand, England, Scotland, and Ireland to fight from the Egyptian border to the

Apennines which formed the last German fortified line outside the Siegfried Line. For two years the Eighth had been advancing slowly, and at great cost, across Africa through Sicily and up the Peninsula of Italy.<sup>41</sup>

Martha Gellhorn shared with the men of the Eighth meals of cold bully beef, warmed up meat and beans, hardtack, and coal-black fly-filled tea. She shared their hopes, now that the war's end was in sight, that they would return safely to home and family, and she shared their grief as each day more lives were wasted. She looked incredulously, as they probably did, at twelve parachutist prisoners, the best of the German troops, locating in their faces the sadism of the Nazi regime.<sup>42</sup>

Gellhorn watched the battle for the Gothic Line "from a hill opposite, sitting in a patch of thistles and staring through binoculars." She noted that the Allied tanks resembled beetles as they "scurried up a hill, steamed across the horizon and dipped out of sight." On a closer look, she saw that the Canadians had successfully crossed the mined river and made it past dynamited villages, over the asphalt road and up onto the hill. From that position they poured men and weapons into the gap they had created as artillery gnawed away and Allied planes bombed the Gothic Line. Finally, after two days, the Canadians pushed through the other side of the Line to the coast of the Adriatic.<sup>43</sup>

As Gellhorn advanced with the army up the Foglia River,<sup>44</sup> she could not resist speculation on how history would record the

accomplishments of what she thought an altogether magnificent array:

Historians will note that in the first year of the Italian campaign, in 365 days of steady fighting, the Allied armies advanced 315 miles. It is the first time in history that any armies invaded Italy from the south and fought up the endless mountain ranges toward the Alps. The historians will be able to explain with authority what it meant to break these fortified lines, attacking up mountains, and the historians will also describe how Italy became a giant mine field and that no weapon is uglier, for it waits in silence, small and secret, and it can kill any day.<sup>45</sup>

Martha Gellhorn's morals, like that of the Eighth Army, peaked and she was sure that the Gothic Line would be the last line and that the Italian campaign would soon reach its successful conclusion and the long awaited peace would arrive. As minor skirmishes continued, she sat on the sand with a book, drank sweet Italian rum, and watched as those same Canadians played in the Adriatic and bounded over the beach. Their actions seemed so free from fear and trouble that Gellhorn began to concentrate on her own indulgence in the sun and felt wonderfully happy to be alive.<sup>46</sup>

Gellhorn did not remain with the Italian front long after the Battle of the Gothic Line. As usual, she wanted both personally and professionally to be at the center of the action. Since Paris had recently been liberated by D-Day troops that August, Gellhorn set her compass for France's capital. She traveled up from the south through a France sporadically occupied by Allied and Axis troops. With a machine gun and three companions she affectionately called madmen, Gellhorn drove furiously to Paris.<sup>47</sup> She arrived

that September to find a fine city ravaged by the Nazis, a populace tortured by the Gestapo.

Martha Gellhorn investigated the network of tunnels at Ivry, where the French had once stored ammunitions and which the Nazis had converted into prisons. Gellhorn tried to communicate the horror of what she saw in the city in "Wounds of Paris," an article published that November by Collier's. The main tunnel, she explained, was twenty feet wide with sections of its mud floor under water. It was wet, absolutely dark, and "so cold that within ten minutes" she and her companions "were shivering; in half an hour one's clothes were damp and one was cold to the bone." Both men and women had been imprisoned there without light or blankets. Gellhorn sadly noted the names written in charcoal on the walls, as if someone dying "felt the fierce need to leave some word, or cry in this black silence."<sup>48</sup>

While the prison assaulted even the senses of one who had seen as much of war as she, Gellhorn observed that it was nothing extraordinary for the Germans and she set out to investigate the adjacent cemetery. There she was startled by the mounds of unmarked graves heaped with flowers, the tombs of nine hundred patriots and hostages which the Nazis had forbade naming. At Ivry, Gellhorn also read through a thin book of last letters of some of those who had been killed. In order to impress her readers as she had been impressed, Gellhorn included in her Collier's article three carefully selected excerpts from this sad collection. They documented the

brave wishes of the condemned for their loved ones. While all three are extraordinary, one from a boy of eighteen attests to his courage, his youthful optimism, and the tragedy that followed:

And you, Mama, Maurice told me you had been to the Kommandantur. How tired you must be; above all take care of yourself and do not get sick. I do not want you to get sick because of me. Really Mama all is not lost yet.<sup>49</sup>

Noting that prisons and cemeteries dot France, Gellhorn insists that while all are remarkable for one grotesquerie or another, all are commonplace for the Nazis. She documents a few of the sadistic tricks the Nazis created for human beings,<sup>50</sup> as if they were irresponsible children inventing cruel means of frying worms or crushing fire fly tails. The strain of the visit on Gellhorn is apparent in "Wounds of Paris," which is neither easy nor pleasant to read. Yet Gellhorn continued to report what she saw so that her American readers would know the extent of the Nazi menace. Her hatred for the Nazis increased and she saw them as a cancer that had to be cut out and burned away.

While in Paris, Martha Gellhorn rendezvoused with her estranged husband, who had reached the city before her. They talked for two hours before departing; she to see friends, he to catch up on his drinking.<sup>51</sup> Leicester Hemingway remembers carrying notes between the couple. (Gellhorn was lodging at a small, uptown hotel while Hemingway stayed at the Ritz.) Leicester, who had functioned in London as a diplomatic go-between, trying to



negotiate with an immovable Ernest for Martha's funding and equipment, now worked for both correspondents. He typed clean copy or dispatches for them, located carbon paper, found available transportation, and ran other errands. When he found one of Gellhorn's dispatches (perhaps the one to Paris after occupation) to be particularly well-written, he told Hemingway, thinking he would be pleased at his wife's success. Instead of the expected response, Hemingway growled that Martha Gellhorn knew little about war.<sup>52</sup> The irony in this remark about a woman who had recently driven up to Paris from the south, traveled with the Italian campaign from Casino through the Gothic Line, made the D-Day crossing to Omaha Red Beach, attended war fronts in China, Finland, and Spain, stunned Leicester.

Martha Gellhorn was not in Paris long enough to dwell on her domestic difficulties. Early in September 17, 1944, from airfields in southern England, the "greatest armada of troop-carrying aircraft" assembled in World War II took to the air. The Supreme Allied Commander, General Dwight Eisenhower, had employed an imaginative plan authored by Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery: Operation Market-Garden. The airborne part of the operation, Market, was colossal, involving almost five thousand fighters, bombers, transports, and over 2500 gliders. "That Sunday afternoon . . . an entire Allied airborne army, complete with vehicles and equipment, began dropping behind the German lines. The target for this bold and historic invasion from the sky: Nazi-occupied Holland."<sup>53</sup>

Three airborne divisions parachuted and glided behind enemy lines--the American 82nd and 101st and the First British, which dropped on Arnhem. While the British suffered huge losses and failed to accomplish the main objective of the invasion when their 2nd Army could not rendezvous with the British First at Arnhem in time, the two American divisions succeeded in their assignments. Since the Operation was considered British, however, few American correspondents were accredited to cover the offensive. Thus when Lieutenant General James Gavin, commander of the 82nd Airborne, read the British accounts of the battle, he noted the lack of coverage of the American activities:

Only when we began to receive the London newspapers . . . did we realize that we were cut off from the world as far as the Press was concerned. There was not a word about the 82nd nor our sister division, the 101st. It was very distressing and we decided that because of the nature of the British disaster at Arnhem, the British carefully avoided mention of the American division 20 miles south; the 82nd had captured all its objectives.<sup>54</sup>

Gavin asked Buck Dawson, a young lieutenant from his Public Information Section at Division Headquarters, to drive to Paris and bring back a "jeepload of correspondents." Dawson followed orders and brought back "two or three," among them Martha Gellhorn.<sup>55</sup>

Gellhorn spent several days with the 82nd and admired the men greatly. The division had experienced heavy combat, having come all the way from Africa and parachuted into Europe four times.<sup>56</sup> It had made American Army history when it parachuted into Sicily to spearhead the Allied seaborne invasion of the island

on July 9, 1943. In addition, the 82nd had jumped behind the beach-head at Salerno, led the 5th Army into Naples, and landed the first men at Normandy.<sup>57</sup> Among its ranks were numbered several veterans of the Abraham Lincoln and George Washington Battalions whom Gellhorn had known from the Spanish Civil War.<sup>58</sup> The journalist set out to write an article which would prove the courage and honor of these men.

While she was with the 82nd Airborne, Martha Gellhorn began her long and close association with the division commander, James Gavin, whose ambition, courage, and imagination she admired. He had enlisted as a private in the United States Army and had risen to the rank of lieutenant general when he was only thirty-eight. It was easy for Gellhorn to appreciate the love the men of the 82nd held for the general who led them by jumping out of the lead plane first and who remained, despite his rank, one of them.<sup>59</sup> She respected the innovative mind that spawned the daring plan for capture of the Nijmegen bridge intact.<sup>60</sup> In addition, Gavin was tall and thin, with a charming Irish face. He was dignified, she thought, but not pompous.<sup>61</sup>

General Gavin was likewise impressed with the insight and logic of the correspondent:

She was an extremely intelligent woman and a fine writer. She was of a very independent turn of mind. She very much thought for herself, thought through issues and never hesitated to articulate a well-thought out idea.<sup>62</sup>

After Gavin came out of the Holland battle that November, he met Robert Capa and Charles Collingwood, who were there with Martha Gellhorn, and the four of them became close friends.<sup>63</sup>

Martha Gellhorn remained with the 82nd Airborne through the dreary rains of the fall of 1944. She was there when the glorious offensive dwindled to a "deadly little nibbling campaign" which was hardly the style of the 82nd. She watched as the attack "slowed down into foxholes and artillery duels and mortar fire and night patrols." The 82nd had been wholly successful in its objective; it had taken five bridges and an essential piece of ground. Now the men were ordered to hold what they had fought hard to win. Gellhorn admired their character and sent Collier's an article, briefly describing the history of the division as well as recounting the brave successes in their part of Operation Market-Garden.<sup>64</sup>

In early 1946, the Saturday Evening Post published a much longer article by Martha Gellhorn on the same subject. In "82nd Airborne, Master of Hot Spots," Gellhorn added detail to show the thrill and fear of jumping out of a plane over enemy lines. She discussed each daring venture of the 82nd, adding that theirs was the first victory at the Battle of the Bulge and that an entire German army of 144,000 men surrendered to General Gavin before the 82nd came to occupy Berlin. At the head of this extraordinary outfit stood an equally unique leader and Gellhorn elaborated on the laudatory legends that the men of the 82nd repeated about their commanding officer, General James Gavin.



In October Gellhorn had traveled with the 82nd Airborne to Nijmegen, a small Dutch town about thirteen miles south of Arnhem, which had unfortunately occupied a position of strategic importance and thus found itself in the path of opposing armies. While the Dutch were elated to be rid of the Germans, their city was left in ruins. Reminiscent of Gellhorn's article on Paris after German occupation, "Death Comes to a Little Dutch Town" clarifies the high cost of freedom. There was little electricity in the city and no heat, even though winter was fast approaching. Because of the continual shelling, one had to sleep in the cellars and every window wore the required black-out curtains. Each morning the Dutch took turns sweeping the broken glass from the previous night's shelling into neat piles under the trees. There was no pretense at normal life. Food was rationed and what shops still stood were open only occasionally.<sup>65</sup>

Gellhorn found that destruction of the town's material life was only part of the price the Dutch folk had paid for their freedom. There was, as always, imprisonment, torture, and death. The Dutch had nourished a strong underground and tried hard to protect their Jews, knowing well that the penalty for either of these actions was death. The Germans had shrewdly taken as hostage the bright and the dynamic, thus depleting the intellectual leadership of town. The Germans deported for forced labor from each town they occupied as many of the Dutchmen between nineteen and thirty-five as they could find. Gellhorn wrote carefully, clarifying

each fact although none of them was new to her. She wrote the article for Collier's as a story with this moral: the Germans must be prevented from ever making war again.<sup>66</sup>

Though Martha Gellhorn was stationed with the 82nd Airborne in Nijmegen, her husband was still at the Hotel Ritz. Carlos Baker notes that Ernest Hemingway was ashamed "at having a rear-echelon address," knowing that his wife was at this moment closer to the fighting than he.<sup>67</sup>

Gellhorn left the 82nd for a time in early December and returned to France, driving as far south as Toulouse. On her way, the car she was in whirled over an embankment and tumbled sixteen feet to the ground below. Gellhorn was lucky to escape with a broken rib and bruises.<sup>68</sup>

She was not so lucky at Toulouse, however. As she had always taken her work seriously, Martha Gellhorn had forced herself to document poverty, mutilation, and death. Such, she understood, was the record of war. While she had earlier predicted the price of staring into the horror of war, Martha Gellhorn could not cope with what she now forced herself to see. Eight years of death and devastation she could somehow endure, but something snapped in Toulouse; one Nazi victim too many, perhaps. She could not continue business as usual and send Collier's another objective report of torture and sadism. Overcome, she sent her editor a frantic letter which revealed her weary state. Collier's printed the letter in an attempt to show their readers both the terror of the Nazis

and the effects of recording it. Gellhorn had intended the letter remain private and was angered in 1976 when she discovered its publication.<sup>69</sup> The following is but an excerpt of her cry:

I must have a rest . . . by rest I probably mean escape and I do not know whether I am tired to death or simply full of despair. There have been too many wars . . . . There seems also to be a kind of selection backward, so that surely the bravest and the most innocent will be utterly destroyed.

I am in despair about writing, too . . . . I feel as if I had thrown a million pebbles into a bottomless well. . . . How can I possibly spread a contagion of indignation and compassion? I feel finally that the only thing I do with my writing is to give honor where honor is due . . . .

Today I saw pictures of two bodies, dug up from some boneyard in Toulouse . . . I look at anything you see, because I do not admit that one can turn away; one has no right to ignorance, one has no right to spare oneself. But I never before saw faces (decayed in death, of course, a-yhow) with gouged-out eyes. I thought I'd seen it all but evidently not . . . .

Oh, what a world! . . . Is anyone able to prevent the massive insane cruelty from going on like a poison in the blood of humanity?<sup>70</sup>

Gellhorn's collapse was only temporary and she pushed herself back to work. While in France, she investigated the status of the Spanish anti-Fascists in Gaul. In "The Undefeated," which Collier's published the following March, Martha Gellhorn reported on the plight of the Spanish refugees who had been forced into concentration camps by a French people who could not care for itself. She documented the bloodbaths of Franco, noting that 300,000 people had been executed in the six years since he assumed power, and she stressed the importance of the Spanish Maquis, the



underground resistance in France. Her main concern, however, was with the Spanish children who had offended no one yet suffered punishment, imprisonment, torture. And it was the brave spirit of these Spanish young ones with which Gellhorn concluded her article.

The piece attracted the attention of Alvan Bessie who included it in his Heart of Spain: Anthology of Fiction, Non-Fiction and Poetry. Published in 1952 by the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the volume included, besides Gellhorn's eight-page essay, contributions by Alvan Bessie, Milton Wolff, Herbert Matthews, Lillian Hellman, Dorothy Parker, and Federico Lorca.

In late December Martha Gellhorn had returned north to be close to the fighting of the Battle of the Bulge. Von Rundstedt had broken through the American front in the Belgian Ardennes in a surprise attack on December 16 and General Gavin's 82nd Airborne had been ordered to fight the German Field Marshall the following day. The 82nd was to establish a corridor and extricate four American divisions.

Martha Gellhorn was stationed in Luxembourg City among the 4th Army and Colonel Buck Lanham's 22nd regiment when she was invited to spend Christmas Eve and Day with the 22nd Infantry. Unknown to her, Ernest Hemingway was already there. Colonel Lanham, aware of the tenuous state of their marriage, if not Martha's earlier request for a divorce, offered them his bedroom in Rodembourg, and suffered through the frigid night in an unheated trailer.

On Christmas morning Lanham took the couple on a tour of the command posts. After Ernest assumed the front seat, with what Martha called "supreme arrogance," she began to scold him in French. Ernest finally turned around, but not before his neck had grown a deep red, and rebuked her; "'In case you don't know it . . . Buck speaks much better French than you do.'" Lanham ordered his driver to stop so they could all watch the chalk-white vapor trail of a German V-2 rocket, flying to its target with supersonic speed. Taking notes, Gellhorn remarked to her husband, "'Remember this Ernest . . . that V-2 is my story, not yours.'" Hemingway ignored her until the trip was completed, when he condescendingly commented, using her private nickname, "Mooky," that she had now been "as close to the real front lines as she was ever likely to be."<sup>71</sup>

Martha Gellhorn was furious. Without accreditation or funding or the accessibility of a male, she had managed to get to Normandy, to the Italian fronts, to Arnhem, and to the Battle of the Bulge. Her disgust was aggravated by Hemingway's refusal to grant her the divorce.

That the Hemingways were incompatible was increasingly more apparent. In particular, Hemingway's childish behavior continued. When Air Force man Bill Walton checked into the Luxembourg hotel on New Year's and met Martha Gellhorn, he was attracted to the "tall girl with honey-colored hair and well-fitting tan slacks." That afternoon he and Martha borrowed a "homemade wooden sled" from a small boy, found a steep hill, and coated with "dozens of

apple-cheeked Luxembourg children." When Walton returned to his room, Hemingway was waiting. Walton told him that he had taken Martha sledding and planned to take her to dinner. Hemingway "grinned savagely," announcing his intentions to join them. The evening made unendurable by Ernest's long and loud rebukings of Martha, Walton waited until he was alone with Hemingway to chastise him. When he complained, Ernest repounded: "'You can't hunt an elephant with a bow and arrow.'" Still Hemingway's grandstand plays went on. He located a maid's mop and bucket, tore off his uniform, donned the pail as helmet, the mop as lance, and marched in his long underwear to "lay seige to Martha's room."<sup>72</sup>

There seemed to be no end to Hemingway's brutality. He was particularly stubborn about granting the divorce and Gellhorn was surprised when he later met her during a stopover in London and agreed to it. He obtained the divorce in Cuba on grounds of desertion on December 21, 1945.<sup>73</sup>

Hemingway's bitterness only increased after the dissolution of their marriage. In the coming years he was noticeably vocal in his resentment of Martha's ambition and independence. In a conversation with Mrs. Lanham, Hemingway viciously attacked both his ex-wife and his mother, whom he dubbed a domineering shrew responsible for his father's suicide. He complained that he had caused the break-ups of all his marriages except that to Martha, and he criticized Martha for her demand that he return her silverware, which had been a gift from her mother, engraved with her monogram. Mrs.

Lanham thought Ernest Hemingway a "temperamental misogynist" and perceptively observed that his mother and Martha Gellhorn "were the only two women in his life who stood up to him and defied him."<sup>74</sup>

Hemingway was just as unreasonable about Gellhorn's fine family crystal and china. He returned them only on the request of Edna Gellhorn, but managed to send them from Cuba to Mexico without any packing.<sup>75</sup>

Many years later, Hemingway told his friend and biographer, A. E. Hotchner, his reasons for granting Martha the divorce. He described a sterile marriage and cold wife:

The last time with Miss Martha it was a break to break up, on account no children, no love, she was making more money than I was and convinced she had a much better future without me and was probably right since our interests and tastes were not the same and I liked to write and could not match her in her ambition.<sup>76</sup>

The cruelist public attack on Martha Gellhorn appeared in his Across the River and Into the Trees. Published in 1950 as his first novel since For Whom the Bell Tolls (a decade in which Gellhorn published two novels, a short story collection, several more pieces of short fiction, and over forty magazine articles), the novel vulgarly alludes to his ex-wife. An early slur occurs when the hero explains to his lover that the best writers on war never see a battle.<sup>77</sup> As Martha Gellhorn had published five war journalism in addition to a World War II novel which was well received by the critics, this statement was one more example of Hemingway's paternalistic insistence that his ex-wife could not have exposed herself to the danger of the front lines. In a later chapter, the Colonel speaks

distastefully of his ex-wife who is a transparent stand-in for Martha Gellhorn. In a conversation with his lover, the Colonel/Hemingway commits a careful and calculated character assassination:

"She had more ambition than Napoleon and about the talent of the average high school valedictorian. She is too conceited ever to be sad, and she married me to advance herself . . . and have better contacts for what she considered her profession or her art. She was a journalist."

"But they are dreadful," the girl said.

"I agree."

"But you couldn't have married a woman journalist that kept on being that?"

"I told you I made mistakes," the Colonel said.

"As awful as that."

". . . besides the wench is dead. Deader than Phoebus the Phenician but she doesn't know it yet."<sup>78</sup>

As Hemingway had used Snows of Kilimanjaro to reject Pauline, in Across the River he made clear his feelings toward Martha.

While none but the couple involved know the real reasons for their conflicts, Hemingway's son Gregory contradicts those who believe the break-up was caused by Martha's cold ambition. He sees as a main problem Hemingway's own creative frustrations, his growing fears that his writing talent had ebbed, and, of course, his obsession to dominate:

Marty has always been pictured as an overly ambitious woman who neglected her wifely chores, neglected Ernest, and finally deserted him. That is the official version fed to papa's biographer Carlos Baker through Ernest's after-the-fact letters to his friends. But let's get the facts clear. Marty never deserted him. She was driven from that house in Cuba, driven away by the return in greater force of papa's megalomania. His idea of making Marty the writer in the family was doomed to fail, not because of her lack of talent but because of my father's compulsion to be Number One.<sup>79</sup>

Gregory Hemingway adds that even his explanation of the marital tension was simplistic, hinting at "a basic sexual problem."<sup>80</sup>

So busy was she with her job as war correspondent, however, that after that unfortunate Christmas and New Year, Martha Gellhorn apparently gave little thought to her husband except to ask for a divorce. She was there to watch and report on the 101st Airborne and the confusion as the "Bulge" was slowly ironed out. She trudged through the heavy snow and drove over the ice-covered road to Bastogne, noting the pervasive smell of death rising from the frozen German corpses and mutilated farm animals. At one point, she and her companions were driving down the main road to Bastogne when they were strafed by two planes. The pair of Thunderbolts which had evidently been reclaimed by Germans\* dived on them three times, blazing their machine guns. Gellhorn and her companions hurried back into their jeep and speeded toward the front, confident that there they would be in less danger.<sup>81</sup>

Martha Gellhorn had spent a good deal of her time watching the Thunderbolts in action and admiring the pilots who made them the planes the Germans feared most. For some reason, perhaps to satiate that curiosity she has to experience everything she possibly can, Martha Gellhorn decided to fly with one of those brave pilots over Germany at night. She chose for her mission, however, not the daring Thunderbolt but the P-16 or Black Widow in which the Thunderbolt boys refused to fly, calling the whole operation unsafe.<sup>82</sup>

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\*The official position was that no German flew reclaimed Thunderbolts.

That she was granted permission at all is a surprise, but the major commanding the Black Widow night-fighter squadron of the Ninth Air Force, did his best to discourage her:

"Lady," he said earnestly, "everyone shoots at us. Friendly bombers and friendly flak and enemy flak and enemy fighters. Just anything at all; they all have a right to shoot at us. I wouldn't advise it."<sup>83</sup>

The warning prompted Martha Gellhorn to recall the tragedy of the night before. Nothing remained of the two men who had been shot down, but four feet and two hands.

Gellhorn followed the major to the mess and ate with the pilot and radio operators, all dressed in their flying gear. A captain sat beside her and began listing the terrors of night flying when the major cut him short. At least night flying was beautiful, the captain offered.<sup>84</sup>

Gellhorn returned to Squadron headquarters and was zipped into layers of flying pants, boots, and jacket. When she could hardly breathe the major handed her an oxygen mask which fit poorly. While he asked if she could breathe someone pushed gloves into her hand and fastened on a parachute. As she began to choke she noticed the major stuffing an escape kit into her pocket. He pointed to the area on a large map which the Black Widows would patrol. "'If anything happens,'" he warned, "'Walk southwest.'"<sup>85</sup>

Gellhorn found it hard even to stand up under the weight of the parachute and confines of clothing, but she managed to hoist herself into the jeep with the major and radio operator. As her

body shivered in the cold she rode over to the black plane. Despite her connection with the craft before her and her part in the night to come, Gellhorn thought of the Black Widow as "beautiful" with "two upcurling tails and long narrow wings," "a delicate deadly dragonfly."<sup>86</sup>

As Martha Gellhorn was to sit without seat or safety belt in the glass cage between the two tails, the radio operator and major gave her a small cushion to place atop the wobbly crate which would function as her chair. While she looked her situation over in bewilderment, the radio operator explained how to open the trap, and if that should malfunction, how to remove the sheet of glass and squeeze herself out. He reminded her of her rip cord and showed her where to plug in her oxygen mask and earphone.<sup>87</sup>

The lightening intensity of the take-off made Gellhorn feel that she was flying separately from the plane. Then the Black Widow soared at 265 miles an hour into a beautiful but frightening blackness through which it was guided by radar back in Luxembourg. When her oxygen mask slipped off, Gellhorn pushed it back on her face with her right hand, grabbing onto a steel shelf with her left, in order to keep herself from falling backwards off the crate. The pressure was so severe that she thought her stomach would be crushed and she would strangle. When the plane reached its altitude Gellhorn discovered that the cold prompted her nose to run continually. Since she could hardly wipe it and maintain her breath and balance,



the inside temperature of thirty below caused a "small frozen river" to form on her face.<sup>88</sup>

As they flew over Germany at night, the pilot pointed out the trail of a V-2. There was flak here and there, and flares in various places on the ground, but Gellhorn had no idea whose it was. Then the pilot quickly explained over the intercom the unfortunate position a miscalculation had placed them in. They had been pursuing an enemy plane, but had been brought down above rather than below the plane. At that moment they were in danger of being shot at. Luckily, the German preferred not to fight and soared away. Now that their two and a half hours were almost up, the Black Widow's crew would head back to the base. Before they turned around, however, they encountered some flak. Martha Gellhorn returned safely to the base, in awe that these men endured minus thirty degree temperatures in regular clothing. The adventure was later documented in "Night Life in the Sky," which Collier's published that March and trimmed with sketches of Martha Gellhorn in the various situations.<sup>89</sup>

As the war wore on to its conclusion, Gellhorn shared with the fighting men a total weariness and a belief that it was wasteful to die at this point; so many men too young even to vote for the country they were defending with their lives. They deserved to be safely welcomed home by loving families and fed good homemade meals. They deserved never to go through another winter without blankets, a winter so cold that the wounded who were not immediately

taken to shelter died. They deserved to go to sleep at night in real beds, with blankets, knowing that there was a good chance that they would wake up the next morning.

Gellhorn had witnessed too many courageous and humane acts to enumerate, but she managed to immortalize a few in her article for Collier's magazine. Disliking pomp, Gellhorn thought the awarding of decorations meaningless in that "the people who counted knew" and one could tell "about men by the way they handled themselves and by all the things they did not say." Nevertheless, she believed that bravery should be remembered and she recalled one ceremony without pomp in March of 1945 which impressed her. The 82nd Airborne was holding a twenty-five mile front parallel to the Rhine and adjacent to the Ruhr pocket. In a street near Cologne with fallen wires and broken glass and shell holes about, six men stood at attention. Without music or flags or spectators, and with mortar sounding in the distance, a tired General Gavin pinned the Silver Star on each of the dirty, weary men standing before him. As if all of them had more important things to concern them, the men stared far in front of them, waiting patiently until the ceremony ended, and then turned to locate a place to sleep.<sup>90</sup>

Gellhorn later included the incident in the long article she wrote for the Saturday Evening Post on the 82nd Airborne. It was one more example of her success with material left unsaid. In briefly relating this crude presentation of decorations, Gellhorn manages both to applaud the men's courage, and show the weariness

and wearing down of war. If the men were ordered to assemble for awards, they obediently took a moment from their few moments of sleep to accept the awards, knowing that sleep was essential to survive the front lines. They could not concern themselves with the honor they had just received; they had too much serious work to do.

By April of 1945 the German resistance had collapsed and as the Americans moved farther over the German border, Martha Gellhorn witnessed the spectacle of the defeated Germans. She hated as intensely as one can hate the Nazis who had terrorized Europe and had only contempt for the behavior of these beaten citizens. They cowardly denied ever paying loyalty to the Nazi regime, Gellhorn wrote, outdoing one another with stories describing how they had protected their Jews and blessing the Americans who had come to save them. They loudly proclaimed in daylight their ability to sing "The Star Spangled Banner," while at night they shot at Americans, strung wires across the roads where American jeeps would pass, sabotaged American supplies, and burned down houses of Germans who genuinely aided the Americans.<sup>91</sup>

While Martha Gellhorn had long ago made up her mind concerning the general German mentality, she followed her editor's direction and went about the crowds asking the people about the type of government they preferred. Her objectivity was gone; she had already made up her mind as to the answers. By keeping at it, Gellhorn managed to get past the superficial responses which the

Germans knew the Americans wanted to hear to what she believed were the genuine feelings of the populace. Although democracy was the most frequently sung word, the people eventually agreed that they had not discussed politics for eleven years and knew nothing about government. In one village a woman admitted that "if they had enough to eat and could live quietly they did not care who ruled them."<sup>92</sup>

Gellhorn documented the exaggeration of these people who sought sympathy by counting bombs from surrounding cities in the total number of explosives dropped on their own villages. Neither she nor the American soldiers felt sorrow for the Germans who wept over the pile of rubble that was their furniture; she had already witnessed suffering of far greater loss endured in silence. Nazi atrocity and sadism had hardened her heart even against grief for the devastation of a city like Cologne.<sup>93</sup>

Gellhorn advanced with the American 82nd Airborne as it penetrated deep into Germany toward Berlin. She witnessed the first contact of United States and Russian troops in Torgau on April 27 and formed her own opinion of our Allies. General James Gavin later remarked on the astuteness of Martha's foresight and the influence which her judgment carried:

When we met the Red Army, she sensed at once what its intentions were, as far as the future of Eastern Europe went. It was not the remarkable war machine that we had been led to believe. It was horses and wagons, and inadequate medical care, and although massive in size, quite unsophisticated in quality. But more important

than this, behind it was a ruthless dictator, who was to kill returning Russian prisoners or send them off to Siberia and had no inclination to tolerate the democratic processes as we knew them. She was a very healthy influence on the thinking of many people at that time who were still dreaming of "Uncle Joe" and what a great beneficial influence Communism, as he practiced it, would be on the Western world.<sup>94</sup>

Although they delayed the publication of "Russians' In-visible Wall," Collier's did not censor the article which Martha Gellhorn had written describing the Russian Allies, who refused her permission to cross the Elbe and investigate them. She argued and pleaded with a Russian colonel, explaining the natural desire of Americans to know something of their gallant Allies and received the same lighthearted but firm refusal. "Niet: was the only Russian word Gellhorn heard enough times to learn. She angrily reminded the colonel through their interpreter that Russian correspondents moved freely through the American ranks and were warmly greeted there. If the Russians persisted in this suspicious manner, Gellhorn warned, everyone would become angry. She countered his explanation that one side was Communist and one capitalist with a pat denial that anyone on the field of battle was interested in politics. Trust and confidence were essential among Allies, she reasoned.<sup>95</sup>

Martha Gellhorn praised the power of the Russians who in their "great shapeless numbers" were "as overwhelming and terrible as a flow of lava," but her memories of Russia's unwarranted attack on Finland and the fears of the Poles whose land the Russians

occupied had earlier provoked her skepticism. Between her observations of the friendly meeting of East and West one senses Gellhorn's awareness of an imminent danger from Russia's evermore westerly push. While she noted that some of the American soldiers voiced approval at the suggestion that the tough Russians rule all Germany, Gellhorn left her readers with the impression that the U.S.S.R. was hungrily eyeing more territory.<sup>96</sup>

Perhaps because she believed she had to see everything, including even the insides of the notorious Dachau, Gellhorn thumbed her way to the south of Germany. She saw the barbed wire and electric fence and what appeared to be skeletons searching themselves for lice. She met a Pole who was six feet tall and weighed less than a hundred pounds. He had come on the last death transport and had survived being locked inside a boxcar crowded with men, women, and children. As those around him had slowly died of hunger, thirst, and suffocation, the German guards had fired sporadically into the car to stifle the inevitable screams and struggles. Somehow the Pole had survived all that, been discovered under a pile of dead bodies, and recognized as once being a man. He, Gellhorn discovered, was only a fraction of the story of Dachau and the Nazi sickness.<sup>97</sup>

Martha Gellhorn knew that the world would never believe the degree of dementia that had initiated and maintained places like Dachau. The woman who had spent the majority of the last nine years witnessing the horrors of war, who had early encountered

the Nazis and their victims, still had no preparation for what she saw and heard and smelled at Dachau. Fourteen years later Gellhorn still remembered every detail of Dachau, knowing that they would always haunt her. Looking back at the article she had written for Collier's, however, she noted several omissions, and realized that the shock must have then affected her "like amnesia."<sup>98</sup>

When Gellhorn could no longer endure to hear of the experiments the Nazis ruthlessly performed on their human guinea pigs to determine how long an aviator could go without oxygen, how long pilots could survive when shot down over water, how to cure German soldiers of malaria, how to save a dying man--and when she sickened at the evidence of mass castrations and sterilizations, she followed her guide to the jail. "In Dachau," she wrote, "if you want to rest from one horror you go and see another." She noted "the box" the size of a telephone booth and constructed so that one could not sit, kneel, or lie down. She learned that four men, who had in some way displeased the SS, would be packed into it for three days and nights with no food, water, or sanitation. Upon release they returned to the sixteen-hour work day and the diet of "water soup and a slice of bread like soft gray cement." At the crematorium, Gellhorn was advised to protect her senses with a handkerchief over her nose:<sup>99</sup>

There, suddenly, but never to be believed, were the bodies of the dead. They were everywhere . . . . The clothing was handled with order, but the bodies were dumped like garbage, rotting in the sun, yellow and nothing but bones, bones grown huge because there was no flesh to cover them, hideous, terrible, agonizing bones, and the unendurable smell of death.<sup>100</sup>

The walking skeletons, the prisoners, had told Martha Gellhorn how it was the day the American Army arrived. "In their joy to be free, and longing to see their friends who had come at last, many prisoners rushed to the fence and died electrocuted." Others could not endure "that effort of happiness" and died cheering.<sup>101</sup>

Gellhorn watched as the same half-naked skeleton who had been dug out from under scores of his dead companions in the last death transport shuffled into the doctor's office, and whispered something in Polish. Gellhorn learned that this barely audible whisper brought the news of the German unconditional surrender; the war was over. As she sat, silent in the room, she thought of the appropriateness of hearing the news in such a manner. It was a fitting end to almost a decade of horror:

Dachau seemed to me the most suitable place in Europe to hear the news of victory. For surely this war was made to abolish Dachau, and all the other places like Dachau, and everything that Dachau stood for, and to abolish it forever.<sup>102</sup>

As most of Europe and its Allies sang and danced and kissed in the streets in celebration of V-E Day, Martha Gellhorn wept alone "for the dead and manner of dying." Aware that no one could know the full extent of the tragedy of the preceding nine years, which she saw as one war, Gellhorn understood that at least it had finally ended. The cancer had been cut out; it was time to rebuild with hope and energy. A strong, safe world needed to be constructed.<sup>103</sup>



5:3

## Post-War Clean-Up

Like the American prisoners of war with whom she shared a C-47, Martha Gellhorn could not wait to leave Germany. Like them also, she refused even to gaze blankly out the window; no one wanted to see that land again. Hatred and sickness were all any of them felt and a certainty that no one would believe the extent of the sadism that had existed within Dachau.<sup>104</sup>

That summer of 1945 Gellhorn left the European theatre for the first time since she had pushed Hemingway to action in March of 1944. Departing from Scotland on a C-54 transport filled with wounded soldiers, Gellhorn tried to sort out the madness of the previous nineteen months. She considered the main fronts she had seen--Normandy, Italy, and the Battle of the Bulge--and wondered that they had all been successful:

There are many things to think about when you are coming home after a war, but your mind feels like scrambled eggs and you do not think very well. You think in small, amazed snatches, saying to yourself, how in God's name did they get all those ships there on D-Day; and how did they ever straighten out that freezing rat race when the Germans broke through in the Ardennes; and how did anybody survive Italy.<sup>105</sup>

Gellhorn was as happy as the wounded youths about arriving in New York on that same day, and as she watched the soldiers she noted with pride that they hid their pain. They had all done their jobs, she thought, just as the Air Transport Command crews were now doing theirs, having already flown home 30,000 wounded, two full divisions, and transported supplies and passengers all over the

world. While she usually minimized her contribution, Gellhorn knew that she too had done something, and as the C-54 landed on American soil she and the soldiers clung to one another. Although America was safe and inviting it was not the world in which they had so recently learned to live. Gellhorn noted the strangeness:

For the war, the hated and perilous and mad, had been home for a long time too; everyone had learned how to live in it, everyone had something to do, something that looked necessary, and now we are back in this beautiful big safe place called home and what would become of us.<sup>106</sup>

Martha Gellhorn did not adapt immediately to a new life style, deciding to follow World War II to its end. After a brief visit to her mother's home in St. Louis, Martha Gellhorn departed for Japan and the war still raging in the Pacific. She was on her way in early August when the first atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Gellhorn turned around and went back to Europe.<sup>107</sup>

Since P.R.O. discipline concerning correspondents had relaxed after the Battle of the Bulge, Gellhorn had little trouble attaching herself to the American occupation troops in Berlin and she remained there for most of the fall and early winter of 1945-1946.<sup>108</sup> Unconvinced and uncomfortable in the peace, Gellhorn "hung on in the climate of war" for still another year.<sup>109</sup> While her recently divorced husband was marrying for the fourth time, Gellhorn traveled half way around the world to cover the civil war in Java.

There was something different about the correspondent who traveled to Indonesia in the spring of 1946. Throughout the hard

years as FERA investigator of the unemployed in America's depression and as correspondent during the Spanish Civil War, the war in Finland, the war in China, and during the evermore steady rise of Nazi Germany, Martha Gellhorn had retained her faith in the inherent good of people. She had believed that if the citizenry were educated they would act properly, yet she and her colleagues had predicted the rise of Fascism, its horrors and its sure menace, as early as 1936. By the time she left the war in Finland, she looked upon her profession more as a personal passport than as a beacon to direct one to proper behavior. By the end of World War II, with Dachau and death and her own failed marriage fresh in her memory, Gellhorn had lost her innocent faith in "the perfectibility of man, in progress," as well as in journalism as a "guiding light":

It took nine years and a great depression, and two wars ending in defeat, and one surrender without war, to break my faith in the benign power of the press. Gradually I came to realize that people will more readily swallow lies than truth, as if the taste of lies was homey, appetizing: a habit. . . . Good people, those who opposed evil wherever they saw it, never increased beyond a gallant minority. The manipulated millions could be aroused or soothed by any lies.<sup>110</sup>

In early 1946 Martha Gellhorn traveled with ten other correspondents through three hundred miles of the forbideen interior of Java. She found that what had once been a flourishing Dutch Colony was now a sad ruin of tyranny and horror. When the Japanese finally surrendered the Indonesians had warmly welcomed the Dutch from the abominable prison camps in which the Japanese had interned them. In the six weeks between the Japanese surrender and the arrival of

the British, however, the Indonesian Nationalists had proclaimed a republic. The Dutch women were shoved back into the camps; the men were interned elsewhere. The Dutch plantations and factories were confiscated and almost every day saw Dutch bodies floating down the canals.<sup>111</sup>

The reversal was largely due to the successful anti-white campaign carried on for years by the Japanese. The very people who attacked the island and killed and deported its people for forced labor, Gellhorn wrote, had managed to turn the populace against its leaders. Martha Gellhorn interviewed Dr. Soekarno (the real power in the Republic), met the Sultan and Prince, listened to the propaganda, and saw evidence of the ensuing massacre. The spectacle of Java was the final step for her. She knew then that she could bear no more the idiocy and waste of war:<sup>112</sup>

. . . in Java I saw the postwar new-style little war, and knew I never wanted to see anymore of it again anywhere. Probably the pathetic murderous mess in the East Indies was inevitable. The tall white men had been conquered and debased by short yellow men; why should anyone accept the white man as master again? The Dutchmen of the Indies returned, like skeletons and ghosts, from Japanese prisons and from building the Japanese death railway through the jungle; their sick, starved women and children emerged from years in Japanese concentration camps on Java; and immediately they were set upon by the natives they had tried to rule with care and decency. Both the Indonesians and the Dutch needed time to heal from the war and find a plan for their lives. There was no time. Nothing anybody wrote was going to shorten this torment, nor save one victim, white or brown.<sup>113</sup>

Yet Gellhorn did not retreat from global problems or the aftermath of the devastating war. She sent the Saturday Evening

Post an article called "Java Journey" after they accepted her long complimentary piece on the 82nd Airborne. And then she returned again to Europe and endured a good part of what remained of the ten months and ten days of the Nuremburg Trials.

