

Gregory H. Hemingway, M. D.

with a Preface by Norman Mailer

# Papa

## A Personal Memoir

Introduction and Notes

by

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SANSYUSYA

## まえがき

Ernest Hemingway (1899—1961) はあまりにも巨大な姿であったためか、伝説的な逸話が豊富であり、伝記も沢山出版されている。その数ある伝記の中で、この *Papa—A Personal Memoir* は最も特異なものであろう。父を愛し、父に愛された少年 Gig が狩猟や舟釣りを父と共にした思い出から、この大作家の死にいたるまでの出来事を、すべて自分との関連において捕えて、書き記した思い出である。全篇が、父に対する愛情と、その愛情から発する「父の真の姿を知ってもらいたい」という願いによって貫ぬかれている。Norman Mailer に “He is here. By God he exists.” と言わしめたのは、実に Gregory Hemingway のこの情熱であったろう。ここには他の伝記にみられない Hemingway の姿が虚飾も粉飾もなく描き出され、すべてが著者の記憶の遠近法によって、あるべき姿で、あるべき位置に置かれている。

Ernest Hemingway は、*The Sun Also Rises* (1926) で第一次世界大戦後の戦争と伝統的価値体系に絶望し、既成の体制を否定破壊することによって新しい価値を求めようとする Lost Generation の旗手として登場し、*A Farewell to Arms* (1929) で社会との関係を絶ち、*For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) で再び社会と人間のために闘う立場をとり、*The Old Man and the Sea* (1952) で人間と大魚の闘いを描き、人間の不滅を讃えた。そのために1954年には Nobel Prize を与えられた。数年前から Hemingway の再評価が言われているが、彼は文学史に残る作家である。

# Preface

**W**HAT CHARACTERIZES every book about Hemingway I have read is the way his character remains out of focus. Even a writer with an edge as hard as Lillian Ross did not seem able to catch him properly in her famous *New Yorker* piece. Hemingway was there, but much too precise in his portrait as if he had sat for one of those neo-realistic paintings where the pride of the artist is to make the subject look as if he has been photographed, not painted. 5

For contrast, there is Carlos Baker's monumental biography and it gives us an immense amount of day-to-day material somewhat modestly undigested. It is nonetheless an invaluable book which every ambitious biography to come will evaluate detail by detail, a necessary task, for Baker's book was written with a determinedly soft focus as if the author felt his literary mission was not so much to present the man as to cover every year of Hemingway's existence in the recollections of his friends. 10 15

There is also A. E. Hotchner's book which gives a portrait, and most readable it is, but askew. Hotchner is using a wide-angle

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lens; the very nostrils of the great man are distorted. Sadly we learn there is reason to believe the materials are transposed. A long and marvelously articulated speech which Hemingway makes once to Hotchner turns out in fact to have been taken from  
5 a letter. It is a minor literary peccadillo of the sort professional magazine writers commit often, since their skills mature in a school which demands you tell your story fast and make it track (and a quotation from a letter comes off slower than a man talking), but such methods breed distortion with their speed.

10 Now, we have here a book written by a son about his father, written by a son who is not a professional writer as he is quick to tell you (although he can write interestingly enough — it may even be a book which will be read at one sitting by more than half the readers who pick it up). That is because it is unlike most  
15 books written by sons about great fathers. There is nothing slavish here. The son lies to the father, and the father pays him back, meanly; the son loves the father and the father loves him back, but in his own style, and it is remote enough for the son to hate him a little as well. If it is a portrait written in love, it is with  
20 all the sweets and sour of love. What characterizes love when not wholly blissful is how damnably sweet and sour it gets. It kills any man or woman if they have the bad luck to be deeply in love with a veritable son of a bitch, and every bad thing we have ever heard about Hemingway can find its echo in this book. You  
25 do not have to wonder when you are done why any number of men and women could know Hemingway well and hate him. Yet everything fine, noble, attractive, and splendid in the man comes in with its echo as well. For once, you can read a book about Hemingway and not have to decide whether you like him  
30 or not. He is there. By God, he exists. He is a father, good and

