little-known documents

I Am Hemingway's Renata

ADRIANA IVANCICH

TRANSLATION AND INTRODUCTION BY MARK CIRINO

Introduction

WHEN ADRIANA IVANCICH IS MENTIONED AS A FIGURE IN ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S LIFE, IT IS USUALLY WITH DERISION, INCREDULITY, OR ELSE A barely constrained "Did they or didn't they?" breathlessness. The idea that Ivancich, who was not even born when Hemingway wrote *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) and *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), was the inspiration behind the teenage contessa Renata, Colonel Cantwell's improbable love interest in *Across the River and into the Trees* (1950), has generated a sometimes hostile reaction. However, this crucial figure in Hemingway's post–World War II life and writing deserves investigation. To the extent that she has been a blind spot in scholarly circles, the oversight can be attributed to a language gap. Her letters to Hemingway, her memoirs, her brother's memoirs, and much of the important analysis of Hemingway's involvement with the Veneto are written in Italian.

Ivancich's revelatory article "La Renata di Hemingway sono io" ("I Am Hemingway's Renata") was likewise written in Italian. Appearing in *Epoca* magazine in July 1965, Ivancich's frank statement about her association with Hemingway was meant to coincide with the Italian publication of *Across the River and into the Trees*. In this article—whose lurid and misleading title might as well be "I Was a Teenage Hemingway Heroine!"—Ivancich describes meeting Hemingway in Italy in the winter of 1948; being a member of Hemingway's hunting party the following day; the unlikely but organic development of their friendship; the way she inspired Hemingway's writing, which had slipped into a lengthy period of torpor; the growth of her own artistic aims, including her design of the cover of *Across the River and into the Trees*; visiting the Hemingways in the early 1950s in Cuba, where she and Hemingway developed their secret society, the White Tower Incorporated, which would later provide the title for her memoirs, *La torre bianca* (1980).

Following Hemingway's suicide on 2 July 1961, the early to mid 1960s was a phase of heightened interest in Hemingway's life, including focus on the publication of his Paris memoirs, *A Moveable Feast*, in December 1964, just months before Ivancich's *Epoca* article appeared. Furthermore,

MARK CIRINO, associate professor of English at the University of Evansville, is the author of *Ernest Hemingway: Thought in Action* (U of Wisconsin P, 2012) and *Reading Hemingway's* Across the River and into the Trees (Kent State UP, forthcoming).

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the notorious *Across the River and into the Trees*, widely lambasted by the English-speaking press, was not published in Italy until February 1965, because Hemingway believed the material was too sensitive and autobiographical to be published in Italian during his lifetime.

This article, published here for the first time in English, subverts the accusations that Ivancich was a Hemingway groupie, a parasite, obsessed with self-advancement and fame. One of Hemingway's biographers, Kenneth Lynn, charges, for example, that Ivancich insinuated herself into Hemingway's life "as a means of restoring her family's declining fortunes and fulfilling her dream of hobnobbing with glamorous people" (535). In fact, the key to their relationship seems to be that, for whatever reason, Hemingway's waning creative energies were reinvigorated by Ivancich's presence around him in the Veneto and later in Cuba. He wrote better when she was in his proximity than when she was not, and certainly more prolifically. The White Tower Incorporated was founded on Hemingway and Ivancich's mutual determination to be creatively productive and to maintain an admirable work ethic. Although *Across the River and into the Trees* has been discarded as an artistic flop, the fact remains that before it appeared Hemingway had not published a novel since *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a full decade earlier (1940). In the twenty-one years between the publication of *A Farewell to Arms* and *Across the River and into the Trees*, he wrote two novels: *To Have and Have Not* (1937) and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Hemingway was inspired to write, to chronicle his infatuation with this much younger woman. As Ivancich explains in this article, Hemingway told her that in addition to *Across the River* he wrote *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952) for her. Unpublished letters from Hemingway to Ivancich and to his other contemporaries substantiate her claims.

