Appendix
Appendix

Poems of Ernest Hemingway

1-The Opening Game
1st Inning
With Chance on first, and Evers on third.
  Great things from the Cubs will soon be heard.
Then up comes Schulte to the bat,
  On the plate his bat does rap;
Takes a slug at that old ball,
  Makes it clear the right field wall.
Then in comes Chance and in comes Evers,
  Such hits are seldom seen\, most never.
Then to the bat comes Zim in haste,
  He sure knows how the ball to paste.
He slams that ball upon the Bean,
  Almost seems to make it scream.
The centre fielder nabs the ball;
  It seems as if 't'would make him fall.
But stop of this rank stuff,
  Just one inning is enough.

Oak Park, 12 April 1912

2- Dedicated to F.W.

Lives of football men remind us,
  We can dive and kick and slung,
And departing leave behind us,
  Hoof prints on another's mug.

Oak Park, 1916
Trapeze (24 November 1916)
3-The Worker
Far down in the sweltering guts if the ship
   The stoker swings his scoop
Where the jerking hands of the stream gauge drive
And muscles and tendons and sinews rive;
While it's hotter than hell to a man alive,
   He toils in his sweltering coop.

He is baking and sweating his life away
   In that blasting roar of heat;
But he's fighting a battle with wind and tide,
All to the end that you may ride;
And through it all he is living beside;
   He can work and sleep and eat.

Oak Park, 1917
Tabula (March 1917)
4-The Ship Translated Being La Paquebot

In the morning did the passengers
Seek to bolt the massive foodstuffs
Came the duke
He of Argyle
Downed the cornbeef
  Downed the salad
Came unto the great roast porker
  Go it in his mouth and half way
  Down his gullet got it got it,
Then it rose
  He would of strangled
But he rushed forth from the salon
Moved by motives philanthropic
  Sought to furnish food for fishes,
Here we draw the curtain readers
Here we draw the baleful curtain
  We will tell not of his pukings
Of his retchings and his gobbings
  Nay we will not gentle reader.
WE WILL TELL NOT OF THE BUNTIN
Shooting forth the pale green mixture
  Like the calm juice flecked with syrup.
Or of Firtz the noted Spiegel
  Bringing forth the whole oranges.
Or of Captain Pease the easily heard
  What he puketh forth we tell not
For we fear it hurteth discipline
So we leave you gentle reader
  We must seek a can
Or washbowl.

Abroad the Chicago, 1918
Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual 1972
5-The Battle of Copenhagen
It's always been a mystery
Why there's no word in history
of the Battle of Copenhagen.
There's never been a parallel
So far as ever I've heard tell
To the fighting and the biting
And the smashing and the crashing
And the lashing and the slashing
And the gnashing and the gashing,
To the yellishness and smellishness
And international hellishness
of the Battle of Copenhagen.

* * * *

Ten thousand stalwart Swedes
Advancing through the weeds
to the Battle of Copenhagen.

Unlimited Italians
In column of battalions
at the battle of Copenhagen.

Ten tribes of red Pawnees
Were sulking behind trees
at the battle of Copenhagen.

A platoon of Albanians,
Supported by Ukrainians
And also some Roumanians,
The dull ones and the brainy ones,
at the Battle of Copenhagen.

Three thousand greasy Greeks,
Arrayed in leathern breeks
And smelling strong of leeks,
at the Battle of Copenhagen.

A quantity of Turks
All waving bloody dirks
at the Battle of Copenhagen.

Six hundred Abyssinians,
The fat ones and the skinny ones;
Two hundred of the Czeck  
With their battle cry, "By Hzeck!"  
   at the Battle of Copenhagen.

Eighteen hundred Scots,  
Their plaidies tied in knots  
And dangling pewter pots  
(The dirty, low-down sots!)  
   at the Battle of Copenhagen.