As the trial loomed to its conclusion that fall, Gellhorn ventured into the German countryside to question many of the people about the proceedings. She was saddened, but hardly surprised, at their attitude toward what she felt was a great act of hope for the future. The people complained that even during the worst of the war they had had coal and butter and clothes and now there was none of these things. Hitler could not have been so bad, they complained, if conditions were so much worse when he was gone. Even the "responsible Germans" equated the flattened cities with the Nazi crimes, complaining that the victor's actions were always condoned. They thought the Trials a waste of time--why not just shoot the defendants?<sup>114</sup>

Gellhorn found the interviews tiresome and pathetic, but she was most disturbed by a confrontation she and her companions had with a young German boy on the night before the verdict. He was tall, blonde, and twenty and Gellhorn's party had invited him to share their dinner. This charming boy had been in the German Panzer grenadiers, top-Nazi outfit. Having been wounded three times and fought against the Russians and English, he had digested the Nazi propaganda whole. He affirmed that Germany made war only because England had prepared to attack her. Ignoring the massive bombings

of Warsaw and London, the youth argued the inhumanity of the Allied bombings of German civilian centers. He denied the hideous stories about concentration camps, but admitted that it was a "mistake" to kill the Jews--even if they were sneaky and lazy. He then voiced the popular German opinion that life had been much better under Hitler, denying the accusation that Germany had been fed and clothed by robbing Denmark and France and Poland and Holland.<sup>115</sup>

With the statements of the boy still in her mind, Gellhorn sat for the verdict of the Nuremburg Trials on October 1. She found the grim proceedings unique and honorable and necessary to "reestablish the rule of law between nations." She applauded the judgment that regardless of one's orders and one's superiors one must be responsible for one's acts, and expect prosecution for criminal behavior. While sick at the record of evil that had been rehashed in the courtroom, Gellhorn took heart that in that dark period of man's history persons of four countries "could work patiently together to brand evil and reaffirm the power and goodness of honest law."<sup>116</sup> It was the vague hope that rose from the Nuremburg Trials which prompted a saddened and disenchanted Gellhorn to retain some of her faith in her fellow man.

Gellhorn appropriately finished out the year and her World War II activities by attending the Paris Peace Conference of 1946. She was at the Luxembourg Palace to interview both the delegates from twenty-one nations and the everyday citizens and she was

there to report on the chances for a certain peace. As they quarreled over the Italian-Yugoslavian border and came to terms on how much a human life was worth in reparations, the delegates seemed less brotherly than had their fighting counterparts. Martha Gellhorn saw little evidence that the world had changed. One became increasingly aware of two camps--this time the East and the West--in which the world was already divided, and the people in the street talked feverishly of the next war between the United States and Russia. Nine years to quell the boasts of Hitler, over twenty-five million lives lost, one-third of Europe's Poles and two-thirds of its Jews exterminated, and yet the lesson of the war, the necessity of reconstructing a firm global future, was ignored. At the very place where the pattern for the future peace was to be established, Russia and the United States were setting up their strategies as if the world's destination were a chess game. Martha Gellhorn despaired "that peace never seemed farther away than in the splendid halls of the Luxembourg."<sup>117</sup>

Believing that society was closing its grip on suicide, Martha Gellhorn withdrew from spotlighted activity. In the years that followed her behavior departed widely from her almost total immersion in the history of her time. Even her use of journalism and fiction writing changed. The memories of Dachau still haunted her, however, and before she could get on with her new life style, she had to rid herself of them. There was but one way she knew to cope with traumatic experiences: write about them.

5:4

## The Wine of Astonishment

For Martha Gellhorn the war years were more an era of reporting than fiction writing. Believing that "journalism at its best and most effective is education,"<sup>118</sup> Gellhorn set out to document the courage and the cruelty, the excitement and the fear of World War II. It was all there; her task was to record it accurately, sometimes a self-destructive task. Nevertheless, she immersed herself in her journalism, intensifying an already hectic pace. Where she had previously written twenty-one articles in the five-year period between 1938 and 1942, she now produced twenty-eight articles in three years. In 1944 and 1945 alone, Gellhorn published twenty-four articles.

The quality of Gellhorn's journalism did not suffer as a result of this fecundity. On the contrary, the more she wrote the more her articles achieved clarity, interest, and re-creation of scene, and the more easily she eliminated awkward phrasings and inappropriate metaphors.

Gellhorn knew the drawbacks of writing for a magazine. While very newspaper and radio station, represented by their own staff in Europe, could instantly report a story, her news was old news, which often traveled slowly across the Atlantic by mail or colleague and then awaited Collier's approval and publication. A two-month lapse between the incident and its report in Collier's was not uncommon.



She knew that if she wanted her articles to have any effect, if she wanted them to be read at all, they had to be vivid. Using smells, sounds, personalities, and emotions, Gellhorn recreated battle scenes with details which newspapers and radio announcers ignored, details calculated to make her readers feel as if they had been there. In addition, she aimed in each article for a total effect, hoping the piece would captivate the reader with the unity and mood of fiction. Having learned long ago to report with a camera-like detachment, Gellhorn knew also to select each detail carefully and to keep the article as short as possible while implying far more than could be said in so many words.<sup>119</sup>

Gellhorn's articles are tight and fluid, full of original but appropriate expressions. Who could fail to see the beauty of the 82nd Airborne parachuting into Nazi-occupied Holland, for example, after reading that "the sky flowered with thousands of swaying silk water-lily leaves"? and who would not suddenly recognize the darker side of the experience in the image of every man hanging "like a dark pencil"?<sup>120</sup> Gellhorn persuades her readers of the seriousness and hope of the Nuremburg Trials until they too see and react to the "terrible mouth" of Goering which "wore a smile that was not a smile, but only a habit his lips had taken." They almost feel that it is they who have tuned into the English translation of the proceedings after hearing the droning voice of the President of the tribunal:

"In the opinion of the tribunal aggressive war is a crime under international law . . . ."121

While Gellhorn wrote hastily she invented a number of metaphors and similes which helped create the vividness of her articles. It is in this area of her journalism that she progressed, for previously she had slipped occasionally into awkward or inappropriate comparisons. Now, the reader is forced by the novelty of Gellhorn's expression to reevaluate her assertion that during World War II the soldiers wore "fatigue as thick as dust," the rethinking helping the reader to understand the weary state of the combatants. In a similar manner, Gellhorn forces one to feel the hideousness of chance when she states that war "was like a roulette wheel; you either won or you got burned inside your car . . . ." The devastation of the Italian countryside she makes shockingly clear with the first sentence of one article: "This field grew huge dead cattle." In a similar way, Gellhorn creates a moving picture of the soldiers' dependency on the armored cars, when she explains:

An armored car becomes a sort of tourist trailer for five men after they have lived in it and near it long enough. It is a bar and an ice box, a trunk and a dressing table, as well as a swift steel-encased machine which sprouts machine guns.<sup>122</sup>

As had previously been true, Gellhorn's journalism is best at its specificity, its showing rather than telling, its convincing through example. It is compelling, for instance, to point out the youth of American soldiers by explaining that when General Gavin informed his men of their opportunity to vote in the upcoming

American election, only two men in an entire company were old enough to vote. In a similar manner, one need not be told that British children have been denied normal lives if they read this short passage from Gellhorn's "Children Are Soldiers Too":

They have never bought food except with ration books, or clothes except with coupons . . . and they have never had a date except in the blackout.<sup>123</sup>

Gellhorn persuades her readers of the brave defiance of the Dutch who refused to acknowledge the rules of Hitler's regime, knowing that death and imprisonment were quick penalties for any offense:

If a man wearing the infamous armband with the Star of David on it entered a bus or streetcar he was instantly offered a seat by general spontaneous agreement as a protest against this Nazi cruelty to show that men were brothers no matter what the Nazis thought.<sup>124</sup>

In the same way, Gellhorn proves the perseverance and courage of the Dutch who repeatedly risked death rather than endure the Nazi tyranny which had spread over their land. Her method this time is overdocumentation; she lists one method after another which the Dutch utilized in order to get to England where they could fight for their government, which was reorganized there. Here is but one of that list:

You might have climbed the Alps to Switzerland, re-crossed France and climbed the Pyrennes to Spain enroute to Lisbon. You might have swum from La Linea on the Spanish side, through the mined waters of Gibraltar to reach an English ship. One girl did.<sup>125</sup>

Few lecturers will convince audiences of a soldier's fear as he faces combat better than Gellhorn's description of Allied troops preparing to leave their transports and take their place in the D-Day Invasion:

The men who were going into battle watched the men who now came back, hurt, from the battle, and there was no comment and no turning away from this final truth of war.<sup>126</sup>

Gellhorn shows the light side of war when she draws a picture of a soldier at headquarters toasting a cheese sandwich on a German bayonet over a small cookstove;<sup>127</sup> she proves its waste when she describes an old man with a shell fragment in his back--"a piece of antipersonal shell which he received when buying vegetables."<sup>128</sup>

Again, as in her earlier journalism, Gellhorn succeeds with subtlety and connotation, knowing that what is implied often has more impact than what is stated. Few can doubt either the provocation or implication of her statement concerning those who yielded to the Nazis:

Arresting collaborators is as much a part of cleaning up a town as is the maintenance of the sewage system and the street sweeping.<sup>129</sup>

Gellhorn enjoys exploiting implication or material left unsaid for its humor and she is not above poking fun at herself. Before she makes her daredevil Black Widow flight, for example, she notes that at supper "everyone except myself ate heartily."<sup>130</sup>

The longest article to emerge from Gellhorn's World War II journalism is "82nd Airborne, Master of Hot Spots," the second article on General Gavin's division. While it is more than twice the length of most of her articles, exceeding 7000 words, the piece is one of her best. The high interest level testifies to Gellhorn's mastery of the essence of fine journalism--the knowledge of

selectivity. In fact, all the Gellhorn techniques are used with maximum effect in "82nd Airborne." She begins the article, for example, on a C-47 after the briefing as the men are preparing to jump. While showing the courage of the parachutists, Gellhorn notes their odds:

They know a chute can fail to open . . . . They know a man can land and break his legs or his back; or his neck, for that matter. They know a man can be shot as he floats to earth or bangs into a tree, a helpless target. They know for certain that, wherever they are dropped, the enemy will be all around them, waiting. . .

Gellhorn brings life to print by introducing her readers to some of the men. She talks about Ted Bachenheimer, who happened to have been born in Vienna and consequently spoke fluent German. Ted thought he should make use of his asset and frequently crawled across enemy lines, attaching himself to German chow lines or pulling himself into their foxholes. He chatted with the enemy and even brought back prisoners on occasion, but his primary objective was information. Gellhorn implies much more than an obituary when she describes the circumstances of his death:

Ted was captured and killed the next year, aged twenty-one, in Holland, while behind the enemy lines checking on a telephone line he had set up, so that he could get his information simply by ringing across to the other side.

Like a pitcher who has been throwing fast balls, Martha Gellhorn knows when the time is ripe for the change-up. When dealing with heavily emotional material, she suddenly becomes detached, her prose coldly emphasizing the harshness of her facts. Such is the case

both with Bachenheimer's death and the D-Day casualties. Rather than emphasize that more than half of the division was wiped out, for example, Gellhorn simply states that "more than 11,700 men of the 82nd Airborne division had come to Normandy; there were 5429 men left to return."

Once again Gellhorn interests her reader by strictly avoiding cliché and creating her own compact expressions and phrases. She thus describes the war in Italy as "an orphan sort of war." In "82nd Airborne" some of these expressions attain an imagistic or poetic level not common in Gellhorn's journalism. In discussing that one impressive decorations ceremony in the deserted street of a small German town, for instance, Gellhorn says that in looking about one was "angry with boredom." She remembers the time as "March . . . colorless and belonging to no season of the year."

Gellhorn concludes the article cleverly. After relating daring group and individual exploits and after communicating the essential part the 82nd played in World War II, she avoids sentimentalism in her ending by alluding to a letter sent to Gavin by a paratroop lieutenant. Gellhorn thus remains "disinterested" while the letter emotionally demands the respect owed the 82nd:

" . . . If we can know that somewhere young men will dare the challenge and 'stand up and hook up' and know the moment of pride and strength which is its reward, then a part of us will always be alive."

Martha Gellhorn's World War II journalism still focuses on the effects of war and the history of her time on everyday people.

Even when she highlights specific soldiers she is quick to show they too are not unusual. She sees heroism and sacrifice and honor in many she meets and this she tries to document, giving as she says, "honor where honor is due." Obvious in her writing is her transcendent faith in the Dutch, French, and Italians who refuse to give up their bitter fight for freedom. The sentiment runs through "The Undefeated" that while the Spanish refugees have no reason to hope for victory they will never accept defeat. It is this indomitable spirit that Gellhorn applauds, along with noble acts such as those by the Jewish doctor in the hospital ship off Normandy who gives his most sincere effort to keep a wounded Nazi alive.

It is along this line that one may level some criticism of Gellhorn's war journalism, for when she applauds courage and nobility she is not always free of emotionalism. She falls prey to this lack of detachment most often at the end of a controlled article which is full of carefully selected facts which prove her point. In "Hatchet Day for the Dutch," for example, she weakly concludes by saying that although the Dutch admit they have been asleep for one hundred years "they woke magnificently and they are not going to tire." In "Rough and Tumble" Gellhorn qualifies a tight and explicit article with a vague conclusion, asking how anyone would ever be able to thank the 82nd Airborne.

In another instance, her writing lacks the disinterest of the journalist when she allows herself to enthuse a bit about the

Canadians who penetrated the Gothic Line. That they are "beautifully strong" and "beautifully alive" is hardly an objective or helpful description. "A Little Dutch Town" twice states the moral that after noting the ruins of a town like Nijmegen, one must resolve that Germany be prevented from ever again making war. This is one time Gellhorn's inventiveness works against her. The moral seems childish and clumsily thrown in and the article is stronger without it.

After her arrival in England in November of 1943 and through her attendance at the Nuremburg Trials and the Paris Peace Conference of 1946, Martha Gellhorn zoomed in on whatever she could find that was admirable in the hideously destructive war. Her perseverance and optimistic outlook enabled her to see humor in various situations. She wrote about the Russians with whom she toasted "Treemann" for a long while before realizing she was toasting the President. By their pronunciation, she had imagined it was a "crisp Russian term" for "Bottom's Up."<sup>131</sup> Soon her good-nature and enduring faith in humanity were overwhelmed by the actions of the Gestapo. The unimaginable cruelty that man performed on his fellow man overcame and obliterated the camera that focused on the "brave and the decent." Martha's pen began to capture hatred and bitterness as she reported what she saw.

As she turned her camera to sharpen its focus on the most sickening episodes in man's history, Gellhorn left behind her defenses, and forced herself to observe the ultimate in man's



bestiality, his heart of darkness. Even when she grew sick and despairing enough to send her editor that desperate letter, Gellhorn never ceased looking into the horror and trying to communicate it to her reader.

In "Three Poles," one of her earliest articles dealing with Nazi atrocity, Gellhorn controls her disgust and writes a compact one-page article outstanding in its craft. Through fact and observation she presents much information, draws many pictures, and creates the calculated emotions. Gellhorn also manages to emphasize the horror of Nazi sadism through a masterful use of tone. The atrocities are related quickly in order; they are discussed as matter-of-factly as a grocery list. This cold, detached approach offends the reader and highlights the fact that such was the approach of the Nazis. Slow death and torture were to them as casual and routine as a shopping list.

Gellhorn weighs each word as she uses it, even in hastily written articles such as these. In "Three Poles," for example, she manages to pack power into the casually-used word, simply, again creating an upsetting effect;

We have seen everything, the man said simply, the cattle trains where they kill the Jews, the executions of Jews in the village squares.

In her early World War II articles, Gellhorn alludes to the Germans as Krauts and she is always merciless in her handling of them. Now, determined to give the world an accurate depiction of



its negative capabilities, Gellhorn writes whole articles on the Nazis. One begins:

No one is a Nazi. No one ever was. There may have been some Nazis in the next village, as a matter of fact, that town about twenty kilometers away was a veritable hotbed of Nazidom . . . . I hid a Jew for six weeks. I hid a Jew for eight weeks . . . . No, I was never in the army. I worked on the land. I worked in a factory . . .<sup>132</sup>

Gellhorn cynically suggests that these phrases be put to music so that the Germans could sing them. She questions how the detested Nazi government managed to rule for over five years when none of its citizens paid allegiance. She alludes to twelve hundred Jews--men, women, and children--taken to Poland in freight cars and brought to a nice-looking building where they were told they could shower, only to scream and writhe in agony as the Nazis pumped the poisonous blue gas through what looked like air vents. She alludes to Oradour, a French village where every man, woman, and child was herded by the Germans into the church, whereupon the church and entire village populace was burned to the ground. Gellhorn explains why neither she nor the American soldiers shed any tears for the devastation of Germany. She reacts callously to the Germans who sit atop their piles of rubble "weeping for their furniture." Coldly she asserts that "the Germans could afford to starve for the next five years, just to catch up with the rest of Europe."<sup>133</sup>

In Dachau and rehashed in Nuremburg, Gellhorn saw and smelled and heard the disgusting details of Nazi sadism. Her articles unleash her hate and bitterness. There is nothing she can say that

approaches even a neutral statement about the Nazis. They are a disease, a cancer; she has hated them for ten years and will hate them all her life.

Yet while keeping the tone heavy with seriousness, Gellhorn's article on Dachau is a flowing and controlled picture of what she saw there. The facts are enough. The essay is difficult to read, as she surely intended, because those facts are so painful. In just one of scores of experiments which the Nazis conducted at Dachau, for example, 237 Polish priests were used as guinea pigs and injected in the upper leg with streptococci germs. An extensive abscess and fever developed, followed by intense pain. After perhaps three months of severe suffering and as the priests approached death, they were operated on several times. This elaborate and sadistic procedure was designed and conducted to instruct the Nazis on the probability of saving a dying man. And this was only one of the many experiments Gellhorn documented in her article on Dachau.

While Martha Gellhorn's non-fiction had earlier attained a level of excellence which won her acclaim, her fiction had fallen short of the mark. The war years saw the peak of both her journalism and fiction. In 1946, with the gnawing memories of Dachau too fresh in her mind, Martha Gellhorn set out to free herself from them by writing a novel. The importance of the subject and the necessity that people understand the truth of Dachau challenged her craft. The novel had to be tight, well-written, and compelling and it had to compete with all the war novels which would continue to appear.

She channeled her bitterness and passion into a finely controlled fiction and in 1948, published The Wine of Astonishment.\*

At first one might think WOA just another slice-of-life war novel with its representative microcosm of American humanity, its important if casual love affairs, its death and mutilation, and its brief if desperate humor. On first glance and until one reaches the novel's extraordinary climax, one would be right. One is taught what it is like to experience the horrors and loneliness of war as a Jewish jeep driver, a Georgian Lieutenant Colonel, an Italian union man from Detroit, and a Pennsylvanian who escapes from reality into the world of paperback books. Even a sophisticated Red Cross woman gives her views on the death and destruction around her.

The plot proceeds, like any war novel, through battle and boredom, love and death. The soldiers are made aware of the world across the sea when one of their wives asks for a divorce or has a baby. They are in the war for different reasons--power, excitement, patriotism, or commitment--but there are no John Waynes here. Instead, one finds the man next door with all his strengths, foibles, and prejudices.

One might even compliment Martha Gellhorn and say that this is a compact and well-written, if typical war novel. In it she has gleaned from her ten-year war experience just the right details and incidents to paint a convincing picture of war around the time of the Battle of the Bulge and just after the German surrender. The

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\* Hereafter The Wine of Astonishment will be abbreviated WOA.

colors may be grim--the browns and reds of mud and mutilation--but they are authentic.

Gellhorn persuades with her ability to show, frequently using one detail to illustrate what many words would take to explain. Rather than describe Lieutenant Colonel John Dawson Smithers as worn down by war to the point where his nerves are shot, Gellhorn simply mentions the nerve jumping below his right eye. Rather than explain how the men feared the mine fields, the trenches, the combat, and the loneliness, Gellhorn relates that Jacob Levy carried a calendar, commenting that; "To see each day finished and sure not to come back gave him pleasure" (p. 16).

Martha Gellhorn begins her novel amid an action, described briefly but with careful detail. She shows us Lieutenant Colonel Smithers in what she calls a "rathole," which, having been decorated by its former inhabitants, testifies to the needs and deprivations of the fighting men. The left behind "picture of Rita Hayworth, all teeth and bosom, tacked to the wall," represents the woman he left behind and American womanhood in general; it reminds him of why he is fighting and consoles him that some care. The "two-months old copy of Life" explains how much the men are out of touch with the very way of life they are defending. Lonely and desperate, they enjoy even stale news about home. The magazine is security in that it might have lain on the familiar coffee table in their parents' homes.

Gellhorn's originality packs concreteness and clarity into a prose which is more fluid and rhythmical than that of her hastily written articles. Her avoidance of commonly-used words and her continued invention lend a freshness to her work. Rather than describe the front which the Germans break through as "weak" or "soft" or even "vulnerable," for example, Gellhorn calls it a "Tissue paper front."

OA utilizes the best of Gellhorn's journalism, its selectivity and concentration, and discards the worst, the sentimentalism and self-centeredness which earlier plagued her fiction. The point of view, rather than that of an attractive female correspondent at the front, is male. Although Gellhorn switches occasionally to the female point of view, particularly in a virgin's initiation into sex, the narrative centers on men, and men's motives. The only character who vaguely resembles author Gellhorn is Dorothy Brock, a hardened Red Cross woman who knows the danger of becoming involved.<sup>134</sup> The story relies on a third person omniscient narrator but switches its focus from the thoughts of one character to another, reminding one of Eugene O'Neill's Strange Interlude (1928), where characters' thoughts qualified their speeches. As Gellhorn's external plot proceeds there is a careful and corresponding internal development, a device which assures the growth of complex and believable characters.

This extensive character development and internal movement is one way in which WOA departs from run-of-the-mill war novels.

In addition, the novel possesses a simultaneously cyclical and linear structure and a climax which intensifies the impact of a well-disciplined work.

While the novel presents many points of view, it centers on Lieutenant Colonel Smithers and Private Jacob Levy. Gellhorn spends much time on these two men, penetrating their thoughts and making them real through their dreams and memories. Smithers, for example, envisions himself after the war in a safari bush jacket, with a smart hound, hunting birds rather than men. He hops into his new sports car and drives the familiar Georgian roads home where he bathes luxuriously--a glass of fine bourbon in his hand--in a tub with soap. That evening he calls on a desirable woman from the best family in town and she all but yields to his advances. Awakening from his daydream, Smithers grows angry at his realization that he had to come to a miserable war to be respected and powerful. No woman from good Georgian background would even look twice at a poor chicken farmer whose parents were constantly losing money in bad business dealings.

Jacob Levy, who shares the spotlight with Smithers until he takes it over completely, is a non-Jewish Jew whose philosophy is to "get along and not have any trouble." He resents the awkwardness his heritage causes him; people always watch him to see if he is OK. This is what being Jewish means to him: "a Jew had to earn being left alone." He thanks fate that his being a high school football star had cleared the way for him in St. Louis. He dreams of



escaping, after the war, to a Thoreauvian existence by a stream in the Smokies.

Smithers, pleased to have no Jews in his battalion, is upset when his injured driver is replaced by a man named Jacob Levy. As Smithers wonders that a Jew can be so good looking, Levy laments that he will have to prove himself to a third CO. As the private and commanding officer endure heavy combat, including the advance into Luxembourg where their battalion suffers sixty-five per cent casualties, their time together fosters a particular affinity of understanding and respect. As he has been wounded twice, Levy admires the luck of the Lieutenant Colonel who has never been hit.<sup>135</sup> Smithers, on the other hand, grows close to his driver and realizes that war or peace Levy "would be the same close-mouthed decent guy" (p. 253).

As Smithers and Dorothy Brock break through the superficiality of a convenient love affair, they develop an honest friendship and are about to start all over again when the Red Cross worker is shipped out. In a similar way, Levy has turned to a young waitress in Luxembourg City. While he can communicate in only a few words of broken French, he and Kathe have come to love each other. He plans to ask her to marry him when she, unknown to him, leaves the city to attend her sick mother. The men had just emerged from battle. Smithers' best friend, Lieutenant Bill Gaylord, had sneaked off with a few men to locate the hidden Germans when he

was killed. Under heavy enemy fire, his body had been left on the river for the Germans to find.

Caked with the brown Belgian mud which dominates clothes and cars, Levy and Smithers weary of the incessant rain and battle. As they drive off together for Luxembourg City they consider themselves fortunate to have Dotty and Kathe and they are "full of hope" that they are "going towards women who waited for them and would greet them with tenderness. It was all any man could ask for, it was what everyone wanted" (p. 217).

Because the comfort and warmth of their women is all they have to look forward to in the idiocy they live in, Levy and Smithers are emotionally devastated to discover their women gone. Gellhorn does not exploit the separation of lovers as the conventional device to maintain the readers' attention, intensifying the joy of the happy reunion. On the contrary, she means to show that war ruins people's lives; what little hope and solace Levy and Smithers have is deprived them by its chance.

Even in Smithers' character development, Gellhorn avoids story book behavior. One might assume that Smithers' respect for Levy, which prompts him even to defend his driver before the verbal abuse of an anti-semitic, indicates a man grown free of prejudice. At the end, however, we discover that rather than alter his negative feelings about Jews, Smithers has made Levy an exception:

" . . . you'd never think Levy was a Jew," Lieutenant Colonel Smithers interrupted. "I swear I forgot all about it . . . there wasn't a thing like a Jew

about Levy. I don't know how many times I said to my officers that Levy was a real white man." (p. 197)

In the same way that Smithers returns to his earlier bigotry, the plot returns to its initial incident: Levy is hospitalized after an auto accident and Smithers must again find a jeep driver. This cyclical structure reminds one that events repeat themselves and over the course of history nothing really changes. Peace arrives and the men return home to their old lives. Old allies become new enemies; old enemies are forgiven and become allies. Another war with its share of lost and ruined lives will be followed by another uncertain peace. War, Gellhorn implies, is in the pattern that is man.

Only the character of Jacob Levy departs from the cyclical concept of history, but it is in his development that Martha Gellhorn is most interested and it is in this linear structure that the thrust of the book lies. The peace had already come "in the most unspectacular manner, after lunch over the radio" and Levy had been certain that war, the worst thing there ever could be, ever, anywhere, was over." "The world would be decent," he believed, "and people were going to live" (p. 261). Levy asks Smithers for the jeep and some time to himself. He is interested in solitude to plan his future, but he proffers a visit to that place called Dachau as an excuse.

When he enters the village Levy thinks that what little he has heard about the concentration camp must be false. How could

it be so bad when the houses were so pretty and prosperous? And when the women looked clean and bright and wore good clothes compared to the dingy women of Europe? (Gellhorn combines implication and naive narrator to indict the Germans.) As Levy approaches the prison a sentry asks if he has come to see what the Krauts did to the Jews. The words sting Levy; he wants to go in but wishes he had never come.

He focuses on the eyes of the prisoners, "too big, black and empty" eyes, "sick dead eyes in yellow or grey faces." When a prisoner offers himself as guide, asking Jacob Levy his name, he admits it for the first time in the novel. When Heinrich leads Levy to the doctor's office to hear about the experiments, Levy encounters the Pole Martha Gellhorn described in her article. He is tall, weighs at most ninety pounds, and he had been dug out from under the last death transport. The doctor explains that his brain has been damaged. Levy watches and listens, but cannot understand. Then Heinrich explains the purpose of the windowless closet which Levy (as Gellhorn had) comes upon:

"This is the punishment. Eight men in here, see how little is the room? Eight mens stand up close together, touching each other in the darkness. Is a little air from the top. Water to drink once a day. Cannot move. The filth. You can think of the filth. Two days, four days. The prisoners become crazy and then they are taken out." (p. 281)

The sadism of the Nazis falls upon Jacob Levy as it had Martha Gellhorn. Everywhere he looks--the walking skeletons and piles of dead bodies with hair and clothing carefully removed and

separated. Everywhere the gagging smell of burnt flesh. Each tale of torture more hideous, more unbearable. Levy's eyes and ears and nose verify what is too horrible to admit. Even the beautiful garden which provided the Nazis with vegetables and their wives with flowers insults him.

Jacob Levy slowly understands his own part in the scenes before him and as he criticizes the apathy that kept him from finding out what was happening he begins to identify with the people who were killed and maimed and tortured for being Jews. In his own mind he is condemned:

And I was only scared of getting hit a third time, Jacob Levy told himself, in terrible judgment. (p. 291)

Simultaneous with his realization of self and acceptance of his Jewishness, Levy understands the extent of Germany's crime:

And who caught all those poor people and who ran the train and who guarded the prison and who did the beating and the starving and the gassing and the burning in the ovens? That wasn't any big shots did that dirty work. That was Krauts, just everyday Krauts like anybody you'd meet on the street. . . . By God, they must have liked it or they'd of stopped it. (p. 290)

On his way back through the village of Dachau, the Jew who told Kathe that his name was John Dawson Smithers and planned to turn Catholic if she wished, the Jew who had never even been inside a synagogue, and who thought that the European Jews who did not like Hitler should just leave, deliberately drives his jeep at sixty miles an hour onto three Germans who dare to laugh.

While killing Germans was a practice rewarded by his superiors a week earlier, after V-E Day it is a crime. Levy fully understands this and while means of escaping the consequences of his actions are lain before him, he insists on assuming full responsibility. He asserts that he is Jewish and that he committed murder. Levy's realization of self is reminiscent of that of Lieutenant Frederick Henry in Hemingway's Farewell to Arms (Martha Gellhorn's favorite Hemingway work); both learn the importance of making their own decisions and living responsibly. The metamorphosis of Levy from one who wanted merely to be left alone in his own corner of the world to one who recognizes his own need to act for others is underlined by the observations of his counsel, Major Jarvis:

"I don't know what he was before. . . . But he's something now." . . . He thought of Jacob Levy, in bandages and plaster, lying in a cot in a room like a prison cell and refusing to escape the consequences of his act. Whatever doubt or fear he might feel, he kept to himself. He was very quiet and very polite and he stood by what he had done, alone. (p. 299)

While Jacob Levy reached that "point of no return"<sup>136</sup> when he finally grasped the meaning of Dachau, he comes to believe that what he had done was useless. No one could teach the German to be ashamed for not protecting the Jews and Poles and priests and people who needed protecting. Even if the Nazis had shot them, Levy reasons with new resolve, "that was when you had to get shot." If you didn't "you were filthy the way the S.S. guards were" (p. 322). Learning that Dachau tortured many people besides Jews, the former escapist/pacifist resolves that fighting is sometimes necessary

and decent. One is as bad as the Nazis not to oppose them. Jacob Levy realistically assesses that what could happen once can happen again. He will always be a Jew, but no longer the passive Jew who hides his name and heritage and runs off to live where he will bother no one. Levy vows to live a responsible, decent life:

Kathe, we'll go ahead with our life but if they come for us, I'll fight. I'm never going to wait anymore. . . . I'll fight for you and Momma and Poppa and anybody else they come after. I don't care if they're not Jews . . . (pp. 324-325)

Jacob Levy has transcended his self-preserving escapism, becoming one of those whom Gellhorn labels "the gallant minority," the people who will oppose evil wherever they see it. In addition, he comes to exemplify the very lesson of the Nuremburg Trials. He knows that he alone is responsible for his actions and that those actions give meaning to his life; it is through them that he is alive.

While Gellhorn hints early in WOA about the rebirth that accompanies the emergence of the long-awaited spring (both May, 1945 and Levy's self emergence), the reader has no more preparation for Dachau than does Jacob Levy. One is as horrified and, Gellhorn hopes, as resolved as her hero. WOA is an example of how good literature, while entertaining its readers, instructs them also in the values that lead to a more decent life. While interesting us with battles and loves, WOA teaches us to live more responsibly; the formidable lesson of Dachau stands as a potent textbook.

The reception to Gellhorn's carefully wrought novel was favorable; many of the critics expressed surprise that a woman could demonstrate such insight into the male mind and create such fully drawn and convincing masculine characters. The condescending reaction of H. R. Forbes was typical:

First reaction to this amazing war novel is that no woman could have written of soldiers' reaction to their war experiences with such insight into masculine psychology.<sup>137</sup>

Walter Havinghurst also commented that the tone of WOA is "masculine and the idiom, beyond and beneath the GI argot," "essentially man's idiom." He went on in the Saturday Review to compliment the novel's "sound and flexible prose" and its external and internal development, stating that Gellhorn's novel "brings the public war to bear on a private consciousness, on a man's hopes and wishes, on his humanity."<sup>138</sup>

While the Boston Herald called WOA the "best by far" of Gellhorn's novels, not all the reviewers were so positive. Some, such as the Pittsburg Press, flatly stated that correspondents never make novelists, but then the reviewer failed to pinpoint what it is that prevents WOA from becoming a full-fledged novel. One minor fault which went unnoticed was in Martha Gellhorn's naming her hero the same as his father, Jacob Levy. It is a carefully followed Jewish practice never to name a child after a living member of the family.



That fault must have been overlooked by The Atlantic, whose reviewer praised the book and strongly advised his readers to get it<sup>139</sup> and by The San Francisco Chronicle, who called Martha Gellhorn "the most impressive" of American women writers at the time.<sup>140</sup> In addition, The Dayton News Week listed WOA as one of the best books of 1948, along with Mailer's Naked and the Dead. In that complimentary category, Martha Gellhorn was linked with T. S. Eliot, Carl Sandburg (to whom she had once sent a batch of poems), and Winston Churchill.<sup>141</sup>

After the Paris Peace Conference, Martha Gellhorn returned to London to tie up ends still loose in World War II business and begin work on WOA. She had finished the first draft of the book by the spring of 1947 when she and her mother set out on a long, leisurely drive through the south of the United States to Mexico. It was the first time since she had worked for Harry Hopkins in the New Deal's FERA that reporter Gellhorn traveled extensively through the United States; this time she was recording her observations for a two-part series in the New Republic.

Discovering that the European picture of a greedy people hungry for power was false, Gellhorn identified the most disappointing characteristics of Americans as their apathy and ignorance. Isolated from devastated cities, burned tanks, and concentration camps, Americans had not been taught the harsh lesson of war. If they had learned to sacrifice for four years, they were too quick now to forget the war and resume a life insulated from the rest of the world. Gellhorn unhappily discovered that the popular opinion was to regard those who had fought in the second world war as "suckers" who had wasted a good part of their lives. As for the concept of a Jewish state or the repercussions of the German peace

treaty, no one had even heard of them. In addition, the Americans Gellhorn encountered were equally unconcerned about the news in their own country. The only time people even read a newspaper, Gellhorn reported, was over their huge breakfasts, and even then no one discussed what they had read.<sup>1</sup>

Gellhorn spent weeks driving through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, the Great Smokey Mountains, Alabama, and then west to Texas. She found the country beautiful, strangely untouched by the horror of the war years. Nevertheless, her eye for injustice quickly spotted the discriminating treatment received by Blacks, Indians, and women. In Texas she felt that the charm of the country disappeared; everyone seemed interested only in hastily completing his own success story. As the great land stretched out before her in all directions, Gellhorn thought of all the people "rotting in DP camps" and she grew angry.<sup>2</sup> She could not help but compare the abundance of America to the ravaged Europe she had left. While Americans peacefully resumed their lives without concern, their brothers all over the world lacked food and clothing; many had no country to return to. Americans, Gellhorn thought, must be made to realize or at least to help. The magnificence of their own land presented too frightening a contrast:

. . . someone should tell them to be generous quickly, to be impractically and imprudently generous, since it is not safe for one nation alone to be so blessed.<sup>3</sup>

Martha Gellhorn was also quick to speak out on the main domestic threat to the United States. As early as 1947 she mercilessly attacked the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a witchhunt and "flawless travesty of justice." In a two-page published by the New Republic that October, Gellhorn focused on the trial of Hanna Eisler to illustrate the Inquisition-type techniques used by the Committee. With black humor seriousness, Gellhorn referred to the Committee members as "the Un-Americans." With complete seriousness, she warned that the budding McCarthyism was a smaller dose of the disease which the world had just eradicated with the destruction of Nazi Germany.<sup>4</sup>

While the House Caucus Room was not a court room and the un-Americans could not condemn or sentence a man or woman, they could spread enough inflammatory publicity--whether true or false--to force their victims out of jobs and prevent them from being re-employed. The situation was dangerous because few men with families would risk defending a victim even when they knew him innocent.<sup>5</sup>

Gellhorn feared that Americans might succumb to this tyranny and it almost overwhelmed her to see in her homeland the seeds of the same evil that had obliterated human dignity and freedom with murder and torture. Her disgust with politics in general and the United States in particular, her desire to retreat from that front-line view of the world's mad course, and her inability to live in a rich and abundant country prompted her to take up residence in

isolated Mexico. In 1947 she began a new and quieter life for herself in the beautiful town of Cuernavaca.

By 1948, however, the republic of Israel had been proclaimed as a home for Europe's homeless Jewry. Long a champion of the chosen people, Gellhorn traveled once again to a war front, observed the fighting that had broken out between the Arabs and Jews, and witnessed the triumph of Israel over its sizeable enemy. While the state of Israel was important to her as a protection for a people long persecuted, Gellhorn could endure no more war. She left the scene of combat and the misery of war forever, she thought, and returned to the isolation and beauty of Mexico. Borrowing the words of Lieutenant Frederick Henry in her favorite Hemingway novel, Gellhorn related her own farewell to arms:

After Israel, which was the briefest visit to a war, I declared a separate private peace. The world's woes seemed perverse and self-inflicted. I gave up reading newspapers as a matter of principle, listened to music instead of news bulletins, and was healthy and happy in Mexico.<sup>6</sup>

Martha Gellhorn's retreat from the center of current history and her own love of privacy helped to create a pleasant, protected environment. The writer had first come to national attention after her work with Harry Hopkins' FERA, when she alerted Americans to the widespread misery of the depression with the highly acclaimed The Trouble I've Seen. In addition, Eleanor Roosevelt's continued praise of both book and author in her syndicated column helped familiarize the average American with the writer. As Gellhorn lived with and later married America's foremost author, Ernest Hemingway,

the glamorous couple became the target of press and publicity everywhere. Only through Gellhorn's steady refusal to give interviews and her unceasing avoidance of all publicity were the reporters at all tempered. In addition, from 1938 on Martha Gellhorn was evermore before the public eye, or at least before the average American families who read Collier's and experienced through her accounts the war in Spain, Finland, China, and Europe; the confusion of the Battle of the Bulge, the atrocity of Dachau, and the hope of Nuremberg. At an escalating pace, her articles appeared in American magazines, her essays often being featured as cover stories.

Now, convinced that the world was bent on its own destruction, Gellhorn retired from the scene of spotlighted activity. Because of this and her love of privacy, less can be documented about her whereabouts and activity after 1947. Thus her biography from that point on becomes more a reflection of her publications than a clear account of her life.

In Mexico Martha Gellhorn continued to write because it was what she knew, it was what she enjoyed, and it was her escape. After the success of WOA, Gellhorn turned her attention to fiction. It is not that her career as a journalist ended; on the contrary, the Saturday Evening Post sent her on a six-month special feature jaunt to Europe in 1949<sup>7</sup> and she worked as a correspondent in London for The New Republic from 1955 to 1957.<sup>8</sup> In addition, journalism presented her with a means of satisfying that curiosity of hers; it paid her to explore and investigate. And while she had lost her

"innocent faith" that it was a "guiding light," she still thought that someone needed to "bring the news as we all cannot see for ourselves."<sup>9</sup>

It is rather that Gellhorn's self-imposed duty of recording the world's suicidal path had temporarily ceased. Thus, much of her journalism takes on the light-hearted air of features or, as the case of her reporting on the House Committee on Un-American Activities, a critical tone; but the desperation and woe of the war years had, if not disappeared, at least diminished.

Having escaped her felt need to move her reader to action, Gellhorn wrote now to please herself and to provide a livelihood. As she relaxed, her fiction output increased and Gellhorn published numerous stories in The Atlantic Monthly, Saturday Evening Post, and Good Housekeeping.

