



8-2000

## **Postcards from the war : a rhetorical analysis of authorship and audience in Martha Gellhorn's war-torn travel writing**

Marcie L. Hinton

Follow this and additional works at: [https://trace.tennessee.edu/utk\\_graddiss](https://trace.tennessee.edu/utk_graddiss)

---

### **Recommended Citation**

Hinton, Marcie L., "Postcards from the war : a rhetorical analysis of authorship and audience in Martha Gellhorn's war-torn travel writing. " PhD diss., University of Tennessee, 2000.  
[https://trace.tennessee.edu/utk\\_graddiss/8294](https://trace.tennessee.edu/utk_graddiss/8294)

This Dissertation is brought to you for free and open access by the Graduate School at TRACE: Tennessee Research and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in Doctoral Dissertations by an authorized administrator of TRACE: Tennessee Research and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact [trace@utk.edu](mailto:trace@utk.edu).

To the Graduate Council:

I am submitting herewith a dissertation written by Marcie L. Hinton entitled "Postcards from the war : a rhetorical analysis of authorship and audience in Martha Gellhorn's war-torn travel writing." I have examined the final electronic copy of this dissertation for form and content and recommend that it be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, with a major in Communication.

Paul Ashdown, Major Professor

We have read this dissertation and recommend its acceptance:

Janet Atwill, C. Edward Caudill, James Crook

Accepted for the Council:

Carolyn R. Hodges

Vice Provost and Dean of the Graduate School

(Original signatures are on file with official student records.)

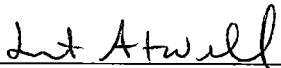
To the Graduate Council:

I am submitting herewith a dissertation written by Marcie L. Hinton titled "Post Cards from the War: A Rhetorical Analysis of Authorship and Audience in Martha Gellhorn's War-Torn Travel Writing." I have examined the final copy of this dissertation for form and content and recommend that it be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, with a major in Communications.

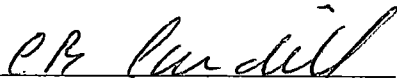


Dr. Paul Ashdown, Major Professor

We have read this dissertation and recommend its acceptance:



Dr. Janet Atwill

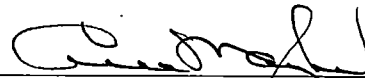


Dr. C. Edward Caudill



Dr. James Crook

Accepted for the Council:



Associate Vice Chancellor and  
Dean of the Graduate School

POSTCARDS FROM THE WAR:  
A RHETORICAL ANALYSIS OF AUTHORSHIP AND AUDIENCE  
IN MARTHA GELLHORN'S WAR-TORN TRAVEL WRITING

A Dissertation  
Presented for the  
Doctor of Philosophy  
Degree  
The University of Tennessee

Marcie L. Hinton  
August 2000

Copyright © Marcie Lynn Hinton, 2000

All rights reserved

To the Marthas

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It is with no small admiration that I would first like to thank my mentor, my teacher, my hero, my committee chairman Dr. Paul Ashdown (who dines with Romanov Princesses and peasants with the same fervor). His help, encouragement, expertise, honesty and humor were undeniably the wind in my sails. I truly believe there is no better committee chair. I also wish to thank Dr. Janet Atwill whose patience and genuine interest were always comforting. And also, healthy appreciation goes to Drs. James Crook and C. Edward Caudill who offered expertise, stability and guidance that helped guide my dissertation and me.

To Dr. Jerry Hinton, my inspiration, co-conspirator and father, thank you for your sympathy, compassion, encouragement, confidence and your offers to take crowbars to the knees of my committee members should they not find my work worthy. And of course to Martha Hinton, who has unofficially earned two Ph.D's and sainthood for her patience, guidance, encouragement and proofreading abilities. There is no one finer. Also thanks to Mary Ann Waltman and Carolyn Holm who offered support and proofreading skills.

I would like to thank Kari Mills, who suffered through miles of grunt work with nary a complaint, it would have taken me twice as long without her. And thanks to Ken Bradshaw and his band of merry men for robbing the libraries east of the Mississippi of article after article.

A big thank you goes to Comrade Dr. Robin Hardin, without whom I simply wouldn't have survived. I owe him much more than words. Also, a huge thanks to Gina Lage whose constant encouragement and friendship made this process bearable. And Carol Chang, who provided encouragement and general merry making along the way. And to my Berry College Colleagues, a.k.a the Laughlin Group (Bob Frank, Kathy McKee, Randy "You know what this is?" Richardson, Wayne Sheldon, Chip Hall, Kevin Kleine, Rod Metts, Tina Bucher, MarthaVan Cise, Curt Hersey and Juanita Lindsey) and students—all I know to say is thank you, thank you, thank you. Carol Zuegner, Todd Chambers, Steven McClung and Anne Cunningham—thanks for hanging in and hanging out.