As the Cambridge edition of the Hemingway letters continues its massive output of previously unpublished correspondence over the next decade, Ivancich's role in Hemingway's life and career will be reevaluated; her article is a good place to start. Hemingway, for his part, relished the notion that the world saw their friendship as silly; it allowed him to make one of his characteristic "us versus them" arguments. The surface silliness of the friendship emerges in Ivancich's article, when she anticipates the question that many asked in the late 1940s and have been asking since: what did Hemingway see in that young girl? "I Am Hemingway's Renata" goes a long way toward an explanation.



Fig. 1
Adriana Ivancich, self-portrait in a bathroom mirror, 1954. Ernest Hemingway Collection. John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston.

Note

For various kindnesses, I'd like to thank Carlo and Nicola Rex, Carol and Alex Elias, Roger Pieroni, Laura Summers, Christopher Matson, and Antonio Cirino.

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I Am Hemingway's Renata

ONE WINTER AFTERNOON IN 1949, STANDING at the Latisana-Udine crossroads, I was waiting for the car to arrive.[1] But, for the moment, only the rain had arrived, a sharp and insistent rain.[2] When my Veneto friends, who had invited me to hunt in the *valle*, told me that Hemingway and his wife Mary would also be there, I was not overly excited.[3] On the contrary, I was not excited at all. Since I had grown up during wartime, when foreign authors, above all the Anglo-Saxons, were banned,[4] Ovid and Plato and D'Annunzio were still fresh in my mind, but I had never read Hemingway.[5] So I didn't give this extraordinary encounter another thought while I waited for them to come get me. I waited a long time. With every car that came near a new hope rose in me, immediately dashed by a spray of water and mud. But I had promised that they would find me there, at the Latisana-Udine crossroads.

When I saw a car slow down, I did not approach: certainly my friends could not be in that big blue Buick.[6] Someone stuck out a hand and I watched through the rain: who knows who these Americans are looking for, I thought. But then I heard my name shouted, and finally I understood that they were searching for me. When I was seated in the Buick they asked me, "You didn't recognize us, right?" "Not at all, with this car: where did you find it?" "It's his," they told me, and added, "Adriana, this is Hemingway." Only then did I notice that big man with the slightly gray hair who, seated in the front, had turned around to look at me. "I'm sorry, Adriana, for this delay. It was my fault," he said with a smile.[7]

The next morning, it was still raining when they woke me up at four o'clock. We found ourselves in a small, old-fashioned farmhouse. We had to dress in a hurry, go out to the swamp, and squeeze ourselves into the hollow barrels or hide in the boats, among the reeds.[8] I forgot about sleep and fatigue when, against a dark sky, I saw the boats slip in silence over the still water in the canal, and the dogs, shadows in the night, and the fading stars.

My barrel was some distance from that of one of my hunting companions, on a tiny island, and, while the water of the lagoon was gaining color in the new light, suddenly there was a rustle of wings, a brown cloud, a shot. I saw a splintering flight, a brief spasm breaking the ascent, a muted fall in the water . . . and for an instant I thought that death had also come for me. Somewhere, in the *valle*, Hemingway was also there. We continued to hunt for many more hours.

Then, the grand return. From the reeds, from the tall grass, from the boats, one after the other the hunters, the dogs, the gamekeeper left and flowed in a single, slow stream toward the country house. In the great wine cellar, while the fire crackled ever stronger in the chimney and the wine descended into our veins, suddenly everyone had only extraordinary, heroic experiences to recount. I came to suspect that the presence of our exceptional guest stimulated everyone's fantasy. Hemingway also told stories, but from our duck hunt he went on to talk about Africa, Spain, and Cuba. Annoyed by my long hair, which, messed up by all those hours of rain, continued to fall across my forehead, I asked for a comb.[9] No one heard me. I asked again. Suddenly Hemingway's massive figure appeared next to me. He dug a hand in his pocket, took out his bone comb, broke it in two, and gave me half.[10]

We began to talk. For a long time. When we said goodbye to each other he asked to see me the next day. Another day followed, and then others still. At first it bored me a little to be with this man, so much older and more

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experienced than I, who spoke slowly and whom I was not always able to understand. But I felt that he was pleased to have me near and to talk and talk.