Four stories had already been accepted for publication, for example, before Martha Gellhorn left her Mexican haven in 1949 to see for herself how the new nation of Israel was getting along. She was proud of what she saw and wrote about it "with such unrestrained enthusiasm" that her subjective essay was never published.<sup>10</sup>

While investigating Europe for the Saturday Evening Post that summer, Martha Gellhorn decided to do what she had talked about since the war in Spain. There had been so much destruction, she thought, "enough to disgust the mind and break the heart. The only hope," she asserted, "was to take care of life."<sup>11</sup> Long believing that children were the worst victims of war, Martha Gellhorn had

been telling friends for four years that she would adopt an orphaned child and raise him or her as her own. She began her search in Italy because she had observed there the courage and hardship of the children during war and because she knew "that life in the patched up place would not be too good for them."<sup>12</sup>

As she traveled from home to home, each overflowing with orphaned children, Gellhorn's heart went out to the little ones who had lost arms or legs because of a war in which they were blameless. She was moved by the DP children who had lost land, language, and culture. She made herself visit the damp and filthy caves of Naples, where mushrooms grew on the walls and hunger and theft were guaranteed as the only future. She also noted the wicked prison reform schools and the asylums where children, driven mad from the bombings, existed almost as vegetables. The war correspondent who had seen the worst of what mankind could do to itself cringed at the "too poor, too dark, too crowded homes," where children were forced to live their lives in payment for the mistakes of their parents' generation.<sup>13</sup>

Yet, as she kept an appointment in a Catholic orphanage in Rome, Martha Gellhorn worried. She was a writer and a single woman and as such her future was neither stationary nor financially secure. Could she take on the responsibility of a child? And what did she know about parenthood? As the Superior introduced her to three children, Gellhorn realized her foolishness. The young ones lacked so much that they had probably never heard the word "afford."



And as for motherhood, she knew she had an abundance of love, the most essential quality.<sup>14</sup>

Love, however, was not a sufficient prerequisite for adoption. Like most bureaucratic structures, Italy had its mounds of red tape. Hesitant to use the letters of introduction she held, Gellhorn discovered that she could do nothing without influence. She asked for aid and was met by a flood of influential helpers. An Italian lawyer explained that under the law she could not adopt an Italian child until she was fifty. Before her protests burst out, the lawyer elaborated that she could be named a guardian, however, and that was practically the same thing. In addition, he explained that many Italian children were orphaned while they still had one parent. And although that parent might be unable to support the child, he or she would not renounce the child for adoption. Noting Martha Gellhorn's frustrated and weary face, the lawyer suggested, "'Go to Florence, the change will do you good and my assistant there will help you find your child.'"<sup>15</sup>

Happy to be moving in any direction, Martha Gellhorn drove her "pint-sized English car" through the sweltering Italian countryside. Conscience-stricken, she asked herself why, with all the pathetic and deserving children, she was waiting to be struck by a child as by lightening. Why was she searching for the right child? Wasn't any child, by necessity, right? The answer came with honesty and self-knowledge. That would be wrong: she just wasn't that unselfish. She wasn't that good. She would await the

miracle. She would have to know, for always, that this was the one child for her.<sup>16</sup>

Gellhorn had almost admitted defeat in Florence when the lawyer's assistant suggested that they look into a place in a small town twenty-five miles away. It was Thursday and Gellhorn had vowed that if she did not find a child by Saturday she would give up. In the playground of the Catholic orphanage, Gellhorn noted again the nobility of the nuns who raised the children on a wealth of love and thus hid from them their desperate poverty. Under a tree she saw a big cot crib with four infants. Lightening finally struck for Martha as "a blond fatty, dressed in a much-washed UNRRA flour sack," took time out from counting his toes to smile at her "with interest and friendliness" and then take her offered hand and hold it. Immediately Martha Gellhorn was sure of herself and the child.<sup>17</sup>

I felt I knew at once everything about this other human being: that he was solid as oak, and born with a genius for giving and taking love; that he had never been afraid and never would be. And I thought him perfectly beautiful--the wide green-brown eyes, the mouth, the button nose, the square hands, the strong little chin, and what was behind all this.<sup>18</sup>

The doctor advised Martha Gellhorn to rethink her decision, but her mind was set. Each day for a week she drove into the orphanage to play with Sandy, until the town's gossip stopped her. It had been rumored that an American millionaire was adopting ten children and her lawyer advised her to leave Florence before stories were invented which could prejudice the judges.<sup>19</sup>

While her lawyer and his assistant labored in her behalf throughout August and September, Martha received the serious character references she needed. Eleanor Roosevelt, the American Ambassador to Italy, the Italian Ambassador to Mexico, and the Bishop of Missouri all wrote glowing letters assuring the authorities that Martha Gellhorn would make a fine parent. Her American lawyer provided the necessary financial information.<sup>20</sup>

As the stifling heat of summer turned eventually to the bitter cold of Florentine October, Martha Gellhorn readied herself for the final date. The essential nurse, who was to teach her in five days all the skills of motherhood, had gotten lost. After she was finally located she waited with Martha Gellhorn in the lawyer's office. As the nun brought in Sandy, she announced painfully, "Bronchitis." Sandy was feverish and could not even recognize his new mother.<sup>21</sup>

After calculating a fever of a hundred and four and diagnosing measles, a clinic finally admitted Sandy and kept him hospitalized for twelve days. At the same time, Martha Gellhorn had been quarantined with flu and she was allowed to leave her room only to visit her child. As soon as possible, mother and son boarded a plane for New York. The brave child, who had not cried when the only family he had known departed from him forever, gave up entirely on board the plane. For all but seven hours of the twenty-eight hour trip, Sandy cried at the weird humming of the plane, at the lurching of the chamber, and at the pain of teething. Gellhorn

referred to her experience of trying to diaper the frantic infant while in an airplane seat as her baptism of fire. That twenty below zero winter in Finland and those grim days in cholera-filled China seemed easy in comparison.<sup>22</sup>

At New York Sandy had to go through Immigration as an alien and as such, was allowed only a two week visa. Gellhorn never forgot or forgave the callousness of the United States which branded a nineteen-month old infant an alien and refused him shelter. The fact that a country as vast as America ruled that it was too full to admit children embittered Gellhorn. Nevertheless, she and her mother took Sandy aboard the plane for Mexico City and settled in the beautiful green valley of Cuernavaca.<sup>23</sup>

There, in her small white house with a walled garden set in among soft, lazy trees, Martha Gellhorn forgot about the world's unsolvable problems and delighted in her bright, happy child. She thought nothing more wonderful than the growth of a child and she found her own peace and sanity in Sandy.<sup>24</sup> It was this time in Mexico with Sandy that Martha Gellhorn later called the happiest years of her life.

The writing which Martha Gellhorn did in Mexico and throughout the fifties was not all of the same caliber as her war journalism

and WOA. In particular, the handful of short stories which appeared in Good Housekeeping, Collier's, the Saturday Evening Post, and McCalls were strikingly minor. The characters in these pieces were only sketchily drawn and the plots, while often made interesting through a surprising twist, lacked the density of WOA. It is not that these stories are contrived, melodramatic, falsely theatrical, or any of the other adjectives commonly hurled at the fiction in women's or family magazines. It is rather that Martha Gellhorn's prose is weaker, less concrete, and less vivid. Her concentration and selectivity, the qualities which earlier brought an excellence to both her fiction and non-fiction, are conspicuously absent. For the first time in years, she tells more than she shows, and her subtlety disappears along with the cleverness of her sarcasm as she begins to re-explain her meanings.

These stories deal mainly with the very rich who live mechanical, routine lives and have not the slightest idea of what happiness, or for that matter, life, is. In one piece, a rich Hollywood actress braves danger to rescue her daughter who has fallen down a cliff and the catastrophe brings the estranged mother and daughter close. In another, a poor Mexican boy helps a wealthy Philadelphian and confirmed bachelor discover that only through love and the gift of giving does life have any meaning. One of the worst stories, "Good Husband," appeared in Collier's in February of 1955. While the prose is little better or worse than that of the rest of this batch of stories, the final effect is disappointing. Though Martha

Gellhorn's fiction and non-fiction generally leave one with a moment of nobility, transcendence, or realization, here there is none of that. The dull wife of a dull marriage is attracted to her portrait painter who is only interested in her money. When she discovers the real source of the painter's fascination, Christabel throws a tantrum to which her bookworm husband reacts with unexplained violence. He treats her roughly and threatens to beat her. She submits quickly and lovingly to his domination, glad to have a "real" husband. This tired version of women-love-to-be-raped is rare for Gellhorn, a woman whose independent spirit is always obvious. In fact, were it not for a few clever phrases or concentrated images, one would have difficulty locating anything of the hand of Martha Gellhorn in these stories.

In a similar way, much of Gellhorn's journalism of the fifties lacks the concentration and reader participation of that a decade earlier. Some of her bad habits appear to have crept back. She is always clear in intent and still has little trouble convincing her reader with her facts, but her immediacy and sentence-to-sentence interest are lacking. Perhaps with the desperation of the war years past, Gellhorn was not quite so concerned that her readers understand exactly what was happening. Some of the best articles she wrote during this time deal with the House Committee on Un-American Activities, her adoption of Sandy, and the conditions of Poland under Communist domination, and these were concerns far more crucial to her than the vacation land of Capri, or the British boys' school, Eton. In addition, she had chosen to retire from war and misery and few

peace time projects could be as compelling as flying in a Black Widow over Nazi Germany, jeeping to the front lines during the Battle of the Bulge, or visiting Dachau on May 15, 1945. Yet the problems with Gellhorn's journalism extend beyond her choice of subject. Her originality begins once again to result in a higher frequency of awkward metaphors, such as the one describing the historical treatment of Luxembourg by the Germans:

Twice, the bad neighbors, the Germans, overran Luxembourg as easily as eating a sausage.<sup>25</sup>

In an article discussing whether or not the British would fight for America if it were attacked by the Russians, Gellhorn drills home her point with example after example of Britons vowing their allegiance to their sister country. Yet "Are the British Willing to Fight?" is not compelling or memorable. In it, Gellhorn explains where before she would have shown through the presentation of the people themselves. Passages such as the following weaken the article:

I would like to take you on a quick tour of our ally, Great Britain and introduce you to people--just people --who are important only because they are average.<sup>26</sup>

Perhaps the best example of this less potent journalism is found in her satire of the United Nations, "You Too Can Be a Pundit." While her criticism of the U.N.'s ability to solve global matters is justified, Gellhorn's lack of concreteness and her distance from her examples fail to convince. For example, she never elaborates on the plight of the Hungarians who have been overrun by the Russians more than this:

. . . there are Hungarians whose condition must cause all men of good will to sleep poorly and feel their souls sick with shame.<sup>27</sup>

Yet the Hungarian example forms the crux of her argument. Her point, that the United States should deal more realistically with the United Nations, is correct and convincing as far as it goes. But any reader might well ask what that means. Should America pull out of the UN? When Gellhorn previously advised a course of action, she was never so abstract. As one finishes this article, one feels that Martha Gellhorn has spoken wisely and well, but the impact is missing. We remember no concrete scenes; we "experience" none of her examples.

This criticism should not be misinterpreted, however. Even in Martha Gellhorn's light or less compelling articles, there is evidence of her artistic control. In many cases, she infuses interest into a dull subject with humor and wit. When most of Martha Gellhorn's journalistic attention centers on British concerns as it does between 1951 and 1955, for example, she cleverly handles a feature on the prestigious Eton, by presenting an American viewpoint of her subject:

"Would you believe it?" said the soldier from Kansas.  
 "They got a school for waiters here."  
 "Not waiters. Undertakers," said the soldier  
 from Ohio.<sup>28</sup>

Between the approach of the humorous soldiers and a provocative beginning (Eton College--"the most famous boys' school in the world"), Gellhorn manages to retain her readers attention and



communicate the essential part Eton plays in educating England's rulers-to-be.

In other pieces during this period, Martha Gellhorn adopts a distinctly British tone and wit, and entertains her American reader with this appeal. While her essay on the speculation concerning Princess Margaret's marriage to Group Captain Peter Townsend is a pale subject compared to the gripping journalism of war years, Gellhorn infuses her work with insights into the English character and blends humor and intelligence to separate rumor from fact.

Always political, Gellhorn also reports on the upcoming British elections, the work of the British House of Commons, and the legal proceedings of Old Bailey. Her humorous anecdotes and often sarcastic allusions to the American system increase the pleasure of the reader's information-gathering process. A careful reader will never miss a teasing jab at Gellhorn's homeland. "Spies and Starlings," for example, praises the British legislative branch, comparing it with less admirable, if recognizable, practices:

In even less fortunate countries [than those where they shoot at each other] politicians orate interminably in the very accents of pompous falsehood.<sup>29</sup>

One should not assume that any of Gellhorn's articles in the fifties constitutes poor journalism. It is rather that her pieces were less frequently that compact, vivid, and powerful construction of experience and reader-participation. When it was most crucial for her to communicate her feelings and observations, as it was with

the domestic threat of McCarthyism or the political climate of Poland after Russian takeover, Gellhorn slipped back into her journalistic discipline. Once again she began a tight, vivid article with a provocative statement or action and followed it with terse examples calculated to show the reader how one should feel. Even in her account of Sandy's adoption, Martha Gellhorn was able to recreate the terror of an infant on a plane by presenting the scene from the child's viewpoint.

In the same way that some of her journalism approached the level of excellence of her earlier work, much of Gellhorn's fiction revealed the mature artistry of WOA. Clearly, Gellhorn was able to discern the difference in quality, for in 1953 she collected ten of the best of her stories into a volume called The Honeyed Peace.<sup>\*</sup> Despite the disparity in time between "Exile," which was published in Scribner's Magazine in 1937, and "A Psychiatrist of One's Own," which surfaced in the Atlantic in 1953, the overall effect of HP is not uneven. However, so varied are the form, subject, and pace of the stories in the collection that the book testifies to Gellhorn's versatility more than it illustrates her artistic development.

All the themes that characterize Gellhorn's post-war fiction appear in HP. Basically, the book depicts the universality of the human dilemma and the modern condition of man and woman. Gellhorn's

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<sup>\*</sup>Hereafter abbreviated HP.

characters year for the beauty of a post-war physical peace and the harmony of a spiritual one. Yet this private version of happiness is at most momentary and more often illusory. The "honeyed peace" becomes an ironic title for what should, but seldom does, exist.

The title story, for example, presents a peace dominated by a destruction more piercing than that of war. On one level it is the tale of a second-rate collaborator who, after being arrested by the French police, kills himself, leaving his wife to die from fear of life without him.

On a more important level, however, the story concerns their friend, Anne Marsh, an American Red Cross woman who, in trying to save the couple, reaches a self-realization. Bitter about the war and contemptuous of opportunists, Anne is still forced to recognize the depths possible in love and the comparable emptiness in her own life. She queries what she has lost by never holding such a passion for another human being. Is this, she wonders, the meaning of life?

"Le Voyage Forme la Jeunesse" more explicitly presents that transcendent moment of harmony and beauty, only to have it fade and disappear. Mike Marvin, a war correspondent in Rome, gladly accompanies two Polish officers whom he worships for their participatory role in the war. After becoming drunk the Polish officers bring Mike to the Borghese Gardens. In a rare moment Mike realizes the waste of the last two years; photographing a war suddenly seems idiotic. Now he sees what will come after:

. . . he was seeing the very face of the peace so he could recognize it; the ancient beauty of the fountain.  
(p. 166)

Mike has seen in the permanence of art the hope of the future.

Indebted to the Poles for this moment of beauty, Mike "felt as if he were in love" (p. 167).

True to the course of history, however, peace fails to become a thing of beauty. Indeed, Gellhorn seems to query, does peace ever really exist? After the war, Mike's friends in Los Angeles recall their war experiences, incredulous at Mike's bitterness, "disgust," and "disappointment." Mike never speaks of the promise of the fountain:

He was not able to find it again, what he understood once so well . . . . The peace had failed itself.  
(p. 167)

In Gellhorn's bitter initiation story, the loss of innocence is so shattering, the knowledge that life is meaningless so painful, that Mike can only refuse to believe it. And that refusal, Gellhorn implies, is both a sign of man's weakness and his potential to create something better.

Also treating the post-war ostensible peace, "Weekend at Grimsby" takes its mood from the title. So biting are the portrayals that one cannot help but believe that this is Gellhorn's personal lament after the war. Here we are shown the limbo that lies between the living and the dead, between wanting and numbness. Grimsby is a veritable ghost-town with ghosts who pretend to live as men. As Gellhorn poses early in the story,

How do you pick up the habit of living, once you had lost it? (p. 88)

The protagonist here is a transparent characterization of the author. After the war, Lily, like Gellhorn, retires from much of what life has been to her (there is even a clear illusion to Hemingway). Yet the story is good reading, prompting emotion without becoming sentimental and heroin-worshipping as did her earlier works. The desperation felt by the author-narrator is artistically controlled, attracting rather than repelling the reader.

Lily dreads the day ahead when she must visit her old friends, Polish officers who pathetically attempt to scrounge a living in the English town. She fears "the long effort to be bright and merry at the spectacle of two men buried alive" (p. 78). Lily, also uprooted by war, questions her own direction. She too seeks her peace. The men she has come to cheer and allowed to cheer her are incapable, however, of comprehending her sensitivity and here another kind of peace and beauty is aborted. If the men could grasp the empathy and the depth of Lily's feelings, the resulting communication would be sufficiently intense to invest new harmony and life in each of them. The sharing of intimate emotions brings people close to one another, and this, Gellhorn has shown, is one way life is purposeful. Restricted by their narrow masculine outlook, however, the Poles cannot comprehend that the war could have damaged Lily unless she had lost a man she loved.

This inability to communicate is, of course, another facet of the honeyed peace. Gellhorn implies in almost all her stories,

that to reach out and touch in love or empathy is a step toward transcending the human condition, a bridge over the gulf of human isolation.

"A Psychiatrist of One's Own" dramatizes psychologically the despair of a man in acute loneliness. Matthew Hendricks, a writer obsessed with both time and its meaning, searches in the wrong world for his answers. Married to a shallow, materialistic woman with whom communication and intimacy are impossible, Hendricks futilely seeks understanding. In a Kafkaesque treatment, Gellhorn portrays Hendricks, who is unable to find anyone with whom he can share a moment of life, as retreating into the hallucinatory world of his invented Dr. Raumitz. In an existence lacking human communication there is only the self. Again Gellhorn leaves us with serious, if distasteful, questions.

The most compelling and artistic story of HP, "Miami-New York," appears, at first glance, to be less profound. The desperation of a middle-aged woman offering herself to a young and vital man who refuses her might seem sad, realistic, even novel, but hardly significant. On the contrary, it is a testimony to any writer's ability when she or he can take an ordinary encounter, like this one between two people on an airplane, and draw from it universal truths.

As has often been said about Hemingway, Gellhorn's style too is deceptively simple. Here, as in the other stories of HP, Gellhorn's work is a study in concentration, subtlety, and the

"left unsaid." Careful and controlled, yet with apparent ease, Gellhorn begins her story with a general description of the two groups of people aboard, leaving unsaid the consequences and values of the easy contrast. She first depicts the Air Force sergeants:

. . . very young in their new importance of being bomber crews, and they wanted the other people, the civilians, to know that they belonged in a different fiercer world.

Then the robot-like businessmen:

. . . the men with gray suits, hats, hair, skin, and with brown calf brief cases. These have no definite age and curious similar faces, and are all equally tired and quiet. They always put their hats on the rack above their seat and sit down with their brief cases on their laps. Later they open their brief cases and look at sheets of typed or mimeographed paper, or they go to sleep. (p. 133)

The obvious contrast is that of the living and living dead, those who are risking their lives or putting them to use so that they know life's value and those who will never realize what it is to live. The very fact that the businessmen's actions are so easily predicted attests to their lack of individuality and will.

The main characters are introduced merely as a woman and a man, the anonymity an easy device prompting one to see the encounter as that between Everywoman and Everyman. The "man's voice" asks if the seat is taken. The woman answers negatively without looking at him, moving closer to the window, as if she resents his intrusion. He turns to her, ready for the superficial words of travel companions, but she resists:

I have ten hours, she said in her mind to the man,  
and she said it threateningly, and they are mine  
and I don't have to talk to anyone and don't try.  
(p. 135)

Like the businessmen, she has no desire to change her lifetime of isolation; like the female protagonist in "Luigi's House," she is concerned only with herself. The woman's selfishness leaves room for no one else and life alone, without love or understanding, Gellhorn implies, is life without meaning--the same as no life at all. Even the woman's husband exists outside her life. And here Martha Gellhorn underlines a recurring theme of her post-war fiction--the pathetically unhappy marriage which lawfully unites two people who remain strangers:

A man is leaving for service overseas, he has forty-eight hours' leave; his wife flies to him to say good-bye; they have forty-eight lovely last hours together and the lovely last hours were like being buried alive, though still quite alive so you know all about it, with a stranger whom you ought to love but there it is, he remains a stranger. (p. 138)

Although the Navy lieutenant does nothing to force her attention, the woman cannot help but stare "with impersonal, professional," analytical eyes. Aware of the danger of expressing emotions and cracking the insulation which protects them from the vulnerability of communication, the man and the woman assume many "faces." Noting his "dark thinking anger," the woman thinks, "What do I care? . . . Let him have six faces" (p. 136). Switching through the omniscient narrator directly to the man, Gellhorn illuminates his thoughts:



I wonder what she's sore about, the man thought mildly behind his complicated face. She doesn't look as if she was the type of woman who's sore all the time. Pretty women usually weren't sore all the time. (p. 136)

The lieutenant's easy categorization of her characterizes him as a relatively shallow, unthinking man. Thus what Gellhorn has left unsaid is the added information the man's thoughts contribute toward his own portrayal. He continues to scrutinize her appearance and accumulates enough data for the rest of her characterization. "Then he forgot her" and

relaxed, behind the angry square of this second face that he has never seen and did not know about. (p. 136)

He prefers not to think about her because he is "happy." She looks condescendingly at his ribbons, mocking his probable wife's pride, then irritably checks her resentment. Thinking back to her own husband, she questions his persistence in loving her when she is "everything he dislikes and distrusts" (p. 138). Gellhorn emphasizes the absence of affirmative emotion between the woman and her husband, noting the woman's self-blame and consequent self-hate:

He believed it when he said it ["I love you"]; and she felt herself to be so cold and hard and ungrateful and somehow hideous, because she did not believe it at all, (p. 138)

Sensing an unpleasant emotion, the lieutenant recoils from the woman. Absorbed with life like the sergeants aboard, the lieutenant's simple outlook tragically leaves no room for complications like hurt and sorrow and need:

He wanted no part of trouble; he did not understand it. Living had become so simple for him that he understood nothing now except being or staying alive. (p. 139)

The horrible chasm between human beings that precludes even a token of human giving and understanding is most easily bridged in the cover of night. Then, while they are in the dream state, men and women do not have full control of their cold rational powers and defense mechanisms. It is during this freer time that the man's hand moves unknowingly to caress the woman's breast and she experiences a moment of human interaction and longing. The power of the night weakens her mental capacities, and her need for human warmth and understanding emerges in this transcendent moment:

The hand insisted and suddenly, to her amazement and to her shame, she knew that she wanted to lie against him, she wanted him to put his arms around her and hold her entirely, with this silent ownership . . . . It did not matter who she was or who he was, and the other people in the plane did not matter. They were here together in the night and this incredible thing had happened and she did not want to stop it. She turned to him. (p. 141)

As they begin to kiss and she grows awake and alert, her defenses emerge. Her foolish concern for her reputation overwhelms the wonder of the experience:

. . . she really wasn't a woman who could be kissed on planes, in case that happened to be a well-known category of woman. (p. 142)

Desperately, she forces conversation, asking, for lack of knowing what she really wants to say, how he knew he could kiss her. The simple lieutenant recoils from her and the spell is shattered. She

struggles to piece together half a conversation and asks who he is, semi-conscious that what she really means is, "How did it happen?" (p. 143). His initial reaction and her response betray their existential dilemma:

"Nobody," he said without conviction. "Absolutely nobody. Who are you?"  
 "I don't know," she said. (p. 143)

Gellhorn's characters suffer from the intense isolation of modern man and, reminiscent of the humanity of Matthew Arnold's "To Marguerite--Continued," are lost in space, separate islands floating in the sea of the universe:

Yes! in the sea of life ensiled,  
 With echoing straits between us thrown,  
 Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
 We mortal million live alone. (ll. 1-4)

The real answers to the questions of their identities remain unknown. Instead they offer the names they carry like numbers to label them. John Hanley grows impatient with Kate Merlin's talk. Like the group of sergeants aboard the plane, he lives for the moment and seeks only enjoyment. Emerging into life from the mechanical existence exemplified by the businessmen, Kay wants John to understand the moment's rarity and consequent significance. She has to have this moment to live on. Both are less than admirable. He blocks real understanding in his simplistic, carefree attitude which has been tragically thrust upon him by the war, and she prevents real communication in her immediate dissection of it. She begins to plan their storybook affair as he sleeps.

Repeating the framing device, Gellhorn describes the departing Air Force sergeants and businessmen. The first group laughs as they cross the runway, "tugging at their clothes, tightening their belts, as if they had just come out of a wrestling match" (p. 146). The latter group takes their hats and coats from the stewardess, thanking her "in gray voices," and walks "quickly away like people afraid of being late to the office" (p. 146). After stressing again the living the the living dead, Gellhorn returns her focus to the couple. Their talk only further estranges them. She grows irritable at the intended compliment on her painting and he recoils when he learns her age. He reads her wrongly, fearful that the thirty-seven year old professional painter and celebrity has only been playing with him:

Perhaps she was thinking he was pretty simple and inexperienced and was amused at how he had come up for the bait. (p. 149)

She senses the pain but misinterprets it to mean his rejection of her and the two human beings, in typical Gellhorn fashion, reopen that abysmal gulf of isolation. Unable to articulate their fears and thoughts, each misinterprets the other's intentions and immediately constructs impenetrable defenses. Gellhorn juxtaposes their fearful thoughts:

She wasn't in his baguette; he didn't know about married rich women of thirty-seven.

. . . she had to hold herself carefully so that she would not shiver. A middle-aged woman, she told herself, hounding a young man. (p. 150)

As he watches her disappear in a taxi, he thinks it might have been fun, but checks even that concern: "he had erased the woman, she was finished and gone" (p. 151). In the taxi, "she covered her eyes with her hand." She has to believe it is fatigue that has weakened her and not the pain of vulnerability and human rejection. Seeking refuge in the numbness of unfeeling, Kate returns to the security of the mechanical life. Her brief transcendence of the death-in-life existence leaves only the painful scars of what might have been.

For the most part, HP is a collection of fiction departing stylistically from Gellhorn's pre-war sentimentalism. Indeed sloppiness vanishes here and is replaced by a cynicism, a sort of agony or underlying desperation. Not only do her characters write in the pain of loneliness, insulated from an unfair world by a mechanical existence, but Gellhorn herself betrays a tension. She reveals a penetrating guilt that for her the war has meant opportunity and education whereas for many it meant death. Thus, when the lieutenant asks Kate Merlin what a painter does in the war, Kate responds guiltily that she donates money to the Russian Relief or Chinese Relief or Red Cross. Indeed, an undercurrent of guilt permeates Gellhorn's fiction. The self-hate of the photo-journalist in "Le Voyage Forme la Jeunesse," for example, echoes the guilt of non-participation:

Mike showed them, on his right arm, the identification patch which always embarrassed him: embroidered in yellow (and the resulting jokes were unlimited), on billiard green, stood the inscription: U.S. War

Correspondent . . . he avoided looking at them to see what they might think of a young man, evidently healthy, who was a photographer and not a soldier. (p. 154)

"About Shorty" heavily criticizes the war profiteer, and the protagonist, a double for Martha Gellhorn, explains the guilt:

We got out of Spain all right, at the end. We had passports and money. But the defeat was ours; we carried it with us in our minds, in our hearts, where it mattered. (p. 126)

Like much of Martha Gellhorn's war journalism, HP praises the indomitable spirit of those who refuse to admit defeat. Indeed, while author Gellhorn centers her fiction on portrayals of everyday people, she takes special care in her discussions of the "gallant minority"--those who refuse to buckle under the weight of tyranny, those few who give freely of themselves in order to build a more decent world. These people, Gellhorn shows, enrich the world by their very presence and by their intense humanity. Much of "Café in Jaffa," include strong indications of European condemnation of what Europeans consider the liberal attitude of American men toward their women. Gellhorn presents the sexist thinking of the typical European in the reflections of Leo Lucasch in "Cafe in Jaffa":

. . . it did not please him to humor women; American men must be half-wits or eunuchs or else they would long ago have beaten amiability into their women. (p. 169)

In similar fashion, the stereotypes which Italians and Britons entertain about each other form the exploitive basis for "Venus Ascendant."

Gellhorn's own philosophy and prejudice fall between the lines of her fiction. "The German" illustrates the hatred and bitterness that Gellhorn retains for those people who permitted man to envision his heart of darkness. Indeed the Nazi past becomes part of an unhealed scar; Gellhorn will never forgive, and traces of her resentment pervade even her most recent literature.

As she applauds those who smile in the face of hardship, Gellhorn finds inspiration in those who actually discover even a moment of purpose or happiness. The following exchange from "Café in Jaffa" between the female protagonist and Theo illustrates her belief that Americans, despite their relative wealth and security, have no better chance on that wheel of fortune:

"They insist on being happy," she said, "even if only for an hour, now a night, in this café. It's the bravest, hardest thing there is, to be happy somehow, anyhow, for a while, no matter what."

"You are of course American," Theo said coldly.

"Why is everyone so idiotic about Americans, where do you get your ideas? From Betty Grable Technical musicals? Americans probably know as little about happiness as any people on earth."

(p. 175)

As one of the least satisfying works in the collection, "About Shorty," blends fact with fiction to the latter's detriment. The only short story in the volume that suffers from the autobiographical strain, Gellhorn proves here that she wrote what she wanted rather than what would be financially successful. Her work, like that of many artists, is a creative act springing from a mind sometimes troubled, sometimes tranquil. As she has said, her

fiction sometimes functions as a release, an explanation, or an escape. "About Shorty" is the volume's exception, however, in that it is not stimulating as fiction. Generally Gellhorn's literature artistically reworks her factual experience, which enriches her writing with authenticity and immediacy. As James Hilton states in his review of HP:

The Honeyed Peace bridges the gulf between journalism and interpretive fiction, a difficult thing to do and here done very well indeed.<sup>30</sup>

Only examples of Martha Gellhorn's literary devices can convey with any accuracy the expertise of her post-war style. Her success with humor triumphs in understatement, subtlety, and the unexpected. Seemingly straight forward explanations, such as this excerpt from "Venus Ascendant," rarely fail to delight the reader:

Enid smiled down the table at her husband. Hugh very slightly nodded. By being his usual correct, neutral self he had made the Countess at his right and the poetess at his left feel that it was the dreg end of the night and they were hideous and cold and catching a chill. (p. 181)

Just as effectual is the subtle humor in the material Gellhorn implies, but leaves unstated:

I must get a job, Moira thought in a harassed way. She was always thinking that . . . (p. 184)

Here Gellhorn distances the narrator from the protagonist, encouraging the reader to evaluate Moira. The obvious inference is that thinking and doing are not the same--Moira has no genuine interest in getting a job.



Never verbose or circumlocutory, HP exemplifies the crystallization of Martha Gellhorn's ability to communicate simultaneously on many levels with a single gesture or detail. In depicting Shorty, for example, Gellhorn begins with a rare physical description, yet even here she shows her uncanny talent for touching off visual, emotional, and even intellectual reactions:

. . . her hair was blond and cut short; the job seemed to have been done with nail scissors. (p. 119)

Examples of Gellhorn's iceberg style abound, as do similes like this one from "Café in Jaffa," which typically conveys not only a vivid image, but also a sense of the macabre, thus enhancing the story's mood:

A bluish neon light, which made their skin look white and dead like fish bellies, dazzled them at the entrance of the café. (p. 170)

Gellhorn rarely shows difficulty in communicating exact sense impressions to her reader. When she wants us to be appalled at the food the refugee Israelis must eat, for example, she describes it as looking "like some acne salve," and we react appropriately.

When not progressing by dialogue, Gellhorn's work moves by a modified stream of consciousness and it always moves quickly. In general, her characters come alive, not through the color of their eyes and length of their hair, but rather through the color and depth of their emotions, their plight. In the end, we are left, not with a physical entity, but with an image of mind and soul, a penetrating and memorable personality.









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While some of Martha Gellhorn's post-war fiction is insignificant, the process which culminated in the artistic maturity of WOA was not lost after 1947. On the contrary, Martha Gellhorn recognized the disparity among the short stories she wrote and selected only the high-quality pieces for republication in HP. The resulting volume of stories stands alongside WOA as a work of density, fluidity, and impact. As with the novel, Gellhorn has learned to exploit her unusual experiences and careful observations to enrich rather than overwhelm her fiction.

While the New York Herald Tribune and New York Times wrote favorably of HP, the number of magazines and newspapers which reviewed the short story collection had once again diminished. By 1953 Martha Gellhorn had been divorced from Ernest Hemingway for eight years and she had been well out of the public eye for at least the last seven. Spending the majority of her time in Mexico or Europe, she had published only seven articles (all of non-crucial import) in American magazines after 1947. Martha Gellhorn was fading into the privacy she cherished while her concern for the writer's craft and her own talent were peaking.

6:3

## Settling Down

With ever diminishing publicity, Martha Gellhorn crossed the Atlantic from Mexico to Europe to the United States. Only Eleanor Roosevelt and a few friends knew of her move to Italy in

1952. There she located a "dream house" twenty-five minutes from Rome on seven hundred acres of farming land. Sandy began early kindergarten and bicycled to school while his mother delighted in the safe, loving childhood he was having far from the mad ravings of politicians and close to the land.<sup>31</sup>

When she was not home with Sandy writing short stories or on special assignment for the Post or New Republic, Martha Gellhorn was traveling and watching, accumulating more data about the way people lived. James Gavin, for example, remembers "seeing her often" during the fifties in the United States and London. In addition to their animated political discussions, Gavin recalls that Martha Gellhorn was interested in the reading he had done about the anthropological background of parts of Mexico and that she was "very enthusiastic about her experience down there."<sup>32</sup> In 1953 Gellhorn traveled again to Israel, enjoying both the trip and her companion, Leonard Bernstein.<sup>33</sup>

In his biography of Eleanor Roosevelt, Joseph Lash states that in the latter part of 1953 the former first lady stopped, on her way home from President Tito's vacation island in the Adriatic, in Ljubljana to have dinner with her friend, Martha Gillhorn.<sup>34</sup> Although we have no record to indicate what the journalist/novelist was doing in Yugoslavia in 1953, it is possible that she was honeymooning. In that same year Martha Gellhorn had married Thomas Matthews, a journalist and author who had recently retired from the editorship of Time.



T. S. Matthews, as he is more widely known, began his career as a journalist with the New Republic in 1925. When he left that magazine in 1929 to become books editor of the then new weekly, Time, Inc., Matthews had risen to associate editor. His promotion at Time was equally steady through assistant managing editor, executive editor, managing editor, and finally, in 1949, editor. Originally from the midwest, Matthews had attended a private prep school and then Princeton's New College. He had continued his education and received a Masters Degree at Oxford, a Doctor of Human Letters at Kenyon College, and a Doctor of Letters at Rollins College. Marrying for the first time in 1925, Matthews had had four sons by Juliana Cuyler before she died of cancer in 1949.<sup>35</sup> He was fifty-two years old when he married for the second time; Martha Gellhorn was forty-five.

As the pair were not the glamorous couple that Hemingway and Gellhorn were in 1940, the press did not lavish them with publicity. In addition, friends and family, knowing the love of privacy of both Matthews and Gellhorn, have chosen to speak about neither the wedding nor ten-year marriage. What little documentation exists is found among the writings of Matthews and Gellhorn.

During most of the fifties, Martha Gellhorn concentrated at any one time on either journalism or fiction. From 1952 to 1955, for example, she wrote no articles but published seven short stories. In 1955 she swung back to reporting and wrote three features on Britain as a foreign correspondent for the New Republic.

She and Tom Matthews had moved to London soon after their marriage in 1953 and Gellhorn appreciated the move. The British had long ago won her respect and she later (1959) wrote an article for Harper's which elaborated the pleasures of living in London.

In "Good Old London," Gellhorn clarified that she had not minded setting up permanent anchor in the British capital for she preferred what she deemed the greater privacy, tolerance, and enjoyment of life of the English. In addition, Gellhorn heartily approved of the British concepts of friendship, justice, success, and failure. This last, which seems to have an obsessive attraction for Americans, was considered by the British to be ridiculous if one could manage to enjoy his life. As for the flip side of failure, the English considered success delightful, but momentary. Fairness dominated their thoughts and actions and, as for friendship, it was believed to be permanent once given. Regarding their political acumen, Gellhorn recalled the quick adaptation the British had made in the war and she noted that they worried about the state of the world even more than she who worried "every day and any night, and most of both." In addition, Gellhorn praised the British as "model citizens" who believed as she that "the State is a servant of the people, not vice versa, and who clamor and complain the minute the State starts to get above itself?"<sup>36</sup>

As much as she liked any one place and its people, Martha Gellhorn was too full of her inherited wanderlust and curiosity to remain there for long. In 1956 she returned to one of the

concerns which never vanishes from her mind or her literature and spent yet another weekend in Israel. Anxious for the future of the Jewish nation and its refugees, Gellhorn commended the heroism and courage she saw. Yet Martha Gellhorn had learned from history; the naiveté which once prompted her to believe that right and courageous triumph, even over Hitler, had disappeared. In "Weekend in Israel," a two-part series published in the New Republic, Gellhorn alerted her readers to the odds Israel daily confronted. He told them that Israel was emotionally prepared to defend itself down to its last child. The Israelis have no other choice for survival, Gellhorn explained, because the Arabs have the oil. Gellhorn's love and sympathy for Israel is always clear; here she praised the classless society where "the poorest members of the State are considered the top aristocrats," and she flatly admired the people's intelligence, spirit, and language command.

Martha Gellhorn remained on the staff of the New Republic as a foreign correspondent through 1957 when she evidently turned to free lancing or special assignments. In the rest of the decade she published a two-part series on Poland for the Atlantic and one article each in the Post and Harper's.

Martha Gellhorn had once again wed a writer and just as she switched to Hemingway's publisher for Heart of Another, Liana, and Wine of Astonishment, she turned in 1957 to Matthew's publisher. Before the summer of 1958 when the couple returned to Mexico for

an extended visit,<sup>37</sup> Simon and Schuster had published Two By Two\* another collection of short stories by Martha Gellhorn.

Two by Two illustrates four intimate man-woman relationships. Although war moves constantly behind her fiction and TBT is no exception, here Gellhorn scrutinizes the marital institution by presenting four vastly different perspectives. The volume is reminiscent of Winesburg, Ohio or the Nick Adams stories. Where Anderson and Hemingway unify their collections by a central character, however Gellhorn uses structure, subject, and philosophy to make her collection more than the sum of its parts.

Consciously organizing the total work, Gellhorn changed the title of "The Smell of Lilies," which appeared in the Atlantic in 1956 and won the O. Henry short story award in 1957, to "In Sickness and in Health," "Till Death Us Do Part," In addition, Gellhorn did not "collect" these stories from those previously printed as she had in HP. With the exception of "In Sickness and In Health," none of the stories appeared before and one might assume that she wrote at least three of the pieces with this careful construction of TBT in mind.

The concluding words of the preface, "perfect love and space," are significant in that they lead to part of author Gellhorn's statement on marriage. Like the post-war honeyed peace, what should happen and what one expects will happen are often not

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\*Hereafter abbreviated TBT.

within reality's reach. Many young people expect marriage to be the happily ever after part of their childhood storybooks. In fact, they often find that they have been tricked by fate, their partner, or even their own instincts. Marriages, Gellhorn implies, are made in hell as well as in heaven.

It is not that Martha Gellhorn hates men or condemns marriage and family life. On the contrary, one should remember that although this work succeeds her disastrous marriage to Ernest Hemingway, it follows more recently the adoption of her son and their early years together in Cuernavaca. In addition, Gellhorn's second marriage was, at this point, five years old and apparently still satisfactory as she dedicated TBT "To Tom: with love."

Marriage, Gellhorn shows in this collection, may be crippling, stifling, disillusioning, or, as in the final story, romantic, exciting, transcending. Through a happy marriage or an unhappy one, however, it is possible for an individual to discover himself and what he needs to feel life. There is no such thing as the stereotypical marriage in Gellhorn's portrait. While she is often the victim, for example, the woman may as easily be the villain. Marriage is the basic institution of western civilization and Gellhorn's book provides a sharp look at it.