## ABSTRACT

Although Martha Gellhorn is well established as one of the century's greatest war reporters, her non-fiction can best be understood as an original form of travel writing. Through a close reading of some 125 of Gellhorn's articles in 23 publications, this study explores how Gellhorn blended elements of journalism, memoir, and travelogue to fashion a vivid style of war reporting. Theories of rhetoric regarding symbols of language were used to develop a basis for the analysis. Gellhorn pushed the boundaries of conventional travel writing and is difficult to categorize as a journalist and a literary figure. Originally enamored of journalism as a truth-telling process, she became disenchanted with journalism's ability to shape public experience in the wake of the complex wars that shaped the Twentieth Century. Furthermore, this investigation offers an additional lens by which to examine travel literature. The depth and dimension of the genre is expanded because Gellhorn straddled the line between traditional and contemporary travel writing while enlarging the frontier of cultures by introducing the surreal destination of war. Her impressionistic vignettes are digestible commentary for readers she hoped to transform from armchair travelers into informed citizens of the world.

She developed a unique writer-reader camaraderie by bringing the reader to the scene herself. She did so by being a chauffeur, shipmate, teacher, reliable

commentator, hostess, tour guide, traveler and writer. Her audience members became those counterparts: passenger, shipmate, student, guest, tourist, fellow traveler and reader.

## CONTENTS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.....	iv
ABSTRACT.....	vi
Chapter	
ONE: INTRODUCTION.....	1
TWO: AN UNSCATHED TOURIST OF WAR.....	8
The Formative Years.....	8
War Correspondent.....	13
Seasoned Writer.....	18
THREE: METHODOLOGY.....	24
Rhetorical Analysis of Authorship and Audience.....	24
A Brief Look at Travel Writing.....	36
Importance of this Study.....	42
FOUR: ON THE ROAD TO WAR.....	46
Cultural Links.....	48
War Grit.....	52
FIVE: IRONIC JOURNEYS.....	56
Ordinary.....	58
Unwilling Citizen.....	62

“Indeed!” .....	66
Ironic Landscapes. ....	69
SIX: SIGNS OF WAR. ....	74
Particulars and Norms. ....	76
Mood Manipulator. ....	80
SEVEN: CULINARY DESTINATIONS OF WAR. ....	85
Culture of War. ....	86
Customs of a Region. ....	91
EIGHT: VISITING THE HOT SPOTS OF WAR. ....	96
Postcards from the War. ....	98
War Souvenirs. ....	106
NINE: HOME FROM THE WAR. ....	109
Hitting Close to Home. ....	110
Remembering Home. ....	113
Going Home. ....	116
TEN: CONCLUSION. ....	122
The Traveler. ....	123
The Receiver. ....	128
Limitations of this Study and Future Research. ....	129
Final Thoughts. ....	131
BIBLIOGRAPHY. ....	133
APPENDIX .....	140
VITA. ....	145

CHAPTER ONE  
INTRODUCTION

A writer publishes to be read; then hopes the readers are affected by the words, hopes that their opinions are changed or strengthened or enlarged, or that readers are pushed to notice something they had not stopped to notice before. All my reporting life, I have thrown small pebbles into a very large pond and have no way of knowing whether any pebble caused the slightest ripple. I don't need to worry about that. My responsibility was the effort."<sup>1</sup>

--Martha Gellhorn

If Gellhorn had wanted to know what ripples she made, she had only to ask her one-time agent, book publisher, friend and confidant, Bill Buford, fiction editor of *The New Yorker* and founding editor of *Granta*. He said Gellhorn was "one of the most eloquent witnesses of the twentieth century. Reading Martha Gellhorn for the first time is a staggering experience.... She is not a novelist or a journalist or a travel writer; she is all of these."<sup>2</sup>

Gellhorn's war correspondence is widely recognized as seminal work in recording the horrors of the twentieth century. Among the several dissertations regarding her work, she is chronicled in Kerrane and Yagoda's *The Art of Fact* as a twentieth-century literary figure. She is also mentioned in Jane Robinson's *Unsuitable for Ladies: An anthology of*

---

<sup>1</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *The View from the Ground* (New York: The Atlantic Monthly Press, 1988), 419.

<sup>2</sup> Bill Buford, "Martha Gellhorn Remembered," *Los Angeles Times*, 22 February 1998.