Two hundred Asiatics  
In vari-colored Batiks-  
A company of Japs  
Bravely shooting craps-  
A myriad of Mongolians,  
The sinful and the holy ones,  
With their friends, two Anatolians  
   at the Battle of Copenhagen.

*   *   *

From out the Boreal Regions  
Came a handful of Norwegians  
To oppose these countless legions  
in the Battle of Copenhagen.

*   *   *

A half a millions Jews  
Ran back to tell the news  
of the Battle of Copenhagen.

Chicago, 1920-1921
6-Captives
Some came in chains
Unrepentant but tired.
Too tired but to stumble.
Thinking and hating were finished
Thinking and fighting were finished
Retreating and hoping were finished.
Cures thus a long campaign,
Making death easy.

Chicago, 1920-1921
Three stories & Ten Poems (1923)

7-Flat Roofs
It is cool at night on the roof of the city
The city sweats
Dripping and stark.
Maggots of life
Crawl in the hot loneliness of the city.
Love curdles in the city
Love sours in the hot whispering from the pavements.
Love grows old
Old with the oldeness of sidewalks.
It is cool at night on the roof of the city.

Chicago, 1920-1921
8- {night comes with soft and drowsy plumes...}
Night comes with soft and drowsy plumes
To darken out the day
To stroke away the flinty glint
Softening out the clay
Before the final hardness comes
Demanding that we stay.

Chicago, 1920-1921

9- Lines to a Young Lady on Her Having
Very Nearly Won a Vögel
Through the hot, pounding rhythm of the waltz
You swung and whirled with eager, pagan grace
Two sleepy birds
Preen in their wicker cages
And I
Am dancing with a woman of the town.

Chicago, 1921

10- The age Demanded
The age demanded that we sing
and cut away our tongue.
The age demanded that we flow
and hammered in the bung.
The age demanded that we dance
and jammed us into iron pants.
And in the end the age was handed
the sort of shit that it demanded.

Paris, 1922
Querschnitt (February 1925)
11-Kipling
There's a little monkey maiden looking eastward toward the sea,
   There's a new monkey soprano a'sobbing in the tree,
And Harold's looking very fit the papers all agree.

L'Envoi
It was quite an operation,
   But it may have saved the nation,
And what's one amputation
   To the tribe?

Paris, ca. 1922

12-Stevenson
Under the wide and starry sky,
   Give me new glands and let me lie,
Oh how I try and try and try,
   But I need much more than a will.

Paris, ca. 1922

13-Robert Graves
Glands for the financier,
Flag for the Fusilier,
For English poets beer,
Strong beer for me.

Paris, ca. 1922

14- Translation from the Esquimaux
There Are Seasons
The sea otter dived;
The sea is oil under the moon.
The sea otter dived;
It was cold and the swells were long.

Paris, ca. 1922
15- Schwarzwald
As white hairs in a silver fox's skin
The birches lie against the dark pine hill
They're talking German in the compartment
Now we're winding up
Through tunnels
Puffing
Dark valleys, noisy rivered
Rock filled, barred with white.
Heavy browed houses
Green fields,
Forested with hope poles
A flock of greese along the road.
I knew a gypsy once who said
He hoped to die here.

Paris or Germany, 1922
All of the turks are gentlemen and Ismet Pasha is a little deaf. But the Armenians. How about the Armenians? Well the Armenians.

Lord Curzon likes young boys. 
So does Chicherin. 
So does Mustapha Kemal. He is good looking too. His eyes are too close together but he makes war. This is the way he is.

Lord Curzon does not love Chicherin. Not at all. His beard trickles and his hands are cold, he thinks all the time.

Lord Curzon thinks too. But he is much taller and goes to St. Moritz.

Mr. Child does not wear a hat. 
Baron Hayashi gets in and out of the automobile. 
Monsieur Barréré gets telegrams. So does Marquis Garroni. His telegrams come on motorcycles from MUSSLINI. MUSSLINI has nigger eyes and a bodyguard and has his Picture taken reading a book upside down, MUSSLINI is worderful. Read the Daily Mail.