The first story, "For Better for Worse," depicts the complex relationship between the Italian Prince Andrea Ferentino and his American wife, Kitty. In their faithfulness and love for one another, the couple is unique. Yet the picture is not sweetness. Kitty has

no life but as Andrea's wife and Andrea, who has done nothing but live in the Ferentino "Castello," waiting for his father to pass on and accepting his father's domination, has lost all life's force.

His needs are apparently fulfilled when the American army liberates the village, enlisting Andrea as an interpreter. Indeed, Andrea does find life and vitality in the world of men in the American army where he eventually becomes a spy behind enemy lines. Finding a new self-respect, Andrea develops a dream to take Kitty from the trap of Torrenova to the wide-open freedom of Montana. Kitty, however, is stunned at the change in her husband. Morbidly dependent on him and his reciprocal dependency on her, she has relinquished her own life to live his. Long expatriated, she discovers herself more Italian than her husband and can conceive of Montana only as a "rectangle on the map." Struggling to assert himself, Andrea tells Kitty, "The only reason I want the war to end . . . is Montana" (p. 37). The experience of war is, for Andrea, a masculine one of exhilarating energy:

This was a world that Andrea had never seen. This was the world that belonged to men, in which women were cherished visitors. (p. 38)

Kitty again adapts her life and dreams to suit those of Andrea, but this time the change is one of growth and development. Aware of Andrea's new strength and the dangers he has accepted, Kitty must live each day with fear of his death. Unaided by the support of Andrea's parents, who are ignorant of his intelligence work and continue to think of him as an ineffectual child, Kitty

has only her inner strength. Yet when Andrea finally returns, his masculinity and dreams have been eroded by his post-war desk job. Invoking that recurring theme of the "honeyed peace," Gellhorn shows that the war's end fails to fulfill dreams. Again Andrea's attitude toward his wife changes, and Kitty, aware that, for a moment, Andrea had breathed the strength of independence and the love of freedom, fears the return of the former dependency:

She understood that Andrea was building her back into his heart, as if she were a neglected shrine which he must now ornament and tend. She did not want to become his religion again; she wanted him to be that man she had briefly seen, who would take her with him where he was going. (p. 48)

Although Andrea's path has been one of regression, Kitty's has been one of growth. Able to envision their future clearly, Kitty realizes that the dreams they held can never exist in more material form. She fights against Andrea's coming to hate himself and cannot help but, from her maturing distance, to pity him. Andrea finally reaccepts his former existence, begins to raise horses, and agrees with his father that change does not make men happier. His final regression, however, coincides with the final step in Kitty's development. Kitty entertains no thought of ever leaving Andrea, but she does decide to act to effect destiny; she decides to prevent the existence of another pathetic creature. She refuses, in such a world, to give birth to a child:

But there would be no son, no man after Andrea to wait and eat his life out in waiting, born trapped, belonging only here. There will be no son, she told herself, and understood with grief that her failure had turned into triumph. (p. 56)

In this unconventional ending Gellhorn has left us with a strangely affirmative action. Acknowledging the impotence of her husband, Kitty finally emerges as a mover, the decision-maker, the effector of destiny. As is the case with Richard Wright's *Bigger Thomas*, a negative, apparently destructive act becomes, for the protagonist, one of creativity and potential. And like *Bigger Thomas*, Kitty knows the meaning of her act; she understands that she at last, through her decision, has come to life. She has successfully transcended the trap that confines her; she, at last, has emerged through the expression of her will and independence.

Gellhorn again develops that theme that occupies so much of her literature--the tragedy of those who fail to live, the triumph of the few who manage to break through the coffin of the living dead. The triumph here is qualified, however, in that its affirmation is restricted to the wasteland of the world in which Kitty lives. Her own emergence into life has lead her to prevent or abort the potential of the life inside her. Reminiscent of the world in which *Bigger Thomas* lives, the mark of Kitty's and *Andrea's* society is sterility. A negative act, the prevention of life, is the most affirmative action possible.

"For Richer For Poorer" switches to another world, another pace, another theme. Looking now at a British couple, Gellhorn depicts the marriage between a shrewd, power-hungry woman and a gentle sincere man. *Rose Answell* has succeeded in gaining power and



penetrating class by applying a lesson she learned early in life-- the success of the listener. She has refined her practice to the point where she need not commit herself at all. Thinking it "unbelievable that women actually went to bed with men to get what they wanted," Rose has merely to turn her smile into a happy laugh or present a sympathetic frown at the right moment. Indeed, Rose discovers that the mere ruse of the listener suffices for these people, and astute readers may detect author Gellhorn's sharing at least a bit in Rose's contempt of the somewhat pompous speakers:

Years of successful experiment had taught her that she need, in fact, hardly listen at all. It was done with a gleaming approving look, while thinking whatever one chose to think about . . . (p. 66)

As usual, in Gellhorn's style, characterization develops through thought and speech rather than through description. Gellhorn shows Rose's inhumanity partly in her aversion to sex. Rose is a woman determined and opportunistic, and Gellhorn presents her as a distasteful specimen of inhumanity. It is not ambition that ruins Rose; it is her inability to love or understand even the slightest aspect of humanity. Rose left home when only a teenager to attend a finishing school in Brussels and she eloped with Lord (Bertie) Radway when she was sixteen. She married the "incurable drunk" for money, soon discovering her second lesson:

The rich, when you studied the matter carefully, existed to provide comforts for the powerful: think how gratified Press lords were if they could persuade

Geoffrey Ashe Vernham and Chloe to go on their yachts: think how unnecessary it was for Geoffrey to own a yacht himself. (p. 83)

Thus when her husband died, Rose sought out those who could attain government status and married Ian Answell, whom, Gellhorn adds humorously, "everyone had always adored and who was vaguely an M.P." (Member of Parliament) (p. 62). Determined to check her aristocratic father-in-law's cutting remarks about her fertility, Rose bears Ian two children. That Rose ignores her familial obligations, concentrating, in one instance, on a soufflé while neglecting her children, is attacked by Gellhorn as the epitome of callousness.

That all the women in the story, with the exception of Chloe Vernham, hate Rose is more a tribute to her than a criticism, however. Indeed, Gellhorn prevents the characterization of Rose from becoming entirely unrealistic by occasionally showing her in a less distasteful light. (Unfortunately, Gellhorn never attempts to balance that of Ian in a similar way.) When Rose looks at the world of Harriet and Betsy, for example, she notes that she has joined it but never belonged, reasoning "that one cannot be entirely half-witted no matter how one tries" (p. 68). Although we are shown another dimension into Rose's frustrated social mobility, Gellhorn intends for us to see here, as in Rose's ability to flatter by listening, the mocking truth in her analysis.

A similar ambiguity begins the story, as, in typically unconventional fashion, Gellhorn mingles dialogues and image to

compel the reader to discover the background of the first lines:

"I must say I liked Rose better when she was waiting for old Lord Adderford to die." Lady Harriet leaned closer to the looking glass and frowned at the exquisite curve of her mouth. She thought about Rose Answell and her new lipstick; both irritated her. (p. 61)

Rose simultaneously earns our contempt and respect; there is something not altogether noble about Lady Harriet's gossip and lipstick. At another moment, Gellhorn shows us the strain of Rose's straight-arrow ambition, the fatigue and anxiety which she unselfishly, if pragmatically, conceals.

At first glance it appears that Gellhorn is satirizing the entire British upper class. A closer look, however, reveals that as usual in Gellhorn's work, a scarce few redeem the human race. Chloe and Geoffrey Ashe Vernham, for example, present a foil to the pathetic marriage of Rose and Ian. Indeed, Geoffrey and Chloe are those rare people who form a harmonious and healthy relationship, at peace with themselves and at ease with the world. In this respect, they are not unlike Edna and George Gellhorn, Martha's parents. Unlike the other characters, Chloe and Geoffrey understand Rose without envy or hate, and are thus a reliable information source. Chloe senses Rose's motives for lunching with her, for instance, and carries the information on Ian's government candidacy back to her husband in realistic terms. With full comprehension of Rose and her needs, Chloe and Geoffrey discuss the situation. Their exchange serves both as a source of comic relief and compliment to the couple:

"I'm sorry for her. Such a tiring life, always getting somewhere."

"She makes me nervous. The way she listens to me." (p. 104)

Although Chloe and Geoffrey are extraordinary individuals, the character on whom the story centers is Ian Answell. One immediately sees how different Ian is from his wife, and, like the people in the story, one finds it easy to like him. Ian's natural attitude, for example, is described as:

unassuming and ready to laugh and he made everyone feel that he was interested in them and wished them well; he gave this enduring impression because it was true. (p. 88)

When he and Rose attend the same party, she flies like a hawk to its prey to Tippy, a higher government official, while Ian, attracted more by beauty than title, "dismisses" Tippy, and thinks

instead of Chloe, Harriet and Betsy; their beauty was a public service. And they were always so gay, so soft, so leisurely. He was grateful, as if something precious had been saved from the lava-flow of time. (p. 72)

Gellhorn further emphasizes the contrast between the callous woman and the sensitive man in the conversation they exchange at the evening's end:

"I thought Chloe was looking a treat," Ian said.  
 "Oh, did you? I thought she seemed rather haggard. And she never varies, does she? I find that tiddly talk quite exasperating in the long run."  
 "She is a very good friend."  
 "Oh, Ian, what a pointless thing to say." (p. 72)

Until late in the story when Ian gains some control over his life, we feel the tragedy of this fine man's involvement with a woman for whom even friendship and family are expedient.

It is noteworthy to consider that while Rose is the story's villain and Ian her victim, Rose has usurped the traditional masculine role and Ian has accepted her domination. His rebellion, then, is a rebellion from the traditional wifely role, from that of subordinate. Ian's story becomes that of his long-awaited emergence into the self, his expression of will and discovery of fulfillment.

From the story's beginning, an undercurrent of malaise pervades Ian's portrayal. He yearns to spend more time with his family and he queries how he has come to compromise himself in his government work. In order to save the Burmese, he has had to attain power as Rose has said, but he seriously questions whether the end justifies the means. After witnessing Rose's insults to her sister, Ian finds the strength to refuse to accompany his wife in her acceptance of a politically opportune invitation, choosing instead to attend his annual college dinner. After tempers rage, Ian assesses the affair and his gentle, if simple soul, accurately analyses and locates the answer:

Silent criticisms, wordless distastes, little scratchy scenes, lingering quarrels, led finally to the coldness of indifference. They needed to warm each other, they needed to lie in each other's arms and find again what they knew, what was there, what held them together. They needed this badly and now. Somehow they had forgotten to allow time for love. (p. 97)

Consciously realizing what Kate Merlin could unconsciously sense, Ian has made a profound discovery. Life is meaningless without love, warmth, and human communication. Each individual must discover life's truth for himself, however, and when Ian seeks to "get warm"

with Rose and is rejected as a "badly treated servant," he begins to understand his wife's loveless nature.

The malaise symbolically flowers into sickness as Ian takes to his bed with a 101 degree temperature. Rose's ecstasy at being left alone to handle Ian's career is artistically countered by his apathy. Yet, as in "For Better For Worse," "For Richer For Poorer" depends on an ironic paradox. Sickness here becomes curative, creative. Only in illness does Ian see the real disease in his life and its cure. He emerges from his convalescence just as Rose emerges with his potential election. Ian looks lovingly at his wife who never before, not as mother, bride, or lover, glowed with such rapture. His anger melts and he is carried along by her warmth until he realizes that her excitement is not meant for him, but for the power of his potential position. When she instructs him that the Colonies can be only a first step in his climb to the head of Defense, Ian ceases smiling.

He seeks out Tippy and withdraws his candidacy, resigns his seat in Parliament, and returns home to confront Rose:

"I'm sick of myself, sick of it all, and I won't play any more. We're going to have a decent life and bring up our children decently." (p. 110)

When Rose understands that her malleable husband will not retreat, she screams at him her true feelings, refusing to join him in his "wretched second-rate life." He staunchly stands his ground, re-asserting his faith in the marriage vows. A final outburst clears his thoughts and Ian admits defeat:

He could not hope to deceive himself again. Their marriage was nothing; the ten years of it and the children; nothing. A marriage belonged to two people or was nothing. In this room, now, only her hate was alive. (p. 112)

Yet Ian's defeat, like that of Kitty, is haloed with triumph. Not only has he asserted himself, but far from devastated, he transcends the superficiality and isolation of the human condition to find his fulfillment. He and his children move to the country, and with Tippy's generous gift of his cows, they find in that existence a life closer to the truth of Ian's discovery.

An unpredictable ending follows a less than routine beginning and Gellhorn's story, far from the "happily ever after" story-book conclusion, ends with an affirmative character forging a new life in a fertile environment. Here Gellhorn poses a solution. Understanding and respect may exist for some if they seek a new life in a new society. Ironically, the solution, while more positive than that of "For Better For Worse," necessitates the breakup of the marriage.

"In Sickness and In Health" begins with an amazing first paragraph which betrays the essence of the story to come. One immediately recognizes the romantic conventions of the passionate interlude:

She had been waiting for him. The door opened gently.  
 . . . She held out her arms and he came across the  
 room and kissed her forehead. . . . She watched him  
 with happy eyes and slightly parted lips . . .

Thus one is astounded by the thoughts of the lover:

Her asthma is better, he thought. (p. 119)

A similar shocking juxtaposition occurs several times in "In Sickness and in Health," prompting the reader to wonder if this grotesqueness is merely a burlesque or if Gellhorn intends it as a serious part of her story.

The tragedy in the marriage of this unusual couple occurred long before the story begins. Since no one had told him of his asthmatic wife's history of rheumatic fever and heart trouble, Jim knew nothing of the dangers of her being pregnant. He was therefore happy to hear that she was with child, delighted that she would have a part of him while he was in the service and that he would have a family to come home to. When Annette almost died after her miscarriage, Jim was warned that she could never have another child. What he could not understand was that he could never again touch her. After being away at war for three and a half years, however, Jim hurried home to embrace his wife. His hard kiss on her lips triggered an immediate heart attack. From then on, Annette has lived her life--if such an existence can be called life--on a chaise longue in Jim's house-turned-hospital in Connecticut. The couple are about to celebrate their sixteenth wedding anniversary as the story begins.

The interesting complication to this sad predicament is Gellhorn's grim twist of the conventional triangle. Jim has met and moved in with Maggie, a vital young woman sixteen years his junior. As one who had panned to be a great writer, Jim is frustrated with



his department store job in New York, unhappy with the pretensions of people all around him, and scornful of his own hypocrisy. Maggie is a constant reminder of the life that exists outside of all that is false. He loves her and leans on her for sexual fulfillment, warmth, room and board in a way not totally unlike Annette's parasitical dependence on him. Annette, however, epitomizes the death-in-life syndrome and remains almost virginal in the New England countryside. Indeed, Jim finds her on each visit more beautiful, as if time moved hideously around her. Jim longs for the living dead to die so that he can seize a bit of life and marry Maggie.

Just as the pervasive grotesquerie in the story is rare for Gellhorn (How many times does she show a husband's single kiss setting off a heart attack?) so is the deterministic setting. There is nothing particularly flawed in the characters of Annette, Jim, or Maggie; they are caught by circumstance. Had someone warned Jim of the precarious health of his bride, he would have been careful not to get her pregnant and three lives would have been saved. There is no easy victim or villain here. Annette heroically endures the loss of her child and health and Jim continues to support her both financially and emotionally. Even Maggie asks nothing for herself. She works hard on an advertising campaign to make enough money to buy Jim a suit. His meagre earnings go to Annette and his own clothes are shabby.

The tense but controlled situation explodes when Maggie discovers herself pregnant. She and Jim finally decide to grab

their share of happiness. They decide to have the baby and live on what little will remain after Jim's divorce and support of Annette. Poverty they decide to bear; it is life without each other they cannot endure.

Jim travels back to Connecticut and attempts to ask Annette for the divorce, but when he realizes that the truth would literally kill her he backs down and returns dejectedly to Maggie. Envisioning Jim and herself in the final steps of alienation, Maggie makes the unwanted trip to the abortionist, using the funds she had saved for Jim's suit. She leaves a note promising to return.

As Jim reads Maggie's note, he conceives of a way to break through the deterministic crush of circumstance. He cannot bring Annette health nor himself happiness, but he can try to spare Maggie. In a final moment of self-sacrifice and self-assertion, Jim packs his bags; he hopes to save Maggie from the "sad and dull" life of older people. In other words, Jim relinquishes his claim on living and accepts his role as husband to Annette, to become, in fact, one of the living dead. His absence, he hopes, will permit the vital Maggie to seize life and live it.

"In Sickness and in Health" poses less of a solution to the human dilemma of alienation than either of the earlier stories. Here the affirmation is in the mere recognition of the death-in-life existence and the sacrificial self-removal in the hope that a loved one may discover a more fulfilling life. The affirmation

leads Jim to a higher moral plane, but again necessitates the dissolution of a relationship, this time, between two potentially communicative individuals. There is no indication that Maggie or Jim will benefit from the separation. On the contrary, Jim will suffer, although it must be acknowledged that he unselfishly chooses to do so, an existence cut off from genuine understanding and vitality.

The fourth and final story of TBT, "Till Death Us Do Part," is considered by some critics, such as Linda Brandt of the Saturday Review, to be the best of the collection. Indeed Martha Gellhorn has pointed to it as one of her favorite pieces in all she has written. The story begins in Java with the corpse of a famous war photographer and the army officers' less-than-venerable suggestions on how to handle this latest victim of sniper fire. With the title in mind, one expects the camera-like focus to shift to Bara's wife, but Gellhorn plays with our expectations, switching instead to an American divorcee who loves him and has come to believe him indestructible. Through flashback Gellhorn develops the preliminary characters of Mrs. Helen Richards and Marushka (Mary Hallett), an American correspondent.

Only when Bara's best friend, Lep, receives a frantic telegram from Marushka do his own memories unravel the real subject of the story; that of Suzy and Bara and the underlying philosophy of their lives.

The tragic tale begins in Paris where the poor but romantic couple meet and discover the life force in each other. At the

first hint of the Nazi threat, Bara fears for Suzy, a Hungarian Jew, and they both invent new names. The couple works as photographic partners in Spain from 1931 to 1936 and for Bara, as for Gellhorn, this is "the golden age of man" (p. 236). When the war begins, Bara is attracted to Spain for the same reasons that Gellhorn was:

. . . Bara knew at once that Spain was the place for all free men to fight Hitler, the Nazis, and the corrupt ideas which the Nazi imitators also practiced. (p. 238)

Clearly, Bara is a sympathetic character from the author's point of view. He embodies her goals, her dreams, her convictions. And he risks and finally loses his life in order to photograph war so that others could see as he had. It is significant that he is a man of no country; thus Gellhorn generalizes in his death war's destruction of the brave and decent. Suzy follows Bara to photograph the Spanish Civil War simply because Suzy is honorable and because she sees in their relationship the wonder of life:

. . . and Suzy went along because she always went where Bara was; they could not imagine spending a whole day away from each other. (p. 238)

Lep recalls the hope of Bara, Suzy, and countless others like Gellhorn, who believed that the Fascist poison would be dissolved in Spain:

And everyone was full of hope. Here, in this most beautiful country, among the noble people, the evil of the world would be defeated. (p. 239)

Clearly we are supposed to accept Lep as a reliable narrator whom Gellhorn uses for artistic distance. Within his recollections lies the meaning of the story:

Because Bara did know about love he was complete;  
Suzy was Bara's real fortune and strength. (p. 240)

Thus when Suzy is killed in the righteous war against Fascism, the reader experiences the tragedy of all war. Bara understands, as Gellhorn suggests, the gross hideousness and stupidity of man's obsession with war:

. . .it was like him and Suzy: men were permanently engaged in losing what they loved, and destroying what others loved, and there was no help for this, it was the nature of man and the real shape of destiny. (p. 243)

Bara's rage at the violation of moral purpose is burned out of him; in his newly found cynicism he "could be sickened by what he saw," but not angered. "To be angry, you must have hope. He had nothing more to be angry about for himself, he did not care" (p. 243).

Lep pities Helen who has spent her adult life waiting for Bara to marry her. Lep knows that Bara would never have married, and in his reasons Gellhorn presents the most romantic and positive relationship in her entire body of fiction:

. . . he never could have. He was married, he had a wife, and he was faithful to her. If you love a woman entirely, you cannot help it if she is dead.  
(p. 245)

Thus Gellhorn suggests the curiously positive sense of the irony of the story's title, "Till Death Us Do Part."

For one brief moment, then, we glimpse a couple who have found love and understanding within each other, two people who epitomize those who live each day to the fullest. Suzy and Bara are the only couple for whom those introductory lines of the wedding ceremony, "and may ever remain in perfect love and space together," can be realized; yet Suzy and Bara also separate. The tragedy here, however, is not within them, it is as Gellhorn told her editor in that desperate letter of 1945, that the curse of mankind, inevitable war, somehow manages to destroy life's very best:

There seems . . . to be a kind of selection backward, so that surely the bravest and the most innocent will be utterly destroyed.<sup>39</sup>

Although "Till Death Us Do Part" moves relatively slowly through the characterization of Helen Richards, the tempo soon picks up, captivating the reader with the life ethic of Suzy and Bara. The complexity in the point of view or perspective also adds interest. One sees the death of Bara from the viewpoint of a divorcé who loved and hoped to marry him. As she recalls both the jealousies and joys of her affair with the photographer, Helen Richards reveals her inability to comprehend the intensity with which Bara lived. Helen loves in an ordinary way and can understand neither the depth of friendship Bara felt for Marushka nor that of the love he had for Suzy. Helen weeps for her lost lover and husband-to-be.

Lep, on the other hand, appreciates the life force which motivated Bara and it is this that his perspective communicates to the reader. As his recollections of Bara prepare him for the consolation he hopes to give to Marushka, they simultaneously reveal the philosophy of Bara and the basis of the story. Lep's own memories serve as a catalyst and he learns suddenly from the death of his friend the lesson of Bara's life. Lep will fly to London and see Marushka as planned, but he will "not talk of Suzy. Bary never spoke of her"; he will "go to her and be very stern, as Bara used to be, and talk to her like Bara." He will order her to stop her tears and her lament of the past, asking:

What are you doing at the Wailing Wall? The only thing to do, as long as you are alive, is live.  
(p. 246)

The story's powerful conclusion serves to channel the reader back into the work. Indeed, what Flannery O'Connor has said about the good novel--"more always happens than we are able to take in at once, more happens than meets the eye"--applies to "Till Death Us Do Part." The work is simultaneously the story of a divorcée who has lost her lover, the portrayal of a love-marriage which transcends death, the depiction of a courageous war photographer, and the presentation of an existential faith in life. Gellhorn succeeds here, as in most of TBT and indeed, the majority of her work, in creating what T. S. Eliot has labeled "the objective correlative." In other words, Gellhorn seems, with unusual ability, to hit upon the right "set of objects," "situation," or "chain of

events" to provoke in her reader the desired emotion. After one grasps the plot and the characters' thoughts in Gellhorn's "Till Death Us Do Part," for example, one cannot help but feel, and feel intensely, her concept of war.

Martha Gellhorn is deeply involved in the characters, the events, and even the philosophy of "Till Death Us Do Part." Bara, for example, may easily be recognized as the famous war photographer and her close friend, Robert Capa.<sup>40</sup> Mary Hallett, the American war correspondent, is a clear double for Martha Gellhorn. One may rightfully point to the similarity in names between the pair of photographers and correspondents. Hallett, like Gellhorn, has been to Spain and China and the second world war. She has been so sickened by her experience that she stops reading newspapers and plans to get a place in London and live among the British whom she admires. Throughout "Till Death Us Do Part" one is aware that the thoughts of Mary Hallett are those of Martha Gellhorn and that the author uses Hallett to voice even the most specific developments in her own character.<sup>41</sup>

Gellhorn's identification with "Till Death Us Do Part" is neither sloppy nor sentimental as were the autobiographical aspects of early works like ASF where readers were asked to admire the glamorous heroine-actor. On the contrary, Mary Hallett's part in "Till Death Us Do Part" is minor; she is yet to be taught the lesson Lep finally learns from Bara. In "Till Death Us Do Part" and in her post-war fiction Martha Gellhorn handles autobiographical



characters with detachment and control. Her experience lends density and authenticity where before it prompted distraction and irritation.

While each story in TBT depicts the intimate relationship of a specific couple and while the book is unified by the background of war and Gellhorn's own experience,<sup>42</sup> TBT boasts a versatility in its approach and execution. Each story develops a different outlook and offers an unexpected solution, infusing a depth of meaning, if ironical, into the often repeated marriage vows.

Stylistic devices are adapted by Martha Gellhorn for each story. "For Richer For Poorer," for example, poses a husband and wife with opposite characteristics. Unlike a favorite technique exemplified in its successful execution in "Miami-New York," however, where Gellhorn develops the gulf of isolation between two individuals by showing their accruing misinterpretations, Ian and Rose understand each other, if in different ways. Rose perceives only Ian's "weakness" and thus, her means to gain power. Initially naive, Ian slowly learns that he hates his life as a compromising means to a well-intentioned end. He gradually grows aware of his wife's faults and her inability to love. It is his clear-sighted vision of life which prevents his ultimate devastation and enables him to seek the secrets of happiness elsewhere.

In the powerful conclusion of "Till Death Us Do Part," Lep forgets the consoling story he had rehearsed for Marushka

and decides instead to do as Bara would want, and as Ian, Kitty, Jim, and Gellhorn would dictate; Lep advises Marushka not to dwell on the past or attempt to explain an unfair world, but to create her own meaning in it through her love and behavior. It is this existential philosophy earlier understood by Jacob Levy in WOA and glimpsed by Kate Merlin in "Miami-New York" that unites the four stories in TBT. In each piece, some one comes to self-realization and recognizes the path to take toward self-fulfillment; someone learns that there will be nothing unless s/he imposes meaning through responsible unselfish action. Thus Kitty aborts her baby, Ian leaves the pettiness of the city to live on the land, and Jim relinquishes his hold on Maggie. It is as the Time reviewer stated in his analysis of TBT:

What supports these stories, apart from craftsmanship, is the vigor of the existential faith that Author Gellhorn expresses in her concluding lines: "What are you doing at the Wailing Wall? The only thing to do, as long as you are alive, is live."<sup>43</sup>

Although the reviews were mixed, critics from publications as diverse as Time, the Atlantic, and the London Times praised TBT for its cogent insights into the human psyche and the author's versatile ability to "judge women through men's eyes as realistically and dispassionately as she is able to examine the male ego with the torn feelings of a woman."<sup>44</sup> As Edward Weeks of the Atlantic asserted:

Martha Gellhorn . . . is one of our very best writers. To the swift and vibrant medium of the short story, she brings a richness of experience, a tenderness and

a depth of feeling, and a power of characterization which I believe have never been shown to better effect than in her new book.<sup>45</sup>

6:4

## A Chirp in Protest

Although politics was not a central concern in the fiction Martha Gellhorn was writing, it occupied a main interest all her life. Even in the relatively quiet period of the fifties, she worried about the fate of Europe and that of the world. In the latter part of 1958, Martha Gellhorn traveled across Europe to see how the continent which had meant so much to her was faring a decade after the war. She was particularly interested in the development of what was called the new Germany and she feared for those countries in Central and Eastern Europe over which the iron curtain had descended. Of these, she cared most about the fate of Poland, doubtless remembering the now realized fears of the Poles with whom she had spent so many hours in World War II. It was the new Poland Martha Gellhorn investigated in 1958 and revisited a year and a half later.

Gellhorn documented her trips to Poland in two articles for the Atlantic which totaled sixteen pages of observation. In her first visit, Gellhorn made a point in her two weeks in Poland to "see what a lifetime of war and Communism had done" to the minds of the intellectual youth. She was delighted to find that the Poles escaped categorization. Somehow their grim history of the last

twenty years of tyranny had not "chipped away" what she called the "extreme individualism of this people." The youth, like many of the adults, appeared bright with imagination and hungry for culture. And this, Gellhorn thought, was one of the few positive aspects of the Communist regime: Art was encouraged. The State refused to tolerate anything it considered inferior and the well-educated Poles refused to be bored. This combination yielded an exciting and good art. Culture, Gellhorn proposed, rests on education and the Polish educational system had always been a mystery to her. Even under Nazi occupation the Poles had held elaborate underground schools. Now there were twice as many universities as before the war. In Poland, Gellhorn said, one sensed the people "gulping down education" as clearly as one felt the weather.

Not all of Gellhorn's observations were so optimistic. She found that average persons in Poland were, by American standards, poverty-stricken. Many hoped never to return to capitalism, something they conceived of as gross excess. "What they wanted," Gellhorn explained, "was a room--no matter how small, how bare--of one's own;--two suits, not just one; and two weeks vacation outside Poland." She found it interesting that, as one student put it: "'[Polish] culture goes West and [Polish] economics East.'"

When she returned a year and a half later, Martha Gellhorn took another close look at Poland. Again she was permitted to go anywhere, but this time she was saddened to see the State clamping

down on both freedom and art. And where the talk had previously included western ballet, Auschwitz, the war, and Russia's domination, this time "topic number one was economics." The Poles had suddenly become obsessed with making money; it was the only way they could survive. Communism, Gellhorn found, was simply not working and it paid no unemployment because Marxist economics admitted none. Since workers could not live on the wages paid from one job they took several and worked poorly at them all--that was if they were fortunate enough to find them. Many Poles were becoming Communists merely because it was the easiest way to become employed. Throughout the country, Gellhorn saw the traces of struggle etched deeper into Polish faces.

Since her room had been searched by the everpresent secret police, Gellhorn feared for all those who had talked to her. She worried that the outspoken Poles might pay retroactively for the freedom of speech when that too was repressed. Gellhorn's own attitude toward Communism was an intense hatred, not because she was naturally fascistic, as were many anti-Communists, but because, as she stated, she believes "in humanity, one by one, the only way it comes. Peace and dignity, responsibility and freedom are what we want for ourselves and so for all men." In the most basic sense Communist countries are prisons, Gellhorn explained, and it is in this attitude toward travel that the system admits its failure: "Contented people need not be denied the right to roam."

Despite her unfortunate observations, Martha Gellhorn left Poland once more convinced of the people's indomitable spirit and courage. In love with their country, the Poles told her that they preferred to live inside it than reside elsewhere in an expatriated, if freer existence. They believed they were needed to strengthen Poland; if the country were healthy they could more easily leave.

Overwhelmed by the "spectacle of constant bravery," the laughter, and the total absence of self-pity, Gellhorn left in awe. Like the Jews, she thought, history had singled the Poles out for persecution and suffering; like the Jews, they had developed sharp minds and strong spirits.<sup>46</sup>

Between her two visits to Poland, Martha Gellhorn had made a political statement of her own. In the relatively quiet fifties, the escalation in the cold war between East and West accompanied scientific advances in nuclear warfare. Each month one read in the newspapers reports of stronger bombs with power to eliminate larger cities in a single strike, while populations within ever-enlargening circles would be mutilated and slowly killed by radioactive fallout. Thinking that she had already witnessed the worst the world could offer, Martha Gellhorn was outraged at the stupidity of the world's leaders who seemed so effortlessly to bring their countries to the brink of extinction.

Selecting excerpts and articles from her eight years of war reporting, Martha Gellhorn assembled a book called The Face

of War,\* which was published in 1959. In the volume, Gellhorn arranged twenty-one articles chronologically, thus leading her reader through the misery and loss that was war in Spain, Finland, China, England, Italy, France, Holland, and Germany. She concluded her first British and only American edition with the appropriately shocking Dachau scenes. Later, in 1967, a British paper edition (one she called the best version of this book) deleted a few of the originally included articles and added one each on Java, Nuremburg, and the Paris Peace Conference, and six on Vietnam.

She resigned herself, as she says in her introduction, to the fact that the world's leaders were stupid, cowardly, and base. She understood also that we all, by allowing ourselves to be led, succumb to the "ruling human sin" of stupidity. Because of these two unfortunate truths, Martha Gellhorn accepted the inevitability of wars. What she could not accept and had to speak out against was the possible extinction of the human race:

It is in our ancient tradition to murder each other; but only we, in the present, should pay the price for our abominable stupidity. Nothing that concerns us, in our brief moment of history, gives us the right to stop time, to blot out the future, to end the continuing miracles and glories and tragedies and wretchedness of the human race. (p. 7)

Dedicating FOW to her son, Sandy, Gellhorn emphasized that while we may do what we wish with our own lives, we have no right to claim those of the young and the generations to come. Recalling her own

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\*Hereafter abbreviated FOW.

loss of faith in governments, peoples, and even journalism, Martha Gellhorn concluded that even in an imperfect world survival is a worthy goal:

I do not believe in the perfectibility of man, which is what would be required for universal peace; I only believe in the human race. I believe that the human race must continue. (p. 6)

Knowing full well that her book would have no effect in halting the arms race, Gellhorn published it because that was all she could do; she wrote, as she says, "to keep the record straight" and because journalism, while not the golden beacon she had once thought it, is still a form of "honorable behavior." Mostly, however, Gellhorn wrote FOW because her personal integrity demanded it:

As one of the millions of the led, I will not be herded any farther along this imbecile road to nothingness without raising my voice in protest. My NO will be as effective as one cricket chirp. My NO will be this book. (p. 5)

The reception of FOW was as hearty and as enthusiastic as any Martha Gellhorn had enjoyed. She received several letters from friends congratulating her on a magnificent work and powerful document. Eleanor Roosevelt, who devoted her entire "My Day" column of March 16 to FOW, explained the book's impact by telling her readers: ". . . at times I had to put it down and close my eyes and try to think of other things." She advised publicly that the book be "read carefully by the leaders in every nation"<sup>47</sup> and wrote Martha Gellhorn personally, solemnly praising the work as



essential and provocative. Herbert Mitgang's comments in the New York Times echo the consensus of the reviews:

A brilliant anti-war book that is as fresh as if written this morning. Seldom can a correspondent assemble past writings from various locations and watch a clear pattern emerge, yet her pieces fall into place in a grand design. Her opinions, because they are rooted in these finely drawn scenes from four wars, deserve to be read by many people.<sup>48</sup>

Nigel Nicholson, in his review, called Martha Gellhorn "undoubtedly" "one of the best correspondents whom the War produced."<sup>49</sup> By this time, Martha Gellhorn had surely noted that while critics acknowledged her as a superior journalist, they hesitated to give her similar laurels as a writer of fiction.

In addition to the immediacy and vividness which this thesis has previously shown with respect to the war articles, FOW stands as a unique piece of autobiography on an American author and war correspondent who otherwise guards her privacy. One may follow not only the physical progress of Martha Gellhorn as she pursues history from Spain to Finland through Nazi Germany, but also the growing emotional strain as she reports hideous cruelties. FOW also testifies to Martha Gellhorn's primary journalistic interest in documenting the effects of the history of her time on ordinary people. And along with her increasingly intense hatred for the Nazis and Germans, the book illustrates Gellhorn's unceasing admiration for everyday people who show their nobility by their willingness to fight against insurmountable odds rather than accept

tyranny. It is in this idealistic and even uplifting aspect that FOW is flawed.

For once, Martha Gellhorn's intention, while made clear, is not convincingly executed. For all the critical acclaim, the final effect of FOW is questionable. Although it intends to present the horror of four wars in order to convince its readers that there must be no more, now that we are in the nuclear age, FOW powerfully convinces those readers of the rightness of those wars.

The Spanish Republicans, for example, are praised for their fight for freedom against a Fascist Franco aided by Mussolini and Hitler. In a similar way, the Poles who escaped Nazi occupation to fight with the Allies in Italy are applauded. The young men in the RAF, the Black Widow fighters, the Thunderbolt pilots, and the Allied soldiers are described with a respect approaching reverence. The Finns who fought the Russians in order to preserve their "decent way of life" are also held up for admiration. Clear in every article is the necessity to burn out the poison of Hitler and Fascism. The western Allies and Americans are chastised only for their lethargy in entering into the war and for their allowing Hitler to seize Poland and Czechoslovakia.

As she travels with the American fronts in Holland and the Battle of the Bulge, Gellhorn describes the average American soldier as unselfish and glorious in his courage. Even in the dirt and discomfort and death, Gellhorn apparently enjoys her experience.

The reader detects, in her documentation of war, along with the sorrow and disgust of war's waste a heightened sense of being alive. While FOW often too vividly portrays the horror put upon society by a warring world, it simultaneously proclaims the justice of that war. The lesson of the face of the eight years of war as Gellhorn shows them is the same as The Wine of Astonishment: Human dignity and freedom for ourselves or our brothers are worth fighting and even dying for. Survival is not worth any price.

Whether for reasons of escape, family responsibility, or as part of her book promotion, Martha Gellhorn spent the early part of 1959 traveling leisurely across the United States. T. S. Matthews had planned the tour with her as preparation for a book he wanted to write on America. He had recently completed his autobiography, Name and Address, which had curiously omitted any mention of Martha Gellhorn but had been dedicated to her mother ("To Edna Gellhorn, with love"). The couple met in New York and then flew to St. Louis to begin their American investigation and join Edna Gellhorn, whom they planned to include in their trip.<sup>50</sup>

After many hours sight-seeing in St. Louis, Martha Gellhorn called a business meeting. She assigned herself to report on school systems, juvenile delinquency, beatniks, and the general happiness of Americans. T. S. Matthews decided he would stick to broad observations and Edna Gellhorn, whom they both affectionately called Omi, volunteered to carry what she called the "booze bag."<sup>51</sup>

O My America! which T. S. Matthews published in 1962, is a casual book relating the trio's trip through America. More than this, however, the volume reveals Matthew's love for the character and intelligence of Martha Gellhorn. In much of the book, Matthews defers to his wife's deductions and he devotes many of his pages to her reactions to people and conditions. He appears proud to remain her student and proud of the retiring looks on the faces of those whom she has attacked for their thoughtlessness or bigotry. In St. Louis, for example, Matthews enjoys recalling his wife's part in a conversation concerned with the tearing down of the more than one hundred years old post office. When Gellhorn suggested that they retain the building as a museum, she was told to consider land values and to understand that the city could not afford an idle building. In his summary of Gellhorn's resulting fury, Matthews reveals his pleasure in his wife's values and her ability to defend them:

All lost on M. Or rather, waste motion. I look and listen expectantly while she clears for action. Now hear this. What about a sense of history? No awareness of the past? If you have a good thing, hang on to it. Crazy, wasteful destruction of everything "old" under the flimsy excuse of "progress, improvement." Real reason, money. Always money. Must "pay its way!" Why? WHY?

Opposition alarmed, turns tail, breaks off for action.<sup>52</sup>

In addition to its illustrating the positive sentiment between the Mathews, O My America! documents the observations of the expatriated Martha Gellhorn on her homeland as it was about to

enter the 1960's. As the trio covered thousands of miles by plane, train, and car from the Midwest to Seattle, down the west coast to Los Angeles, and then east to Florida, Martha Gellhorn seemed most favorably impressed with the beauty of the Washington rain forests, the cleanliness of San Francisco, and the casualness of California. Between stops at schools, juvenile court, and Indian reservations, Gellhorn and Matthews stopped in Hollywood to watch Spencer Tracy play the part of Clarence Darrow in the filming of the Scopes Trial. They were both amazed to discover that an entire day of work resulted in only three minutes of finished film.<sup>53</sup>

As she took her first long look in twelve years at her country, Martha Gellhorn was surprised that she had forgotten the pervasiveness of gum chewing and conventionneering which was unique to the United States. She stopped and talked with students at a number of schools and generally lamented the ability and motivation of America's young. Scornful of the females who used educational institutions to meet men, Gellhorn thought the American woman entirely too submissive:

"It is my impression that the girls are little better than Arab females and I would not be surprised to see them putting their hands under the gents' feet and saying 'Order, Master, and I will obey.'"<sup>54</sup>

While her mother greatly admired American womanhood, Martha Gellhorn noted how falsely foreign opinion had tagged them. Rather than the all-powerful shrews that foreigners thought American women, Gellhorn described them as simultaneously chauffeurs, housewives, marketers,

and cooks. The only "bad" thing she saw them doing was shop. This habit, she said, "looks like mania, like being addicted to roulette, or opium."<sup>55</sup>

Throughout America Gellhorn saw Blacks and Indians being treated with less than equality and this, along with the submissiveness of women angered her. What seemed to bother her most, however, was the generally unanimous reception her criticism received. As she described the flaws in the American way of life, she understood as her "birthright" her privilege to criticize it.<sup>56</sup> The ethnocentric Americans she encountered, however, interpreted that criticism as anti-American. Anyone not living in the United States, she said, they regarded as "a foreigner or worse."