*women travellers* especially as one who “never feels at home unless [she] is on the move.”<sup>3</sup> In early 1999, Gellhorn’s *The Face of War* appeared on New York University’s top 100 pieces of American Journalism list. The book is a compilation of her correspondence from the war in Spain through the wars in Central America. It is the nature of the war correspondence that makes it unmatched and remarkable. Her innovative and persistent traveling and unrivaled perspective on war-torn places makes her reporting unique. She was a lifelong traveler beginning with streetcar rides in St. Louis when she was a little girl to snorkeling in Malta as late as 1991 at the age of 82.

The subjects of her journalism were often women and children and the poverty and injustice they endured as innocents caught in the crossfire. And she championed the oppressed and extolled their ability to grow through adversity.<sup>4</sup> However, throughout these tales of hardship, she revealed a strong sense of place and recorded unique aspects of journeys to “other” places. In the introduction to *Travels with Myself and Another*, she wrote:

I rarely read travel books myself, I prefer to travel. This is not a proper travel book. After presenting my credentials so you will believe that I know whereof I speak, it is an account of my best horror journeys, chosen from a wide range, recollected with tenderness now that they are past. All amateur travellers have experienced horror journeys.... As a student of disaster, I note that we [heroic travelers and amateurs, the latter of whom she claimed to be] react alike to our tribulations: frayed and bitter at the time; proud afterwards. Nothing is better for self-esteem than survival...It takes real stamina to travel...we amateurs are a pretty tough breed.<sup>5</sup>

---

<sup>3</sup> Jane Robinson, *Unsuitable for Ladies: An anthology of women travellers* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1994), 447.

<sup>4</sup> Jacqueline E. Orsagh, “A Critical Biography of Martha Gellhorn” (Ph.D dissertation, Michigan State University, 1977), 207.

<sup>5</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *Travels with Myself and Another* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1978), 12.

While not a “proper travel book” by her standards, its unique account of people, places, cultures and horrors is quite similar to those recorded in her war journalism. Although many think of her as a war correspondent, her post-war articles often were tinged with the same sense of place as her war articles. In fact, many were found in travel sections of general interest magazines. The style reflected her war correspondence to the point that it is perhaps best to look at her non-fiction writing as an original form of travel literature.

Gellhorn’s writing evolved throughout her career. As a journalist, she even chronicled that evolution herself. From the Spanish Civil War to World War II to the Vietnam era and the fighting in Central America, Gellhorn was present to do a job as a journalist, which she said after years in the field, was to keep the record straight.<sup>6</sup>

Before she arrived at the idea that journalism was a record, she evolved as a journalist through a series of notions about its purpose. In the introduction to *The Face of War*, she outlines her evolution in five tenets of journalism that she developed throughout her career. In the beginning, she said she saw journalism as a (1) guiding light for the masses. She believed if people were told the truth and injustice was clearly shown to them, they would “at once demand the saving action, punishment of wrong-doers, and care for the innocent.” She said the journalist’s job was to be “eyes for their conscience.” Initially, she felt the public was a solid force that would know what to do once it was enlightened by events it could not see for itself. Eventually she concluded that journalism was not so powerful. She discovered people found lies more appetizing than the truth and

---

<sup>6</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *Face of War* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1959). 3.

only a select few opposed evil wherever they saw it. Therefore, journalism was a (2) guiding light only for those who care. After the war in Finland she began to see journalism as a (3) passport. With the proper press pass she could have “a ringside seat at the spectacle of history in the making.” In the postwar atmosphere, she decided journalism at its best and most effective was as (4) education. She concluded that journalism was a means of getting her to that ringside seat and gave her a purpose for being there. It was essential only to keep a (5) straight record. She said, “...it is a form of honorable behavior, involving the reporter and the reader.”<sup>7</sup>

Her evolution as a writer and a person are most certainly linked and can best be understood by looking at her love of writing and travel as they intertwined throughout her life. Buford claimed Gellhorn had two personalities. The first personality went by Marty, a name given her by Ernest Hemingway and found mostly in the media and Hemingway biographies. Marty was a chain-smoking, boozy war reporter and third wife of Hemingway. Jeffrey Meyers has suggested, “If Pauline [Hemingway’s second wife], as Hemingway wrote *in Green Hills of Africa*, was like a little terrier, then Martha could be compared to a wolfhound: ‘lean, racy, long-legged and ornamental.’”<sup>8</sup>

She is probably best known as this Marty, the third wife of Hemingway, much to her chagrin. A headline *in The Citizen’s Weekly* reads, “Life & Times: A Writer’s Life: Martha Gellhorn was one of America’s greatest writers, so why is she best know as a footnote in somebody else’s story?”<sup>9</sup> She has often been scrutinized because of her close

---

<sup>7</sup> Ibid., 1-3.