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bad by turns, even sensational and godawful on different days of the year, and his contradictions are now his unity, his dirty fighting and his love of craft come out of the same blood. We can feel the man present before us, and his complexes have now become no more than his moods. His pride and his evasions 5 have become one man, his innocence and sophistication, his honesty and outsize snobbery, his romantic madness and inconceivably practical sense of how to be outrageously romantic, it all comes through as in no other book about Hemingway, and for the simplest reason — the father was real to the son. Whereas 10 those of us who approach Hemingway from without have been in the position of trying to find the reality behind the legend, and that is an especially contemporary form of analysis which tends to come out wrong. Hemingway, when all is said, was a Midwestern boy seized by success and ripped out of every root, and 15 he spent the rest of his life in trying to relocate some of his old sense of terra firma by following each movement of the wind (and there were many) through his talent and his dread. What a remarkable achievement, that the sense of that talent and dread, while hardly ever referred to in these pages, is nonetheless in 20 every paragraph of this unassuming and affective memoir.

— NORMAN MAILER

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# Death Be Not Proud

I NEVER GOT OVER a sense of responsibility for my father's death and the recollection of it sometimes made me act in strange ways. In 1966, five years after he killed himself, I went to a cocktail party in Miami for some newspapermen who were covering the Candy Mossler trial. The party was a large one, hosted by a friend of mine, a staff member of the *Miami Herald*. Guests drifted around the house, drinks in hand, discussing the trial.

One of the reporters was a pleasant-faced man in his twenties, a big fellow over six-feet-two and weighing about 220 pounds. He immediately made the connection with my last name, and asked me some innocuous questions about my father. Such questions always bored and sometimes irritated me, but I was used to them by then, and I politely gave him the stock answers reserved for such occasions.

That seemed to be that, but then I saw him again about half an hour later, sitting on a couch with his head in his hands, crying. It's disturbing to see a grown man, especially a young,

vigorous one, crying, so I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "John, is there anything I can do?"

"I think it's awful what happened to Ernest Hemingway," he said, staring straight into my eyes, too intently for comfort.

5 I couldn't have agreed with him more.

But a kaleidoscope of emotions went through me. You can't keep mulling over the past, it can hurt you, you have to extricate yourself from the memory of some things — this guy must be crazy to get emotionally involved with someone he had  
10 never met. Hemingway was my father, not just a person in the public domain, and his death was a shock to me. Doesn't this fool realize I have some very strong feelings on the subject?

Then a feeling of disgust overwhelmed me and I thought, oh well, fuck him. I said, "If you feel so strongly about it then why  
15 don't you go out to Idaho and tend his grave." And I walked away from him.

A few minutes later, as I was talking to someone else, he hit me from the blind side and sent me hurtling across the room. Little multicolored lights flashed in my brain, the sensation  
20 you get when the retina is stimulated by pressure. I don't remember much else until they pulled me off him. I had broken his nose, knocked out two of his front teeth, and half of one of his ears was hanging loosely from the side of his head. He was aspirating so much blood that I was afraid he might  
25 choke to death. I turned him over, face down, and, with some help, dragged him out on the porch.

The host (whose four small children were asleep during the party) discovered that somebody had turned on all four gas jets in the kitchen without lighting the stove. I assumed it was this  
30 same guy. We got in touch with his wife and managed to put



him in the back seat of their car. He was breathing, but was still unconscious.

Oddly enough, the next morning, after my head had cleared, I couldn't feel any pity for him or any shame for what I had done — and this is the frightening thing — I felt good, almost elated. I found myself thinking, "Damn, I might have been able to take papa on the best day he ever had!"

But I never would have tried.

In his youth, my father was not a bully, a sick bore, or a professional celebrity. In later life, in drunken revels with sycophants, revels which merely anaesthetized the pain which had accompanied the loss of his talent, the man I had known would never have left a record that provided a permanent feast off a carcass the literary vultures thought they had already picked clean.

The man I remembered was kind, gentle, elemental in his vastness, tormented beyond endurance, and although we always called him papa, it was out of love, not fear.

The man I knew in my youth was quite a man, not A. E. Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway*.

I'll tell you about him.

He used to say that he imagined how a sentence sounded in his mind before he wrote it down. He would try it all different ways and one way would "sound best." When the people were talking, he said, it came out so fast that sometimes he couldn't keep up with it on the typewriter. That's why I couldn't understand in the late forties and fifties when he would write to critics such as Carlos Baker and Malcolm Cowley that "writing

is a *métier triste*” and “it’s a ‘hard trade,’ ” and other similar self-pitying things.