Concerning her report on the country's emotional state, Martha Gellhorn worried that the Americans she met defined happiness as adjustment to the group. Little could upset the individualist more than a group's conforming for conformity's sake. She went about her homeland asking her favorite question: Why? Why is mental illness increasing? Why do Americans drink so much? Why do they eat to the point of excess and deform their bodies with fat? She was astounded at the shocking prejudices she discovered in Texas and angered at what she called "the pea-brained, talkative South."<sup>57</sup> Before the travelers split up in Florida, Martha Gellhorn had most likely decided that Americans were spoiled. Without war to tear their way of life apart and

without suffering to preserve that way of life, they had taken too much for granted. They were sinking into a dangerous apathy and too quick to assume all was satisfactory. As Omi returned to her beloved St. Louis and Matthews flew to New York, which always held for him a mothlike attraction, Martha Gellhorn returned once again to Europe.<sup>58</sup> She had decided that she "must be deeply happy and live in the finest city on earth" merely because she never bragged about it.<sup>59</sup>

## 7:1 Political Journalism, Apolitical Fiction

Although Martha Gellhorn once again immersed herself, in the sixties, in war and political activity, the fiction she published during the period betrays little of the desperation of her previous work. A novel which Martha Gellhorn fondly recalls as a "fun" book, His Own Man,\* published in 1961, carries little, if any, of Gellhorn's anxiety concerning the future. Written with what David Demsey of the New York Times Book Review called "verve" and "an effervescence of wit,"<sup>1</sup> HOM poses a thirty-four year-old male protagonist, who studies Chinese civilization in Paris, at the mercy of two rich women who buy his affection. Gellhorn precedes her novel with a Tennysonian epigraph which, like the book's title, is ultimately ironical: "For man is man and master of his fate."

The novel's beginning juxtaposes the thoughts of Jessica, a young woman obsessed with justice, with those of Ben, a man who perceives the treasure of life in his escape from responsibility. Guilt-ridden with the knowledge of her parents' wealth and apathy, Jessica needs to repay her self-imposed debt to humanity. Thus she volunteers her time and allowance to succor European refugees in Paris. Ben enjoys the peaceful existence of the

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\*Hereafter abbreviated HOM.



foundation-supported student and, having exploited that position for eleven years, dedicates his energies to the perpetuation of his life style.

Initially attracted to him by his helplessness and apparent poverty, Jessica mistakes Ben for one of her refugees. Ben finally accepts Jessica's attentions, after receiving an expensive Chinese relic as a token of her friendship. Gradually he learns to cherish Jessica who asks nothing but the opportunity to love him. Their affair blooms into a genuine intimacy and it is not until Ben senses Jessica's condemnation of his social maneuvers in the circle into which she has introduced him that he is ready for infidelity.

Ben leaves Jessica when he meets Liz, a rich Englishwoman who enjoys squandering her inheritance. Temporarily mesmerized by the woman who, while surrounded by her admirers, drinks whisky "like a man," repeats scandalous stories, and embodies the life of the party, Ben agrees to do the town with her, accepting her money and her suggestion to go to bed. At the gaiety's end, however, Ben twinges in guilt and humiliation; he has failed to be "his own man." Not until Liz apologizes and promises to accept his domination does Ben agree to see her regularly. Yet Liz introduces Ben to the pleasures of wealth and although Ben condemns her actions as gold-digging and constructs a convincing pretense of not accepting the financial favors of others, he gradually comes to depend on the gaiety of his newly adopted life style.

Hoping never to repeat her past fiascos with worthless men, Liz lays a well-made trap to get Ben to the altar while the neglected Jessica wastes away in heartbreak to literally skeletal proportions. When the truth at last reaches her, Jessica designs a plan of her own. Thus when Liz, in an effort to force Ben into marriage, leaves for a holiday in Britain, Jessica invites Ben to dinner. Amazed at the now seductive and sexually knowledgeable Jessica, Ben easily replaces Liz with the comfortable habit of his earlier mistress. When Liz returns, Ben manages both women, confident that two mistresses better insure his independence and freedom.

Jessica's plan has accomplished its aim, however, and she delightfully discovers herself pregnant. Having been forced to admit that she was wasting away from Ben's desertion and the absence of anyone upon whom she could shower her love, Jessica decided to save herself. She has lured Ben to her flat and her bed for a period long enough to insure pregnancy. Rather than retreating into her own hallucinatory world as Hendricks did in "A Psychiatrist of One's Own," Jessica's solution is the more positive one of physically creating the person to love. Her decision, although opposite to that of Kitty in "For Better For Worse," likewise represents an affirmation of self.

When word reaches Ben of his imminent fatherhood, he undergoes a surprising transformation. The noncommittal party-goer at last feels the responsibility of his actions. Recalling the change in Jacob Levy after his visit to Dachau, Ben finally senses a part

of Gellhorn's fervently espoused philosophy: that life is purposeless unless we accept the responsibility for our actions. Ben earlier states that had the western Allies accepted their responsibility, the second world war might never have occurred; Hitler could have been stopped in Spain. Although he and his author agree on that point, Ben opts for the wrong answer:

In the next war, unless we're all dead immediately, which is possible, I shall be embusqué. . . . I said it to myself six days after D-Day, while lying in a ditch listening to German tanks. The moment made a deep impression on me. I decided then and there I was never going to get involved in another war, or anything else for that matter, as long as I lived . . . (p. 28)

Fatherhood, however, manages to strike a chord of his sensibility, and his actions suddenly become serious and consequential:

. . . by what right had he refused to be a father, by what right had he made a son, carelessly, to amuse himself for half an hour? He could see the face, so like his own, cold and despising, and with justice.  
(p. 160)

Ben's acceptance of responsibility truncates his carefree existence in Parisian social circles. Leaving a note for Liz suggesting that their affair continue after his essential marriage to the mother of his child, Ben departs for Zurich and responsibility. Liz at last relinquishes her marital dreams and sails off to Bali.

Jessica refuses even to speak with Ben and forbids him to return. In one of the subplots, Jessica's social-conscious mother accepts the responsibility of an illegitimate grandchild and when confronted by the circulating rumors, flatly admits their truth and her welcome of the child. The mother's development from a

superficial, hysterical socialite to a caring mother and grandmother is convincing.

When Ben returns to Liz and Paris, ready to marry now that the idea has grown on him, he finds his mistress gone and his world empty. The novel juxtaposes the void of Ben's world with a final image of Jessica setting off for Hungary with bundles and baby. She has successfully located a position as a social worker in a refugee center held, for lack of space, in a former concentration camp. As Jessica's mother tells her father, "She looked like a refugee herself" (p. 192) and he understands that, at last, Jessica is "perfectly happy." She suffered terribly from loneliness and she nearly died in the early stages of her pregnancy, but from her pain she has created a child, the gift of life. Now a refugee from pain and want, Jessica will at last work to help those who suffer. Unlike Ben who probably never has been his own man, Jessica has succeeded in becoming her own woman.

The interesting reversal of sex roles and the uniqueness of the ending prove Gellhorn's ability to compose another provocative and entertaining novel. While *HOM* was the only one of Martha Gellhorn's volumes not published in Great Britain, her American reception was enthusiastic enough for two countries. The book was widely reviewed and acclaimed. In addition to praising the author's wit and control, critics generally applauded the book's entertainment quotient. Ineed, rarely in her career has Gellhorn attained such heights with the comic genius, her ironic twists

and turns guarantee her readers' immersion in this work. Some critics, however, such as Curt Gentry of the San Francisco Chronicle, realized that the clever ending masked a lesson in humanity and infused the otherwise light tale with depth:

But the surprise ending makes all the difference, enough to cause the reader to look back in realization that the charming amusement he has been reading might well be a very effective morality play in pleasant disguise.<sup>2</sup>

Lester Gorn of the San Francisco Examiner went so far as to note a parallel between Gellhorn's HOM and Dreiser's An American Tragedy.<sup>3</sup> While a few critics, such as Dorothy Nyren of the Library Journal, attacked the characters as superficial and the volume as "nothing more than another trivial novel,"<sup>4</sup> most agreed with Ned Calmer's review in the Saturday Review, that "a novel as good as this one doesn't come along very often."<sup>5</sup>

While her book was being reviewed in the United States, Martha Gellhorn was fast into her next adventure. Between 1958 and 1964 Gellhorn published a yearly article in the Atlantic, which often appeared as the magazine's cover story. In 1959 and 1960 Gellhorn had reported on the plight of a Poland shrouded by the Iron Curtain. In 1961 she turned once again to the Mideast, concentrating on the camps of Palestinian refugees and the arduous proceedings of the Eichmann Trial.

Of the fifty-eight camps supported by the UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East), Gellhorn visited eight in Lebanon, the Gaza Strip, and Jordan.

She was attended only by her guide--a Palestinian Arab, translator, and UNRWA employer--and for one day by a member of Nasser's Secret Service.

To enter the Gaza Strip, she had had to spend four days obtaining a military visa from the Egyptian government in Cairo; to cross the street from Jordan into Israel, she had to have an Israeli visa on a separate piece of paper. After packing all her bags and taking a taxi through the city streets, Gellhorn arrived at the Jordanian frontier post. Her passport was checked, a young porter carried her bags half a block, she walked half a block more, and arrived at the Israeli frontier post. There the border police checked her visa and another young porter went back for her luggage. She and her bags were then put in a taxi and she was free to investigate the Palestinian Arabs in Israel, the ones, she said, "who stayed behind, the non-refugees."

The thrust of the twenty-page article published by the Atlantic in October of 1961 is that the Arabs were then, as now, in the middle of an East-West conflict and exploiting the problem of the Palestinian refugees as a propaganda tool. Only in Jordan were the refugees made full citizens of the country to which they had fled. Elsewhere and particularly on the Gaza Strip, Nasser exacerbated the problem by preventing the refugees from changing their status. There they were kept veritable prisoners by an Egyptian jailer who had, for thirteen years, kept them penned within the narrow strip of land. Only as long as the refugees

were fed a diet of hate and only as long as they remained a people without a home could the Arab governments, led by Nasser, politically capitalize on the situation. In other words, the Palestinian refugees provided the Arab leaders with cause and leverage only as long as they remained refugees.

As for the Palestinians themselves, Gellhorn wondered why she had not felt a "blanket empathy" for them as she had for other refugees. Certainly she had met individuals whom she had appreciated and admired. She finally decided that it was their self-pity and self-absorption that had discouraged her.

It is hard to sorrow for those who only sorrow for themselves.<sup>6</sup>

Whatever camp she visited, Gellhorn heard distorted versions of the refugees' history. Some even insisted that the Jews had arranged with Hitler that he should kill a few of them--the old and weak ones--in order to force the others to emigrate to Palestine. Then, the tales went on, the Arabs invaded Israel in 1948 to save the Palestinian Arabs from being massacred by the Jews. When the Israelis overran the truce lines, the Arabs fled for their lives, leaving behind them wealth and property. Gellhorn sarcastically notes that "if everyone owned the land they claimed, Palestine would be the size of Texas; if everyone had been so rich, it would have been largely populated by millionaires."<sup>7</sup>

Her natural loyalty to the Jewish state ("this country . . . a monument to the obstinate, tireless, will of man") is bolstered by what she has observed. Where the Jews have made attempts at

peace, agreed to Partition, and treated the Arabs within their own borders with respect and freedom, the Arabs preach nothing less than the total destruction of Israel and its people. Gellhorn draws alarming parallels between Nasser and Hitler, the non-Egyptian Arabs and the Austrian Nazis, the Palestinian refugees and the Sudeten-deutsch, Israel and Czechoslovakia. The only solution she envisions is assimilation of the Palestines into the countries in which they live. In a strong ending to a generally persuasive article, Gellhorn reminds her readers that Jews have been refugees throughout history; in ancient times from Roman chains, in more recent times from Nazi gas chambers. The Arab-Israeli war created, along with the unfortunate Palestinians, more Jewish refugees: "Nearly half a million Jews, leaving behind everything they owned, escaped from the Arab countries where they lived to start life again as refugees in Israel."<sup>8</sup> Gellhorn's article manages to kindle the hope that in the generations to come the young Arab refugees will insist on living real lives and merge into those of the ancestral lands on which they now merely wait; the Jews could then at last enjoy their own ancestral land of Israel.

Although it was important for Martha Gellhorn to communicate the truth about the Palestinian refugees to her American readers and the article, with the exception of an occasional cliché or spot of wordiness, reflects the discipline and persuasion of her World War II journalism, Martha Gellhorn was simultaneously working on another concern even more crucial to her mind. In 1960 Adolf



Eichmann, the head of the German Gestapo Jewish section and the man responsible for overseeing the deportation and mass extermination of millions of Jews, had been located in Argentina and abducted by the Israelis. On April 11, 1961 the Eichmann Trial began in Israel.

Martha Gellhorn made sure to attend the long and arduous proceedings. She watched the little man in the bulletproof glass dock and asked herself, as she listened with passionate empathy to the numbers of heroic witnesses and their horror stories, how was it possible? Externally he looked like a human being; he clearly ate, slept, breathed, and functioned as one. But what went on inside him, she wondered, to permit and even to glory in such gross savageries?<sup>9</sup>

As Martha Gellhorn sat in the Israeli courtroom in Jerusalem for three months, taking notes, her eyes wandered back again and again to the defendant. She hated him for his love of misery, his delight in cruelty, his crushing of babies' heads. Yet stronger than her hate was a fear. Adolf Eichmann was entirely rational and sane. The Nazi leaders, she recalled, enjoyed full control of their mental capacities, they had been neither crazy nor ignorant. They had in fact calculated and reasoned each hideous experiment on human flesh. Martha Gellhorn saw in Adolf Eichmann a frightening dimension of the twentieth century man, a love of power that transforms into sadism. She obliquely perceived the existence of a whole people who had no understanding for the delicate but binding bond which she knew existed to hold all members of the human race together. Along

with the savage annihilation of the Jews, Poles, and Gypsies, the Germans had destroyed all that Gellhorn held dear--justice, truth, mercy, and decency.

In a style rivaling her best wartime journal, Gellhorn's "Eichmann and the Private Conscience" brings to life the horrors of "people being asphyxiated by cyanide gas," death trains carrying trusting victims, and realizations of unimaginable atrocities. Martha Gellhorn helps create for her readers the very strain of such a trial, noting that while the air conditioning kept the rooms far too cool, she sweated. She seeks to make her readers feel the pain and misery and waste and horror to the point where they understand that by a slip of history they might have been the ones locked into boxcars after cruelly being promised new lives in a happier world. Any one of us might have been driven to suicide rather than work for the Nazis by cutting off the hair and pulling out the gold fillings of their victims--our friends. Would we have had the courage, Martha Gellhorn silently queries, of one young man who, after discovering his sister's corpse on the pile, managed to heed the advice of the elderly Jew who told him it was his duty to survive so that he could tell the world of these crimes? Had he watched as the Nazis casually flipped into the fire our just born child, might we not also have walked knowingly into the electric fence? The horrors do not end and Gellhorn shows her readers the depth and breadth of this misery by piling example upon example. What would we have felt had we been the Gypsy mother who had her

newly born twins returned to her with their backs sewn together?<sup>10</sup>

Silently, between each line of each atrocity, Gellhorn asks what we would have done? What would we have felt? And if we were those Jews, fleeing from the prospect of total annihilation, what would we have thought of the United States, who allowed only a scant 190,000 Jews to immigrate in the decade between 1933 and 1943? What should we, as Americans, have done? Gellhorn insists that we watch the trial as she, and learn from it:

We must know everything about it; we must be able to recognize every symptom, every sign, to insure that it never happens again--under any other disguise--to any people, anywhere. To turn away is as mad as turning away from cancer, saying that cancer is cruel, painful, unjust, and results in death. Anti-Semitism is cancer and afflicts the weaker members of the human race.<sup>11</sup>

There were some people, of course, like the Danish King Christian X, Sweden's Raoul Wallenberg, and various undergrounds who, through their brave defiance, recovered a bit of honor for mankind. These members of our race who at great risk to themselves fought for right, Gellhorn implies, stands as our models for decency. Even if the reader were not familiar with Gellhorn's life-long themes, which found artistic expression in The Wine of Astonishment and His Own Man, he would be hard-pressed not to learn the lesson of the Eichmann Trial as she wants him to; and as the final statement of her article clarifies:

The private conscience is not only the last protection of the civilized world, it is the one guarantee of the dignity of man.<sup>12</sup>

7:2

## African Residence

Martha Gellhorn may have crossed the Atlantic even more frequently than usual in the sixties, for it was during this time that her mother's health began to deteriorate. As she visited the ailing Edna Gellhorn, Martha also called on her many American friends and contacts. Among those of political prominence, Gellhorn met and admired President John F. Kennedy.<sup>13</sup> Among those of literary reputation, Gellhorn met Carlos Baker and discussed with him the life of Ernest Hemingway. Her first husband had shot himself on July 2, 1961 and Baker was busy collecting biographical material on America's colorful and reputed author. Baker briefly interviewed Martha Gellhorn on April 30, 1963 in New York's Hotel Gladstone, but Gellhorn later disassociated herself from the biography and refused to allow Baker to acknowledge her contribution.<sup>14</sup> In his thorough researching, Baker recorded the various volumes of fiction and journalism which Gellhorn had published during Hemingway's lifetime and compiled a brief background on the unique woman. He personally observed a woman who, at fifty-three, was still tall and slender, with her blonde hair just beginning to turn gray. He noted as well the boldness of her face and the openness with which she spoke in her now British accent.<sup>15</sup>

Sometime in 1963 Martha Gellhorn had also divorced Thomas Matthews (who married for a third time the following year) and moved from the life of a London hostess in Chester Square to a serene, if solitary, life in East Africa. Gellhorn did not come as a stranger to her new life. Perhaps it was in the winter of 1962-1963, when she traveled through Tanganyika with a Kenyan driver, that the idea of living there implanted itself in her mind. Or perhaps it was conceived a year earlier when she visited Uganda.<sup>16</sup> In any case, Gellhorn was full of enthusiasm for the experiment in self-help and self-government which President Nyerere was conducting in the new Republic of Tanganyika and full of love for the country's peaceful life and inspirational beauty.

In an article published in the Atlantic in September of 1963, Gellhorn reminds her readers of the geographical and historical significance of Tanganyika. The country which was "four times the size of Great Britain, all of England, Wales, Scotland, and northern Ireland" contained both Kilimanjaro, "the highest and most magical mountain in Africa," and Leakey's discoveries of what were then the "oldest traces of man on earth." In addition, Lake Tanganyika, Gellhorn reminds us, was the location of Stanley's celebrated humorous remark to Dr. Livingstone.<sup>17</sup> Relying on such comfortable facts as these and a fine fluidity of style, Gellhorn both prejudices her reader and prompts him to read further about the political endeavor of the new country.

Gellhorn's parallels between Julius Nyerere and George Washington clearly compliment the man who led his country, without bloodshed, to independence in 1961 and who, as Tanganyika's first president, was energetically trying to build a strong and free country. Gellhorn applauds also the British who left behind them in Tanganyika a respect for law and the honor of the civil service. After Gellhorn has her reader thinking favorably of the new African republic, she launches into the agricultural and medical backwardness of the undeveloped country. Yet she ends her essay with a rare (for her) philosophical question. Knowing the hazards as well as the benefits of "Progress," Gellhorn worries that the quality of life enjoyed by the East Africans could be destroyed. She has perceived something precious in it:

This is so different from anything we know that it is impossible to describe. As a hint, merely, they have gaiety and repose, affability and eccentricity, benign sloth, and the tireless curiosity of the newborn.<sup>18</sup>

As an Indian doctor described:

They [the Africans] live in nature, they do not feel stress and strain, you see. They are happy.<sup>19</sup>

Gellhorn realizes that these Africans live in a pre-industrial, agrarian past which most western literature points to as an unretrievable golden era. Does western society have the right, she queries, to bring these people the twentieth century?

Whether it was the quality of life of the East Africans or the freedom and peace of the wonderful Serengeti (which the Tanganyikan government was preserving as "a trust for us all") which most

appealed to Martha Gellhorn, she decided in 1963 to rent a house, sight unseen, on the coast of Kenya just north of Mombasa and just south of the equator. Besieged by layered dirt, creeping lizards, swinging monkeys, screaming bush babies, vicious mosquitoes, swarming insects, and invading bats; and faced with primitive sanitary and communication systems and disagreeable workers; Gellhorn created a home and a new role for herself as pioneer.<sup>20</sup> She obviously enjoyed her life despite its deprivations, for she soon built her own home in Kenya. Although it cost her three times the proposed cost and although she was forced finally to build it herself, she held onto the African home until the seventies when it was sold from under her because she did not own the land on which it was built. At that time, she recalls, she was given a "tip" of fifteen hundred pounds, one third the price she had originally paid for the house.<sup>21</sup>

During the nearly two years in which she resided in Kenya, Martha Gellhorn traveled extensively about the mysterious continent, driven on by her everpresent curiosity. One such trip was later documented by the Atlantic in 1966, in "Animals Running Free in the Serengeti." Here Gellhorn relates her first solitary journey in Africa.

After having spent two months teaching herself rudimentary Swahili, Gellhorn set out in her small car from the Indian coast for the Serengeti. With no linguist or driver, she drove the four hundred and fifty miles of rutted road in three days. She could

hardly help but be simultaneously concerned with the desolation

. . . there is no one, no house, no vehicle, no gasoline station, no helping hand should the car conk out

and exalted by it

If you have the world to yourself, as far as you can see, you begin to feel you've discovered the whole wonderful place. The views make the heart beat with excitement . . .<sup>22</sup>

After reaching the Serengeti headquarters, Gellhorn was loaned the "Taj," the one-room house used occasionally by the parks director. She quickly converted the spare residence with its lumpy bed into her "own dear little nest" complemented by her own supply of canned goods.

For three days she "tagged along" on an anti-poaching patrol with the Park Warden and eleven Rangers. As the Land Rover and truck left the park limits and paths, the patrol began to weave through the forests, ford streams, and crash over rocks and bush. Martha Gellhorn exhilarated in the danger as much as the beauty and freedom of the animals, recalling that her heart "lifted and sang." The great number of poisonous snakes, however, did frighten her to the point where she failed to note a buffalo "crashing out of the bush and away down the hill." She enjoyed meeting the Africans for the first time on "their own terrain" as she must have relished learning what she did about poachers and their relationship with the rangers. After the "hot exhausting exciting day" she was glad to return to camp and the "square of green canvas,



propped off the ground by four sticks," known to all as the evening bath.<sup>23</sup>

When finally back in her nest at the Serengeti headquarters, the now fifty-five year old Martha Gellhorn combined the best of both worlds and settled into a contentment and peace. The tranquility she felt was documented in a rare passage in her journalism:

With a cold whiskey and soda, and wearing sweaters, I sat on the porch and watched the sky change and listened to silence broken by hyena snarls and their siren wailing, jackal barking, offstage lion roars, the tramp of unseen hooves, and my transistor gramophone playing Brahms and Chopin.<sup>24</sup>

Back in her home in Kenya, Gellhorn used the sea as an inspiration for almost transcendental meditation. Typing in her bathing suit and absorbing the peace and freedom of the African climate, Gellhorn seemed, as Virginia Cowles speculated in 1965, "in her radiantly perverse way, to have found serenity at last."<sup>25</sup>

Indeed, the fiction Gellhorn produced in the sixties differs from that of her earlier work in that she seems to have omitted, as one friend noted, the agony of the "little helpless people all over the world" whom she usually portrayed as "being burned out, maimed, starved, and turned into refugees, because of mindless wars." As her old friend, Peggy Schutze, added in 1974:

Everything she has written up to about ten years ago had this kind of agony in it. Then it seemed to me that she had decided this was a losing game. She begins to write about the people who know how wrong things are but who try to achieve peace in quiet places with anyone who's there.<sup>26</sup>

From the gross injustices of America's great depression through the Nazi tortures and the following "honeyed peace," Gellhorn's work documents the course and cause of human agony. Even Two By Two reveals once again the tragedy and ruthlessness of man's wars. In His Own Man, however, only remnants of that agony remain. Gellhorn's focus avoids the refugees and the concentration camps, keeping them alive only in the mind and memory of Jessica. And Jessica becomes one of those who knows the wrongs and injustices, but tries and indeed, succeeds, in finding her own happiness in her own "quiet place."

To say that Martha Gellhorn found a peace in her African residence which was reflected in her fiction, however, is not to imply that she had closed her eyes to the world's problems or that she remained for the entire two years in isolation. According to Virginia Cowles, Martha Gellhorn never let go her "permanent anchor" in London, returning at least yearly to her "tiny flat in Victoria."<sup>27</sup> In addition, she did make an extensive trip to the Federal Republic of Germany in the winter of 1963.

Gellhorn's skepticism concerning the "New Germany" and American policy had been made public as early as 1953, when her review of Hans Habe's Our Love Affair With Germany appeared in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. There, Gellhorn echoed Habe's alarm at the resurgence of Nazism and agreed with his criticism of United States foreign policy which encouraged Germany to rearm.<sup>28</sup>

Although the article which the Atlantic published in February of 1964, "Is There A New Germany?" contains some excellent examples of Germany's cultural authoritarianism, the piece is not entirely rational. Gellhorn's pre-conceptions of the "new Germany" and her own memories of Nazism, Dachau, and Nuremburg blur her objectivity. In several sections, sentiment overcomes her logic and the reader is made aware of her indignation and lack of detachment. Her "reasoning" for the existence of the Berlin Wall is one such example of emotionalism:

Germans should not be outraged by the Wall; they built similar walls everywhere in Europe not too long ago. It is a concentration-camp wall with thugs in guard towers ready to shoot their own people as they used to shoot others.<sup>29</sup>

Just as unreasonable is Gellhorn's blaming Germany for the cold war between Russia and the United States, as if the absence of a Germany question would bring the former allies back together. In another instance Gellhorn speculates on what could be going on in the governments of the two Germanys. Since her article is ostensibly an objective report of what is occurring in West Germany in 1963, unfounded speculation is out of order.

Despite its obvious failing, the article is not without merit and power. Gellhorn's attack is leveled mainly at the educational system and universities, which, she reminds us, normally produce Germany's rulers. She explains with insight that while the Nazi regime was practically exterminated, the old teachers and professors remain. Gellhorn informs that until 1957, "modern

German history, as taught in high schools, stopped at the end of the First World War. Now the Nazi era is rushed over lightly in the last year of high school, and a knowledge of the Nazi period is not required for a university degree."<sup>30</sup> In addition, obedience is taught systematically throughout German education: "The students learn by dictation from above, the unquestioned professorial word, the assigned books . . . young Germans . . . are taught to mesmerize facts."<sup>31</sup>

Gellhorn confirms her facts by repeating conversations she had with students and by describing a class of the Advanced English Seminar which she attended at Frankfurt University. In a two-hour session in which the instructor talked to one hundred and thirty students about the works of John Steinbeck, the entire discussion was devoted to the difference between plot and story. Gellhorn states that "both as a writer and reader" the subject "seemed pointless" to her. At the term's end, she complains, the students would know the name of each of Steinbeck's characters and the details of each of his plots, but they would not know that which Martha Gellhorn thought most important--Steinbeck's anger at injustice and human misery and his re-creation of that for his readers:

No one mentioned the meaning of Steinbeck's novels. No one was concerned with Steinbeck's picture of the human condition, with understanding and sharing experience. No one commented on the furious moral indignation which drove Steinbeck to write his earlier books.<sup>32</sup>

Perhaps it was the power of Gellhorn's examples and not her conjecture that the flip side of obedience was bullying that

prompted three German students to respond with fervor, for a few months after the publication of her article the Atlantic printed a three-page piece entitled, "German Students Reply to Martha Gellhorn." In their comments, the undergraduates attack Gellhorn's obvious prejudgment of Germany. They accuse her of oversimplification and of judging them as their parents rather than as a distinctly new generation of Germans. More specifically, they call her to account for several inaccuracies. One young woman criticizes Gellhorn's analysis of the German national anthem as "a grave mistake." She corrects the American journalist by explaining that it was the first verse, not the second and third, as Gellhorn asserted, which caused the irritation of the Allies. A young man attacks Gellhorn's parallel between the German and American fraternities as inaccurate and states that her statistics concerning the student support for the reactionary Bavarian party "threw" him "into convulsive giggles."

While the validity of Gellhorn's statements and the students complaints might well be debated almost interminably, one lesson remains clear. A journalist's power stems from his or her selection. If he or she chooses to select subjectively, she could prove almost anything. As one young German student points out, one could easily "prove" the Fascism of the United States by talking to some Greenwich Village dropouts and then emphasizing the long existence of the Ku Klux Klan, the Confederate hangers-on, and the John Birch Society. While no reporter can ever be entirely objective, the

danger of this degree of subjectivity is apparent. The dull reader will be easily swayed through emotionalism to any conclusion, the astute reader will doubt the credibility of the entire article. The press, then, loses its prime objective of remaining an impartial and truthful voice.

Fortunately for Martha Gellhorn and her readers, this personal involvement and sentiment was largely confined to her reports on Germany and Germans. Before the end of the decade she would publish the outstanding Vietnam pieces which would refocus much attention on her as an excellent journalist.

In 1965 Martha Gellhorn moved back to London, calling it "the only city I really love." There a British reporter interviewed her and after pointing out the author's "fierce unadulterated hatred of the Germans," asked if the disillusionment she had felt about their evils had not been intensified after France's Algeria, Britain's Cyprus, and now, America's Vietnam. The woman reporter waited expectantly as Martha Gellhorn silently poured herself a drink. Then, recalled the reporter, "I heard all the intensity and passion that made this woman such a superb commentator of war and such a sharp observer of human feelings."<sup>33</sup> Yes, Gellhorn replied, she was heartsick that people never seemed to learn about decency, but seemed almost to study how to perpetuate evil and cruelty. Yes, the crimes in Vietnam had been tearing at her because for the first time it was her country of which she was ashamed; it was her country

behaving criminally. She explained how she had made herself unpopular the last time she was in New York

by going around saying we--I and my friends who feel as I do--will be known to the future as "good Americans," just as we talk of the "good Germans," those who tried to protest at the way their country's government was going.<sup>34</sup>

Martha Gellhorn, according to James Gavin, early saw through the "crudities, corruption, and horrors" of Vietnam and the Johnson and then Nixon administrations.<sup>35</sup> As the reporter records Gellhorn's desperation at her own impotency, one is reminded of the complaints of many American college students a few years later:

. . . it's the helplessness that is so agonizing:  
how do you reach your leaders? How do you make  
the men you appointed as your governors listen to  
you?<sup>36</sup>

Gellhorn had, as usual, done her homework and her research had presented her with a set of facts which convicted the United States of gross crimes. She explained to her interviewer the part the United States had played in Vietnam since the 1956 Geneva agreement, and the puppet dictatorship's refusal to hold elections. She presented American excuses and propaganda and tore through them both with her own analyses. She told of the devastation of villages where whole houses were burned with the innocent children still inside them and she made clear her sorrow at America's heavy hand in all this.

She announced her readiness to break her self-promise and return to war in order to see for herself what her country was really doing in Vietnam, but it was no longer as easy for her to

be a war correspondent. This time it would be her country that would be criticized and her age counted against her:

They don't want a middle-aged woman, getting in the way, and I couldn't do what I used to. . . . And they wouldn't want the kind of stuff I'd send back.<sup>37</sup>

A creative paralysis had already set in and Martha Gellhorn realized that Vietnam was its cause. The undeclared war in Vietnam was gnawing away at her and all she could do was sit and wait.

7:3

Volumes More

Despite her agony over Vietnam and her everpresent skepticism concerning situations such as that in the "new Germany," the collection of short fiction which Martha Gellhorn published in 1965 is almost apolitical. Perhaps even the title of Gellhorn's book, Pretty Tales for Tired People,\* reveals the author's change in emphasis. Tired of crusading for justice, Gellhorn turns to "pretty tales" on the level of that of Ian and Rose, omitting now the desperate concern with the less fortunate. Ian's concern with the Burmese, for example, had reflected Gellhorn's own feelings. She too

honored the Burmese, the country people, the people in rotten huts in lost villages; and . . . knew they needed help because they hadn't learned all the dirty tricks of the modern world. (TBT, p. 76)

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\*Hereafter abbreviated PTFTP



The word "pretty," however, is misleading if not ironical. The three long stories in the collection are hardly storybook tales with fantastic plots; rather, they are realistic works of human drama. As Martha Gellhorn explained to reporter Stephanie Nettel:

It [the title] is meant to be mocking: people kept saying why don't you write some stories that aren't so gloomy? So I did, and added the title for amusement.<sup>38</sup>

Titles had often been a source of irritation to Gellhorn. From her first novel, What Mad Pursuit (1934), through Wine of Astonishment (1948) and the volume (1976) which is now with the publishers, titles were things about which she thought carefully but was frequently asked to alter. Only on her publisher's insistence, for example, did Point of No Return become Wine of Astonishment. The original title was considered too depressing, but the change left the author with such negative feelings about the whole work that she still has difficulty discussing the book. In PTFTP, the lightly ironical title created another minor problem. As Martha Gellhorn stated:

I've got into such trouble with that title. Half my friends seemed to take it as a personal insult, and even the favorable reviewers in the United States seemed to think I was being unpleasantly frivolous or plain obscure.<sup>39</sup>

"A Promising Career," the first and least satisfying of the collection, depicts the conflict of ambition and sexual desire in Claud Roylands--a mixture of the misogynist in "Venus Ascendant," Ben in His Own Man, and Rose in "For Richer for Poorer." As he

drives furiously to London, "where he should not be going," Claud is obviously torn between his responsibilities as headmaster at Newhall and his desire to see his mistress, Kate. Like the misogynist from "Venus Ascendant," Claud is the sort who is "never short of woman and never short of society." Like Ben, he is "cool and greedy and always in charge. He had lost his head over Kate; high time to get his head back" (pp. 12-13); for like Rose, Claud's eye incessantly seeks a loftier power and position. When Rotterdam notifies him of the position available, Claud is on his way to that all-important next step in his final goal as head of a Cambridge college.

Like Liz, Kate sets goals of her own and intends far more than recreation as the final product of their relationship. And Gellhorn, with her flair for the comic, takes these semi-serious themes and creates a narrative sometimes funny and often delightful. In another example of her expertise with implication or the "left unsaid," Gellhorn shows Kate as a force to be reckoned:

He would be terrified of traps. She had no intention of trapping him, (p. 14)

Kate has good reason for her cleverness. Tied to a marriage with an insensitive bore, Kate, at thirty-six, senses the miracle of finding what she needs in Claud, when she is "nearly past the time of finding anything" (p. 21). Thus, when her husband surprises her by returning from his club to claim his conjugal rights, Kate exploits the situation to force a commital from Claud.

Initially Claud is jealous and risks a weekly escapade away from Newhall to keep track of his mistress. Gradually, however, his fever for Kate subsides and he begins to spend more time with his friends. In a desperate, last attempt to catch her prey, Kate types an anonymous informant's letter and sends it to her husband.

Although skilled in the art of the hunt, Kate possesses little knowledge of either her husband or the outside world. When her spouse moves to his club while his attorney issues subpoenas to the offenders, Kate panics. "She had not imagined that it would look as ugly and naked as it did" (p. 41). Yet when Claud promises, "not for Kate, nor for the children, but for the rules of the game," to marry her, Kate's confidence returns. She did not understand that a headmaster's affairs must not reach public notice.

Rotterdam, as well as Newhall, slip from Claud's grasp. The only available position for the tainted Claud is a position in Ghana, working for a former student of his friend, Andrew. The departure of Kate and Claud for Ghana recalls the funeral of Jay Gatsby; only two of their many friends, Andrew and Lotte Lingard, appear to say "Bon Voyage."

Accepting the responsibility of his actions, Claud works hard at both his marriage and his job. Kate, however, is unable to cope with the discomforts of a foreign culture, and runs out on Claud, leaving him alcohol for company. Yet, the story ends with the suggestion that Claud may be on his way to a better life:

Claud might become a much better man than he would have been, swollen with achieved ambitions--and he

might learn more . . . . Perhaps the colour barrier would be melted by gin, perhaps the black people would act naturally with Claud and Claud would have in return the gift of real understanding. And was it such a tragedy to lose Kate; was it ever a tragedy to lose a woman who could be lost? (p. 54)

As the plot of Kate and Claud progresses, a plot of almost equal interest, concerning the development of Andrew and Lotte Lingard, unravels. Indeed, the story begins with the depiction of the married couple and an apparently derogatory glance at Lotte:

Lotte Lingard had a full-time job. She arranged people's lives. (p. 9)

She expresses her anguish that Claud will not attend her Christmas party and the narrator's tone is critical as Andrew fears what their life has come to when the absence of a guest at a party spells near catastrophe. Gellhorn typically utilizes conversation, in this case almost a refrain, to build a perspective on the life style of the Lingards:

"What are we doing tonight, Lotte?"

"Dining at the \_\_\_\_\_."

"Fun?"

"I shouldn't think so, darling." (pp. 10, 25)

gradually, however, Lotte is revealed as a far more worthy woman; Gellhorn shows us her wisdom, her sensitivity, and her insight. Her explanation of her dislike of Kate evidences both her intelligence and her creativity:

"I don't trust soft helpless women. Women aren't really soft and helpless inside, ever. They can't be; they wouldn't survive! That velvety stuff is fraudulent. It reminds me of those flowers that eat insects. (p. 36)

This example of Lotte's perceptual powers pays tribute to Gellhorn's ability to attain that "objective correlative"; the twofold significance of fragility and strength, beauty and destruction, is easily conveyed through Lotte's image of the venus flytrap.

Andrew comes to pity Claud for allowing himself to be tied to the stupid Kate; yet Andrew envies Claud his chance for adventure and creativity. As Andrew's perception of his wife changes and he realizes her commitment to her friends, Andrew's view of life undergoes a parallel alteration:

. . . I regretted our safety and I defined contentment as boredom. Lord forgive me; I'm only a foolish man of fifty-seven and I haven't learned enough. I imagined Lotte had been his mistress whereas Lotte's just old-fashioned; she takes friendship seriously. (p. 53)

The tone of "A Promising Career" contrasts strikingly with that of Gellhorn's earlier work. There seems to be here a more willing acceptance, almost resignation, to be content with what is. Like Andrew, Gellhorn was fifty-seven in the year of the book's publication. Perhaps she reached in that year a breathing spell, a time when fighting ceased and recognition of the world's woes stopped, if temporarily, at recognition. The violence of her condemnation and suggestion has vanished.

"A Promising Career" begins as a promising story and relates a strong philosophy, but its weaknesses are obvious. We never see or hear Claud after his departure for Ghana. Accounts of his life come through increasingly more detached medium and this "news" of his compels a dwindling interest. Hearing about him through letters

which Lotte casually reads to Andrew becomes, in fact, tiresome. In no way is this approach an adequate substitute for our seeing Claud's actions and hearing his words, ourselves. It is almost as if Martha Gellhorn decided half way through her story that to complete the plot as she intended would make her tale novel-length, better to truncate the immediate action and capsule the remainder in a few contrived letters. The depth of characters, one of Gellhorn's strengths, is thus lost. In addition, the fading of her harsh realism and immediacy render the story less poignant than her earlier work.

"The Clever One" features a protagonist closely resembling Claud. While the other characters and the situation depart from "A Promising Career," the plots are essentially the same. Like Claud Roylands, Theodore Asch is a man who

seldom made mistakes because he probed the records of men in power . . . and based his conclusions on the lowest possible estimate of human character and behavior. (p. 57)

Aware of the threat of his vaguely Jewish blood and that of his wife, a socialite from a prominent Jewish family, Theodore wisely moves his family from Paris to London in 1934, changing his name to the Anglican Theo Ash. Receiving little warmth from Theo, Angele yearns for her familiar French circle and, after Theo is called to the bar, she leaves with their son, Gabriel. Theo calmly arranges for the divorce to take place in the less expensive Paris. He little regrets the absence of his wife; he had never been faithful to her:

He experimented in women, much as if he were trying out different patent medicines. (p. 57)

with a sprinkling of innuendo Gellhorn humorously spices her protagonist's portrait. That Theo is calculating but not particularly clever, for example, is evidenced in this anecdote concerning Theo's love affair with Britain:

. . . though he hardly grasped them, he admired the crisp sound of English jokes. (p. 60)

Theo encounters Mrs. Mayne and decides that the woman who can teach him how to dress, eat, drink, and decorate will be his permanent mistress. His real love, however, is England and Theo suffers when Chamberlain fails to assess accurately the danger of Hitler. Theo would have fought for England; instead he accepts a position in an American law firm.