<sup>8</sup> Jeffery Myers, *Hemingway: A Biography* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1985), 203.

<sup>9</sup> Loral Dean, “A Writer’s Life,” *The Citizen’s Weekly*, 14 June 1998, C12.



association with Hemingway. Most Hemingway biographers go so far as to refer to her continually as "Mrs. Hemingway," which she rarely went by even in her happiest moments with him. They dismiss her as one who "was, as always, quick to criticize Ernest." Therefore, she was "the shortest and least understandable of his four marriages."<sup>10</sup> In tragic bravado, Hemingway biographer Marcel Mitran wrote:

One night, when returning from a drunken party, Hemingway had a severe car accident. He was hospitalized with serious head trauma. Martha returned from the front to see him. Instead of comforting the banged up Ernest, she simply laughed at his sad state as he lay in the hospital. That was the end of Martha.<sup>11</sup>

However, her friend James Fox remembers the break-up differently. He wrote:

...she discovered that Hemingway...had taken up with the wife of the good-looking war photographer, Robert Capa. Capa and Gellhorn were close friends. Capa tipped off Martha: here was the evidence she needed to end her marriage. All she needed to do was walk up the stairs that very moment to catch them in flagrante. Up she went. To Hemingway's further fury, Martha simply debunked to the Ritz and moved in with Capa.<sup>12</sup>

Hemingway often said "Marty" was "the bravest woman he had ever met, braver than most men, including himself."<sup>13</sup> Biographer Bernice Kert wrote:

Since courage had come to be the yardstick by which Ernest judged people, Martha's possession of this quality dramatically enhanced his admiration of her. She in turn saw him at his best. 'I think it [the Spanish Civil War] was the only time in his life,' she remarked, 'when he was not the most important thing there was. He really cared about the Republic

<sup>10</sup> Marcel Mitran on [WWW.EE.MCGILL.CA/NVEREVER/HEM/BIO\\_P4.HTML](http://WWW.EE.MCGILL.CA/NVEREVER/HEM/BIO_P4.HTML)

<sup>11</sup> Marcel Mitran on [WWW.EE.MCGILL.CA/NVEREVER/HEM/BIO\\_P4.HTML](http://WWW.EE.MCGILL.CA/NVEREVER/HEM/BIO_P4.HTML).

<sup>12</sup> James Fox, "Memories of Martha," *The Independent (London)*, 22 February 1998, Features, 1-2.

<sup>13</sup> Bernice Kert, *Hemingway Women* (New York & London: W.W. Norton & Company, 1983), 299.

and he cared about that war. I believe I never would've gotten hooked otherwise.'<sup>14</sup>

Kert seemed to have given readers a glimpse of the second personality of Gellhorn. This second personality was certainly not a footnote to someone else's life. She traveled the world and sent dispatches back to American magazines about war-ravaged cities, impoverished women and children and the injustices so-called superior cultures imposed on lesser ones. She called herself an amateur traveler, novelist, journalist and foreign correspondent. She crisscrossed the globe and wrote nearly 200 articles for some 30 publications in her 88 years. It is this Martha who evolved as a traveler and a writer to become a literary figure important to her readers' understanding of the twentieth century. It is primarily this Martha who is the subject of this study, but Marty has been the subject of most of the inquiry thus far. Martha herself used "Marty" almost as a character in her writing. The constant use of "we" as she describes Russian fronts and African Safari's offers a glimpse of a caricature of herself in her war stories. For it seems to be Marty who, "drove up to Morata wedged between the two men, the doctor and the professor, on the front seat of a camouflaged Ford station wagon. Coming through Madrid, we dodged streetcars and trucks, honked, shouted, and acted like a fire engine."<sup>15</sup> Marty could also be the one depicted in the drawing by Gregor Duncan that accompanied the non-fiction *Collier's* article "Blood on the Snow" about the Helsinki bombing in 1940. The illustration is of a curvy "Mary Worth" type blond, interviewing officers and soldiers in a grand palace rather than the fatigued Martha who "half-frozen and tired ...reached the

---

<sup>14</sup> Ibid.

<sup>15</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "A Reporter At Large: Madrid to Morata," *New Yorker*, 24 July 1937, 31.

great bombed city of Viipuri at five thirty in the morning.”<sup>16</sup> Perhaps both Martha and Marty are part of Gellhorn’s style and part of the travel reader’s clues as to whom the author is. The author herself, however, is only part of the story.