Now I know he simply meant that the material wasn’t flowing out naturally anymore — the well was no longer artesian but needed pumping. He always had the marvelous ear for words and he was certainly more experienced and wiser, but the old effortless elemental naturalness was no longer there. The world no longer flowed through him as through a purifying filter, with the distillate seeming more true and beautiful than the world itself. He was no longer a poet, one of God’s spies, but a querulous counterespionage agent whose operatives seemed to deceive him.

The single exception was a short period when the platonic affair with a young Italian noblewoman who visited his Cuban farm somehow got his creative juices flowing again. *The Old Man and the Sea* came out of that period, along with the first and third parts of a lesser unfinished work, *Islands in the Stream*. The humility and empathy for man’s fate, which the Nobel Prize Committee remarked on and which it interpreted as “growth,” was the result of his seeing what it was “truly” like to be without his genius — and the knowledge of what it was like for the rest of the people all of the time to be uncushioned from the world by the intellectual and material rewards of genius.

He always tried hard to win and hated to lose and used to say, “You make your own luck, Gig,” and “You know what makes a good loser? Practice.” Maybe he learned during the drought of his talent that what makes a loser, good or bad, is fate.

He had always had everything. Handsome as a movie star in

his youth, with an attraction for women you wouldn't believe unless you saw it; extremely sensitive, blessed with a constitution, energy, and resiliency that allowed him to abuse his body and recover from trauma, both physical and emotional, that destroyed lesser men; supremely imaginative and yet possessed of tremendous common sense, perhaps the rarest combination of qualities; and luck, almost always good, the genetic good luck to have all of the above, and the luck to survive a major war wound with the knowledge of what the edge of nothingness is like. 5

Is there any wonder that such a man became rancorous and short-tempered when his talent began to ebb after the publication of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*? While you still have all those gifts, plus the ability to describe what they enable you to understand, you can't be a megalomaniac, but when that talent leaves you it is understandable that you could. 10 15

And then, like an Indian Summer, the talent returns and you produce a short masterpiece (there is no time in an Indian Summer for a long one) so full of love and empathy and understanding. And then the long Fall and last Bitter Winter sets in for good. 20

When you knew my father for a long time in his youth you could only love him and marvel at him, and when you knew him when he got older you could only be sad or bitter — depending on how well you had known him when he was young. 25

He never could develop a philosophy that would allow him to grow old gracefully, but if I had had all his talent and experience, and could imagine as profoundly as he could what awaits us all, maybe I couldn't either. I have seen that look on a 30

wounded animal's face that seems to say, "Shoot me, I'm in pain." But man is the only animal that can pull the trigger, and many men helped my father pull it.

In 1951, when my father was fifty-two and I was nineteen, I  
5 got into some trouble on the West Coast for taking a mind-stimulating drug before such things had become fashionable. My mother, who was visiting her sister Jinny in San Francisco, did not seem at all alarmed by my predicament but thought my father should be notified.

10 When I said that it would be simpler if papa were not brought in she said, yes . . . a lot of things would be simpler if you had only one parent. But she wasn't really at all upset. I can remember this as clearly as if it were yesterday. She was thin and a little haggard looking and intermittently endured severe head-  
15 aches. But she had been having those for several months and we weren't too alarmed because she said she was going to the Mayo Clinic soon for a complete checkup: "From head to toe, Gig," was the way she put it.

She put in a long distance call to papa in Cuba to tell him  
20 what had happened. My aunt, who hated my father's guts and who certainly couldn't be considered an unbiased witness, said the conversation had started out calmly enough. But soon Mother was shouting into the phone and sobbing uncontrollably.

25 I'd seen papa's ability for destroying people with words, and had even seen him use it on Mother. Once he had written her a letter entitled, "How Green Was My Valet," with Mother portrayed as Hettie Green, the eccentric Wall Street millionairess, and the "valet" referring to the nature of their former  
30 relationship.