When I arrived he broke into a smile and, a little awkwardly, swung onto his legs like a great bear. He was not interested in meeting new people, but he welcomed my young friends cordially. It was fun for him to impress them with stories of hunting and war; then suddenly the subtle humor of a comment would leave us perplexed for a moment. Then we would begin to laugh, and he would laugh too, first with a slightly embarrassed smile, then with greater and greater abandon, more freely than anyone else.

As time passed, the great bear with the slightly tired smile transformed, and, through our youth, he also became young. He invited us often to Torcello; he would reserve a table for us in a café or on the terrace of the Gritti.[11] Sometimes the two of us walked alone through the alleys to discover a hidden Venice.

One evening, I remember, he wanted to explain to us how to perform a corrida. He had invited Princess Aspasia of Greece and some of our friends to Ciro's.[12] After dinner he cleared the table, took the tablecloth, and said to his wife Mary, "You are the bull." Right in the middle of the room he began to fight the bull; "Aha, aha, toro," we shouted, clapping our hands. He seemed like a real torero. His face was also transformed, serious, intense. Around us the waiters watched us a little bit bewildered while, seated in the corner, Aspasia observed the scene with a kind and understanding smile. Then "Mr. Papa," as if after a great effort, smoothed his brow with a hand and, taking a carnation from a nearby table, offered Mary the flower: "Bravo toro," he said with a smile, "Here is the *medaglia al valore militare*."[13]

Mary, a little blonde woman, was always smiling: Hemingway's affectionate and watchful companion. I did not suspect that in the beginning she was a little worried about me. She told me so, one day. She told me that, perplexed about the interest that Papa showed in me, she asked herself which attitude she would have to take; at a certain point, however, she understood that I was not seeking second-hand fame, that my affection for Papa would not transform itself into love, that not only did I not represent a danger, but I was on the contrary a help.

How I could be a help for Hemingway, I so unimportant and he so great, I only understood much later. Hemingway told me that he had not been well after his head wound and was no longer writing successfully.[14] His last book, *Across the River and into the Trees,* lay incomplete. But, after he met me, a new energy passed through me and entered him: "You made it possible for me to write again and I will be grateful to you always," he told me. "I could finish my book, and I gave the protagonist your face. Now I will write another book for you, and it will be my most beautiful book. It will speak of an old man and the sea."

I was happy to have been of help. I did not ask him about the story or the woman. Nor did he tell me anything. We were, after all, so busy speaking of other things: he told me about his health, of his sons, of Africa, of Cuba, and of his experiences; I of my poetry, which I had begun to write when I was fourteen years old and of those many other little things that formed my world at that moment.[15]

I did not read the book, but I knew that the story took place in Venice. When one day Hemingway and Mary came to breakfast with us—on those occasions he dressed all in blue and even put on a necktie—I told him that I had a surprise for him. Arranged on the shelf of my library I had prepared the drawings for the cover of *Across the River* [fig. 2].[16] I did it for him, for fun, without a clear purpose. I did almost nothing with a clear purpose in those days. I was surprised when he asked to take them. "What are you going to do with them?" I asked him. "That is my surprise," he smiled at me.

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I was in Paris to study French, the guest of my friend Monique de Beaumont,[17] having forgotten about the drawings, when the Hemingways arrived. They invited me to breakfast at the Ritz.[18] "I showed your design to Charlie Scribner," Papa told me immediately. "And who is Charlie Scribner?" I asked him. "My American editor. He liked them, too. I told him that they were by a woman and he did not believe me. I invited him to breakfast with us. Here, he has arrived. You don't have to say anything. And so, Charlie, the covers?" he asked Scribner after he introduced us. "I have already said they are good. I have already said that I would like to speak about them with the artist." "Speak, then. The artist is there." "Ha ha," laughed Charlie Scribner. "Ha ha," I laughed, nervously. "Ha ha," laughed Papa. And he added, "But it really is her." Charlie first watched Hemingway, then me, and said, "The designs are strong and also the colors are not the colors that women usually use." "You see, *partner*?"[19] laughed Mr. Papa, advancing me in rank. "You have won. Alone . . ."