On the voyage across the Atlantic Theo meets Isabella, a plain young woman whom he transforms, with the knowledge gained from Mrs. Mayne, into a striking lady. Of Italian aristocratic background, Isabella and her parents are also fleeing the European anti-Semitic threat. Theo continues to court Isabella in America and when she proposes, Theo accepts the professional advantages of wealth and wife. The couple is married in church.

For the third time, Theo enters law school. Ironically, his sponsor prides himself that his law firm has no dealings with Jews. When war is declared in Europe in 1939 Isabella discovers herself pregnant. Theo who has never respected another human being, has little feeling for his wife. For a year Theo

had been faithful to Isabella, whom he valued but who inevitably bored him, as slaves are apt to do. (p. 75)

When a letter arrives concerning the frivolous Angèle who died by torture a heroine of the French resistance, Theo is surprised but Isabella is profoundly shaken. She writes to locate Gabriel, volunteers her services to help refugees, and builds up a personality separate from Theo and hostile to him. Isabella yearns for her freedom from this cold man but honors her wedding vows. Not until she cunningly discovers his infidelity does she free herself.

In the third section of "The Clever One," Theo, who has married twice for expedience, is conned by a woman more calculating than he. Theo does not know that the now elegant Mrs. Fairleigh was formerly the poor, mistreated Anna Wolski nor does he know the mythical origins of her husband who conveniently died in the war.

Theo is completely baffled by this enchanting woman who seems so accustomed to luxury and who, apparently, will not give herself outside marriage. Deciding that he is in love and that it is the only way to consummate his desires, Theo proposes and marries her. Anne, a well-preserved forty-one, has plotted the entire course of the courtship, planning to exploit the unsuspecting Theo for the long awaited security of alimony.

Theo's fortune dwindles as Anne persuades him to move to a grand estate and entertain in a grander manner. At last Theo discovers not only the lover, but that Anne has quoted the prices of all the furnishings as four or five times their value, banking the



difference. Theo amasses his evidence in legal fashion and finally confronts his wife. Anne, however, long ago investigated her husband and found, in his heritage, a more devastating social crime than her prostitution and theft. Gellhorn once again emphasizes the world's injustice to Jews:

But it would seem that a proved whore and thief, if a native Aryan American, could despise a Jew; what he had been born was a greater disgrace than what she had made of herself. (p. 107)

Far from devastated, however, Theo remains in control and Anne, having secreted a few hundred thousand dollars, agrees to his terms--a quiet divorce and his promise to reveal nothing. When Anne strolls out of the room, Theo weeps. Yet, as in the cases of Ian Answell and Claud Roylands, Theo grows from his painful experience. His change is signaled by the reactions of those around him. Mrs. Rudge, who has never liked the cold attorney, asks her husband to give him a vacation. She believes that somehow Theo has grown gentler; Mr. Rudge agrees, adding that the other men in the office appear to like him more. Gellhorn leaves us with a final impression of Mr. Rudge who, in his shallow ethnocentrism, attributes the change in Theo to the warmer and more humane American environment.

In both "A Promising Career" and "The Clever One" Gellhorn succeeds in manipulating us so that we initially feel contempt toward the insensitive male protagonists, only to replace that contempt with sympathy as a more despicable character teaches them a lesson. It

would seem, then, that the stupidity and irresponsibility of Kate and the anti-Semitism of Anne are the greater evils of "pretty" tales.

On another level, these two stories recall Balzac's Human Comedy, where passion is seen as the real motivator of life. What happens to Theo and Claud is reminiscent of the fate of Baron Hulot in Cousin Betty; status, fortune, and reputation are uncontestedly relinquished for love. The difference in the plots of the two authors, of course, is that Gellhorn's characters attain a point of recognition, clear vision, where they can arrest the process of ruination. Growth seems to spring, in Gellhorn's work, from pain and near-devastation. Indeed, Gellhorn utilizes one of the great Dostoyevskian themes as she depicts the spiritual rebirth generated from the seed of that suffering.

Martha Gellhorn subscribes to the strong plot tradition of the American modernists such as Hemingway and Fitzgerald more than that of contemporaries like Pynchon who concentrate their efforts elsewhere,

Mine tell a story all right . . . For fiction not to  
tell a story is like saying the purpose of music is  
to make you deaf.<sup>40</sup>

and she takes meticulous care with her craft. In "The Clever One," for example, she deliberately writes the entire fifty pages without dialogue. She enjoys the fact that no critic ever commented on this; that the narrative so smoothly pulls along the reader. Why do such a thing? It pleases her, Gellhorn says, to know that

she has done something difficult and done it well. These are what she calls the "pleasures of the craft," the things that interest the writer.<sup>41</sup>

"The Fall and Rise of Mrs. Hapgood," the final and most exciting story in PTFTP, departs radically from the pattern of the earlier stories. The first obvious difference is the female protagonist; the second is that her "fall" has occurred before the story begins. Thus Gellhorn dwells here on the growth of a woman out of the pain of disillusionment. Yet since Faith Hapgood, as her name implies, has not sinned against humanity nor love, her growth is not so much that of a spiritual rebirth, in the same terms as Claud and Theo, as it is an acknowledgment of the lifelessness of her former existence and a rebirth into her fulfillment as a dynamic and independent individual.

The work begins with a paradox prompting suspense:

Mrs. Hapgood, a woman noted for her sense of order,  
drove aimlessly through the Loire valley. (p. 110)

Weeping for joy at the wheel, the fifty-one year old woman is deeply involved in the process of self-examination and discovery. Briefly considering the intense pain and bitterness of her past, Mrs. Hapgood ponders the Balzacian position of the real motivator in our lives:

Sex, Mrs. Hapgood said to herself, couldn't someone have  
invented a more imposing word for what probably rules  
human life? (p. 113)

The first man Faith had taken as a lover was a painter whom she loved in martyrlike fashion until she discovered the other woman. Faith then married Robert Hapgood, a man whose persuasion of his former wife to have a child had resulted in her death and his institutionalization. In consistent self-effacing style, Faith loved him most for what she misinterpreted as the loneliness of his life (p. 125). She regretted Robert's sacrifice of archeology, his real love and talent, in order to succeed his father in managing a pharmaceutical firm. As Faith recalls her life, her perspective changes and it merges with a clear expression of author Gellhorn's views:

Did people ever give up what they really wanted?  
 Those numberless women who had rejected careers as  
 concert pianists in favor of wifehood and never forgot  
 their sacrifice were more apt to be cowards than  
 concert pianists. When you set out, alone, you were  
 up against competition and doubt, you might turn out  
 to be a nobody, not a wife nor a concert pianist.  
 You threw away security for hope; but those who were  
 driven by hope did not stop to add and subtract;  
 they could not help themselves; they did what they  
 had to do, undaunted by the final results. (p. 123)

Now as Mrs. Hapgood stands before mirrors and watches "an Englishwoman, whose ideal" has "been correct unobtrusiveness, change into a French woman whose ideal" is "to be seen" (p. 120), recollections of her past life haunt her. Almost masochistically she remembers her naiveté. Like Kitty in "For Better For Worse," Faith realizes that while "Robert admired her fortitude" what she needed instead, was his strength. As her memories continue to pain her, a kind, outspoken man seems to recognize her dilemma and approaches.

Faith notes with shock that "the brand new face" is serving its purpose.

As Philip Naisby exposes her to the ease and beauty of sensuality in nature, food, and drink, Faith begins to discover a new world. After purposely dining alone in her "edible" yellow negligee and brocade and satin sitting room, Faith actually feels sleepy and desirable. Freed from barbituates, she falls fast asleep.

Yet Faith discovers the still illusory quality of her freedom when a terrifying dream awakens her, and she frantically downs several pills to pull her back into the oblivion of sleep. She remembers the desperate call from Caroline in Connecticut; the baby had a high fever. As it was Robert's bridge afternoon, Mrs. Hapgood had called the club only to find that he was not there. Worried why he would vary his routine after all the years, Faith called every one of his friends. When Robert opened the front door she flew down the stairs asking where he had been. Robert calmly replied that he had spent the afternoon with John Withers who was feeling rather ill. The crash of Faith's shattering world resounds in her mind. She had already called John Withers and he was neither ill nor expecting Robert. As the illusion of her marriage crumbled, so did the life dependent upon that marriage; thus Faith has had to seek a new life, a new faith.

The rebirth necessitates a totally new vision of Faith Hapgood. Long made to feel inadequate in sex, she balks when Philip, determined to hasten her change, clarifies his desire to sleep with

her. At the crucial moment Philip hesitates, however, and Faith, interpreting his lack of speed as lack of desire, grows angry at what she believes is his rejection of her. Determined to satisfy her own physiological needs, she seduces him. The moment's significance in the development of the new Faith can hardly be overestimated; Faith ponders her triumph:

Her anger was gone; she could hardly remember it because she had won. Robert was proved wrong. She was free of that deadly vision of herself, Robert's vision: the virtuous wife, a role, not a woman. (p. 162)

Faith gains the strength and hope not to succumb to Philip's proposal. Her development transforms her very nature; she can no longer play the wife, discovering that "being a wife: is "a condition of the soul, a state of mind, irrespective of the man you married" (p. 167). Philip agrees to be her lover and take whatever time she has to give him. Meanwhile Robert has decided that Faith is the rock of his life and he has left his mistress. In desperation for a sexual outlet, however, he takes up with a prostitute only to find the experience unsatisfactory; Faith still invades his mind.

When Faith at last returns, Robert is willing to take her into his arms; too late, however, to accept his protection and strength, Faith swiftly avoids him, requesting a drink instead. Resisting the temptation to slip slowly back into the wifely role, Faith refuses to chastise Robert for not taking better care of himself; instead she swallows "back inexplicable tears." In a business-like manner Faith explains that she has taken a lover and would like

to continue living with Robert in name only. Like Philip, Robert promptly accepts her terms, responding simply;

"I don't want to live without you." (p. 176)

The role reversal is obvious. Faith has usurped Robert's position, leaving Robert morbidly dependent on her. For all practical purposes, Philip, who loves to cook, yearns to shop for furnishings for their "nest," and "hurries to obey" Faith's suggestions about his appearance, has taken the place of mistress. Faith has developed, then, only to the extent that she has rid herself of the wifely role and adopted Robert's type of private life.

Far from happy with either Philip or Robert, Faith staves off furnishing a house with Philip, and, finding herself in the pleasure of solitude one evening, plunges into self-examination. She recalls not the fun of her jaunt in France, but the pure joy of it, the "intoxication of spirit that swept away the rubbish of one's insignificant life and left one bodiless, part of the beautiful world, filled with thanksgiving" (p. 191). She realizes that her present life, the high point of which is the escapism of sleep induced by pills of one type and terminated by pills of another, is a living death compared to that excitement in France. "She would give anything to get it back, if only for an instant, if only once" (p. 191). Looking again at that past life that once satisfied her, Faith realizes that she substituted activity for living, as if the occupation of every moment led to its experience.

She questions whether all women fill their lives by sacrificing them to their husbands and children, mistaking the resulting satisfaction for the fulfillment of love:

Bustled, Mrs. Hapgood decided, that's what I did my whole life. Was that all women ever did? They craved to be needed, it was the reason for their being. (p. 193)

Despondent that she is "stuck with zero for all eternity," condemned to a living death, Faith reaches carelessly for a book, hoping to pass the time. Suddenly the gift from her father, the volume of Cummings, cuts short her breath:

This glorious poet, this splendid Mr. Cummings, simply told her what she had forgotten or doubted: there is no end to life until you die. (p. 195)

As Mrs. Hapgood grasps an existential faith in her self, she transcends the living death existence and surges with life. "Drunk on joy not wine," she whirls "along the silvery-grey Wilton carpet, dancing to hope and Rachmaninoff" (p. 196). The words repeat themselves incessantly in her mind, "set to music, they" fit "any music, and set to the releasing laughter that" feels "like freedom itself: To eat flowers and not to be afraid" (p. 196).

When Robert comes home Faith tells him she will sell the house, his wedding present to her, the following day. And with the proceeds she will clear out, forever. Unable to bear the confrontation with Philip, Faith sends him "an affectionate letter."

Discovering an "old rambling ruin" on the Spanish coast, Faith repairs and rebuilds it, transforming it into the most sought after and most expensive hotel on the coast. She accepts the Spanish



modification of her name to Señora Fidela, the derivative significantly more enhancing than the dull English. Likewise, she dubs her hotel, La Fidelidad, thus declaring her newly found faith and loyalty.

On one level, then, the plot depicts the protagonist's movement from faith in husband and marriage to faith in herself. Mrs. Hapgood may be seen as a descendant of Ibsen's Nora; Gellhorn provides a satisfactory answer to what the socialized woman finds when she finally, in quest of herself, closes the door on her husband and children.

Señora Fidela walks alone on the beach, "just before dawn" and "just after nightfall," at, what seems to her customers, "odd hours." They, perhaps, can afford to miss the beauty of the rising sun and sunset, but Faith, who basks in the glory of each day, renews her reason for living, and indeed, is reborn with each miraculous dawn and dusk.

Gellhorn infuses "The Fall and Rise of Mrs. Hapgood" with irony, imagery, and the complex pattern that provokes one to reread it so that he may grasp what, in the first readings, seems ungraspable. The artistry and wit sweeps in the careful reader, encouraging him almost to dwell on each word and thought. Although Faith Hapgood is the story's protagonist and the plot concerns her transcendence and her liberation, Philip and Robert are also developed as convincing characters. A well-worked out subplot, for example, treats Robert's relationship with his mistresses; his own

self-examinings; his eventual, partly comic disappointment in Faith as she, drugged by barbituates, fails to resist his rape. At the end, Gellhorn shows Robert, married to his former mistress, and Philip, married to the perfect wife, incapable of understanding the profundity of Faith's apparent faithlessness. Like the guests to La Fidelidad, Philip and Robert will think Faith's walks along the beach anticipatory of a lover's rendezvous. All of them remain incapable of comprehending why the attractive and vibrant Señora Fidela does not marry. Those confined to the living dead cannot sense the beauty of freedom.

Although the male protagonists of PTFTP reap far less sympathy than Faith Hapgood, their ability to resume life after tragedy and to transform that life into a more worthwhile experience reiterates the theme of "The Fall and Rise of Mrs. Hapgood." The point is not, as some reviews have speculated, the criticism of marriage and men. Here, as in Two By Two, Gellhorn has documented what she has observed in life, the prevalence of tragedy and bitterness in man-woman relationships. Rarely has she seen the marvelous individuals or couples who give more than they take from life, but as often as she has noted them they appear in her work in the Lotte Lingards, and Chloe and Geoffrey Vernhams. Gellhorn believes that the successful and harmonious marriage is as rare as these unique individuals, as rare as her extraordinary parents who had themselves made a superb marriage.

When Stephanie Nettell inquired whether Gellhorn's two divorces had influenced her choice of subject, the author was startled, and offered her own brief synopsis:

I never thought of the stories like that. Now you mention it, I suppose they all are about divorces, but I thought of them being about ambition thwarted, about a manipulator being manipulated, about a woman who decides not to accept her own image and to make herself over again. They were a class of people I just happened to know about.<sup>42</sup>

It is not surprising that PTFTP was not enthusiastically accepted by the critics. Those who did not hold that Gellhorn was taking pot shots at men and marriage found little redeeming in the three stories. The first two were justly seen as repetitious, the characters as less than compelling. As for the final story, one can only surmise that the critics who were reviewing Martha Gellhorn's book either did not read that far or could not, in 1965, empathize with a woman's concerns and self-liberation.

Gellhorn published no other fiction or journalism that year. Her last article, in fact, had been her essay on the new Germany which appeared in the Atlantic in early 1964. That would be her last piece until she wrote finally, in September of 1966 in the Manchester Guardian of Vietnam's "New Kind of War." Even PTFTP was no exception to the creative paralysis from which Gellhorn suffered, that volume having been written by early 1964.

Finally Martha Gellhorn could sit in her tiny flat in London and wait no longer. No paper or magazine would send her so she went to South Vietnam herself in 1966-1967 as a free lance.<sup>43</sup> It was

curiosity once again which motivated her:

Finally I went to South Vietnam because I had to learn for myself, since I could not learn from anyone else, what was happening to the voiceless Vietnamese people.<sup>44</sup>

As usual, Martha Gellhorn was most interested in the effects of war on the civilian population. She thus visited the city hospital in Saigon, one of the forty-three free hospitals for civilians. Impressed by the generosity of the New Zealand doctors and nurses who worked tirelessly in overwhelming conditions in order to help their fellow man, Gellhorn was appalled by the ignorance and inhumanity of the American military.

After locating an interpreter, she made her own rounds in the hospital, asking her endless line of questions. She discovered that a small boy of fifteen who had been hospitalized for two months and had both legs in casts was considered lucky. He would eventually be able to walk. His younger brother was not lucky; he was dead. The two of them had been mending nets on the beach when a South Vietnamese patrol boat spotted their moving targets and fired. No one had told them that the beach was forbidden. The boy's mother and older brother had managed to make their way to the hospital and nurse the fifteen year old. The hospital was not like an average American one--sanitary and well-staffed. As Gellhorn explains in her articles:

Everything smells of dirt. The mattresses and pillows are old and stained; there are no sheets, of course, no hospital pajamas or gowns, no towels, no soap, nothing to eat or drink from. The Vietnamese Government allows a free food ration for one meal per day for 287 patients; there are 500 patients. Far from home, often homeless

by now, the relatives of the wounded must somehow provide what is needed, cook for and feed and wash and nurse their own.<sup>45</sup>

Martha Gellhorn moved on to a boy of seven, the size of an American four-year old. Something resembling cheesecloth covered his body. He could endure neither the slightest weight nor the air; his face and back and bottom of one hand looked like bloody hardened meat. He was a victim of napalm.

Because his family lived in an area designated by the American and South Vietnamese as the Free Air Strike Zone, they were bombed indiscriminately. It was an area considered entirely held by the Viet Cong. Gellhorn notes in her article the tragedy of such thoughtless strategy: "too bad for the peasants who cling to their land which is all they have ever known for generations."<sup>46</sup> During the bombing one night he, his grandfather, mother, and older brother managed to get safely away from their hamlet with two of their four buffalo. The buffalo, Gellhorn emphasizes, are their sole fortune, without which they could not cultivate their fields. At dawn many of the villagers crept back to secure more of their household belongings. Too blind to go alone, the grandfather took along the child in an attempt to find the remaining pair of buffalo. The animals had been killed by napalm as had many of their neighbors. On their way back, the boy was struck. The old man carried him to the nearest town while the boy cried in pain of melted flesh.

In addition to this unwarranted cruelty, the family was now financially destitute. The grandfather's meager funds, the gift of

friends, were fast running out. "The little boy's father had already been killed in the Vietnamese Army; his mother and older brother [were] somewhere in a refugee camp."<sup>47</sup> There would be no governmental reimbursement for damages, no compensation for injury. Recompense was rendered only in case of accident; the hamlet, Gellhorn records, was purposely destroyed as an act of war.

Everywhere in the hospital the stories were similar. Innocent children and civilians haphazardly bombed, napalmed, uprooted from the only land and lives they had known--turned into refugees, wounded, and corpses. And this hospital was only one of forty-three like it. Gellhorn found the Vietnamese to be a beautiful people, and, like many of the others whose suffering she had witnessed, they too, she thought, were brave and generous. Even the children rarely cried.

Here as elsewhere, the children were a major interest to Gellhorn. She pointed out the 700 million dollar budget of AID (Agency for International Development) and the shameful conditions in the overflowing orphanages. Some profiteers were pocketing fortunes, she complained, while Vietnamese mothers were giving their starving babies to orphanages which had not even sufficient funds to purchase a cistern to provide decent water. The Catholic nuns who ran the homes watched helplessly as an average of two thousand children flooded in each month to the already officially-registered eighty thousand orphans. Gellhorn records in her articles the effective pleading of Soeur Jeanne, a French nun

who had been looking after the Vietnamese children for three wars:

"The misery, the misery. Everything is here. War orphans. War wounded. Tubercular. Crippled by polio. Deaf and dumb. Blind. Children of refugees who cannot feed them. Men do not see the real misery of war. They do not wish to. Why don't they do something for the poor people of Saigon?"<sup>48</sup>

Gellhorn made sure to investigate another concern close to her heart, the plight of the refugees. The Vietnamese she saw had been made refugees either by a leaflet warning that within twenty-four hours their hamlet would be destroyed by bombs or by the bombs themselves. It was this indiscriminate bombing of civilian villages that Gellhorn thought so criminal:

These peasants had survived the Viet Cong since 1957 on whatever terms, hostile or friendly, but cannot survive our bombs.<sup>49</sup>

If lucky, those people who were cruelly and violently forced out of their homes and lives found their way into refugee camps. Gellhorn describes, again with the camera-like style of The Face of War, what they had lost and what they had gained. Any reader can compare the two columns and note the tragedy himself.

Behind them, splintered now by bombs and littered with the mangled bodies of old friends, were the remnants of their delightful hamlets. There remained standing only a few of the many thatched-roofed homes, but Gellhorn could tell that they had been made of adobe to keep the Vietnamese cool in the tropical climate. Gellhorn found, on her visit with a priest, that each house was set "in a bouquet of tropical greenery"; each had its own garden. There were "trees everywhere and running water and quiet and cleanliness."

The peasants had, of course, been poor but they had never gone hungry. "And they lived," Gellhorn emphasized, "with dignity in their own ancient way."<sup>50</sup>

In exchange for their homes and inherited way of life and as compensation for their loss, the refugees were supplied, in May of 1966, with "cement bricks, some wood, tin roofs, and Government technicians as advisors." The engineers had forgotten about water, however, and there never were any electricity or latrine facilities. The tin roofs "guaranteed a dull oven heat" and helped create a nerve-shattering barrage during the monsoon season. It was not unusual for a man and woman to live with seven children in an eight by ten-foot shack. It was also not unusual for there to be a single employed wage-earner per home; in one case a daughter who had to travel a total of four hours each day to and from her job. Typically, Gellhorn shows, several children in each household were seriously ill of undiagnosed diseases. Although diarrhea was known as the most common sickness, Gellhorn writes also of cholera and plague. Worn down from lack of nutrition and near-starvation, the refugees made easy prey for most diseases.

The extent of America's crime in being responsible for the puppet regime in Saigon and in perpetrating the war is made, Gellhorn shows, more glaring by America's hypocrisy and propaganda. In a thirty-page indoctrination lecture given to each United States soldier upon arrival in Vietnam, the government presents its intentions as humane. Its purpose, Gellhorn copies, is "to help the



people and the government of South Vietnam," "to help save the valiant little country." The situation is explained as "a new kind of war" where, if America is finally to win, the soldiers must "help win the Government of South Vietnam the hearts and minds of the people of South Vietnam."<sup>51</sup>

Ironically, Gellhorn found that each United States official she encountered believed those words. Yet no one ever asked the Vietnamese people what they wanted. According to Martha Gellhorn, they were "afraid to":

The peasants do not want the Viet Cong or the Vietnam Government or the Americans. They want to be left in peace to cultivate their land and elect their village chiefs and assess their collective tax.<sup>52</sup>

The little people, those Gellhorn had fought for through her writings for over thirty-five years, were once again being trampled over in the political squabbles of corrupt governments. Gellhorn was personally ashamed of her own government's part in the misery of thousands of innocent people. She wrote a series of six articles and she wrote them carefully, with discipline, concrete examples, and facts. The gush and irrationality of her new Germany article was replaced by the power of a well-edited documentary. She kept her emotions well out of the articles, and occupied her readers with sights of cruelty and misery for which they were partly responsible. Only at the end of her title article, did Gellhorn purposefully involve herself in her explanation of America's collective guilt:

. . . we, unintentionally, are killing and wounding three or four times more people than the Viet Cong do, so we are told, on purpose. We are not maniacs and monsters; but our planes range the sky all day and all night and our artillery is lavish and we have much more deadly stuff to kill with. The people are there on the ground, sometimes destroyed by accident, sometimes destroyed because the Viet Cong are reported to be among them.<sup>53</sup>

While Gellhorn's articles are vivid and perhaps harsh, one would be hard pressed now to call them unjust. Yet no American newspaper would publish the series in 1966. Everywhere Gellhorn tried she "was told that they were too tough for American readers."<sup>54</sup> Finally, that September, England's Guardian published the series and later in November, Martha Gellhorn's old friend, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, published the three tamest pieces.

Both papers received a great response from the series, mainly alarm from outraged readers. After several letters had been rerouted from the Post-Dispatch, Gellhorn wrote her own note and had it printed in the paper's editorial column on November 30. In it, she instructed her inquiring readers that they could help the uprooted, wounded, and orphaned Vietnamese by sending their contributions to the reliable OXFAM (the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief).<sup>55</sup> After the pieces appeared in the Guardian so many readers telephoned the paper to ask about Martha Gellhorn and compliment the series that the Guardian decided to make it available to the public that October in pamphlet form. The title, that of her first article--A New Kind of War.<sup>56</sup>

With the first printing of her Vietnamese articles, Martha Gellhorn's career as a war correspondent there ended. Try as she did at South Vietnamese embassies in different parts of the world, her request for a return visa was always refused. As she told author Philip Knightly, there was a concerted effort to keep her and her investigations out:

It appears I am on some sort of black list and I will not be allowed to report from South Vietnam again.<sup>57</sup>

Indeed, as Knightley's Vietnam section in his First Casualty shows, the media coverage of the Indochina war was far from adequate. Good film coverage was difficult enough to make it rare; vivid articles like those of Martha Gellhorn were, shall we say, discouraged.

As the war not only continued but escalated, Gellhorn was thrown into despair. Her only means of attack was the cricket chirp protest of her articles and those would be seen and read by few Americans. Only the three most timid pieces had made it across the Atlantic and then only to the relatively small circulation of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. (In January of 1967 the Ladies Home Journal published a re-edited version of the title article, called "Suffer the Little Children." Gellhorn's appeal here was mainly to the maternal instincts of the magazine's subscribers.) Martha Gellhorn had done all she could to fight the American crime in Vietnam, but relatively few readers would even come across her articles. She anguished in her helplessness; the memories of what she had

seen in Vietnam still kept her from sleeping a month after she had returned to her "telephone booth"-size apartment in London.<sup>58</sup>

It was thus easy for her to sympathize completely with the efforts of American youth and the anti-war, anti-establishment movement of the late sixties and early seventies.<sup>59</sup> While she had fervently disliked Johnson, Gellhorn saw no hope in Humphrey.<sup>60</sup> Richard Nixon, on the other hand, frightened her; she saw him as the precursor of American Fascism. His rise to the Presidency and his ever increasing assumption of power horrified her.

Gellhorn managed to keep her sanity during this period by escaping into novels or films, or taking diversionary trips to New York and St. Louis. She restored herself, she once told a British reporter, by escaping to her home in Kenya and looking at the giraffes.<sup>61</sup> When none of these routes seemed to work and Gellhorn still felt creatively paralyzed, she retreated into a pleasant bit of nostalgia; she retreated into her own fantasy world of Mexico. She could not tear Vietnam out of her as she had previously torn out the miseries of the unemployed, the suffering of the Czechoslovakian refugees, the atrocities of Dachau--by writing fictionally about them. This time the war intensified, the cruelties continued, the criminal was her homeland, and her creative faculties had numbed. She ran away from it all by losing herself in what in 1969 would be published as The Lowest Trees Have Tops.

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## The Lowest Trees Have Tops

Before the book could be published in America in 1969 Martha Gellhorn was pulled to yet another war. In May of 1967 the peace-keeping United Nations Emergency Forces withdrew from the Gaza Strip at Egypt's request, and Egypt declared a blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba to Israeli shipping. Israel interpreted the action as aggression and mobilized its army. Attempts at negotiations failed and on June 5 Israel launched air and land attacks against Arab forces and took the Gaza Strip, Sinai peninsula, Jordanian land to the west bank of the Jordan River, and the Syrian highlands guarding the Sea of Galilee.

Martha Gellhorn made 1967 another politically active year for herself by traveling to Israel to cover what became known as the Six-Day War. The affinity she had long felt for Jews and the love and hope she held for the Jewish state virtually compelled her presence. The fighting was made so brief, however, by the lightning efficiency of the Israeli attack, that Gellhorn shifted, after the shooting, from the Arab-Israeli front to the sands of the Sinai desert with the Israeli army she admired.

As her last major journalistic endeavor until 1976, Gellhorn wrote four articles which surfaced in America's Nation, Commonwealth, and Vogue. While she begins her articles provocatively and includes concrete examples and statistics geared to win the reader's sympathy and even admiration for Israel, Gellhorn is again guilty of

spots of emotionalism and, for the first time, repetition. She repeats the history of the Palestinians, that of the ever-worsening Gaza Strip and Nasser's political exploitation of the refugees. She again shows the Palestinians' claim to ownership of lands and goods which would have made them millionaires. She presents example after example of the hate the Arabs and Palestinians are fed in the schools, newspapers, and government concerning the Israelis, and she underlines the Arab determination to exterminate all Jews in Palestine. The examples are crisp and persuasive, but the careful reader is sure to note Gellhorn's bias and question her objectivity.

In "The Israeli Secret Weapon," the piece Vogue published that October, Gellhorn's account is both prejudiced and persuasive. In it she describes the Israeli army, with whom she spent twelve days at the end of the war. Gellhorn never pretends to be objective, clarifying her sympathies both by describing her behavior in the Sinai and by explaining the war in Old Testament terms:

We clung to the supports of the command car's canvas roof, bounced on the metal benches, drank lukewarm water from plastic jerry cans, and were in a state of pure euphoria. David had defeated Goliath and the world had not slipped into a massive chain-reaction conflict.<sup>62</sup>

Gellhorn's enthusiasm for the Israeli army is unlimited. She presents examples which praise the Israelis as brave, egalitarian, generous, and humane. Although most of the piece is well written and Gellhorn succeeds in drawing some vivid pictures of the men and women who defend the Israeli way of life, she shows them

them as too good, too smart, too generous. While her final statement--"The secret weapon of Israel is Israelis"--may have worked well in past articles disciplined and trimmed to a Spartan concentration, here the effects have already been vitiated by her overwriting. One accustomed to Gellhorn's careful craftsmanship, for example, may cringe at the gush of phrases like "the beautiful colonel."

While her articles on the Palestinians and the Six-Day War were appearing in American magazines, the book into which Martha Gellhorn had retreated at the height of the Vietnam madness was being circulated in England. Not published in the United States in book form until 1969, The Lowest Trees Have Tops\* is a far more serene work than anything Gellhorn had previously published. Dedicated to her mother "in memory of the golden Mexican years," Gellhorn's novel manages to capture that moment of peace and beauty in Cuernavaca in the fictional town of Tule. Martha Gellhorn reveals a new calm and modifies her usual critical statement, emphasizing in the book's beginning that although the characters are fictitious the "faultless" climate is "Mexican fact."

The novel's first chapter, which forms a complete short story, further evidences Gellhorn's attitudes by its style. Rather than beginning in the midst of an action or conversation, Gellhorn starts her first chapter by developing and building a mood. As readers, we sense the significance which Gellhorn means for us to

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\*Hereafter abbreviated TLTHT.

understand in the beauty and serenity of the village, San Ignacio del Tule. Established as a near Utopia, the description of Tule continues for a complete page and does not stop after several more. The first conversation appears nine pages into the novel. Less rare for Gellhorn, her description evokes the reader's response through seemingly paradoxical words:

The chief commodity of San Ignacio del Tule is time,  
and the people of Tule passionately enjoy wasting it.  
(p. 9)

In like manner, Gellhorn utilizes the iceberg effect of her concentrated style to enrich her work with depth:

The foreigners who live in Tule are called residents, possibly because this has become a universal income-tax word, possibly because of the distinction between reside and dwell. The dwellers of Tule are true native Mexicans, therefore Indians, an accepted but senseless name caused by Columbus' geographical confusion. (p. 10)

At the same time, however, Gellhorn's artistic style is guilty, in the early chapters, of some long-banished faults. As she develops the important character of Raquel, for example, who is Spanish nobility turned communist, Gellhorn's similes border on the awkward:

Not that Raquel knew anything about the stiff upper lip, she could weep like a shower bath if so inclined.  
(p. 13)

. . . yet Raquel suddenly opened her eyes and saw him as if he had burst from the Calle Juarez in a cloud of flames. (p. 14)

Mixing tenses, Gellhorn depicts her characters in the present while describing the story in the past and thus distracts her reader. As Raquel falls "idiotically" in love with Bartolo, a silver designer



and homely, illiterate Indian, the character-narrator, who facilitates their rendezvous, begins to emerge as a mysterious irritation. On the seventeenth page we still do not know even the sex of the narrator.

In addition to the dwellers and residents, the inhabitants of Tule include at least two other groups. Germans and American refugees from McCarthyism have also settled in the tolerant village. Gellhorn's sarcastic description of the former group betrays her eternal bitterness for the countrymen who permitted Hitler:

. . . the Germans had elected to band together, dowdy Aryans who did not waste time like us mongrel idlers but worked and earned money. They had built houses of unparalleled ugliness, and no garden walls. . . . They were absolutely the wrong side of the tracks.  
(pp. 19-20)

In the village on the right side of the tracks, in the spotless and Utopican Tule, appears the outstanding blemish of Mrs. Louella Hatfield. The self-righteous Mrs. Hatfield disturbs the peace of the village by imposing her artificial labels of good and bad. As she condemns homosexuals, communists, trade women, and the poor, the exquisite freedom of Tule disappears. Supporters flock to her side, lured by the flattery of compliment and money.

When Mrs. Hatfield persuades the permanent residents of Tule to threaten the removal of their children from the local school unless the "communist" children are dismissed, and the residents' ultimatum affects its intended change, Raquel and Susanna (the recently discovered "I") ban together with the other humane residents. Strong,

dynamic, and intelligent, Susanna chastises the wrong-doers. Finally, a hilarious threat of blackmail (Mrs. Hatfield paid her Indian chauffeur to sleep with her) removes the contagious germ and Tule is saved from the outside menace.

The comic undercurrent of the chapter/story prepares the reader for the eventual end of Mrs. Hatfield. We sense that the cancer of Mrs. Hatfield, while a serious threat to all humanity, will have a short life span in Tule. Somehow good will triumph in this special place and, feeling this, we relax enough to enjoy all the humorous insights of the delightful tale.

The second chapter concerns Tule's confrontation with death when its stand-in for the "dirty old man," Honorable Frederick James Arthur Winyard, returns from a Long Island vacation disillusioned and in despair. As the thirty-five year resident anticipates his death, the chapter moves quickly and compellingly, suggesting the complex psychological battles of those who visit his bedside. What does death like this mean; so close, so personal, so different from that of the violent war machine? And if death can end one of the staunchest pillars of Tule society what does that say about Tule? The residents fear the approaching death of the seventy-five year old Honorable, not only because it will end his life, but also because of the reflections it necessarily casts on their own. The static peace of Tule, then, is no longer secure; if death visits the Utopia it functions no longer as a Utopia.

Susanna again saves the village from thawing that precious frozen moment of peace and beauty. Discovering the genuine cause of Honorable's ailment, an Indian mushroom dream predicting his death in ecstasy while making love with a fifteen year-old virgin, Susanna mercilessly spreads the rumor that virgins cost one thousand pesos. Possessing no like sumes, the miserly old man has no alternative but to recover and Tule is thus again saved from its enemy. By this point the reader realizes that the pattern has been set, a threat comically resolved in each chapter. One questions, however, if Tule, a modern day Camelot, will crumble or endure after life thrusts its hazards upon it. Happy endings, particularly story-book conclusions, have rarely existed in Gellhorn's work.

Although each chapter after the second ends with a concluding note, the tales are thereafter better integrated into a moving complex involving the same characters and themes. With chapter three, the Jewish painter, Abe Amadeo, is introduced as a blessed arrival into the peaceful but boring routine of Tule. Like all the residents who have come to Tule as some kind of refugee, Abe flees himself. His service as an infantryman in Italy ended in the amputation of his leg below the knee. Abe now seeks to renew his strength and self-respect. When he forms a platonic liaison with Sarah Kent, Tule gossips are set chattering:

Sarah Kent had frustrated Tule gossips for more than three years. She was young, beautiful and blameless. She looked after her child and her house; she was kind and invariably courteous but she kept her distance. . . . The gossip now was not spiteful, it was relieved.  
(pp. 82-83)

Susanna tries to spare Sarah and Abe the unwanted gossip and seeks also to curb Abe's self-conscious concern over his stump leg. After a school play in which John Kent has performed, Sarah, Susanna, and Abe bask in the glow of proud parenthood. When Mrs. Englebach, whom we have earlier learned to despise, launches an anti-Semitic attack on the community's favorite child, David Ruminski, calm, contained Sarah assumes the role of avenging angel and verbally chastises Mrs. Englebach, calling her words "stupid filth."

Abe eventually overcomes his embarrassment and goes swimming, with John in Señora Lampradi's pool. When he loses his footing and flounders underwater with John, who must be rescued by Sarah, Abe leaves in shame. Susanna plays Mother Superior and convinces Sarah to go to Abe. As Sarah fails to return home that night, Susanna realizes that "love was again becoming complete in Tule."

When Susanna hears of Raquel's pregnancy she grows terribly fearful for Raquel's health, and agrees to locate Bartolo who has not returned from his drinking binge. Bartolo, Susanna learns, refuses to marry Raquel because he wants his son to have the ticket of Raquel's noble name, Don Jaime Miquel Antonio de Castaña y Lara.

At the same time, Susanna gladly receives the news of the permanent departure of the unpleasant Englebachs and succumbs to pressure to bring Christmas gifts to the American refugee children. When the good will meeting seems doomed to awkwardness, Susanna impulsively invites the refugees to a party which she invents--the "Good Will to Men" party. Because every person in Tule is

invited to the well-intentioned event, all of Tule glows in the Christmas spirit. Even Susanna, who hates parties, recognizes the spiritual success in the transcendent moment of human warmth and love:

There was certainly not peace on earth and never had been and doubtless never would be. But at this moment, there was peace in Tule, and one should be grateful for miracles, however small or brief.  
(p. 153)

By this time in the novel, Susanna may be recognized as a fairly transparent characterization of Martha Gellhorn. When Susanna lashes out against stupidity, calling it "our true and only sin," and postulating that "the stupidity of the many allowed the few to seize absolute power" (p. 92), she recalls Martha Gellhorn's prefatory statements to The Face of War, where the author accuses human nature of the same failing:

We, the led, are largely either sheep or tigers; we are all guilty of stupidity, the ruling human sin.  
(p. 6)

Here, then, in Susanna's acknowledgment of the moment's significance is Gellhorn's realization of the peace and fulfillment of these Mexican years.

In similar manner, when the fifth chapter begins with Susanna's overwhelming concern to repair her roof and fumigate the termites, we cannot help but recall Martha Gellhorn's efforts at preparing her home in Mombasa. As confinement is essential to oversee the repairs, Susanna's life continues over the telephone and short conversations reveal the pattern of life.

When Abe presents his work at an art show in Señora Lampradi's garden, his growing criticisms of Sarah reflect his own dissatisfaction with both himself and his portrait painting. The homesick refugees convince him that "expatriates are lost souls" and that he must return to New York. When Susanna hears of the probable loss of Abe, she is enflamed by the causal ethnocentrism. Quoting a title from an earlier Gellhorn short story, Susanna expresses her belief that "Le voyage fomme la jeunesse too" and hints at the kinds of people that hide behind patriotism.

Susanna's unceasing fear for Raquel's pregnancy begins to haunt the novel and during Raquel's labor Susanna feels the certainty of Raquel's death and Bartolo's consequent suicide. Raquel, however, is developed as a messenger of love--kind and good and full of life. Such an earth mother can have no difficulty in childbearing and a "fine boy" is born to her. As Susanna convalesces from the birth, Sarah is released to visit her father. She has decided in favor of John and Tule, Abe in favor of art, and all Tule "was moaning the failure of love" (p. 195).

As Raquel gradually accepts her role as earth mother, a role never before developed in Gellhorn's fiction, she focuses her clear-sighted perspective and we are meant to weigh her wise words:

"Are they fools? Are they cursed? Do they not know only love is important in life, only love. And they throw it away?" (p. 196)

Raquel continues in her unpretentious role as sage, noting that her life has encompassed many mistakes but one thing stands out as a

Truth. Emphasizing the message, Gellhorn poses Susanna as anxious to learn such profundity. In Raquel's response, Gellhorn underlines again the existential faith expressed in Two By Two and Pretty Tales for Tired People:

"Never be afraid," Raquel said. "Never. It is no use. Wait until it happens and then do something." (p. 196)

While the themes are reminiscent of Gellhorn's most mature fiction, stylistic problems recall her less sophisticated work. Most obvious is Gellhorn's use of Susanna as sympathetic narrator. Susanna is too good, too intelligent, and always the problem solver. An "I know best" character, her one salvation is her complaining over the village's pressure on her to solve their messes. In addition, she remains strangely undeveloped and alone in a village where all love practices are welcomed as healthy. Yet author Gellhorn is apparently aware of the problem as she relates Honorable's concern over Susanna's isolation:

"Your attitude to John Kent is more than worrying, Susanna," Honorable said . . .