But Aunt Jinny told me nothing of the details of the phone conversation the next morning, just that Mother was dead. She had finished talking with my father around nine p.m., had gone to bed soon afterward, and had awakened around one a.m. with a severe abdominal pain. The pain had become worse and she was rushed to the hospital, where she died on the operating table three hours later. 5

What happened next is still a little hazy. If you've ever seen the movie of Françoise Sagan's *Bonjour Tristesse*, you may remember that the heroine causes the automobile accident that claims the life of her father's new wife. To show how her outlook on everything has changed, the director shoots the rest of the film through a yellow and green filter in blurred focus. 10

That is sort of the way it was with me. Everything changed. My mother's face looked unbelievably white at the funeral, and I remember thinking through sobs what a barbarous ritual Anglo-Saxon burial is. 15

But time tends to heal, to put things in proper perspective, and I got a little better. Besides, from being a poor aircraft mechanic struggling to support a wife and child, I was suddenly a rich young man, having inherited a small fortune from my mother. I'd been left exactly the same amount as my brother, which surprised me because I had always been sure that she loved him more. But I realized she had loved me more than I had thought. 20 25

But somehow it was wrong. The things that I had wanted before weren't fun now that I could afford them. I wasn't sure why.

A few months after the funeral, with an advance on my inheritance from Mother's attorney financing the journey, I took my wife, Jane, and our young daughter, Lorian, down to Cuba 30

to my father's house, the Finca. He hadn't seen my wife before and was pleased with my choice: she was a bright girl and beautiful, having been a Powers model before we were married. Jane was part Indian, perhaps an eighth, and had those  
5 high cheekbones that photographers and my father loved. Perhaps she reminded him of the Indian girl he'd had in his youth. I don't really know; we didn't discuss it.

Toward the end of the visit I began to feel pretty good. It was fun doing again all the things that I'd loved so much in my  
10 earlier years, and introducing them to Jane.

Then, one afternoon, feeling in an expansive mood, I talked with my father about my future plans and all that had happened recently. Referring to the trouble I'd gotten into on the Coast, I said, "It wasn't so bad, really, papa."

15 "No? Well, it killed Mother." Whatever his motives were, the yellow-green filter came back down over my eyes and this time it didn't go away for seven years. I didn't say anything back to him. He'd almost always been right about things, he was so sound, I knew he loved me, it must have been something he just had to say, and I believed him.  
20

When we left the Finca for the airport I remember papa remarking, "Well, don't take any wooden trust funds." I could see the humor and I smiled as we were parting.

I never saw my father again because of course the coffin was  
25 closed at *his* funeral.

My wife persuaded me to study medicine. Your grandfather was a doctor, she said, and you can be a good one too. Thank  
30 you, Jane. When papa crashed in Africa in 1954, I was in my

second year of pre-med at U.C.L.A. The first headlines announced that the wreckage of the plane had been sighted and that there was no sign of life. Thinking he was dead, I realized how much I still loved him. When I found out soon afterward that he had survived, I resolved to patch up our differences. 5

After he won the Nobel Prize that October, I sent him a congratulatory wire. He replied immediately, enclosing a check for \$5000, which he said was right off the top of the tax-free bounty of Sweden. Moved by his generosity, I decided to take a trip to Africa. Though I'd done fairly well in my pre-med courses, earning a B+ average, I knew that I didn't then have the mental stability to be a doctor, knew that my mind was shot, at least temporarily. I didn't even apply to medical school. 10

I'd been brought up on the romance of Africa. The "real" thing for me was not the Martin Johnson movies of "discovering" the dark continent, with natives in ostrich-plume headdresses surrounding his zebra-striped plane, but the stuffed animal heads that graced the walls of the house where I had grown up in Key West, the lion rug on the floor, and *Green Hills of Africa*, that beautiful book describing my parents' safari. I wanted to see those green hills. Perhaps there was solace in them. 15 20

I was fascinated with elephants too. Perhaps if I'd been more of a seafaring man I'd have taken to the point and been a harpooner, going after the greatest creature of them all. But no white whales, please, no white elephants; the thing I was hunting was huge, but blacker in my mind. 25

I would pick up elephant tracks at dawn, following my tracker through the heat of the day, never stopping unless I 30

lost the track, never taking a sip of water until I was sure of the outcome of the pursuit. And finally we would catch up with them around four, usually under some giant tree, where they, with their four-hour head start, had stopped to wait out the heat of the day under an acacia tree. The danger — and the excitement — increased, the closer you got to them. And then the shot: the heart was surer, but the brain, though slightly more difficult, was quicker, and after a while I always took the brain.