When the American edition of *Across the River* came out, in 1950, I was traveling with my mother to Cuba. My brother Gianfranco had already been working for some years in Havana, and we wanted to see him again.[20] It was also an occasion to meet up again with Mary and Papa, who had repeatedly invited us to their house. It was in Tenerife that, in a bookstore window, I first saw my cover.[21] I was emotional, of course, but I did not buy *Across the River* because I knew that Papa would give it to me as a gift.

Cuba.[22] Here is the coast, all rocks and palms, cliffs on the water; here the profile of the Morro guarding the port;[23] here a motorboat approaching quickly—is it them, is it actually them?—and the siren of salute and three white handkerchiefs against the blue of the sky. The *Pilar* circles the ship one, two times, always closer, and here are my brother Gianfranco, and Mary, and the voice of Papa through a megaphone: "Cuba greets you! We'll see each other at the port," and the *Pilar* darts away.

Havana. The sharp odor of the black skin of the natives, a cheerful confusion of cars and men, the long street among trees in bloom and the small wooden houses. Then,

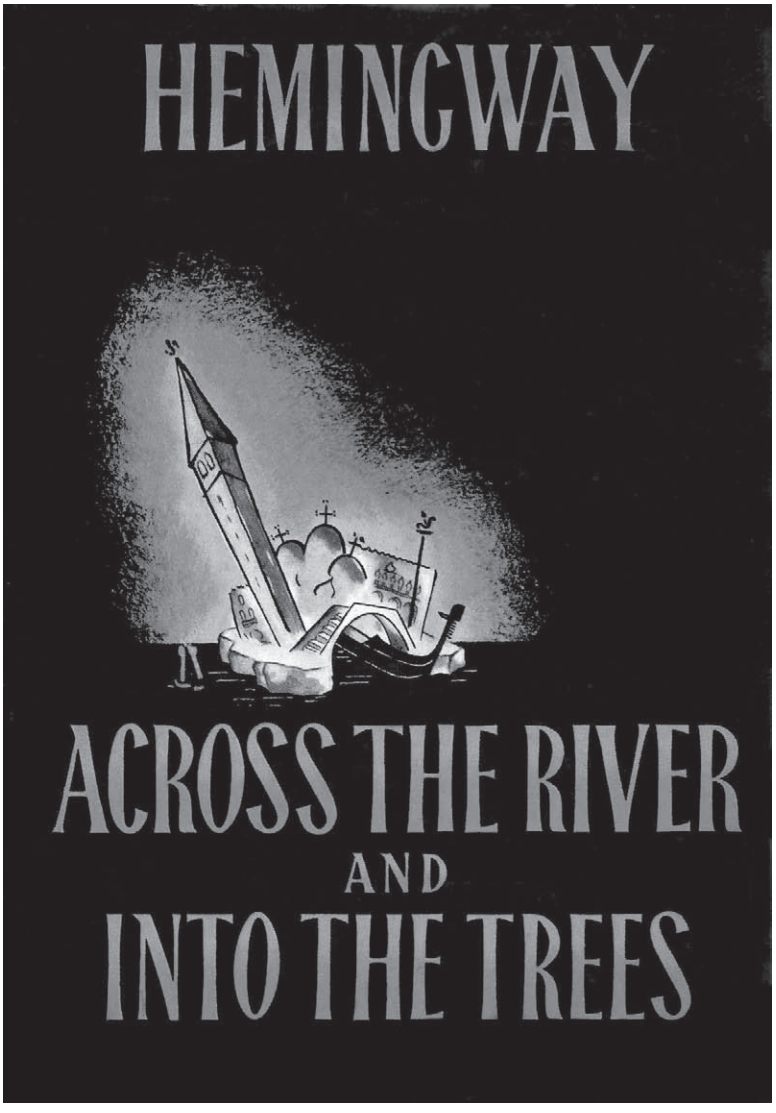


FIG. 2
Dust jacket of first American edition (Scribner, 1950).