Travel literature scholar Paul Fussell said the ideal travel manuscript invites the reader to undertake three different kinds of tours simultaneously: “abroad, into the author’s brain, and into his own.” It stands to follow that “the writer should possess a brain worth exploring; some kind of philosophy of life—not necessarily though preferably of his own forging—and take courage to proclaim it and put it to the test.”<sup>17</sup> Gellhorn most certainly meets these criteria.

---

<sup>16</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Blood on the Snow,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 20 January 1940, 9.

<sup>17</sup> Paul Fussell, *Abroad, British Literary Traveling Between the Wars* (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1980), 204.

## CHAPTER TWO

### “AN UNSCATHED TOURIST OF WAR”<sup>18</sup>

Martha Gellhorn 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>19</sup> Getting to the war was more or less an adventure for her. From her early formative years to her struggle to become a war correspondent, Gellhorn made it on her own through sheer determination to travel and see the world. Through it all, she said she, “had no idea you could be what I became, an unscathed tourist of wars.” And with that she carried a knapsack and fifty dollars to Spain to begin her life as a tourist of war.

#### The Formative Years

Gellhorn was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1908 to a respected physician father and a suffragette mother. She attended the John Burroughs School, which was founded by prominent St. Louis families, including her own. She first went to Europe with a friend and a chaperone to attend a summer school at the University of Grenoble. She said, “I never went near the school, but I had a lovely time!”<sup>20</sup>

---

<sup>18</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *Face of War*, 16

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, 15.

<sup>20</sup> Martha Gellhorn, Interviewed by Peter S. Prichard, *Newseum*, 1998.

From High school she went to Bryn Mawr College in 1926. On the surface, her mother's alma mater seemed like a good fit for the progressive Gellhorn. It was known for its internationalist perspective on education. Gellhorn could often be found in the "smoker," a room where smoking was the pursuit and the topic of conversation. The college newspaper often called the smoker "a rebellion against authority and a sign of intellectuality."<sup>21</sup>

As for her school work, she dismissed Wordsworth as bogus, angering the English department, so she changed her major from English to French and spent the summers in France. She said she went to "do something about my French. I took one look at the coast of France as the boat came in and said to myself, 'This is it. This is where I wish to be.'"<sup>22</sup> Throughout college she spent summers and holidays there before she finally grew restless and struck out on her own. She wanted to go back to France, but she wanted to do it with little to no assistance from her family, so she set out to earn her passage there.

Bryn Mawr engaged Gellhorn only in so far as it allowed her to make contact with a greater world and with her generation,<sup>23</sup> so after three years there, she quit. She then went to Albany, New York with a friend to work on a Hearst newspaper, *The Albany Times Union*. She became a cub reporter and the only female employee. She said the paper was exactly like Ben Hecht's play "The Front Page," where the managing editor was always drunk.

---

<sup>21</sup> Carl Rollyson, *Nothing Ever Happens to the Brave* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1990), 26-27.

<sup>22</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *The View from the Ground*, 24.

<sup>23</sup> Carl Rollyson, *Nothing Ever Happens to the Brave*, 29.

I adored it. It was unbelievably funny and so was everybody on [the staff]. There were typewriters and people screaming on telephones, rushing in and out, and really, everybody was drunk. My job was [to cover] the morgue and women's clubs and also, as a sort of bonus, streetcar accidents...then [my] brother showed up and managed to get word to my family that I was in a very unsuitable environment.<sup>24</sup>

She returned to St. Louis briefly, but "behaved very badly." She freelanced for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, but soon borrowed money from the family cook to buy a bus ticket back to New York. Determined to get back to France, Gellhorn began working through a series of odd jobs including one with the United Press, where she answered phones translating stringers' French, failing miserably and getting fired. She worked for *The New Republic* reading galleys and copy editing again with not much success. She finally did write an article for the magazine about singer Rudy Vallee. She said, "I thought it was unbelievable that here was this character sort of moaning away, and girls [fainting]...I thought it was ridiculous. So...I wrote a piece titled 'Rudy Vallee: God's Gift to Us Girls.' It was very unlike the tone of *The New Republic*, but it was boring." Critics say the article was "indirect and overenthusiastic," but it was still quite a feat for a female under the age of 21.