Then the terrible sadness when I saw this great creature lifeless on the ground and realized that he would never again play with his family, in an almost human way, would no longer reach for succulent branches that no other animal even thought of trying to reach, would no longer make sounds like God's thunder when digesting his meals.

But my remorse over the elephant's death would quickly pass — I was almost as tired as they by four p.m. and would often sleep while my trackers cut and chopped the valuable tusks out of the skulls. The tusks were sold to Indian smugglers for an anaesthetic — alcohol — and supplies for more hunts. My trackers must have thought I was becoming a wealthy man. But I already was wealthy, in a sense. The hunt, you see, was the thing, an end in itself.

I shot eighteen elephants one month, God save my soul. But it's no use running when you're sick, because when you finally stop, you find you're just as sick as when you started. When people ask me if I ever hunted with my father, I say no, but with a peculiar smile, because of course he's been with me on many an African hunt. Africa was no refuge. I worked three years as an apprentice professional hunter. I learned Swahili, how to fix Land-Rovers, and where the animals were and how



to shoot them. But I hadn't learned how to control my drinking while I was in town, and as that was the only time the game department officials saw me, I never got my professional hunter's license. They thought I was too unstable, and they were right.

I felt guilty about Mother's inheritance, thought that since I had killed her it was blood money, and I got rid of it incredibly fast. My marriage finally broke up and I was drafted into the army. I volunteered for the paratroops but washed out when I couldn't make the five-mile run. (Who knows, I might also have been afraid to jump out of airplanes.) After an undistinguished career in the peacetime army, I went back to Africa to do more killing. Somehow it was therapeutic. Although the yellow-green emotional filter was still in place, the focus of my mind was sharpening.

I returned to the United States to finish my last year of pre-med and start medical school. One of the first things I did was to write the hospital where Mother had died and ask them for an autopsy report. When it came, it showed that she had died of pheochromocytoma, which is a rare and unusual tumor of the adrenal gland.

It is unusual because the tumor does not kill by invading vital organs, but by secreting abnormally large amounts of adrenaline — which then make the blood pressure rise to incredible heights, often causing a rupture of an artery. There are two varieties of the tumor, the intermittent and the constantly secreting types. Judging from the symptoms prior to her death, I would guess that my mother's had been the intermittent variety.

A stimulus as slight as standing up suddenly, being bumped from behind in a crowd, or getting emotionally upset by a bad

dream could make the intermittent type "fire off" and start putting out those tremendous quantities of adrenaline. The irony was that the Mayo Clinic, where my mother had intended to go in a few weeks for a checkup, was one of the two or three  
5 institutions in the United States at that time where there was a decent chance of successfully removing such a tumor.

I wrote my father all this in the summer of 1960, pointing out that it was not my minor troubles that had upset Mother but his brutal phone conversation with her eight hours before she  
10 died. The tumor had become necrotic or rotten and when it fired off that night, it sent her blood pressure skyrocketing; a medium-sized blood vessel, within or adjacent to the rotten area, had ruptured. Then the tumor stopped discharging adren-  
aline, her blood pressure dropped from about 300 to 0, and she  
15 died of shock on the operating table.

I can imagine the wild frustration of the surgeons as they searched for a bleeding point in the abdomen, where Mother had originally felt the pain, to account for this fatal drop in blood pressure. The operative report showed they found no  
20 blood in the abdominal cavity and the autopsy showed only 500 cc. of blood in the space around her right kidney.

My father, a doctor's son and a man who had a considerable knowledge of medicine, must have imagined the surgeons' frenzy, too. According to a person who was with him in Ha-  
25 vana when he received my letter, he raged at first and then walked around the house in silence for the rest of the day.

About three months later his first noticeable symptoms of paranoia began, with the worries about the FBI chasing him for income tax evasion. Or was it the great FIB, finally coming  
30 home to roost?