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the Finca Vigía, the Hemingways' house. Five years later, Papa wrote me, "31 March 1955 . . . I come back now from my evening walk around the Finca, the pink sky above the hills of the village, Havana sparkling in the lavender haze, our great tree that last week exploded in a new foliage all gold and pink and copper and now is an immense umbrella of soft green, the rubber tree near your *Casita* in bloom in a new splendor of buds, the pool fresh and limpid with a crown of spring flowers in full bloom, the music that reaches us from the village. It is all so beautiful—or it seems so to me—that it makes me feel more alone, makes me desire to be able to move our slow and lazy bodies as fast as our thoughts, makes me desire your presence here. We can speak of the influence that the beauty and the ambience have on the character. . . ."[24]

My mother and I lived in the *Casita*, about fifty meters from the Finca Vigía. There were a lot of trees; there were orchids that grew freely. And there was the Tower.

The Tower rose at about a meter from the house, very white against the sky. On the first floor were the Hemingways' forty cats, on the second Papa wrote, on the third I painted and drew. Once in a while Papa came up to read me some pages from the new book, *The Old Man and the Sea*; once in a while I went down to show him the drawings. Once in a while—not often, out of mutual respect for our work.

Papa wrote with a typewriter. Standing up. The typewriter was on a pile of books, on a table. He would back up a couple of steps, to think, then advance again and beat out one sentence, two sentences at the most. Through the glass door I watched him move forward and back, as a painter does before his painting, and from the expression on his face I knew whether I could interrupt or not.

One day, opening the door of the car, which was already started, the chauffeur behind the wheel, Hemingway said to me, "You have to do me a big favor: come with me to Cojimar." As it happened, that same day I had a date with a Cuban boy with whom I had fallen in love,[25] but I immediately sensed that it was important to Papa that I go to Cojimar with him that very day, so I got in the car. As we crossed the soft hills of Cuba I asked him what I would do in Cojimar. "Nothing," he responded. "You only have to watch the ocean with me. I need to watch the ocean with you." Suddenly I knew that I was about to live a very important moment.

It has begun to drizzle, in the little bay of Cojimar. The wind ruffles the palms that look up, still seeking the sun. In silence we watch the endless blue of the sea that joins the blue of the sky, the black vultures on the rocks in savage disarray, fishermen bent on the nets. And, all of a sudden, the wind is also silent. Papa rises up. How much time has passed? It does not matter; nothing seems to have more importance than the ocean. He stands up and says, "Thank you . . ." His eyes are bright with tears. Mine are also bright. Without speaking we return to the house.[26]

In a letter dated 12 April 1952, speaking of *The Old Man and the Sea*, Hemingway wrote me, "Once I finished it, I was aware that instead of a single book on the sea (so heavy that no one could lift it) I made at least four. This will makes things easier. All the editors, etc., that read *The Old Man and the Sea* consider it to be a classic. (It could seem like bragging. But it isn't, because I am not saying it. It is just that they say it. They say that it has a strange effect on whoever reads it and that it is always a different effect. Even those who do not love me, probably with good reason, and who do not love what I write say so). If all of this is true, then I want to say that I have done that which in all my life I have sought to learn to do, and it is lucky and we must be happy. But I have to forget all this and I have to see if I can do better. . . ."[27]

He had decided that we worked well together, that we were *true old partners*,[28] and that year in Cuba *The White Tower Incorpora-*

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tion was founded.[29] From then on, in his letters he often wrote "WTI" near his signature.