From there, she finessed her way onto a Holland America line cruise ship as a "student third class" to Paris in exchange for writing an article for its trade magazine about how wonderful "student third" was. So, at the age of 21, she set off for Paris with a suitcase and \$75. In Paris, she was determined to make it on her own. She aimed high, by marching into the office of the bureau chief of *The New York Times* and said, "I am offering my services as a foreign correspondent." She said he laughed so hard he nearly

---

<sup>24</sup> Interview with Peter S. Prichard, executive director, Newseum, 1998

fell out of his chair. He helped her find a small apartment in a hotel in the student district. There she said she “won and lost jobs without surprise and saved up, from my nothing earnings, so that I could eat the least expensive dish at a Russian Restaurant where I mooned with silent love for a glorious White Russian balalaika player.”<sup>25</sup>

She wrote:

The years in France and adjacent countries were never easy, never dull and an education at last. Unlike the gifted Americans and British who settled in Paris... and lived among each other in what seems to me a cozy literary world, I soon lived entirely among the French, not a cozy world. The men were politicians and political journalists, the students of my generation were just as fervently political.<sup>26</sup>

During the French years she returned to America once in 1931. By the time she wrote of the 1930s in her book *The View from the Ground*, she was unsure of what she did during that year. “I know that I traveled a lot and began the stumbling interminable work on my first novel.” She also traveled across the United States with a French companion who found America was “all new and exotic to him, but not to me.”

She did return to Paris to live, but by 1934 she found her country in peril. She decided to return to America and offer her services to her homeland. She arrived in New York on October 10, 1934, and by October 16 she was employed by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA) covering the Depression. “I told Mr. Hopkins [Director of FERA] that I knew a lot about unemployment and was a seasoned reporter; the first was true enough, the second was not,” she wrote. For almost a year she crossed the country and wrote reports (keeping no copies, which she noted was a chronic bad

---

<sup>25</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *The View from the Ground*, 67.

<sup>26</sup> Ibid.

habit of her professional life) about mill towns, the state of the employed and unemployed, always outraged by the horrible treatment of the unemployed. Some of the reports are located in Eleanor Roosevelt's papers at the Hyde Park Roosevelt Library along with some of Gellhorn's personal correspondence to Mrs. Roosevelt, which is how she managed to locate some information to make a compilation of her work, *The View from the Ground*. Her original rantings about the poor treatment of the downtrodden and a late night beer bust with a few gullible men resulted in the trashing of the windows at the FERA office. "Naturally the men told the FBI that the Relief lady had suggested this good idea (breaking the windows)," she wrote. She was, of course, fired.

While I was collecting bits and pieces from my seldom-used desk in the Washington FERA office, the President's secretary rang with a message from the president. He and Mrs. Roosevelt...heard I was dismissed and were worried about my finances...so they felt it would be best if I lived at the White House until I sorted myself out...I had saved enough money for time to write a book, but had not planned where to work and the White House would be a good quiet place to start. It was too...<sup>27</sup>

She spent some time in the White House and at a friend's house in Connecticut writing her novel before she took a vacation with her family in 1936. While vacationing with them in Key West, she met Ernest Hemingway at his favorite bar, Sloppy Joe's. She managed to carry on a "correspondence" with him about life, love, writing and war. She was able to discuss with him matters in Europe that were close to her heart rather than dwelling on what she saw as her stodgy existence in the states. By 1937, she was eager to get back to Europe both to resume her budding career as a foreign correspondent and to spend time with Hemingway, who was on his way to cover the civil war in Spain.

---

<sup>27</sup> Ibid., 71.



### War Correspondent

Much to her chagrin, Hemingway was often given credit for getting her started in Spain; however, one look at her life to this point, and it almost seems inevitable that she would end up in Spain. When she was in France and before she had even met Hemingway, she spent time with a group of young pacifists who had lived in Germany discussing "the freedom of the mind, the rights of the individual and the Red Swine-dogs of Spain." At one point she and the young pacifists were on their way to meet with young Nazis in Berlin when German police stomped through the train and confiscated newspapers. When she and the young pacifists finally met with the khaki-clad Nazis they were upset about having lost their newspapers and, she wrote, "[The young Nazis] proved to have one parrot brain among the lot and we did not care for them."<sup>28</sup> At some point during this meeting with the young fascists she said she had stopped being a pacifist and became an anti-fascist. After that fateful meeting and after her return to America, she began working on making her way back to Europe, but this time she wanted to be in Spain. While in New York in early 1937, she met the editor of *Collier's* and he agreed to give her a letter stating that she was a special correspondent for the magazine in Spain. She wrote:

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; otherwise it meant nothing. I had no connection with a newspaper or magazine, and I believed that all one did about a war was go to it, as a gesture of solidarity,

---

<sup>28</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 14.