I hope that this whole seemingly fatal time sequence was coincidental. I had become wary of thinking that because one event closely precedes another it is in fact its true cause. God knows, I would never have written my father if I had thought it would upset him as much as it did. There's a tremendous difference between wanting to kill someone in your unconscious and actually committing the deed. It is a difference that makes us human. 5

Besides, one who could dish it out, as he could, surely must be prepared to take it. Hadn't we always told each other the truth? 10

My father called me when I wrote him I had been accepted into the University of Miami medical school. It was the usual lousy connection from Cuba. His voice was strangely mirthless, repeating the instructions over and over to the operator until we finally got through. 15

"Congratulations, Gig. But I doubt if you'll ever make much of a doctor — you can't even spell the word medicine correctly."

I laughed because I had finally got started in something worthwhile and I knew he was proud of me in spite of his rough joking. 20

But he went on in the same monotone. "Your grandfather was a good doctor but he killed himself. (Pause.) I saw a good doctor today who told me I had a rare disease that makes you blind and permanently impotent." 25

It took a few seconds for his words to sink. But I often wonder if I ever really did understand what they must have meant to him. I can still hear that flat bitter tone in his voice.

I said the usual things — Cuban doctors aren't worth a 30

damn, go to New York, get another opinion. Apologies: most Cuban doctors are adequate and some are excellent.

"I don't know anybody up there," I said, "but I know people who do and I'll make some calls."

5 "I've already made the calls — I'm going up soon. It's only a matter of time."

Then his voice changed for a moment. "Remember that painting by Bosch of the end of the world? All the devils were rounding up the sinners and I pointed out one man robed like a gentleman who was rising from his table indignantly and drawing his sword. Remember? I pointed him out to you, out of all those grotesque figures, and said, see, see him there, he thinks he can handle death with a sword? And you seemed to understand so well what I was saying."

15 According to people who were near him, he was a completely changed man after that visit to the doctor. He never went out anymore, there was no more gaiety, no more good times at the Finca. It was as if he had already given up living.

It didn't matter that there is no common medical condition besides diabetes mellitus, which he didn't have, that causes both impotence and blindness. And when you consult an eye doctor, the ophthalmologist doesn't volunteer that your eye condition is part of a syndrome that is going to make you impotent as well.

25 Reconstructing what probably happened, I suspect that papa must have asked whether his eye condition could cause impotence and the doctor, unthinkingly, said, well, yes, it *could*, the way doctors sometimes equivocate when they don't know what they're talking about. Papa had probably been worrying about his failing sexual prowess for some time. Remember, impotence means different things to different people. For some, not

being able to perform as they could ten years earlier is a dread sign that their sexually active days are numbered.

The psychiatrists tell us that 95 percent of all cases of impotence have a psychological basis. Probably. But God knows, papa had enough possible physical causes, too. His liver had been in poor shape for years. Even in the male, the adrenal glands produce estrogen, or female hormones, which are normally broken down in the liver. But if the liver is badly damaged, there can be a high concentration of estrogen in the bloodstream which will reduce the male libido.

But perhaps the worst offender was reserpine, the drug he was taking in large doses to control his blood pressure. This can not only cause mental depression, but has a specific paralytic effect on the parasympathetic nerves that control the sexual mechanism. Moreover, the depressive effects of reserpine can last for months after the drug is discontinued, a fact that may not have been known at the time my father was being treated in 1961.

Poor old papa. It made little difference that he got a different and more expert opinion about his eyes when he went to the New York specialist. It didn't matter that the really topnotch Park Avenue man told him there was nothing seriously wrong with them. He knew he couldn't see well even after he got the new lens the great specialist had prescribed. And he probably didn't even ask the specialist about the impotence thing. One medical opinion on that painful subject, since it confirmed his own diagnosis, was enough. He was so deep in depression by then that he probably wouldn't have believed the doctor anyway. He'd seen his own father try to cheer up hopeless cases years before.

It seems almost appropriate that some people should grow

old and feeble, as their advanced age has finally given their original weakness dignity and made them whole. But my father was never feeble in any way in his youth, either intellectually or physically, and when he became so he refused to accept it. I think he showed courage in accepting the only option left.