Papa and I were the "founding partners." The "honorary partners" were Mary, who had been an able journalist; my brother, Gianfranco, who wrote a war story; the forty cats, because they were established residents of the tower; and Black Dog,[30] the dog, out of sympathy. The "normal partners" were Gary Cooper, because he was a friend and also to repay him for the fact that, tied with eleven pigeons each, Papa and I beat him in a shooting match,[31] and Marlene Dietrich and Ingrid Bergman, because, as Papa, who knew them well, said, they were "great women." Obligations: to be nice and—excepting only the cats and Black Dog—creative and artistic; to help one another if necessary. Some partners, mainly those far away, were never made aware of their election. Later we added "simple partners." One was Don Andrès, the Spanish priest who used to come to breakfast at the Finca Vigía every Thursday, and of whom it was said that during the week he would hardly eat in order to give all his food to the poor. Another was *El Monstruo* ["the monster"], who was actually named [Roberto] Herrera, was helpful and good, and had nothing monstrous about him, but one time Papa called him that for a joke and the name stuck.[32] *El Monstruo* helped Papa with small problems: he defended him from visitors (every American who passed through Havana felt the need to telephone the Finca); he replenished the checks that, every first of the month, Hemingway signed and sent to charitable organizations; and he filled in the tax forms. A third simple partner was Sinsky, the Basque sailor. When his ship stopped at Havana—which happened often enough—the whole Finca was filled with his overpowering voice. After breakfast, Sinsky would rise and stand to his full bony height and begin to sing *Sardiñitas*, the Basque song that Papa liked, and we all followed him in chorus.[33] Finally there was Gregorio, the caretaker of the *Pilar*, with a face worn from the sun, with his peaceful smile and his simple wisdom.[34]

We, the "founding partners," only worked in the morning. I only drew, but some images of Cuba—the cockfight, the fish in the ocean, the bay of Cojimar—would be transformed much later into poetry.[35] A year before Mondadori published my book, *Ho guardato il cielo e la terra* [1953; "I Watched the Sky and the Land"],[36] Hemingway wrote me: "The poems are very good. Because I am not a critic, I cannot tell you why they are good. But I believe that they are, all of them. You are a young woman with a great talent, still unrefined. You can do anything you want, and you must want only the best. . . ." The letter is dated 1 October 1952.

We worked only in the morning, as I said, and when I finished before him, I went onto the tower's rooftop terrace, where Mary took in the sun. Then we would all go into the pool, or to the pigeon shoot, or offshore to fish on the *Pilar*. Often I would go down to Havana to meet my new friends or the guy I was in love with. There was always enough to do; almost two months had gone by and I had not yet read *Across the River*.

When I finally read it, I told Papa right away that I did not find the dialogue very interesting. How could Renata—no, any girl with that education and traditional family, and so young—slip away to amorous encounters and to swallow one Martini after another as if they were cherries.[37] No, she was full of contradictions; she was not real. "You are too different from her to understand," Hemingway defended himself, "but I assure you that such girls do exist. And Renata is not only one woman but four different women, whom I have actually known."

I did not ask more. Life in Havana continued for another month, serene, always filled, always new every day. Then someone sent my mother an article published in France.[38] Next to the name of Renata it made a veiled reference to my name. And everything was presented in a different, false light. I was sur-

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prised, but I did not take it seriously or think of possible consequences. My mother, on the other hand, did what every other mother would do; she was very concerned and decided we had to return home immediately. The long vacation in Cuba was finished.[39]

One year later, in March 1951, I received this letter from the Finca Vigía: "If I am able to write well enough, they will speak of me and of you for many hundreds of years, because we have worked hard and well together. Some will think it, and only you and I will know, and we will be dead. Perhaps I never should have known you. Perhaps it would have been much better for you. Perhaps we never should have met in Latisana, beneath the rain. But thank heaven, I saw you before you were too wet. But, daughter, it would have been the same if I had never written a book about the Veneto. The people would have noticed that we were together and that we were happy together and we never spoke of serious things. People are jealous of those who are happy. And then they would have noticed that we worked together and that we were tremendously serious when we worked together and that we worked well. People are always jealous of those who are serious and who work well. Remember, daughter, that the best weapon against lies is the truth. There are no weapons against gossip. It is like the fog that the clear wind blows away and that the sun dissolves . . ."[40]

Translator's Notes

1. Ernest Hemingway and Adriana Ivancich actually met in December 1948 (e.g., Baker 469; Reynolds 186).

2. Hemingway recalls their meeting as "something that struck me like lightning at the cross roads in Latisana in the rain" (qtd. in Meyers 440).