and get killed, or survive if lucky until the war was over...I had no idea you could be what I became, an unscathed tourist of wars.<sup>29</sup>

In an interview with Peter S. Richard, executive director of the Newseum, Gellhorn said about her beginnings as a war correspondent:

I didn't write. I just wandered about.... Then somebody suggested I should write about the war, and I said I didn't know anything about the war. I did not understand anything about it. I didn't see how I could write it. I only knew about daily life [in Madrid]. It was said, 'well, it isn't everybody's daily life.' That is why I started.<sup>30</sup>\*

As this unscathed tourist of wars, she was a rare woman in the midst of this man's world of foreign correspondents. After that first article on Madrid, her name started appearing in the masthead of *Collier's* magazine in every issue throughout the Spanish Civil War. In fact, she didn't know she was employed until she received the magazine and saw her name.

From 1937 to 1946 she worked for *Collier's* magazine covering both the war in Spain and World War II—Her first real job with one employer for any great length of time. Her time at *Collier's* marks her establishment as a foreign correspondent. The nod in the masthead legitimized her career as a journalist and thus began an impressive career in non-fiction writing, despite the fact she considered herself, first and foremost, a fiction writer.

---

<sup>29</sup> Ibid., 15-16.

<sup>30</sup> Interview with Peter S. Prichard, executive director, Newseum, 1998.

\* Jacqueline Orsagh also gives an account of these events in her dissertation. She writes: "...one day either Hemingway or *Time* reporter H.S. Matthews, but she thinks, probably Hemingway, suggested that she write. The meticulous researcher complained that she still knew nothing of war. Hemingway suggested Madrid as a topic." (see Orsagh reference, p. 68)

Her correspondence with *Collier's* is important, not only because it was the only job she had for an extended period of time, but she also was given free reign over the subjects she chose to cover and the editors basically printed the articles as they received them with few changes.<sup>31</sup> She was highly touted by *Collier's* as their "girl correspondent."<sup>32</sup> The magazine offered introductions to her articles by inviting readers to "come behind the lines with *Collier's* staff correspondent and feel the impact of war on a free people."<sup>33</sup> And in 1940, *The New York Times* wrote about her and told readers they could monitor the war "through the discerning blue eyes of a Missouri blonde."<sup>34</sup> *Collier's* itself was a well-respected publication in the industry and even attracted articles from people like Winston Churchill and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. According to Theodore Peterson in his book *Magazines in the Twentieth Century*, the magazine insisted upon brevity and everyone "had to make every word do full duty."<sup>35+</sup>

Aside from her writing, the eight years that she was a correspondent for *Collier's* are the years her personal life was most scrutinized because of her association with Hemingway. On November 1, 1941, Gellhorn and Hemingway married. In February

---

<sup>31</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 13 and Leanne J. Winkler, "The Collier's War Correspondence of Martha Gellhorn, 1937-1946" (A thesis at Ohio University, College of Communication, 1994).

<sup>32</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Night Life in the Sky," *Collier's*, 17 March 1945, 18.

<sup>33</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Death in the Present Tense," *Collier's*, 10 February 1940, 14.

<sup>34</sup> AUTHOR "War through the Eyes of a Blue-Eyed Blonde," *The New York Times*, 28 May 1941, 52.

<sup>35</sup> Theodore Peterson, *Magazines in the Twentieth Century* (Illinois: University of Illinois Press, 1964), 137.

+ Most of this information was first discovered in Leanne Winkler's thesis. While I did go to the original sources, I am indebted to Winkler for the compiled information.

1941, they were making their way to China so Gellhorn could cover the Chinese army during the Sino-Japanese war. In *Travels with Myself and Another*, Gellhorn writes:

My boss, the editor of *Collier's* and one of the nicest men I ever knew, concluded that the Japanese, having already invaded Indochina, did not intend to sit upon their hands and would soon start destroying the East as their partners were destroying the West. He agreed that I should report on the Chinese army in action...On this super horror journey I wheedled an Unwilling Companion, hereinafter referred to as U.C., into going where he had no wish to go. He had not spent his formative years mooning on streetcar travels and stuffing his imagination with Fu Manchu and Somerset Maugham.<sup>36</sup>

After China, Gellhorn and Hemingway spent some time at their home in Cuba, but it didn't take long for Martha to get restless. Again, in *Travels*, she wrote, "During that terrible year, 1942, I lived in the sun, safe and comfortable and hating it."<sup>37</sup> She was hearing about the war on the radio, but it only served to strengthen her desire to be in the thick of it. Then American news broadcasts began to tell of German submarines sinking ships off the East Coast of the United States and in the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean and as far south as Brazil. She was leery of the American broadcasts because she believed that war was beyond American understanding because "no one can know what modern war means until it happens at home." It was on this self-ascribed principle that Gellhorn set off on yet another war-torn traveling expedition. She wrote:

I was going into a decline from hearing about the war on the radio instead of being where I wanted to be, with the people whose lives were paying for it. I could get a short leave of absence from private obligations and domestic duties and at least escape the radio by roaming around the Caribbean to report on this sideshow, this minor, if any, submarine warfare in nearby waters.<sup>38</sup>

---

<sup>36</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *Travels with Myself and Another*, 20.