"I too am in love with John," Raquel said.

"You are also, we trust, in love with Bartolo which makes you normal, unlike Susanna." (p. 85)

Another Gellhorn figure may be seen in Sarah Kent. She and her young son, John, recall Gellhorn and her adopted son, Sandy, who spent the first years of Sandy's life together in Cuernavaca. Sarah's individuality and sensitivity are likewise reminiscent of Gellhorn's character. Yet Raquel, too, recalls Gellhorn in that her message to Susanna and indeed all the world, is the same as

that expressed in Gellhorn's works. The only meaning in life is found in love and humanity, but in addition, we have a responsibility to ourselves, never to give up, never to die, until the last breath has been taken.

If the sensual earth mother, Raquel, the sexless and intellectual Susanna, and the delicate yet strong and just Sarah all form a part of a larger characterization, each symbolizing a facet of humanity, then the incompleteness of Susanna appears less a fault.

In a humorous development, Raquel and Bartolo are forced to appease Bartolo's mother, a strong little woman who insists that they marry so her son will not fall victim to traditional Mexican wickedness. With agnostic Susanna and Jewish Dr. Ruminski as godmother and godfather, the Catholic wedding is to be an event for all to share. Indeed, in another experience of love and sharing, the village behaves, Susanna notes, "as if all together we had actually accomplished something" (p. 210). The final scene, then, is the traditional romantic convention of the marriage feast. Into the new society initiated by the birth of her son, the radiant Raquel brings news of a second arrival. She is pregnant with, she is certain, a little girl. Tule has taken a step from its peaceful routine into the real depth of human life. Out of the love and warmth and sharing of the Tule inhabitants has come a new society united by mutual respect and kindness. Never has Gellhorn's work shone with such affirmation and optimism.

Generally, TLTHT moves cheerily along without the agonizing conflicts of human survival during wartime. Although the worldwide



diseases of injustice, fascism, anti-Semitism, and stupidity are treated, the novel ends with the conventional marriage feast and the promise of the second birth. The evils have been banished from the now safe Tule and the divergent elements of the community have been united in understanding and affection. At the end, only one inhabitant remains unhappy. Sarah has failed in love through her own choice of John and Tule. The book, however, is a wonderfully pleasant experience; the tension and agony with which Gellhorn has always struggled disappear here into a satisfying settling effect (which may account for the large number of library lists which included this book among its selections).

The development of the plot's complex pattern involving humorous subplots such as John's desire to have a baby, John's fear of the Indian enactment of Christ's persecution and passion, and Lila Prescott's treatment of her husband's mistress, all add delight to an already pleasant story. The symbolic implication of the plot's path toward Easter and the Christian rebirth, paralleled by the Tule inhabitants' spiritual growth through Christmas and culminating in their own spiritual transcendence in the marriage feast, enriches the plot as well.

Although TLTHT is technically well written after the first few chapters and although its light subject prompts more ready enjoyment than any of Gellhorn's previous work, the Gellhorn student may be left with ambiguous feelings about it. Although he may delight in the novel's happy outcome and feel joy for author Gellhorn who has at last, one might surmise, attained a genuine peace, indelibly printed

on his mind will be the agony in Jacob Levy's self-emergence, the pain prompting Faith Hapgood's liberation, the desperation underlying Kate Merlin's failed relationship with the lieutenant. Certainly The Lowest Trees Have Tops is a far lighter book with the same themes tied in, in less damaging proportions, but its pages must surely fade long before the more gripping works of harder times. Martha Gellhorn has been so impressive with her interpretation and treatment of the horrors of our world that the fantastic Camelot of Tule remains just that, fantasy.

The fact that Martha Gellhorn was sixty-two in 1970 is irrelevant to her. She allowed age to hinder her no more than she had earlier accepted the barriers of sex. Yet just as she was stubbornly made to acknowledge the limitations which others placed on her sex when she wanted to report combat, hospitalization did manage to slow her down during the seventies.

Yet to look at Martha Gellhorn or to note her activities in this decade is to see a woman whose active life has changed little. Her preoccupation with justice, her need to be at the center of the world's current history, her writing career, are all as avidly pursued as ever.

As the decade began, Gellhorn was in despair about Vietnam and fearful of Nixon's Presidency. She had, James Gavin thought, given up all hope in American politics and retreated to find her in 1971 and 1972 back on this side of the Atlantic, working for the McGovern campaign. Martha Gellhorn stood on streetcorners, handing out buttons, and "like the kids" with whom she worked, ringing doorbells. It was for her, Gavin recalls, "the last hurrah,"<sup>1</sup> the final effort at trying to put America on the path toward fulfilling her promise.

With McGovern's overwhelming loss Gellhorn returned sadly to Great Britain and Gavin was sure at the time that the woman who had influenced him so greatly had "left for good." In December of election year, however, Gellhorn appeared, in name at least, on the New York Times correspondence page. Once again her determined withdrawal had changed to the offensive. This time she attacked Nixon's concept of "peace with honor" and the extensive financial and political support of dictator Thieu. Another "cricket chirp" protest, her letter complained of the stalled Paris peace talks while the tragic bombing destroying village after village, as shown in horrible detail on BBC, continued.<sup>2</sup>

In July of 1974 Gellhorn made the trip across the Atlantic herself. She returned to watch the historical trial of Richard Nixon's impeachment. It was, she thought, America's chance to rectify the gross error it had made in electing him. As she had written about the Nuremburg and Eichmann trials, Gellhorn believed that history should record the crimes of the criminal and carefully document the important lesson for future generations. As with the earlier trials, Gellhorn came also to witness for herself the historical moment. Yet soon after she arrived in the United States Nixon had resigned and the proceedings evaporated.

Throughout her life Martha Gellhorn has made a practice of writing to other writers. Although she recalls no one extending the courtesy to her, Gellhorn has felt obliged to send encouragement to any writer whose book or article she thinks is good. Sometimes she receives responses and oftentimes she does not, but the important

things for Gellhorn are that she registers her opinion and helps those in what she calls the difficult business of writing. In her flat at Cadogan Square in London, in fact, she has one table and typewriter in her attic for her professional writing and another in her sitting room for letters.

In the early 1970's Gellhorn happened to write to the widow of the Russian poet, Osip Mandelshtam. Nadezhda Yakovlevna, or Nadia, as she is called, had published her magnificent memoirs of her life with Mandelshtam, triggering a revival of interest in her husband's work. Out of her sense of obligation to help writers, Gellhorn had sent Nadia a fan letter; the Russian woman had written back. The writers established a warm correspondence and finally Nadia asked if Martha could come to Russia to visit her, since she could not leave her own country.

Once again Gellhorn's sense of obligation motivated her. She flew to Moscow and remained for what she later called ten of the worst days of her life. Even the trip's preparation had been disconcerting. Because Nadia had requested that she bring many items from Europe which were not available in Russia, Gellhorn had jammed a huge overseas suitcase full of forbidden or scarce foods and things; for herself she packed only two pairs of jeans and several T-shirts. Gellhorn had long ago become familiar with the heavy hand of Russian security; she had felt its shadow whenever she stepped behind the Iron Curtain. Now she was apprehensive at smuggling a huge, loaded suitcase into the Soviet Union, believing that, at the least, she

would be accused of black marketing. Nevertheless, she knew the deprivation of the Russian people and she could not refuse Nadia.<sup>3</sup>

Luckily, the Pan Am agent who checked Gellhorn's baggage in Moscow was a friend of a friend. He kissed her on the cheek and loudly welcomed cousin Martha to Russia. On her way out, a BEA attendant who knew her situation put his arms around her and exclaimed about the lovely time they had had together. In both cases, Gellhorn managed to squeak through customs without having to open her furniture-sized bag. She had bought some curtain material and stuffed it and countless newspapers in the colossal bag to make the now-empty suitcase appear as full and as heavy as it was upon her arrival, but she would have been hard-pressed to explain the thirty odd pounds of paper had someone investigated the bag's contents.<sup>4</sup>

Martha Gellhorn hated and feared Moscow. She found it smothered in poverty and stifling in its repressiveness. She quickly learned the Russian system of public transportation which necessitated avoiding the taxis in front of her hotel and their informant drivers. Instead, she found, she held up one finger if she were willing to pay an ordinary person one ruble, and two fingers for two rubles. If she held up three fingers almost every driver who saw her would stop and take her wherever she wanted.<sup>5</sup>

Nadia Mandelshtam and her friends were so poor that Gellhorn could not ask them for more food, even though she felt "famished" for most of her ten-day visit. She knew that on July 4 all American embassies held special celebrations with abundant food and festivity. Though she would never have attended such an occasion under normal

circumstances, Martha Gellhorn was so hungry that she appeared at the embassy and explained to the ambassador's wife that she had come to eat. The friendly woman approved her motive and ushered Martha Gellhorn to the door from which the trays of food would emerge.<sup>6</sup>

Finally back in her flat, Martha Gellhorn returned to her frantic writing. In her spacious, white, spartan sitting room she answered all her letters and wrote to friends and continued to encourage others in her trade. Upstairs in the attic, which she affectionately links to the spirit of La Boheme and which was originally intended as a playroom for her son, Gellhorn did all her professional writing.<sup>7</sup>

Clad in her working uniform of bluejeans and turtleneck, the author sat at the flat table, as she still frequently sits, composing on her excellent manual typewriter with a stick of clean paper to her right. When she requires a source for meditation or inspiration she might look up to the right to the short but wide window and the picture of Edna Gellhorn. To her left and her only source of physical comfort in the stark unheated room is an electrical heater which compensates for the damp English climate. She works hard but finds the writing process more difficult than ever and laments that she writes primarily, now, for the wastebasket.<sup>8</sup>

Nevertheless, by working sometimes fourteen hours a day, Martha Gellhorn has succeeded in writing another volume of lengthy stories, the medium in which she is evidently most comfortable. The Weather in Africa, as she has decided to call her collection, has been with her British and American publishers since early 1976, and should

be coming out soon. Even before she finished the book, however, Martha Gellhorn has begun work on Mr. Ma's Tiger, a travel book with a twist. In it she intends to include the crazy scenes from the dangerous places she has been, including her trip up an uncharted river in a hollowed out tree trunk, her visits to battlefronts under insane conditions, her China trip with Mr. Ma as guide, and her other zany adventures. The volume promises to be almost wholly autobiographical even though author Gellhorn frowns on the personal aspect of writing and writers.<sup>9</sup>

While Gellhorn has continued to work on her fiction during the seventies, her career as a journalist has slowed considerably. Yet when Franco was dying New York magazine contracted the seven war veteran correspondent to report on the Spain surviving him. Martha Gellhorn arrived in Madrid the day the dictator died and remained for three weeks.<sup>10</sup>

As has always been the case, the correspondent was as interested in discovering the facts for herself as she was in communicating them to her audience. She too wanted to see exactly what Franco had done to Spain and what his death would mean to the brave people who had resisted his tyranny at great cost to themselves for thirty-six years. Again she exposed herself to danger, here even torture and death, in order to investigate the situation fully. Not only did she read every illegal newspaper and pamphlet she could find, but Gellhorn attended the backroom meeting of seven wives of political prisoners, knowing that the crime for which the husband had been jailed was mere "illegal association." After interviewing Basques,



Catalans, Communists, Jesuit priests, and one upper class businessman, all of whom were united in their wish to see the collapse of Franco's police state and the re-establishment of human rights, Gellhorn participated in a demonstration of three thousand persons, held outside the watch towers of Carabanchel, Spain's largest prison. Aware that any person could be an informant, Gellhorn knew her riskiest act was her impulsive declaration to an aged taxi driver, that she had been in Madrid during her youth "on the side of the Republic."<sup>11</sup>

When she returned to London, Gellhorn frantically tried to set down the faces, voices, and indomitable spirit of the Spanish people. There were serious lessons to be learned from the world's treatment of Spain in 1937-1939, from the terror of Franco's reign, and from what Juan Carlos could do, and Gellhorn was in the position to teach them. As one of the few living Civil War correspondents, her views would be taken seriously. Yet Gellhorn knew how insignificant her voice would sound in the global scheme and she called the registering of her opinion a "squeak" in the world's noise.

New York magazine liberally allotted the correspondent six thousand words, yet even that limit was too confining for Martha Gellhorn. With almost sixty years of writing and fifty of political experience behind her, Gellhorn could say only a fraction of what she wanted to set down on the paper before her. She wrote 150 pages which, only with painful frustration and constant editing, were reduced finally to thirty. She rewrote and rewrote, using the wastebasket as her chief editor, and seeking always the one detail, the essence of each subject which would convey perfectly without overdoing.

In the end, she disliked the piece she sent to New York, calling it "badly written," but adding that the result was not from lack of time or effort.<sup>12</sup>

The latest Spain article is a fitting crown to a discussion of Martha Gellhorn's journalistic career, for it was in Madrid that she sent her first article to Collier's, making herself one of the first women correspondents of the era.<sup>13</sup> Spain was the first of seven wars and thirty-eight years of foreign reporting for American magazines. It was the peak of Gellhorn's idealism, a feeling that poor and right could triumph over power and tyranny; it was the cementing of her radical consciousness, a belief that people everywhere deserved to live their lives in dignity and freedom and would were it not for the rude realism of politics which manipulated and destroyed those lives.

Gellhorn had long before committed herself to witnessing the effects of the history of her time, participating as she did in the post-World War I pacifistic movement and in the New Deal's FERA, but it was Spain which won her ticket to the exciting and frightening front row seat at Europe's betrayal of Czechoslovakia, Russia's declaration of war on Finland, the pre-war cowardice of France and Britain, the Sino-Japanese war, the Invasion of Normandy, the fighting in Italy from Casino to the Gothic Line, the 82nd and 101st units at Arnhem, the Battle of the Bulge, Dachau, the Berlin occupation, the war in Java, Nuremburg, the Paris Peace Conference, the establishment of the Jewish state, the Richmann trial, the

Vietnam War, the Six-Day War, and, finally, the Spain surviving Franco. In most of her articles, beginning with the one on the daily life of Madrid which she sent to Collier's in 1937, this later one also showed the tyrant and the tyrannized, the rich and the poor, and this one also focused on the brave, ordinary people who risked everything to fight repression. Like the original Spanish Republicans, who stubbornly defended their democratic government against Hitler's guns, Mussolini's men, and Franco's terrorism, the Jewish doctor on the hospital ship at Omaha Red Beach, the Polish student behind the Iron Curtain, the Catholic nuns running the overflowing Vietnamese orphanages, and the modern "Rjojos" (Reds, or any opponent of Franco), endure in Gellhorn's journalism as models of nobility.

As she had learned to do in Spain and World War II, in "Indomitable Losers, Spain Revisited," Gellhorn once again omits editorial comment, drawing her article's strength from a camera-like detachment which permits her readers to "see" as she has. She leads once again with the everpresent "I," explaining to her readers her assigned purpose to grope from the familiar past to the alien present to a chancy view of the future. While her judgment is always clear, it is powerfully made through her detail selection and her implication; it is never presented through the weaker vehicles of editorial or lecture.

Gellhorn begins "The Indomitable Losers," for example, by returning to the Palace Hotel which she remembered as a main military

hospital. We follow her mind's eye and her implicit judgment as she compares past and present. The now elegant hotel with its elegant, well-fed clientele had been peopled by young soldiers in uniform scraps. The polished marble steps had been smeared with blood; the thickly carpeted halls had replaced bare floors littered with piles of used bandages. Gellhorn discovers finally what has become of the operating chamber. In a paneled TV room, in which Franco's mourners dutifully watch his funeral procession, Republican soldiers had steel cut out of them, had arms and legs amputated.<sup>14</sup>

The introduction, aesthetically posed as Gellhorn's first moments in her revisit to Spain, carefully prepares the reader for the brief history of the 1937 conflict. After seeing what is and what has been, we are informed or reminded of why. Gellhorn intends that we flinch guiltily as she recalls that the democracies merely stood by as the freely elected republic fought against the three dictators without food, fuel, arms, or medicines, and inevitably lost.

She is then ready, artistically and chronologically, to present the Spain after the war, a country bayoneted into submission. As in the best of her war journalism, Gellhorn graphically communicates the heroism of the common folk who prove, as Jacob Levy proved, that to survive is not enough, that life is worth dignity and freedom if it is worth living. In one instance, she describes the long torture, imprisonment, and delayed medical treatment of a twenty-six year old student whom the authorities

eventually released as a "mistake." Gellhorn exploits the irony in the situation which has the police-beaten boy being ignored on the eighth floor of the La Paz hospital while thirty doctors, terrified of future blame, subjected the dying Franco to "legal torture" to keep him alive.<sup>15</sup>

Explaining that the student had lesions on his left knee, left testicle, right elbow, spinal base, lower stomach, thigh backs, entire lower back, left side, mouth, and tongue, Gellhorn purposefully adds matter-of-factly that

In the raw meat of his back were marks of cigarette burns.<sup>16</sup>

To his incredibly cruel treatment, the boy had merely responded, "I am not the only one," and the remark, author Gellhorn knows, both underlines his bravery and clarifies horribly the extent of the police terrorism in Spain.<sup>17</sup>

Perhaps more important than the graphic pictures Gellhorn leaves us of historical moments and world citizens as they confront misery and oppression head-on, and even more significant than the results of the schemes of the Francos, Mussolinis, Hitlers, Stalins, and Thieus, is the personal effect of Gellhorn's journalism. It is a tribute to her journalism to say that she represents in her articles, a conscience for those of us who read them. In "The Indomitable Losers," for example, she explains that Holland and Denmark refuse to admit Spain to the Common Market as long as there are political prisoners, tortures, no elected parliament, and no free trade unions. At the same time, Gellhorn notes, the powerful United States sends

the Spanish people neither political nor moral encouragement. It is clear, throughout her work, that her journalism is her tool, her means of educating us so that these injustices do not recur. That they do recur, that Spain fought her battle alone, that Hitler was not stopped there, that Czechoslovakia was sacrificed, that Dachau was allowed to exist, that America kept its Jewish quota low during the war years, that the vast country refused to admit even infant aliens, that the Vietnam War occurred, that Nixon was elected, that Israel may not survive, that the Spanish people suffer, are, in part, the responsibility of us all. Coming from a land of abundance and safety, we can easily afford to be generous. What have we done to better the human condition? How have we served the human family? Without ever suggesting it, Gellhorn's condemnation of our refusal to take responsible action, our lazy apathy, resounds in each of her articles. Like her most memorable character, Jacob Levy, Martha Gellhorn believes that to live without basic concern and service to humanity is to live a meaningless life--the same as not living at all.

8:2

Looking Back

Martha Gellhorn's preoccupation with justice and need to serve begins early in the Gellhorn home on McPherson Street and dominates each stage in the process of her becoming an artist. Indeed it is this process which fascinates.

While still a child Martha Gellhorn knew two things: she would be a writer and she, like everyone else in her family, would try to make life better for others. In the St. Louis home which opened its doors to all races and creeds, Martha Gellhorn developed a profound respect for people. With her extraordinary parents as examples, she understood that love and service inject meaning in life. In addition, she was raised to think and act independently and to follow through on any action her heart dictated. It was the combination of the ease of love, duty to serve, determination to write, and independence of spirit which directed Martha Gellhorn to the almost legendary extent of her behavior.

Her refusal to recognize obstacles and her enduring ambition brought her face to face with some of the giants of our time. In addition to her artistic friends who included H. G. Wells, Ernest Hemingway, Alvah Bessie, Granville Hicks, Archibald MacLeish, John Dos Passos, Irwin Shaw, and Leonard Bernstein, Gellhorn mingled with the history makers. She encountered the Nazis in Berlin in 1934, walked into Harry Hopkins FERA office the same year, contested the workings of the relief system of the New Deal with Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, saw the early maneuverings of Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek in China in 1941, traveled with the 82nd Airborne and General James Gavin in Holland and Germany, talked to the Russians first occupying Berlin, met Dr. Soekarno in Java, and numbered among her friends Adlai Stevenson and President John F. Kennedy.

She traveled to Spain in 1937 with only a knapsack and fifty dollars, prepared to die if that were the cost of showing her solidarity for the defenders of liberty. She exposed herself in the wars to shellings, bombings, disease, and torture, but she thrived on the heightened sense of living she experienced at these centers of history. She slept in Lincoln's bed and put light anchors down in France, Spain, Cuba, Mexico, Italy, Kenya, and England, but when she was married to Ernest Hemingway, Gellhorn lamented the restrictions on her mobility. Her ambition and sense of duty drove her back to war, her daring got her on a hospital ship to Normandy, out of incarceration and flown to Italy, through Germany-occupied France to Paris, to Arnhem, and the Battle of the Bulge. When Vietnam was too controversial a subject for American magazines to cover adequately, Gellhorn traveled across Europe and Asia at her own expense and published her accounts in British newspapers.

The effect of Gellhorn's actions on her journalism was great. Gellhorn knew many of the world's policy makers and she saw in cities all over the world the effects of their decisions on the people. She interpreted her own actions not as those of a romantic figure, but as those of a person merely doing her job. Her journalism was the natural product of her curiosity to see things for herself, her drive to get the facts for impressive pieces, and her desire to serve.

By 1938 she was writing hard, graphic pieces which were concerned with the bearing up of ordinary people under adversity.



Believing more in the power of journalism in those days, and more in the basic generosity of the human spirit, Gellhorn's intention was to enlighten American readers and move them to effect change in their government's behavior. Although seasoned with disillusionment, Gellhorn still writes with the same design. She describes her articles as "squeaking"--speaking barely audibly, but speaking nonetheless on the behalf of the poor and oppressed.

Gellhorn's journalism has gained an intensity and authenticity from her front line activity. Writing as she does about only what she knows and has studied, Gellhorn's articles convince with authority. Her concern with her craft which began at age eight has involved her in detail selection, mood, implication, and the artistic development of each piece. She learned early in her journalism to concentrate, to say many things with a few carefully chosen words. She knew that density was a goal of the good writer and she sought it in both her journalistic and fictive works. Her success in the journalistic field has stood with The Face of War, her volume of reporting seven wars which is as fresh and vivid, critics have agreed, "as if it were written this morning."

Martha Gellhorn wrote journalism primarily for others; her fiction she wrote for herself. It was not that she did not care if others read her stories, for she cared passionately, but she had more time to develop and create in her fiction and there she could work out her own vision of the world. Her early drive to become a

writer would never have been satisfied with reporting, no matter how vivid or creative.

In her early work Gellhorn's fiction differed little from her journalism. The Trouble I've Seen impresses one as a vivid if artistic collection of case studies of the unemployed. The prose is hard, clean, and honest, but it is not beautiful. Like the proceedings of the Nuremburg Trials, the book remains as a graphic report and important lesson. It lacks, however, the density and philosophy of a masterful work of fiction and few are prompted to reread the book. Gellhorn's problems were similar with A Stricken Field. So concerned was she with justice and educating her readers, that her fiction suffered from simplification and sentimentalism.

Until 1943 and the publication of Liana, an embarrassingly autobiographical figure dominated Gellhorn's work. Although there was a detached if omnipresent "I" in her journalism, Gellhorn centered her fictive world around a romanticized characterization of herself. Too often her readers were asked to admire the beautiful correspondent who crisscrossed the oceans in order to report the history of her time. Her characters were caricatures which failed to develop. While the Gellhorn figure might come to some sort of recognition, as Mary Douglas does when she leaves Czechoslovakia, she and the down-trodden remain lily-pure while the villains continue as Satans incarnate. These works are newspaper stories made human with all the authenticity and careful detail of Gellhorn's journalistic craft, but they are not good fiction.

The transformation of her journalism into fiction was a painfully slow and frustrating task for Martha Gellhorn and she hated the critics who repeatedly wrote that she was a better journalist than novelist, fearing that there was little defense against such remarks. It was not until "Luigi's Place" and "Last Train From Garmisch," the more mature stories in Heart of Another (1941), that Gellhorn had begun to formulate her own philosophy of life and was thus able to invest her fiction with more than a linear plot and graphic images. She had come to believe that more than nations and political ideologies, people mattered. Her work shifted then from an emphasis on the external to an absorption with the internal. Gellhorn concentrated on the individual's struggle to find happiness and purpose. She recognized, as is perhaps most evident in "Miami-New York" (THP, 1953), the condition of the twentieth century person who isolates himself from others, unconsciously shutting himself out from anything but a mechanical existence.

Her fiction culminates in Wine of Astonishment, a complex book which elaborates on man's self-imposed isolation. In it Jacob Levy condemns his apathy after seeing in Dachau what author Gellhorn had seen. He learns to risk vulnerability in order to feel; he knows that he has to be involved with the lives of others or discount his own. Here Gellhorn takes the best of her journalism, her, by now, finely developed sense of timing, detail selection, and authenticity. Borrowing from her front-line experience and journalism, Gellhorn knows what to include to authenticate the external action

which is set around Luxembourg during and after the Battle of the Bulge. For the first time she makes her novel's protagonist a male, here a Jewish jeep driver. Levy's discovery that responsible action and service to others give purpose to his life is Gellhorn's personal philosophy. But here her artistic weaving of material and distancing of the autobiographical enhance the story. Levy impresses not as a hero decked in white, but as a man.

The depth which Gellhorn had sought in all her writing was finally achieved in WOA. That level was not maintained throughout the next two decades although The Honored Peace, Two By Two, and Pretty Tales for Tired People include examples of excellent fiction.

It is significant that while her journalism centers on the poor and downtrodden, Gellhorn's fiction, after it matures in the forties, concentrates on middle and upper class characters. It is also interesting to note that while she focuses in her reporting on the basic nobility of ordinary people, Gellhorn portrays her fictional characters as more often than not selfish and bigoted. The explanation is this: Gellhorn sees the oppressed banding together to resist tyranny and thereby achieving an awareness and nobility which otherwise might go undeveloped. But those who can afford to think only of themselves, like her readers and the prosperous in her own social circles, are tempted to block out the needs of others and become petty in their trifling lives. Yet they too, want something better and Gellhorn is always interested in the fulfillment and dignity of the individual. Kate Merlin fails in her

ultimate selfishness, but Jacob Levy, Ian Answell, Jim, Bara, and Faith Hapgood succeed.

Gellhorn still delights in challenging her craft as she did when she wrote the lengthy "Clever One" without dialogue. As a language purist, she still checks her Oxford dictionary for final authority for almost every word she prints. The child who at eight decided to be a writer has succeeded in earning her living by her pen; her craft has developed from self-consciousness, autobiography, and excess to assurance, density, and wit.

The child who planned to help others has devoted the lot of her reporting to the pursuit of justice. The "entire burden of her journalism," as she calls it, manifests itself in a dominant theme in her literature. Although her fiction serves also as a means for working out her private vision of the world and satisfying her creative and intellectual impulses, Gellhorn is concerned here too with justice. Although she is meticulous in her craft, there is no such thing as art for art's sake for Martha Gellhorn. Her stories always relay messages. Even in the fantasy book, The Lowest Trees Have Tops, the American residents of Tule happen to be refugees from McCarthyism. In even this admitted escape into the light narrative, Gellhorn cannot relinquish her preoccupation with justice.

Instilled in Martha Gellhorn while young, "Ich Dien"--I serve, her grandmother's motto penetrates her memories of her home and dominates her character and the way she conducts her life. It is the reason behind her journalism and the character realization

of her fiction. It is Martha Gellhorn's own means of investing purpose into her life and work.

## NOTES

## Notes to Chapter 1

<sup>1</sup>"'We're Telling' by 'Mel and Thel,'" St. Louis American, 21 March 1940. In 1930, MG prepared a "memorial booklet" honoring her grandmother. In it she discussed the epitaph Mrs. Fischel had carved on the gravestone of her husband, whom she loved, MG said, "more than anything or anyone, 'Ich Dien'--I serve. That is what she believed," MG states, "you ought to do with your life if you were lucky enough to be well and have plenty to eat, and had had the privilege of education and the continuing privilege of four walls and a roof."

<sup>2</sup>St. Louis Post-Dispatch, n.d., n. pag.; quoted in "Non-Stop Sentence Derby," New Yorker, 17 Oct. 1936, p. 54. This flattering designation was also used to describe MG's father, Dr. George Gellhorn.

<sup>3</sup>Martha Gellhorn, Interview with the Author, 3, 5, 8 Jan. 1976.

<sup>4</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid. MG clearly enjoyed recalling this romantic anecdote.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid.

<sup>7</sup>T. S. Matthews, O My America (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1962), p. 13.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid.

<sup>9</sup>Ibid., p. 12.

<sup>10</sup>Peggy Schutze, Letter to the Author, 8 April 1974.

<sup>11</sup>"The League in the Cities," Woman Citizen, Feb. 1926, p. 27.

<sup>12</sup>Gellhorn Interview.



<sup>13</sup>T. S. Matthews, p. 14.

<sup>14</sup>Gellhorn Interview. Footnotes are placed at the end of a paragraph when the material therein is derived from a single source noted.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid.

<sup>18</sup>Ibid.

<sup>19</sup>Ibid.

<sup>20</sup>"Girl Investigator Writes of Experience in FERA," New York World Telegram, 19 Sept. 1936, p. 19A f.

<sup>21</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>22</sup>Ibid.

<sup>23</sup>Martha Gellhorn, Letter to the Author, 28 April 1974.

<sup>24</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>25</sup>Ibid.

<sup>26</sup>Ibid.

<sup>27</sup>Hollis Blair, "For Whom Bridal Bells Tolloed," Green Magazine, 8 Dec. 1940, pp. 5, 24.

<sup>28</sup>"Girl Investigator," p. 19A.

<sup>29</sup>Blair, p. 5.

<sup>30</sup>Marguerite Martyn, "St Louis Girl Turns Author," St. Louis Post-Dispatch. This undated article was found in MG's personal scrapbook. Evidence points to its appearing in 1934.

<sup>31</sup>"Author Speaks to Sarah Lawrence Students About Writing,"  
The Campus [Sarah Lawrence College], 28 Oct. 1942, p. 1.

<sup>32</sup>Blair. Joe O'Heaney, an Irish police reporter, first  
"dubbed" Martha "The Blonde Peril" and it was only a short time  
before the name caught on with the other newspeople.

<sup>33</sup>Ibid.

<sup>34</sup>Ibid.

<sup>35</sup>Ibid.

<sup>36</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Rudy Vallée," New Republic, 7 Aug. 1929,  
pp. 310-311.

<sup>37</sup>Blair.

<sup>38</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "A Visit to the Wounded," Scholastic,  
6 Nov. 1937, p. 20E.

<sup>39</sup>Blair.

<sup>40</sup>Ibid.

<sup>41</sup>Marguerite Martyn, "St. Louis Young Woman Novelist,"  
St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 3 Oct. 1936, p. 2C.

<sup>42</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>43</sup>Ibid.

<sup>44</sup>Blair.

<sup>45</sup>"St. Louis Young Woman Novelist," p. 2C.

<sup>46</sup>Martha Gellhorn, Face of War (New York: Simon and Schuster,  
1959), p. 9.

<sup>47</sup>Blair.

<sup>48</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Geneva Portraits," St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 20 Nov. 1930, p. 2D.

<sup>49</sup>"Glamour Girl," Time, 18 March 1940, p. 92.

<sup>50</sup>Blair.

<sup>51</sup>"Girl Investigator," p. 19A.

<sup>52</sup>Face of War, pp. 9-10.

<sup>53</sup>"Glamour Girl."

<sup>54</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Mexico's History in a Film Epic," St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 9 Aug. 1931 (magazine section), p. 2.

<sup>55</sup>"Three Modern Girls," rev. of What Mad Pursuit, by Martha Gellhorn, New York Times, 18 Nov. 1934, p. 7.

## Notes to Chapter 2

<sup>1</sup>Harry Hopkins, Spending to Save (New York: Norton, 1936), pp. 97-99.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., pp. 102-103.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., pp. 101-103.

<sup>5</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid.

<sup>7</sup>"Glamor Girl," Time, 18 March 1940, p. 92.

<sup>8</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>9</sup>"Girl Investigator Writes of Experience in FERA," New York World Telegram, 19 Sept. 1936, p. 19A.

<sup>10</sup>Ibid.

<sup>11</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid.

<sup>13</sup>Hopkins, p. 164.

<sup>14</sup>Doris Carothers, Chronology of the FERA (Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1937), p. 79.

<sup>15</sup>Hopkins, p. 164.

<sup>16</sup>Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., The Coming of the New Deal (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1959), pp. 271-272.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 526. Franklin's opinions noted here. For Eleanor's praise, see Matthew Josephson, Infidel in the Temple (New York: Knopf, 1967), p. 427.

<sup>18</sup>Martha Gellhorn to Harry Hopkins, "Report to Mr. Hopkins," (S.C.) 5 Nov. 1934, p. 1. This and all other Gellhorn FERA reports cited are in the Hopkins papers, Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, New York.

<sup>19</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, "Report to Mr. Hopkins," (N.C. & S.C.) 11 Nov. 1934, p. 9.

<sup>20</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, "Report on New Hampshire," 2 Dec. 1934, p. 2.

<sup>21</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, "My dear Mr. Hopkins," (Mass.) Nov. 1934, p. 5.

<sup>22</sup>Ibid., pp. 1-3.

<sup>23</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, "Report on New Hampshire," p. 4.

<sup>24</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, "Report on Rhode Island," Dec. 1934, p. 3.

<sup>25</sup>Ibid., pp. 2, 4.

<sup>26</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, (S.C.) 5 Nov. 1934, p. 5.

<sup>27</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, (N.C. & S.C.) 11 Nov. 1934, p. 1.

<sup>28</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, "My dear Mr. Hopkins," (N.J.) 25 April 1935, pp. 1-2.

<sup>29</sup>Ibid., p. 7.

<sup>30</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, (Mass.) Nov. 1934, pp. 3-6.

<sup>31</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, "Report on Rhode Island," p. 5.

<sup>32</sup>Ibid., p. 6.

<sup>33</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, (N.J.) 25 April 1935, p. 8.

<sup>34</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, (Mass.) Nov. 1934, pp. 4-5.

<sup>35</sup>Ibid., p. 5.

<sup>36</sup>Ibid., p. 6.

<sup>37</sup>Gellhorn to Hopkins, "Report on Rhode Island," p. 4.

<sup>38</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>39</sup>Ibid.

<sup>40</sup>Ibid.

<sup>41</sup>Ibid.

<sup>42</sup>"Girl Investigator."

<sup>43</sup>C. H. Grattan, "Behind the Figures," New Republic, 21 Oct. 1936, p. 328.

<sup>44</sup>Gellhorn Interview. MG recalled H. G. Wells as the most intelligent man she had ever known, adding that he was self-educated. Hemingway, whom she considered part genius and also self-educated, she ranked close behind.

<sup>45</sup>Martha Gellhorn to Eleanor Roosevelt, Series 100 Bx 1380, 7 Feb. 1936. This and all correspondence cited between E. Roosevelt and Gellhorn are in Eleanor Roosevelt Papers, Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, New York.

<sup>46</sup>"Book Notes," New York Times, 13 Sept. 1936.

<sup>47</sup>Cover, Saturday Review, 26 Sept. 1936.

<sup>48</sup>Mabel Ulrich, "The Courage of the Defeated," Saturday Review, 26 Sept. 1936, p. 7.

<sup>49</sup>Carolyn Marx, "Book Marks," New York World Telegram, 27 Oct. 1936, p. 21.

<sup>50</sup>Olga Clark, "Martha Gellhorn's Book Translated for Paris Readers," (Paris Correspondent for) Globe Democrat, 2 Feb. 1939. Leon Daudet, from l'Académie Goncourt, publisher of the royalist newspaper, was the source of these praises.

<sup>51</sup>Lewis Gannett, "Books and Things," Herald Tribune, 8 March 1940, p. 23.

<sup>52</sup>Graham Greene, rev. of The Trouble I've Seen, by Martha Gellhorn, Spectator, 22 May 1936, p. 950.

<sup>53</sup>Michael Gold, New Masses VI (Sept. 1930), p. 45; quoted in Daniel Aaron's Writer's on the New Left (New York: Avon, 1961), pp. 225-226.

<sup>54</sup>New York Times, 29 Sept. 1936. This article segment was found in Martha Gellhorn's personal scrapbook, n.t., n.a., n.pag.

<sup>55</sup>"Writers Must Work," Saturday Review, 5 Dec. 1936, p. 14.

<sup>56</sup>New York Times, 29 Sept. 1936.

<sup>57</sup>Gellhorn, Face of War, p. 10.

<sup>58</sup>Ibid.

<sup>59</sup>Ibid., p. 9.

<sup>60</sup>Ibid., p. 10.

<sup>61</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>62</sup>ER to Gellhorn, 16 Jan. 1937; quoted in Joseph Lash's Eleanor and Franklin (New York: Norton, 1971), p. 431.

<sup>63</sup>Eleanor Roosevelt, "My Day," World Telegram, 3 Nov. 1936.

<sup>64</sup>Carolyn Marx, Public Ledger (Philadelphia) 13 Nov. 1936. This untitled article found in Gellhorn's personal scrapbook.

<sup>65</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Bx 1380, 23 Nov. 1936.

<sup>66</sup>ER to Gellhorn, Series 100 Bx 1380, 30 Nov. 1936.

<sup>67</sup>On this subject, Carlos Baker is one of the few Hemingway biographers who describes the account accurately. He is the only one, as far as I know, who bothered to interview MG. Since the writer guards her privacy, however, and resists divulging personal information, attempts at interviews may well have been thwarted, sending biographers to more distant sources. Much of the information on the Gellhorn-Hemingway liaison, therefore, is taken from critics whose accuracy Gellhorn and her friends have often disparaged.

<sup>68</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>69</sup>Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story (New York: Scribner's, 1969), p. 297.

<sup>70</sup>Gellhorn Interview. To get an idea of Martha Gellhorn's charms, one may find helpful the following observations of Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review; (Letter to the Author, 12 Nov. 1973): "In the late thirties, she was not yet that glamorous literary figure she became some years later. We had lunch together perhaps three or four times. In my mind's eye I see a young lady in her mid-twenties who is light-skinned and fair-haired; she is wearing a white cashmere sweater. She is intense as she speaks. Most of what she says has to do with behind-the-scenes chit-chat about other countries. You keep waiting for her to smile, for she is a pretty young girl and can be quite enchanting."

<sup>71</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>72</sup>James McLendon, Papa: Hemingway in Key West (Miami: Sumann, 1972), p. 163.

<sup>73</sup>According to McLendon, p. 166, this "recipe" called for the following ingredients to be whipped in a blender: 2-1/2 jiggers of white Bacardi rum, the juice from two limes and 1/2 grapefruit, and six drops of maraschino.

<sup>74</sup>McLendon, pp. 164-166.

<sup>75</sup>Ibid., pp. 196-166.

<sup>76</sup>Ibid., p. 166.

<sup>77</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>78</sup>McLendon, p. 166.

<sup>79</sup>Matthew Josephson, Infidel in the Temple (New York: Knopf, 1967), p. 428.

<sup>80</sup>Josephson, p. 428.

<sup>81</sup>Gellhorn Interview. MG considers Ernest Hemingway, among other things, part genius for his influence and revolution of American literary style. She much admires his early work.

<sup>82</sup>The responsibility of the writer is a belief they shared, according to Leicester Hemingway's My Brother Earnest Hemingway (New York: Fawcett, 1967), p. 184.

<sup>83</sup>Baker, p. 184.

<sup>84</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Ga-Gh 1937 Bx 1424, 13 Jan. 1937.

<sup>85</sup>Ibid.

<sup>86</sup>"Martha Gellhorn Sees Spain as Breeding Place for World War," Globe Democrat, 28 Jan. 1938.

<sup>87</sup>Face of War, pp. 12-13.

<sup>88</sup>Ibid., p. 12.



### Notes on Chapter 3

- <sup>1</sup>"'Finis': 36 Years of Iron Rule," Time, 3 Nov. 1975, p. 31.
- <sup>2</sup>Gellhorn, Face of War, p. 12.
- <sup>3</sup>Ibid., pp. 10-11. All material on MG's trip to Spain was derived from this source. Footnotes appear at paragraph's end.
- <sup>4</sup>Ibid., p. 11.
- <sup>5</sup>Arturo Barea, The Forging of a Rebel (New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946), p. 571.
- <sup>6</sup>Face of War, p. 11.
- <sup>7</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>8</sup>Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>9</sup>Baker, Ernest Hemingway, p. 304.
- <sup>10</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>11</sup>Barea, p. 643.
- <sup>12</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>13</sup>Baker, p. 304.
- <sup>14</sup>Face of War, p. 12.
- <sup>15</sup>Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>16</sup>Face of War, p. 12.
- <sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 13.
- <sup>18</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Only the Shells Whine," Collier's, 17 June 1937, p. 64.
- <sup>19</sup>Ibid.