## NOTES

- p. 1.
- i 3 **Lillian Ross**: アメリカの作家。1950年5月13日号の *The New Yorker* に Hemingway の Profile を書き、これが評価され、後に補充拡大して *Portrait of Hemingway* を出版した。
  - 4 **New Yorker**: (*The*) (1925-) 気のきいた週刊誌: 小説・物語・non-fiction・詩・漫画などを掲載する。
  - 6 **neo-realistic paintings**: 新写真主義の絵
  - 9 **Carlos Baker**: アメリカの文芸批評家。Hemingway の研究家。伝記として、1969年出版の *Ernest Hemingway; A Life story* がある。
  - 11 **somewhat modestly undigested**: 「大作家に敬意を表してか完全には自分のものとなりきっていない」(直前の material を修飾する)
  - 14 **with a determinedly soft focus**: 「輪郭をぼやけさせようとする明確な意図で」soft focus: unsharpness of a photograph due to intentional diffusion of the lens image
  - 17 **A. E. Hotchner**: アメリカの文学研究家 *Papa Hemingway* の著者。この伝記は主観的でありすぎ、特に Hemingway の晩年についての記述は信用できないとされている。
  - ii 7 **school**: occupation that provides discipline or instruction  
**track**: make one's way
  - 11 **quick**: ready
  - 16 **the father pays him back, meanly**: 「父親は息子(の嘘)にひどく報復する」
  - 23 **a veritable son of a bitch**: 「正真正銘の極道者」
  - 25 **when you are done**: when you finish reading
  - 28 **For once**: on this one occasion only, as an exception
  - iii 17 **the wind**: a force, agency, or influence that drives or carries one along
  - 22 **Norman Mailer**: (1923~ ) アメリカの作家。第2次世界大戦について書いた *The Naked and the Dead* が有名。
  - 1 5 **the Candy Mossler trial**: 1966年に Candy Mossler なる女性が、若い愛人と組んで年上の夫を殺した事件。Florida 州 Miami で起ったが、Candy があまりにも美人なのと、結局無罪になったのとで、ジャーナリズムをにぎわした。
  - 16 **That seemed to be that**: 「それで片がついたと思われた」
  - 2 14 **fuck him**: 「このいやらしい奴め」(fuck はもともと sexual inter-

- course を意味し taboo とされて来たが第2次世界大戦後からさまざまな swear word に用いられてきた)
- 2 15 **Idaho**: Hemingway は Idaho 州の Ketchum の自宅で1961年7月2日銃で自殺。その地に埋葬された。
- 18 **blind side**: direction in which one cannot see approach of danger
- 3 7 **take papa on the best day he ever had**: 「最上の日の papa を感じ取る」 take: catch or come upon (a person) in a particular situation
- 12 **the man I had known...picked clear.**: 「私が知っていた人 (Ernest Hemingway) は文学を食い荒らすはげたかどもがすっかり食べつくした死骸をもとでにして人を永遠に楽しませるような記録は決して残さなかったであろうに」 (人の死は厳粛なもので、人の死を種に楽しもうなどという見方は言語道断である)
- 16 **elemental**: great
- 28 **Malcolm Cowley**: (1898~ ) アメリカの文芸評論家。lost generation の作家, その他に対して大変洞察力に富んだ批評活動をしている。
- 4 1 **métier triste**: 「いたましい職業」
- 4 **artesian** [artizizjən] 「水が吹き出す」
- 10 **God's spy**: 「神が美や不思議を求めて送り出す斥候」
- 11 **operative**: 「密偵, 工作員」 (secret agent)
- 14 **a young Italian noblewoman**: Adriana Ivancich 19歳の貴族の娘。  
cf. pp. 100~113 The Muse
- his Cuban farm**: Hemingway の3番目の妻が Cuba でみつけた家。The Finca として本書にあらわれる。
- 15 **The Old Man and the Sea**: 1952年出版。 [から出版。
- 17 **Islands in the Stream**: E. Hemingway の死後1970年 Collins 社
- 22 **uncushioned**: unprotected
- 26 **Gig**: Gregory の愛称 (通例は Greg)
- 5 8 **a major war wound**: 第1次世界大戦の時, 北部イタリアの Piave でりゅう散弾で瀕死の重傷を負った。1918年7月。
- 13 **For Whom the Bell Tolls**: スペインの内乱に参加したアメリカ青年の3日間の生きざまを通して自由と生活のために闘う人間の姿を描く。1940年出版。
- 6 5 **a mind-stimulating drug**: a drug which stimulates mind 「神経興