3. The driver of the car was Adriana's friend Carlo Kechler, who invited her to hunt on the reserve of Nanuk Franchetti, a hunting companion of Hemingway's (Moriani 23). *Valle* describes the lagoon areas that are separated from the flow of the river.

4. Ivancich was born in Venice in 1930.

5. Hemingway's works were not published in Italy during its fascist era, and his books were not available there until the mid to late 1940s.

6. According to Moriani, Hemingway's car was "an impressive old Buick convertible in metallic blue which earned him the admiration of the locals and which children in Caorle called 'the car with the wings'" (21).

7. In her memoirs, Ivancich remembers Hemingway saying, "Terribly sorry, Adriana. It's all my fault. I hope you will forgive me" (*La torre* 9).

8. The barrels, submerged in the marsh, are the blinds in which the shooter stays, usually seated on a pail, during the hunt. This method of hunting is typical in the Veneto.

9. When Renata is introduced in *Across the River and into the Trees*, Cantwell notes "the carelessness the wind had made of her hair" (78).

10. In *Across the River and into the Trees*, Renata is also quite conscious of combing her hair, and she and Colonel Cantwell frequently refer to its resistance to the comb, its messiness, the attention it requires (104, 106–08, 113, 142, 167, 246). For a discussion of the importance of hair and combing in the novel, see Eby 231–32.

11. Torcello is a small island in the north of the Venetian lagoon. Hemingway stayed at the inn Locanda Cipriani in 1948, hunting and visiting Torcello's sites, which include the Cathedral of Santa Maria Assunta. The cathedral and its squared tower are mentioned in *Across the River and into the Trees* (33, 35, 44, 63). Renata refers to Cantwell as a "Torcello boy" (151). For beautiful photographs of Hemingway's stay in Torcello, see Moriani 107–23. The Gritti Palace is the most famous and luxurious hotel in Venice. Hemingway stayed there during his 1948 and 1949 visits to Venice. He and his wife returned to the Gritti in March 1954, after their two African plane crashes.

12. Ciro's Bar was a hotspot of the time in Venice, located at XXII Marzo 2397. It is now the site of the restaurant La Caravella. Aspasia Manos (1896–1972), the mother of King Peter of Yugoslavia, died in Venice (Baker 481). In his posthumously published novel *Under Kilimanjaro* (2005), Hemingway demonstrates to a young African woman the manners of European royalty: "I had tried to teach her," he writes, "the lift of the wrist and undulation of the fingers with which the Princess Aspasia of Greece would greet me across the smoke-filled clamor of Harry's Bar in Venice" (377–78).

13. Hemingway received the *Medaglia d'Argento al Valore Militare* ("Silver Medal of Military Valor") in November 1921 (Meyers 61). In 1950 Hemingway claimed that this award was one of only two (along with the *Croce al Merito di Guerra* ["War Merit Cross"]) that he respected ("Hemingway").

14. Ivancich may be referring to one of multiple automobile accidents Hemingway had during World War II (Meyers 574).

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15. Ivancich published a book of poems, *Ho guardato il cielo e la terra* ("I Watched the Sky and the Land"), with Mondadori in 1953. In *Across the River and into the Trees*, likewise, Renata had written poetry, which she disparages as "young girl poetry" (90). It was not uncommon for Ivancich to include her poetry in her letters to Hemingway.

16. A flap of the dust jacket for the first edition of *Across the River and into the Trees* gives the credit "JACKET DESIGN BY A. IVANCICH." The cover illustration features an unmistakably phallic white tower at an angle simulating an erect penis; at its base three tumescent hills sit above a tunnel that is being penetrated by a gondola.

17. De Beaumont (b. 1930) was the younger sister of Jacqueline de Ribes (b. 1929), a famous French socialite and designer.

18. This meeting took place in March 1950.

19. In the original, "partner" appears in English.

20. Gianfranco Ivancich (1920–2013) was the author of scholarship on Ezra Pound as well as memoirs of his own time spent with Hemingway, *Da una felice Cuba a Ketchum: I miei giorni con Ernest Hemingway* (2008; "From a Happy Cuba to Ketchum: My Days with Ernest Hemingway").