<sup>20</sup>Herbert Matthews, Education of a Correspondent (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1946), p. 67.

<sup>21</sup>Ibid.

<sup>22</sup>Ibid., p. 68.

<sup>23</sup>Phillip Knightley, The First Casualty (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1975), p. 215.

<sup>24</sup>Ibid., p. 192.

<sup>25</sup>Herbert Matthews, Two Wars and More To Come (New York: Carrick and Evans, 1938), p. 282.

<sup>26</sup>Knightley, p. 194.

<sup>27</sup>Virginia Cowles, Looking for Trouble (New York: Harper, 1941), pp. 18-19.

<sup>28</sup>Ibid., p. 19.

<sup>29</sup>Ibid.

<sup>30</sup>H. Matthews, Education, p. 122.

<sup>31</sup>Ibid., p. 95.

<sup>32</sup>H. Matthews, Two Wars, p. 282.

<sup>33</sup>Cowles, Trouble, p. 32.

<sup>34</sup>H. Matthews, Two Wars, p. 282.

<sup>35</sup>Ibid., Introduction.

<sup>36</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Visit to the Wounded," Story Magazine, Oct. 1937, p. 59.

<sup>37</sup>Herbert Matthews, A World in Revolution (New York: Scribner's, 1971), p. 25.

<sup>38</sup>Margaret Lewis, "The Spanish War: Dispatches from 1937-1938," Diss. University of Louisville, 1969, p. 2.

<sup>39</sup>Baker, p. 304.

<sup>40</sup>H. Matthews, A World, p. 25.

<sup>41</sup>Lewis, p. 2.

<sup>42</sup>Edwin Rolfe, The Lincoln Battalion (New York: Veterans of A.L.B., 1939), p. 71.

<sup>43</sup>Milton Wolff, Letter to Author, 29 Jan. 1973.

<sup>44</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Men Without Medals," Collier's, 15 Jan. 1938, p. 10.

<sup>45</sup>Ibid., p. 49.

<sup>46</sup>Wolff, Letter to Author, 29 Jan. 1973.

<sup>47</sup>Baker, p. 311.

<sup>48</sup>Lewis, p. 4.

<sup>49</sup>Baker, p. 311.

<sup>50</sup>Cowles, Trouble, p. 29.

<sup>51</sup>This account detailed in Knightley's First Casualty, p. 198.

<sup>52</sup>Baker, p. 313; Correspondence between Gellhorn and ER, Series 100 Ga-Gh 1737, Bx 1424, to 30 June, 1937.

<sup>53</sup>Baker, p. 314.

<sup>54</sup>Stanley Weintraub, The Last Great Cause (New York: Weybright and Talley, 1968), p. 282; Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Fr-Gi Bx 1424, June 1937.

<sup>55</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Writers Fighting in Spain," The Writer in a Changing World, ed., Henry Hart (Equinox Cooperative Press, 1937), p. 67.

<sup>56</sup>Ibid., pp. 67-68.

<sup>57</sup>Baker, p. 315; Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Fr-Gi Bx 1424, filed 18 July 1937.

<sup>58</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Fr-Gi Bx 1424, filed 18 July 1937.

<sup>59</sup>Lewis, p. 5.

<sup>60</sup>H. Matthews, Two Wars, p. 300.

<sup>61</sup>Ibid., p. 301.

<sup>62</sup>Ibid., p. 309.

<sup>63</sup>Arthur Landis, The Abraham Lincoln Brigade (New York: Citadel Press, 1967), p. 306.

- <sup>64</sup>Leicester Hemingway, My Brother Ernest Hemingway (New York: Fawcett, 1967), p. 187.
- <sup>65</sup>Baker, pp. 318-319.
- <sup>66</sup>H. Matthews, Two Wars, p. 309.
- <sup>67</sup>Interview with Saul Wellman, 10 Jan. 1973.
- <sup>68</sup>H. Matthews, Two Wars, p. 311.
- <sup>69</sup>Lewis, p. 6.
- <sup>70</sup>Baker, p. 319.
- <sup>71</sup>Baker, pp. 307-309.
- <sup>72</sup>McLendon, p. 189.
- <sup>73</sup>Malcolm Cowley, "Mister Papa," Life, 10 Jan. 1949, p. 100.
- <sup>74</sup>A. E. Hotchner, Papa Hemingway (New York: Random House, 1966), p. 133.
- <sup>75</sup>Leicester Hemingway, p. 184.
- <sup>76</sup>Ibid., pp. 186-187.
- <sup>77</sup>Weintraub, p. 282.
- <sup>78</sup>Lillian Hellman, An Unfinished Woman (Boston: Little, Brown, 1969), p. 101.
- <sup>79</sup>H. Matthews, A World, p. 23.
- <sup>80</sup>Ibid., p. 25.
- <sup>81</sup>Baker, p. 309.
- <sup>82</sup>Lewis, p. 6.
- <sup>83</sup>Baker, pp. 333-340. This tribute did not appear in the published version, but represented, according to Baker, Hemingway's "new shift of allegiance."
- <sup>84</sup>Ernest Hemingway, The Fifth Column (New York: Scribner's, 1969), p. 39.
- <sup>85</sup>Ibid., p. 83.
- <sup>86</sup>McLendon, p. 176.

- <sup>87</sup>Baker, p. 323.
- <sup>88</sup>McLendon, p. 176.
- <sup>89</sup>Ibid., p. 176.
- <sup>90</sup>Leicester Hemingway, p. 189.
- <sup>91</sup>McLendon, p. 177.
- <sup>92</sup>Baker, p. 331.
- <sup>93</sup>"Women Lecturers Found Unpopular," New York Times, 28 Nov. 1937.
- <sup>94</sup>"Martha Gellhorn Sees Spain as Breeding Place for World War," Globe Democrat, 28 Jan. 1938.
- <sup>95</sup>Art Naptalin, "Gellhorn Calls for Defense of Democracy," Minneapolis University Press, Jan. 1938. See also "'Democracy Is the Best System,' Woman Lecturer, 29, Believes," address to Des Moines Women's Club. Des Moines newspaper clipping found in Gellhorn's scrapbook.
- <sup>96</sup>Gellhorn to ER, 24 Jan. 1938; 1 Feb. 1938.
- <sup>97</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 G-Go Bx 1459, n.d. 1938.
- <sup>98</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Come Ahead Adolf," Collier's, 6 Aug. 1938, pp. 12-13, 45.
- <sup>99</sup>Cowles, Trouble, p. 126.
- <sup>100</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>101</sup>Ibid., p. 127.
- <sup>102</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>103</sup>Ibid., p. 128.
- <sup>104</sup>Ibid., p. 129.
- <sup>105</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Lord Will Provide for England," Collier's, 17 Sept. 1938, p. 15.
- <sup>106</sup>Ibid., p. 35.
- <sup>107</sup>Ibid., p. 38.

<sup>108</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Guns Against France," Collier's, 8 Oct. 1938, p. 14.

<sup>109</sup>Ibid.

<sup>110</sup>Ibid., p. 37.

<sup>111</sup>Ibid., p. 14.

<sup>112</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Obituary of a Democracy," Collier's, 10 Dec. 1938, p. 12.

<sup>113</sup>Gellhorn, Face of War, pp. 26-41.

<sup>114</sup>Ibid., pp. 37-38.

<sup>115</sup>H. Matthews, Education, p. 127.

<sup>116</sup>"Glamor Girl."

#### Notes to Chapter 4

- <sup>1</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Bx 1459, 3 Dec. 1938; 1 Jan. 1939.
- <sup>2</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Bx 1459, 1 Jan. 1939.
- <sup>3</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 n.d. [Jan. 1939].
- <sup>4</sup>Ibid.; see also Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Bx 1499, 3 Feb. 1939.
- <sup>5</sup>Baker, Ernest Hemingway, p. 340.
- <sup>6</sup>Gregory Hemingway, Papa: A Personal Memoir (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1976), p. 47.
- <sup>7</sup>Baker, p. 340.
- <sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 341.
- <sup>9</sup>McLendon, p. 200.
- <sup>10</sup>Baker, p. 341.
- <sup>11</sup>ER to Gellhorn, Bx 2997, 8 Mar. 1939; see also Gregory Hemingway, p. 47 for details on Finca.
- <sup>12</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Bx 1499, 4 Aug. 1939; n.d. [Aug. 1939].
- <sup>13</sup>Ibid.; see also ER to Gellhorn, Series 100 Bx 1499, 28 Aug. 1939.
- <sup>14</sup>President's Personal File, FDR to Foreign Service, 6208, 11 Sept. 1939.
- <sup>15</sup>PPF, Gellhorn to FDR, 6208, n.d. [Sept. 1939].
- <sup>16</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Bx 1499, 15 Sept. 1939.
- <sup>17</sup>Baker, p. 342; McLendon, pp. 196-197; ER to Gellhorn, Series 100 Bx 1499, 27 Sept. 1939.

- <sup>18</sup>Gellhorn, Face of War, p. 43.
- <sup>19</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>20</sup>Palmer, p. 828.
- <sup>21</sup>Face of War, p. 44.
- <sup>22</sup>Baker, p. 344.
- <sup>23</sup>Face of War, p. 54.
- <sup>24</sup>Ibid., p. 44.
- <sup>25</sup>Ibid., p. 56.
- <sup>26</sup>Ibid., pp. 61-62.
- <sup>27</sup>Ibid., pp. 67-70, 72.
- <sup>28</sup>Ibid., pp. 66-71.
- <sup>29</sup>Ibid., p. 52.
- <sup>30</sup>Amy Porter, "Week's Work," Collier's, 4 Mar. 1944, p. 43.
- <sup>31</sup>Cowles, Trouble, p. 321. All details of this incident derived from this source.
- <sup>32</sup>Face of War, pp. 74-75.
- <sup>33</sup>Ibid., p. 74.
- <sup>34</sup>Ibid., p. 75.
- <sup>35</sup>Joseph Lash, Eleanor Roosevelt: A Friend's Memoir (New York: Doubleday, 1964), p. 30.
- <sup>36</sup>ER to Gellhorn, Series 100 Bx 1459, 9 Feb. 1940.
- <sup>37</sup>"Gave Us Preview of Seige of Hong Kong," Chicago Tribune, 6 Jan. 1942.
- <sup>38</sup>Baker, p. 345.
- <sup>39</sup>Porter, p. 43.
- <sup>40</sup>Baker, p. 346.
- <sup>41</sup>Leicester Hemingway, p. 202.



<sup>42</sup>Ibid.

<sup>43</sup>Baker, p. 346.

<sup>44</sup>Ibid., p. 349.

<sup>45</sup>Correspondence between Gellhorn and ER, Series 100 Bx 1459, 12 March to 28 July 1940; Gellhorn to ER, Bx 1552, 20 July 1940.

<sup>46</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Ga-Gol Bx 1552, 20 June 1940.

<sup>47</sup>Baker, p. 350.

<sup>48</sup>Ibid., pp. 348-352.

<sup>49</sup>Matthews, A World, p. 25.

<sup>50</sup>McLendon, p. 202.

<sup>51</sup>Baker, pp. 351-352.

<sup>52</sup>Ibid., p. 352.

<sup>53</sup>McLendon, p. 189.

<sup>54</sup>McLendon, p. 202.

<sup>55</sup>Baker, p. 352.

<sup>56</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Ga-Gol Bx 1552, 24 Oct. 1940.

<sup>57</sup>"Martha Gellhorn Denies Plan to Wed Hemingway at Once," St. Louis Globe Democrat, 6 Nov. 1940.

<sup>58</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>59</sup>"Ernest Hemingway is Divorced," New York Times, 5 Nov. 1940, 13:2.

<sup>60</sup>Baker, p. 355.

<sup>61</sup>"Miss Gellhorn is Wed in West Tottem," New York Herald Tribune, 22 Nov. 1940; "Hemingway Weds Magazine Writer," New York Times, 22 Nov. 1940, L 25.

<sup>62</sup>Baker, p. 355.

<sup>63</sup>"Back to His First Field," Kansas City Star, 27 Nov. 1940, pp. 1-2; Baker, p. 355.

<sup>64</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Bx 1552, 5 Dec. 1940.

- <sup>65</sup>"Back to His First Field," p. 2.
- <sup>66</sup>Baker, p. 355.
- <sup>67</sup>Face of War, p. 73.
- <sup>68</sup>Ibid., p. 75.
- <sup>69</sup>"Hemingways on Way Here," New York Times, 23 Nov. 1940, L 15.
- <sup>70</sup>ER to Gellhorn, Series 100 Bx 1552, 18 Dec. 1940; Bx 2997, n.d., 27 Dec. 1940.
- <sup>71</sup>Correspondence between Gellhorn and Malvina Thompson, 6, 8 Jan. 1941; Gellhorn to ER, n.d. Jan. 1941.
- <sup>72</sup>Baker, p. 359; ER to Gellhorn, Series 100 Bx 1604, 24 Jan. 1941.
- <sup>73</sup>Sheilah Graham, "Martha Gellhorn May Get Film Offer," Globe Democrat, 6 Nov. 1940.
- <sup>74</sup>Dick Chase, "Little Stories . . . About People," San Francisco Chronicle, 31 Jan. 1941.
- <sup>75</sup>"Hemingways Answer Call to Adventure," Honolulu Star Bulletin, 5 Feb. 1941.
- <sup>76</sup>Leicester Hemingway, p. 205; Chase.
- <sup>77</sup>Baker, p. 360.
- <sup>78</sup>Face of War, pp. 75, 78-79.
- <sup>79</sup>Ibid., pp. 79-84.
- <sup>80</sup>Ibid., p. 90.
- <sup>81</sup>Ibid., p. 76.
- <sup>82</sup>Baker, p. 361.
- <sup>83</sup>Face of War, pp. 92-93.
- <sup>84</sup>Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>85</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>86</sup>Face of War, p. 77.
- <sup>87</sup>"Martha Gellhorn, Reporter-Wife of Ernest Hemingway, Clippers into Town," San Francisco Chronicle, 28 May 1941, p. 1.

- 88 Baker, p. 365.
- 89 Gellhorn to ER, Bx 2997, 17 Oct. 1941.
- 90 "Life Goes Hunting at Sun Valley," Life, 24 Nov. 1941.
- 91 Gregory Hemingway, p. 41.
- 92 "Life Goes Hunting."
- 93 Baker, p. 370.
- 94 Face of War, p. 107.
- 95 Gellhorn to ER, Series 100, 13 Feb. [1942].
- 96 Baker, pp. 372-373.
- 97 Gellhorn Interview.
- 98 Carlos Baker, Record of Interview with Martha Gellhorn,  
30 April 1963.
- 99 Ibid.
- 100 Gellhorn Interview.
- 101 Ibid.
- 102 Hotchner, pp. 133-134.
- 103 Gellhorn Interview.
- 104 Face of War, p. 102.
- 105 Correspondence between ER and Gellhorn, Series 100, n.d.,  
10, 18 July 1942.
- 106 Baker, Ernest Hemingway, p. 375.
- 107 Gellhorn Interview.
- 108 Martha Gellhorn, "Holland's Last Stand," Collier's, 26 Dec.  
1942, p. 25.
- 109 Ibid.
- 110 Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Bx 1644, 6 Oct. 1942.
- 111 "Author Speaks to Sarah Lawrence Students About Writing,"  
Campus [Sarah Lawrence College], 28 Oct. 1942.

- 112 Gellhorn to ER, Series 100 Bx 1644, 23 Nov. 1942.
- 113 Baker, Ernest Hemingway, pp. 378-379.
- 114 Ibid., p. 380.
- 115 Ibid.
- 116 Ibid., p. 382.
- 117 Ibid., p. 384.
- 118 Amy Porter, "Week's Work," Collier's, 4 March 1944, p. 43.
- 119 "Author Speaks . . ."
- 120 "Holland's Last Stand."
- 121 Martha Gellhorn, "Death in the Present Sense," Collier's, 10 Feb. 1940, p. 14.
- 122 Martha Gellhorn, "Fire Guards the Indies," Collier's, 2 Aug. 1941, p. 21.
- 123 "Holland's Last Stand."
- 124 Martha Gellhorn, "Little Worse Than Peace," Collier's, 14 Nov. 1942, pp. 18-19.
- 125 Face of War, p. 21.
- 126 Martha Gellhorn, "Fear Comes to Sweden," Collier's, 3 Feb. 1940, pp. 20-22.
- 127 Martha Gellhorn, "Singapore Scenario," Collier's, 9 Aug. 1941, p. 43.
- 128 Martha Gellhorn, "These Our Mountains," Collier's, 28 June 1941, p. 16.
- 129 Face of War, p. 31.
- 130 Ibid., p. 50.
- 131 "Little Worse Than Peace."
- 132 Ibid.
- 133 Marianne Hauser, "Orphans of the Twentieth Century," Saturday Review, 9 March 1940, p. 10.

<sup>134</sup>Charles Clayton, "Grim Novel of Refugees Under the Nazi Whip," Globe Democrat, 16 March 1940, 1B.

<sup>135</sup>Eleanor Roosevelt, "My Day," Washington Daily News, 7 March 1940.

<sup>136</sup>Clayton.

<sup>137</sup>Hauser.

<sup>138</sup>Frank Brookhauser, "In Prague, Before Hitler," Philadelphia Inquirer, 13 March 1940.

<sup>139</sup>George Nelson, rev. of A Stricken Field, by Martha Gellhorn, Central European Observer, 29 May 1942.

<sup>140</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Bx 2997, 17 Oct. [1941].

<sup>141</sup>"Author Speaks . . ."

<sup>142</sup>"Neatest Trick of the Week," New Yorker, April 1942.

<sup>143</sup>Ralph Thompson, "Books of the Times," New York Times, 9 Nov. 1941.

<sup>144</sup>Marianne Hauser, "Books and Things," New York Times, 2 Nov. 1941, p. 20.

<sup>145</sup>Amy Porter, "Week's Work," Collier's, 4 March 1944.

<sup>146</sup>"War Through the Eyes of a Blue-Eyed Blonde," New York Times, 28 May 1941.

<sup>147</sup>"La Vie Litteraire," Nouvelle Gazette, 21 Jan. 1947.

<sup>148</sup>Gregory Hemingway, p. 91.

Notes to Chapter 5

<sup>1</sup>Chronology and phaseology of World War II taken from Henry Littlefield, History of Europe Since 1815, 21st ed. (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1964), pp. 247-275.

<sup>2</sup>Gellhorn, Face of War, p. 107.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. 108.

<sup>4</sup>"The Price of Fire" appeared in Collier's May 20, 1944 issue under the title, "Men Made Over." Gellhorn showed her disapproval of the original title by changing it in her book.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., p. 123.

<sup>6</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Hatchet Day of the Dutch," Collier's, 25 March 1944, p. 27.

<sup>7</sup>Face of War, p. 108.

<sup>8</sup>Amy Porter, "Week's Work," Collier's, 6 May 1944, p. 70.

<sup>9</sup>Face of War, p. 108.

<sup>10</sup>Amy Porter, 4 March 1944, p. 43.

<sup>11</sup>Ibid.

<sup>12</sup>Baker, Ernest Hemingway, p. 386. The entire paragraph is indebted to this source.

<sup>13</sup>Face of War, p. 108.

<sup>14</sup>Baker, pp. 381, 386.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid.

<sup>16</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>17</sup>Leicester Hemingway, p. 207.

<sup>18</sup>Baker, pp. 386-387.

- <sup>19</sup>Ibid., p. 391.
- <sup>20</sup>Leicester Hemingway, p. 217.
- <sup>21</sup>Baker, p. 393.
- <sup>22</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Over and Back," Collier's, 22 July 1944,  
p. 16.
- <sup>23</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>24</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "The Wounded Come Home," Collier's, 5 Aug.  
1944, pp. 14-15.
- <sup>25</sup>Face of War, p. 108.
- <sup>26</sup>Baker, p. 395.
- <sup>27</sup>"Martha Gellhorn Predicts," St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 16 Jan.  
1941, p. 8C.
- <sup>28</sup>Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>29</sup>Face of War, p. 108.
- <sup>30</sup>Baker, p. 395.
- <sup>31</sup>"Martha Gellhorn," Guardian, 5 Oct. 1966, p. 8.
- <sup>32</sup>John Killen, The History of the Luftwaffe (New York: Double-  
day, 1968), p. 268.
- <sup>33</sup>Baker, p. 395.
- <sup>34</sup>Face of War, pp. 156-160.
- <sup>35</sup>Ibid., p. 160.
- <sup>36</sup>Ibid., pp. 156, 158-159.
- <sup>37</sup>Ibid., p. 159.
- <sup>38</sup>"Martha Gellhorn Predicts."
- <sup>39</sup>Face of War, p. 162.
- <sup>40</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Treasure City," Collier's, 30 Sept. 1944,  
p. 22.
- <sup>41</sup>Face of War, pp. 168-169.

- <sup>42</sup>Ibid., pp. 171, 173.
- <sup>43</sup>Ibid., pp. 168, 170.
- <sup>44</sup>Ibid., p. 171.
- <sup>45</sup>Ibid., p. 174.
- <sup>46</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>47</sup>Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>48</sup>Face of War, pp. 176-177. "Wounds of Paris" in Collier's, 4 Nov. 1944 issue reprinted as "Paris Revisited" in Face of War.
- <sup>49</sup>Ibid., p. 179.
- <sup>50</sup>Ibid., pp. 179-182.
- <sup>51</sup>Baker, pp. 430, 433.
- <sup>52</sup>Leicester Hemingway, pp. 217, 231.
- <sup>53</sup>Cornelius Ryan, A Bridge Too Far (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1974), p. 11.
- <sup>54</sup>James Gavin, Letter to the Author, 23 Feb. 1976.
- <sup>55</sup>James Gavin, Letter to the Author, 12 Dec. 1975.
- <sup>56</sup>Gavin 23 Feb. 1976.
- <sup>57</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "82nd Airborne, Master of Hot Spots," Saturday Evening Post, 23 Feb. 1946, pp. 22-23.
- <sup>58</sup>Gavin, 23 Feb. 1976.
- <sup>59</sup>"82nd Airborne."
- <sup>60</sup>Ryan, pp. 432-433.
- <sup>61</sup>"82nd Airborne."
- <sup>62</sup>James Gavin, Letter to the Author, 10 Nov. 1975.
- <sup>63</sup>Gavin, 10 Nov. and 12 Dec. 1975.
- <sup>64</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Rough and Tumble," Collier's, 2 Dec. 1944, pp. 12-13.



<sup>65</sup>Face of War, pp. 185-192. "Death Comes to a Little Dutch Town" was reprinted in Face of War as "A Little Dutch Town."

<sup>66</sup>Ibid.

<sup>67</sup>Baker, p. 430.

<sup>68</sup>"Martha Gellhorn Hurt in Crash," New York Times, 14 Dec. 1944, p. 6, col. 5.

<sup>69</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>70</sup>Amy Porter, "Week's Work," Collier's, 3 Feb. 1945, p. 73.

<sup>71</sup>Baker, pp. 440-441.

<sup>72</sup>Ibid., p. 441; Face of War, p. 200.

<sup>73</sup>Baker, pp. 452, 454.

<sup>74</sup>Ibid., p. 452.

<sup>75</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>76</sup>Hotchner, p. 125.

<sup>77</sup>Ernest Hemingway, Across the River and Into the Trees (New York: Scribner's, 1950), p. 38.

<sup>78</sup>Ibid., pp. 212-213.

<sup>79</sup>Gregory Hemingway, p. 91.

<sup>80</sup>Ibid., p. 92.

<sup>81</sup>Face of War, pp. 193-201. This article on Battle of the Bulge was not published by Collier's nor by any American magazine.

<sup>82</sup>Face of War, p. 211.

<sup>83</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Night Life in the Sky," Collier's, 17 March 1945, pp. 18-19.

<sup>84</sup>Ibid.

<sup>85</sup>Face of War, p. 204.

<sup>86</sup>Ibid., pp. 204-205.

<sup>87</sup>Ibid., p. 205.

- <sup>88</sup>Ibid., pp. 206-207.
- <sup>89</sup>Ibid., pp. 208-209.
- <sup>90</sup>"82nd Airborne."
- <sup>91</sup>Face of War, pp. 213-215.
- <sup>92</sup>Ibid., p. 218.
- <sup>93</sup>Ibid., pp. 217-223.
- <sup>94</sup>James Gavin, Letter to the Author, Postscript, 12 Dec. 1975.
- <sup>95</sup>Face of War, pp. 224-229. "Russians' Invisible Wall" appeared in the June 30, 1945 issue of Collier's and was reprinted in Face of War, pp. 224-233.
- <sup>96</sup>Ibid., pp. 231-233.
- <sup>97</sup>Ibid., pp. 234-236.
- <sup>98</sup>Ibid., "Author's Note."
- <sup>99</sup>Ibid., pp. 236-240.
- <sup>100</sup>Ibid., p. 240.
- <sup>101</sup>Ibid., p. 241.
- <sup>102</sup>Ibid., p. 242.
- <sup>103</sup>Ibid., p. 243.
- <sup>104</sup>Ibid., p. 234.
- <sup>105</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "You're on Your Way Home," Collier's, 22 Sept. 1945, p. 22.
- <sup>106</sup>Ibid., p. 39. Whole description of transport taken from this source.
- <sup>107</sup>Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>108</sup>Harry Warfel, American Novelists of Today (New York: American Book Company, 1951), p. 172.
- <sup>109</sup>Face of War, p. 3.
- <sup>110</sup>Ibid., pp. 1-2, 5.

- 111 Martha Gellhorn, "Java Journey," Saturday Evening Post, 1 June 1946, p. 11.
- 112 Ibid.
- 113 Face of War, p. 3.
- 114 Martha Gellhorn, "Paths of Glory," Collier's, 9 Nov. 1946, p. 21.
- 115 Ibid.
- 116 Ibid.
- 117 Martha Gellhorn, "They Talked of Peace," Collier's, 14 Dec. 1946, p. 19.
- 118 Face of War, p. 3.
- 119 Gellhorn Interview.
- 120 "Rough and Tumble."
- 121 "Paths of Glory."
- 122 Face of War, p. 164.
- 123 Martha Gellhorn, "Children Are Soldiers Too," Collier's, 4 March 1944, p. 21.
- 124 "Hatchet Day for the Dutch."
- 125 Ibid.
- 126 "Over and Back."
- 127 Face of War, p. 199.
- 128 "Treasure City."
- 129 Face of War, p. 189.
- 130 Ibid., p. 204.
- 131 Ibid., p. 227.
- 132 Ibid., p. 213.
- 133 Ibid., pp. 214, 219.

<sup>134</sup>In Dorothy Brock's realization that to be loved is to be hurt, author Gellhorn cynically repeats the theme of Liana:

Men don't love women, you know . . . Sex, yes, that's different. But not love them. Or else how is it they can always invent something that finishes any life a woman could be happy in? Like wars and concentration camps and whatever they'll think up next? I know the men get massacred while they're about it, but I tell you, honestly, that's their nature. (p. 316)

<sup>135</sup>In a similar way, the men under General James Gavin admired his luck.

<sup>136</sup>MG originally entitled the novel, "The Point of No Return," but at the time her publisher thought that title too depressing and insisted on changing it. The alteration has left author Gellhorn with an unpleasant association with her war novel.

<sup>137</sup>H. R. Forbes, rev. of Wine of Astonishment, by Martha Gellhorn, Library Journal, 15 Sept. 1948, p. 1273.

<sup>138</sup>Walter Havinghurst, "Public War and Private Consciousness," Saturday Review, 9 Oct. 1948, p. 36.

<sup>139</sup>"As Germany Went Under," Atlantic, Jan. 1949.

<sup>140</sup>V. B., rev. of Wine of Astonishment, by Martha Gellhorn, San Francisco Chronicle, 24 Oct. 1948, p. 22.

<sup>141</sup>"The Year's Best," Dayton News Week, 13 Dec. 1948.

Notes to Chapter 6

<sup>1</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Journey Through a Peaceful Land," New Republic, 30 June 1947, pp. 18-21.

<sup>2</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "An Odd, Restless, Beautiful Country," New Republic, 4 Aug. 1947, pp. 26-28.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. 28.

<sup>4</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Cry Shame," New Republic, 6 Oct. 1947, pp. 20-21.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid.

<sup>6</sup>Gellhorn, Face of War (rpt. Great Britain: C. Nicholls, 1967), p. 214.

<sup>7</sup>Warfel, American Novelists, p. 172.

<sup>8</sup>Editorial notes on MG's articles for the New Republic between 1955 and 1957 make this clear.

<sup>9</sup>Face of War (1967), p. 215.

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., p. 214.

<sup>11</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Little Boy Found," Saturday Evening Post, 15 April 1950, p. 167.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid., p. 168.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., p. 29.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., pp. 168, 170.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., p. 170.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid.

<sup>18</sup>Ibid.

- <sup>19</sup>Ibid., pp. 170-171.
- <sup>20</sup>Ibid., p. 171.
- <sup>21</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>22</sup>Ibid., p. 172.
- <sup>23</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>24</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>25</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Party Girl in Paradise," Saturday Evening Post, 7 Jan. 1950, p. 25.
- <sup>26</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Are the British Willing to Fight?" Saturday Evening Post, 21 Apr. 1951, p. 32.
- <sup>27</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "You Too Can Be a Pundit," New Republic, 18 Feb. 1957, p. 12.
- <sup>28</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "There's Nothing Else Like Eton," Saturday Evening Post, 10 March 1951, p. 32.
- <sup>29</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Spies and Starlings," New Republic, 28 Nov. 1955, pp. 14-15.
- <sup>30</sup>James Hilton, "Bittersweet Honey from Post-War Hives," New York Herald Tribune, 30 Aug. 1953, p. 6.
- <sup>31</sup>Gellhorn to ER, Bx 3986, 8 Sept., 16 Oct. 1952.
- <sup>32</sup>Gavin, Letter to the Author, 12 Dec. 1975.
- <sup>33</sup>ER to Gellhorn, Bx 4069, 2 Nov. 1953.
- <sup>34</sup>Joseph Lash, Eleanor: The Years Alone (New York: Norton, 1972), p. 228.
- <sup>35</sup>General information derived from Who's Who 1975-1976 (New York: St. Martin's, 1975), but personal details originate in T. S. Matthews, Name and Address (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1960).
- <sup>36</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Good Old London," Harper's, Oct. 1959, pp. 78-81.
- <sup>37</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Weenend in Israel," New Republic, 29 Oct., 5 Nov. 1956.
- <sup>38</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Tacopatlí Passion Play," Atlantic, Nov. 1958, p. 100, editorial copy.

<sup>39</sup>Amy Porter, "Week's Work," Collier's, 3 Feb. 1945.

<sup>40</sup>Rarely does Gellhorn write so obviously about a recognizable figure. Born in Budapest as Andre Friedmann, Capa became known in Paris as the man who invented himself. He and his girlfriend, Gerde Taro (Suzy) created the character of Capa because the Parisians would not buy his photographs until he convinced them that they had been taken by his boss, a successful rich American. Ironically, even Time magazine bought some of these works of the "famous American" from the French. When he was finally exposed, Friedmann took the name of the man he had invented and went on to become a fine photographer. Like Gellhorn he had covered the Spanish Civil War, the Sino-Japanese War, the second world war, and the Israeli conflict in 1948. Also like his colleague, Capa wearied with war and refused to go to Korea. He was finally talked into going to Vietnam for a short time and there he stepped on a mine and was killed in the Red River Delta on May 25, 1954, four years before the publication of TBT. In addition, Capa's girlfriend, Gerde, had been killed (as Suzy had) in the Spanish Civil War and her death was said to have profoundly influenced both Capa's life and his work. Source: Robert Hood, "Death Comes to Capa," Twelve at War: Great Photographers Under Fire (New York: Putnam, 1967).

<sup>41</sup>In addition to the similarity in name and war career, the speech of Mary Hallett recalls that of Martha Gellhorn. Compare: (Mary Hallett, after seeing concentration camps) "She no longer believed in the perfectibility of man, nor in the future; and she believed that man was fatally diseased, and there was neither safety nor hope in the world, because what was possible for any men was possible for all men anytime" (TBT, p. 224). (Martha Gellhorn, after seeing the concentration camps) "When I was young I believed in the perfectibility of man, in progress, and thought of journalism as a guiding light . . . . It took nine years, and a great depression, and two wars ending in defeat, and one surrender without war, to break my faith . . . . Good people, those who opposed evil wherever they saw it, never increased beyond a gallant minority. The manipulated millions could be aroused or soothed by any lies." (FOW, pp. 1-2.)

<sup>42</sup>Bits of Gellhorn's public and private life appear in each story. "For Richer For Poorer" includes even an allusion to Hemingway's cherished Lincoln in Ian's beloved Bentley and Gellhorn uses Ian, Bara, and Mary Hallett to express her own discoveries about life.

<sup>43</sup>"Made in Heaven," Time, 17 March 1958, p. 110.

<sup>44</sup>"For Better For Worse," Times (London) Literary Supplement, 7 March 1958, p. 125.

<sup>45</sup>Edward Weeks, rev. of Two By Two, by Martha Gellhorn, Atlantic, June 1958, p. 91.

<sup>46</sup>All the information on Poland is taken from MG's articles: "Home of the Brave" and "Poland Revisited," Atlantic, March 1959 and Aug. 1960, pp. 33-39, 31-38, resp.

<sup>47</sup>Eleanor Roosevelt, "My Day," New York Post, 16 March 1959.

<sup>48</sup>Herbert Mitgang, "A Messenger for Today," New York Times, 22 March 1959, p. 10.

<sup>49</sup>Nigel Nicholson, rev. of The Face of War, by Martha Gellhorn, New Statesman, 17 Oct. 1959, p. 517.

<sup>50</sup>T. S. Matthews, O My America! (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1962), pp. 11-12, 14.

<sup>51</sup>Ibid., p. 19.

<sup>52</sup>Ibid., pp. 35-36.

<sup>53</sup>Ibid., p. 113.

<sup>54</sup>Ibid., p. 69.

<sup>55</sup>Ibid., p. 70.

<sup>56</sup>Ibid., p. 40.

<sup>57</sup>Ibid., p. 143.

<sup>58</sup>Ibid., p. 146.

<sup>59</sup>Ibid., p. 142.



Notes to Chapter 7

<sup>1</sup>David Dampsey, rev. of His Own Man, by Martha Gellhorn, New York Times, 6 Aug. 1961, p. 4. This and other "untitled" reviews found in MG's scrapbook. Although pagination, publication, and date are often noted, the article title has been clipped away.

<sup>2</sup>Curt Gentry, rev. of His Own Man, by Martha Gellhorn, San Francisco Chronicle, 29 Aug. 1961, p. 2.

<sup>3</sup>Lester Gorn, "Disintegration," San Francisco Examiner, 2 Aug. 1961.

<sup>4</sup>Dorothy Nyren, "New Books Appraised: Fiction," Library Journal, 1 Sept. 1961, p. 2816.

<sup>5</sup>Ned Calmer, rev. of His Own Man, by Martha Gellhorn, Saturday Review, 2 Sept. 1961, p. 19.

<sup>6</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Arabs of Palestine," Atlantic, Oct. 1961, p. 59. Details of her visit taken from this source.

<sup>7</sup>Ibid., p. 52.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 65.

<sup>9</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Eichmann and the Private Conscience," Atlantic, Feb. 1962, p. 52. Whole paragraph derives from this source. (This article was later reprinted in the British Evening Post, 28 April and 5 May 1962 with several pictures from the trial.)

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., pp. 53-56.

<sup>11</sup>Ibid., p. 59.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid.

<sup>13</sup>Gavin, Letter to Author, 12 Dec. 1975. Gavin recalls both MG's recurrent visits to her ailing mother and her fondness for the President she had met.

<sup>14</sup>Baker, Record of Interview with Martha Gellhorn; Author's Gellhorn Interview.

- <sup>15</sup>Baker, Record of Interview with Martha Gellhorn.
- <sup>16</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Tanganyika: African New Frontier," Atlantic, Sept. 1963, p. 42.
- <sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 40.
- <sup>18</sup>Ibid., p. 41.
- <sup>19</sup>Ibid., p. 42.
- <sup>20</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "I Have Monkeys on My Roof," Ladies Home Journal, July 1964, p. 26.
- <sup>21</sup>Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>22</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Animals Running Free in the Serengeti," Atlantic, Feb. 1966, p. 701.
- <sup>23</sup>Ibid., pp. 74-76.
- <sup>24</sup>Ibid., p. 72.
- <sup>25</sup>Virginia Cowles, "Travel," Vogue, 1 April 1965, p. 98.
- <sup>26</sup>Peggy Schutze, Letter to the Author, 8 April 1974.
- <sup>27</sup>Cowles, "Travel."
- <sup>28</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Is Naziism Back Again?" St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 12 April 1953, p. 4C.
- <sup>29</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Is There a New Germany?" Atlantic, Feb. 1964, pp. 72-73.
- <sup>30</sup>Ibid., p. 70.
- <sup>31</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>32</sup>Ibid., p. 71.
- <sup>33</sup>Stephanie Nettell, "A Woman of the World," pp. 44, 45, 58 in a British periodical. This undated clipping found in MG's scrap-book. It most likely appeared before October 1965. The entire paragraph is indebted to this source.
- <sup>34</sup>Ibid., p. 45.
- <sup>35</sup>Gavin, Letter to Author, 10 Nov. 1975.
- <sup>36</sup>Nettel, p. 45.

<sup>37</sup>Ibid.

<sup>38</sup>Ibid., p. 45.

<sup>39</sup>Ibid. Some of those friends may have included Clarice Collingwood of CBS, Truman Capote, Nancy Mitford, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bernstein, Mrs. John F. Kennedy, Bill Walton, Laurence Rockefeller, Adlai Stevenson, Alvah Bessie, and the Irwin Shaws. All these people were on a "talker-upper list" for PTFTP and were sent advanced copies of the book.

<sup>40</sup>Ibid.

<sup>41</sup>Gellhorn Interview.

<sup>42</sup>Ibid., p. 58.

<sup>43</sup>Knightley, p. 389.

<sup>44</sup>Face of War (1967), p. 215.

<sup>45</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "In Viet Nam--New Kind of War," St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 13 Nov. 1966, p. 1L.

<sup>46</sup>Ibid.

<sup>47</sup>Ibid.

<sup>48</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "A Sorrowful Corner of Hell in Viet Nam," St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 14 Nov. 1966, p. 3D.

<sup>49</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Where People Run For Their Lives," St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 15 Nov. 1966, p. 2D.

<sup>50</sup>Ibid.

<sup>51</sup>"New Kind of War."

<sup>52</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Saigon Conversation Piece," in Viet-Nam--A New Kind of War (Manchester: Manchester Guardian and Evening News, 1966), p. 14.

<sup>53</sup>"New Kind of War."

<sup>54</sup>Knightley, p. 390.

<sup>55</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "How to Help Viet Namese," St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 30 Nov. 1966, p. 2D.

<sup>56</sup>"Martha Gellhorn," Guardian, 5 Oct. 1966, p. 8.

<sup>57</sup>Knightley, p. 390.

<sup>58</sup>"Martha Gellhorn," p. 8.

<sup>59</sup>The fact that MG's son, Sandy, was a student at Columbia at this time may have helped to seal her sympathy with the American students. ("Martha Gellhorn.")

<sup>60</sup>Gavin, 12 Dec. 1975.

<sup>61</sup>Ibid.

<sup>62</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "The Israeli Secret Weapon," Vogue, 1 Oct. 1967, pp. 192-193.

## Notes to Chapter 8

- <sup>1</sup>Gavin, 12 Dec., 10 Nov. 1975; Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>2</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Whose Honor? What Peace?" New York Times, IV, p. 12.
- <sup>3</sup>Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>4</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>5</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>6</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>7</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>8</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>9</sup>Ibid.
- <sup>10</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "The Indomitable Losers: Spain Revisited," New York, 2 Feb. 1976, p. 42; Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>11</sup>"Indomitable Losers," pp. 42-47.
- <sup>12</sup>Gellhorn Interview.
- <sup>13</sup>"Indomitable Losers," editorial comment.
- <sup>14</sup>Ibid., p. 42.
- <sup>15</sup>Ibid., pp. 45-46.
- <sup>16</sup>Ibid., p. 46.
- <sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 45.

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