- 奮劑」(麻薬のたぐい)
- 6 10 **if papa were not brought in** : bring in : give somebody a part to play in some scheme
- 17 **the Mayo Clinic** : New York にある病院。Hemingway も何度か入院する。
- 18 **the way she put it** : 「彼女の言い方」
- 27 **How Green Was My Valet** : *How Green Was My Valley* という映画の題名をもじったもの。
- 7 9 **Françoise Sagan** : (1935— ) フランスの女流作家 *Bonjour Tristess* が有名。
- 17 **Anglo-Saxon burial** : 「Anglo-Saxon 式の埋葬」(棺に入れられ土葬される方式)
- 29 **with an advance...financing the journey** : 「私の相続遺産分の母の代理人からの前渡金で旅行の費用をまかない、」(with は付帯状況を表わす nexus を導く前置詞。その nexus では an advance が意味上の主語で financing が意味上の述語動詞となる)
- 8 1 **the Finca** : Hemingway が三度目の結婚で Martha Gellhorn と共に住んだ Cuba の家。cf. p. 47
- 3 **a Powers model** : Powers は New York の model agency として有名な会社。
- 4 **part Indian** : 「インディアンの血の混じった」  
**an eighth** : 「Indian の血が8分の1の女」
- 6 **had** : have : copulate with (交わる) の過去分詞
- 8 **It** : doing~, introducing~ の形式主語
- 17 **say back** : 「言い返す」
- 22 **don't take any wooden trust funds** : 「死人の財産などには手を触れるな」 wooden : lifeless trust fund : 信託資金
- 26 **your grandfather** : Clarence Edmonds Hemingway, 医師で狩猟や釣を愛し、長子 Ernest に大きな影響を与えた。後に自殺する。
- 9 1 **pre-med** : pre-medical : preceding and preparing for the professional study of medicine 「医大予科のコース」  
**U. C. L. A.** : University of California, Los Angeles
- 6 **the Nobel Prize** : Hemingway は1954年10月にノーベル文学賞を授与された。これに先だって1953年には小説部門において Pulitzer 賞を得ている。

- 9 8 **right off the top of**~ : 「~から取り去ったばかりの」 (on the top of~ 「~に加えて」をもじったもの)
- 13 **shot** : reduced to a state of ruin, worn out
- 16 **Martin Johnson** : 旅行家。アフリカ等を回って旅の物語を映画化した。
- 20 **Green Hills of Africa** : (*The*) 1935年出版。E. Hemingway 自身の1933~34年 Tanganyika での safari の経験を小説化したもの。
- 25 **take to the point** : 「このこと (=海に出ること) が好きになる」
- 27 **white whales** : Melville の *Moby Dick* を意識して, white と次行の blacker を対照させる。
- 30 **tracker** : 「獲物の track を追って行く人」
- 10 4 **wait out** : 「~がなくなるのを待つ」
- 7 **the heart, the brain** : 「心臓」や「脳」を狙って弾を打ち込むこと。
- 31 **Land-Rovers** : ジープに似た「農業用自動車」
- 11 9 **wash out** : eliminate as useless or unsatisfactory, dismiss as failing to qualify
- 20 **pheochromocytoma** [fi:əukrəʊməʊsaitəʊmə] : 褐色細胞腫 (主として交感神経に発生する腫瘍)
- 12 6 **decent** : fairly good but not excellent
- 10 **necrotic** : of or pertaining to necrosis
- 13 14 **lousy** : miserably poor or inferior
- 20 **you** : one (一般人称) (この医者 of 言が筆者によると E. Hemingway の paranoia の一つの引き金になった)
- 27 **sink** : become impressively known or felt or comprehended
- 30 **aren't worth a damn** : 「全くあてにならない」
- 14 1 **Apologies** : 前文で父を励ますために Cuba の医師を悪く言ったので、医師として弁解する。
- 8 **Bosch** [bɔʃ] : Hieronymus Bosch (c. 1450—c. 1516) オランダの画家。象徴主義的, 表現主義的な画風で奔放な想像力を駆使した作品。ここで言われているのは多分 “The Epiphany” という作品であろう。
- 20 **diabetes mellitus** [meláitəs] : 「糖尿病」
- 23 **syndrome** : [sɪndraʊm] : a group of symptoms or signs typical of a disease 「症候群」
- 27 **it could** : (cause impotence) 「そういうこともあり得るかも知れま

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# Papa

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