I used to know Mussolini. Nobody liked him then. Even I didn't like him. He was a bad character. Ask Monsieur Barréré.

We all drink cocktails. Is it too early to have a cocktail? How about a drink George? Come on and we'll have a cocktail Admiral. Just time before lunch. Well what if we do? Not too dry.

Well what do you boys know this morning? Oh they're shrewd. They're shrewd.

Who have we got in on the subcommission this morning, Admiral?

M. Stambuliski walks up the hill and down the hill. Don't talk about M. Venizelos. He is wicked. You can see it. His beard shows it. Mr. Child is not wicked
Mrs. Child has flat breasts and Mr. Child is an idealist and wrote Harding's campaign speeches and call Senator Beveridge Al.
You know me Al.
Lincoln Steffens is with Child. The big C. makes the joke easy.

Then there is Mosul
And the Greek Patriarch
What about the Greek Patriarch?

Paris-Lausanne, 1922
Little Review (Spring 1923)
17-The Big Dance on the Hill

The arrival
The vast crowd on the floor.
The encounter with the boss.
The man to man smile from the boss.
The feeling of relation.
The door keeper from the office who is serving out.
The whisper from the door keeper.
The long journey down the hall.
The closed door.
The clink of the glasses.
The opening of the door.
The imposing array of glassware.
The sight o the host.
The look on the host's face.
The sight of the boss with the host.
Thye look on the boss' face.
The sight of several other distinguished looking men.
The atmosphere of disapproval.
The request from the attendant.
The giving of the order.
The silent consumption of the otder.
The silence kept by host, the boss and the distinguished looking man.
The uncomfortable feeling.
The increase of the uncomfortable feeling.
The retreat.
The journey down the long hallway.
The chuckles from the door keeper.
The statement by the door keeper that he had been instructed to admit only the family and old friends.
The renewed chuckles by door keeper.
The desire to kill the door keeper.
The sad return to the dance floor.

Ca. 1923
Toronto Star Weekly (24 November 1923)
In the rain in the rain in the rain in the rain in Spain.
Does it rain in Spain?
Oh yes my dear on the contrary and there are no bull fights.
The dancer dance in long white pants
It isn't right to yence your aunts
Come Uncle, let's go home.
Home is where the heart is, home is where the fart is.
Come let us fart in the home.
There is no art in a fart
Still a fart may not be artless.
Let us fart and artless fart in the home.
Democracy
Democracy
Bill says democracy must go.
Go democracy
Go
Go
Go
Bill's father would never knowingly sit down at table with a Democrat.
Now Bill says Democracy must go.
Go on Democracy.
Democracy is the shit.
Relativity is the shit.
Dictators are the shit.
Menken is the shit.
Waldo frank is the shit.
The Broom is the shit.
Dada is the shit.
Dempsey is the shit.
This is not a complete list.
They say Ezra is the shit.
But Ezra is nice.
Come let us blind a monument to Ezra.
Good a very nice monument.
You did that nicely.
Can you do another?
Let me try and do one.
Let us all try and do one.
Let the little girl over there on the corner try and do one.
Come on little girl.
Do one for Ezra.
Good.
You have all been successful children.
Now let us clean the mess up.
The Dial does a monument to Proust.
We have done a monument to Ezra.
A monument is a monument.
After all it is the spirit of the thing that counts.

Paris, 1923
Querschnitt (Autumn 1924)
19- (Some day when you are picked up...)