21. Tenerife is the most populous of the Canary Islands.

22. One of the eight sections of Ivancich's book is called "Vento di Cuba" ("Cuban Wind"). Ivancich and her mother arrived in Cuba in late October 1950.

23. Morro Castle is a sixteenth-century fortress at the entrance of Havana.

24. This letter matches the "nostalgic, almost elegiac tone" that Doyle and Houston find in Hemingway's letters to Ivancich ("Letters" 29). The letter, and all those from Hemingway to Ivancich quoted in this piece, is a translation of Ivancich's translation, not a transcription of Hemingway's original.

25. Juan Veranes, whom Mary Hemingway describes as "a young man of good family . . . who had taken her dancing several evenings" (281). Mary's autobiography refers to him as Juan Verano, and Denis Brian's oral biography of Hemingway refers to him as both Verano and Verona.

26. In a more famous anecdote, Hemingway told Adriana, after their meeting in Venice in early 1954, "Now you can tell everyone you have seen Ernest Hemingway cry" (qtd. in Kert 479). Ivancich ends her memoirs on this note (*La torre* 324).

27. In this same letter, Doyle and Houston report, Hemingway cites the death of his publisher, Charles Scribner, as negatively affecting his writing ("Ernest Hemingway's Letters" 26). Charles Scribner III had died two months earlier, on 11 February 1952.

28. In the original, "true old partners" appears in English.

29. In the original, "The White Tower Incorporation" appears in English, followed by its Italian translation, "Società della Torre bianca."

30. "Black Dog" appears in English in the original.

31. Cooper (1901–61) starred in film adaptations of *A Farewell to Arms* (1932) and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1943).

32. In Gianfranco's recollection, Herrera had "two protruding ears and a chin like in a Goya caricature" (Ivancich-Biaggini 222). Among the small tasks Hemingway assigned Herrera was to provide a daily word count for the handwritten *Across the River and into the Trees* manuscript.

33. Adriana may be referring to "Mi Sardinita," a song by the Portuguese artist Amália Rodrigues. A Hemingway friend describes Sinsky, whose real name was Juan Dunabeitía, as "a tall, thin Basque" (qtd. in Brian 229). Mary Hemingway recalls that he was called "Sinbad the Sailor" (200).

34. Adriana is referring to Gregorio Fuentes, often thought to be an inspiration behind Santiago, the protagonist of *The Old Man and the Sea*.

35. Adriana's poem "Cojimar" captures a timelessness: she writes of "The distant horizon / an ancient picture" and describes "ancient eyes full of salt" that "watch the sea." Her "I due galli" ("The Two Roosters") depicts a cockfight and the winner's "victory without glory."

36. No translation of this book has been published.

37. Adriana confirms this view fifteen years later, in an interview in *People* following the publication of her memoirs: "I didn't like the book and I told him so" (Di Robilant 43). See also *La torre* 144, where Ivancich expands on these criticisms.

38. Ivancich refers to an article in *Samedi-soir*, "Hemingway a laissé à Venise un 'mystère Renata'" ("Hemingway Left a 'Renata Mystery' in Venice"), which speculates about her relationship with Hemingway and how she might have inspired him to create the protagonist of *Across the River and into the Trees*. This anonymous article, which appeared in January 1951, denounces rumors of Hemingway's improper relationship with Adriana as scurrilous, while perpetuating them in exaggerated detail. *Samedi-soir* was not the first periodical in Europe to report suggestions about their relationship and its influence on Hemingway's writing. An article published several months earlier in the Italian periodical *Europeo*, entitled "Afdera più Adriana uguale: Renata" ("Afdera plus Adriana Equals Renata"), claims that Renata is a composite of Ivancich and Nanuk Franchetti's sister, Afdera (the future wife of Henry Fonda).

39. The Ivanciches left Hemingway's house in late January 1951. Hence, Adriana's comment in the next sentence that his letter of March 1951 followed a year later is inaccurate.

40. Doyle and Houston characterize this letter as Hemingway's attempt to align himself with Adriana against a world that does not understand the value of their relationship ("Ernest Hemingway's Letters" 24–25).

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