Some day when you are picked up
Stiff
Awkward to carry
The situation clearly outlined by the dead
I will think how we spoke of Ney reported hammering on a
Field piece with his broken sword, the statue seen through
The leaves of the trees from the terrace of the Closerie, and
Of this thing and that thing which we had seen.
I will remember how carried my pack over the St.
Bernard.
And the way times we drank t0gether. Drunk on beer.
Drunk on whisky. Drunk on wine. Drunk many times.
Always happy.
Drank in Milan at Campari’s.
Drunk in Cologne at Werzel’s.
Drunk in the mountains.
And in the evening before the meal was ready, drinking Irish
whiskey and water. Drunk in Pamplona on absinthe in the white
wicker chairs outside the Suizo. Always talking. Talking of your
trade and my trade and the Empire and people we knew and
bulls and horses, places we had been and plans and projects
and the necessity for money, overdrafts and how to handle
tailors the Empire again and the great good in drinking,
shooting, and when drunk I boasted and you never minded.
Ireland, you predicted the death of Mick Collins and of Griffith,
Russia and the funny stories of Checherin.

Paris, 1924
20- The lady Poets With Foot Notes

One lady poet was nymphomaniac and wrote for Vanity Fair. 1
One lady poet’s husband was killed in the war. 2
One lady poet wanted her love, but was afraid of having a baby.
When she finally got married, she found she couldn’t have a baby. 3
One lady poet slept with Bill Reedy got fatter and fatter
And made half a million dollars writing bum plays. 4
One lady poet never had enough to eat. 5
One lady poet was big and fat and fool. 6

1- College nymphomaniac. Favourite lyric poet of leading editorial writer
   N.Y. Tribune
2- It sold her stuff.
3- Favourite of State University male virgins. Wonderful on unrequited
   love.
4- Stomach’s gone bad from Liquor. Expects to do something really good
   soon
5- It is showed in her work.
6- She smoke cigars all right, but her stuff was no good.

Paris, ca. 1924
Querschnitt (November 1924)
21-(And everything the author knows...)

And everything the author knows
He shows and shoes and shows and shows
His underclothes
And more important than the sun.
A work begun
Means many buttons more undone
The author's wife or wives
Give me the hife or hives.
Some authors write about the poor
Describe the workings of a sewer.
Narrate the contents of a drain
All authors give each other pain
Another author writes for riches
His characters all sons of bitches
His woman prey to fancy itches
For one another or their brother
Another author loves his mother
Some authors write of happy things
And make much money to drink
themselves to death with and forget
their troubles by inhaling gaseous
champagne bubbles.
Some authors think the things they
write are of importance little
knowing
But ever flowing.

Paris, 1926
22-(I think that I have never trod...)

I think that I have never trod
On anything as well as sod
Sod whose hungry heart extracts
The wisdom of the railway tracks
Sod that underneath thy feet
Produces pumpkins trees and beets
That lies on mother nature's breast
And gives the meadow lark a nest
Trees are made by fools like God
Who pushes them up through the sod.

L'Envoi
For God is love and love is sod
Let all unite to worship God.
And let the Maker's trembling hand
Emulate the ductless gland
Thus are we in His wisdom brought
To see the thing that God has wrought.

Paris, 1926
New York Times Magazine (16 October 1977)

23-(The rail ends do not meet...)

The rail ends do not meet
The sun goes down
And only rivers run on race
Nor does still water run so deep
Levine, Levine the Hebrew ace
Mackerel skies at night are the sailor's delight
Or they break the sailor's heart
A sailor's life is the life for me
The ground rolls green
As green as the sea

Paris, ca. 1927
24- Valentine

For a Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd and Any of his Friends
Who Want it

Sing a song of critics
pockets full of lye
four and twenty critics
hope that you will die
hope that you will peter out
hope that you will fail
so they can be the first one
be the first to hail
and happy weakening or sign of quick decay
(All are very much alike, weariness to great,
sordid small catastrophes, stack the cards on fate,
very vulgar people, annals of callous,
dope friends, soldiers, prostitutes,
men without a gallus*)
if you do not like them lads
one thing you can do
stick them up your asses lads
My Valentine to you.

* .............

Paris, ca.1927
Little Review (May 1929)
25-Advice to a Son

Never trust a white man,
Never kill a Jew,
Never sign a contract,
Never rent a pew.
Don't enlist in armies;
Nor marry many wives;
Never write for magazines;
Never scratch your hives.
Always put paper on the seat,
Don't believe in wars,
Keep yourself clean and neat,
Never marry whores.
Never pay a blackmailer,
Never go to law,
Never trust a publisher,
Or you'll sleep on straw.
All your friends will leave you
All your friends will die
So lead a clean and wholesome life
And enjoy them in the sky.

Berlin, 1931
Omnibus: Almanach auf das jahr 1932
26-Line to be Read at the casting of Scott FitzGerald's Ball into the Sea from Eden Roc (Antibes, Alpes Maritimes)

Whence from these gray Heights unjockstrapped wholly stewed he Flung Himself No. Some waiter? Yes. Push tenderly oh green shoots of grass Tickle not our Fitz's nostrils Pass The gray moving unbenfinneyed sea depth deeper than ourdebt to Eliot Fling flang them flung his own his two finally his one spherical, colloid, interstitial, unprising lost to sight in fright natural not artificial no ripples make as sinking sinking sonknig sunk

Key West, 1935

27-Black-Ass Poem After Talking to Palema Churchill

We leave them all quite easily When dislike overcomes our love. Though nothing is done easily When there's been love. We leave and go and go to where? What treasures are untrusted there? Who knows when treasures treasures are Who's only seen them from afar? Who, knowing treasure, does not fear When he has seen it close and near? Fear not, hie on, close up my lad That all of gladness may be sad.

Paris, 20 December 1949
28-The Road to Avallon

The negro rich and nigger rich
Upon the road to Avallon
Wild natural mink is on their backs,
Their shoulders, sleeves, and on their flanks
One it has grown there is no thanks
So come along.
Nor criticize nor touch the brake
For confidence you must not shake.
You bastard, cur and kindred words
Assembled like some poor dog's turds
To speed you on your way.
Dogs must shit as well as men
I like dogs better
Say: Amen.

Paris, 22 December 1949

29-Country Poem with Little Country

When gin is gone and all is over
Then horses, bees and alsyke clover
Receive our sorrows and our joys:
Be known as well to all our boys
Without much noise.
The noises horses make are good
On turf on sandy roads and wood
The bee recedes and enters fast
He knows the role for which he's cast
The fighter-bomber lives forever
More truly when they're two together
But left wing shortages occur
Who, on the line, called
A dog a cur?

Paris, 22 December 1949
30-Lines to a Girl 5 Days
After Her 21st Birthday

Back To The Palace
And home to a stone
She travels the fastest
Who travels alone
Back to the pasture
And home to a bone
She travels the fastest
Who travels alone
Back to all nothing
And back to alone
She travels the fastest
Who travels alone
But never worry, gentlemen
Because there's Harry's Bar
Alderas on The Lido
In a low slung yellow car*
Europeo's publishing
Mondadori doesn't play
Hate your friends
Love all false things
Some colts are fed on hay
Wake up in the mornings
Venice still is there
Pigeons meet and beg and breed
Where no sun lights the square.
The things that we have loved are in the gray lagoon
All the stones we walked on
Walk on them alone
Live alone and like it
Like it for a day
But I will not be alone, angrily she said.
Only in your heart, he said. Only in your head.
But I love to be alone, angrily she said.
Yes, I know, he answered
Yes I know, he said.
But I will be the best one. I will lead the pack
Sure, of course, I know you will. You have a right to be.
Come back some time and tell me. Come back so I can see
You and all your troubles. How hard you work each day.
Yes I know he answered.
Please do it in your own way.
Do it in the morning when your mind is cold
Do it in the evening when everything is sold.
Do it in the springtime when springtime isn't there
Do it in the winter
We know winter well
Do it in every hot days
Try doing it in hell.
Trade bed for a pencil
Trade sorrow for a page
No work it out your own way
Have good luck at your age.

Finca Vigia, Cuba, December 1950

*Translator's note: Mr. H must be insane. They do not have cars on the Lido