<sup>37</sup> *Ibid.*, 64.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, 65.

The trip around the Caribbean in search of German subs produced little for *Collier's*, but it did eventually lead to a chapter in *Travels with Myself and Another* called "Messing about in Boats." Perhaps most importantly, the jaunt around this periphery of war served to strengthen her desire to get back to Europe to see the real thing. She wrote:

We were drinking daiquiris in a mingy little bar on the Mexican border and talking about cattle-raising in Arizona. A tattered Indian child came in, with some clutched newspapers, and said "Con la guerra, la guerra" mildly...he sold us a Mexican paper.... Smeary type announced Pearl Harbor and America's declaration of war.... Between that time and November 1943, when I finally reached England (filled with joy to be there, to be home in the world again), I was paralyzed by conflicting emotions: private duty, public disgust and a longing to forget both and joining those who were suffering the war.<sup>39</sup>

From November 1943 to the end, Gellhorn followed the war like an aficionado of misery. She had trouble getting to the fronts because the U.S. Army public relations officers did not think war a fit place for a "girl correspondent." She was adamant about not being assigned to rear areas or the woman's angle, so she often skirted the official line by stowing away on hospital ships or attaching herself to "admirable foreigners who were not fussy about official travel orders and accreditation."<sup>40</sup> As a result she reported from places like Poland, Italy, France and The Netherlands. She also visited Dachau. She wrote that these articles were not adequate descriptions of what she saw.

War was always worse than I knew how to say—always. And probably from an instinct of self preservation, one tried to write most often of what was brave and decent....I reported what I saw, and hate was the only reaction such sights could produce.<sup>41</sup>

---

<sup>39</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 85.

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*, 86.

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.*, 87.

During this time Gellhorn and Hemingway were apart as much as they were together, even though they both were eventually in Europe covering the war. After Gellhorn begged Hemingway to join the correspondent ranks in Europe, Hemingway finally agreed, even though he was quite fearful that he would die as a result. While he made the trip to Europe, he and Gellhorn failed to recapture the camaraderie they had during their time in Spain. They soon went their separate ways to cover the same war. Since it was obvious their separation wasn't just in distance, they divorced in December of 1945.

#### Seasoned Writer

After she radioed her last piece for *Collier's* from France in 1946, she spent nearly a decade writing journalism and fiction, quite removed from any war. She lived in Mexico in the late 40s, then Italy for a year and a half in the early 50s where she adopted an Italian orphan she called Sandy before returning to London in 1953 to live. She had a "loose deal" with *The New Republic* and "a good understanding" with *Atlantic Monthly* both of which allowed her to travel and write about anything she wanted.<sup>42</sup> She also covered the senate hearing on Joseph McCarthy for *The Sunday Times*. Most articles were travel related with a twist of politics. For instance, as Israel was winning its independence, she wrote that Israel was a wild, golden, and dangerous land, where one could find "evening after-sundown bathers still lolling in the strong soupy breakers, while

---

<sup>42</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *The View from the Ground*, 158.

behind them along the shore front citizens of Tel Aviv eat, drink and listen to a variety of hand-made music.”<sup>43</sup> Having had her fill of war for awhile, She encountered the 1950s as a time of personal struggle with peace and domesticity. She and Sandy spent their first years together in Mexico. She wrote that she gave up newspapers as a matter of principle and listened to music instead of news bulletins. And, she wrote of post-war activities.

I wrote fiction because I love to, and journalism from curiosity which has, I think, no limits and ends only with death. Though I have long lost the innocent faith that journalism is a guiding light, I still believe it is a lot better than total darkness. Somebody has to bring the news as we cannot all see for ourselves. Sometimes journalism was pure delight—weeks in the Serengeti; sometimes it was pure torment—Auschwitz and the Eichmann Trial.<sup>44</sup>

She settled in Mexico to write a novel, but instead ended up writing pieces that unauthorized biographer Carl Rollyson called “superficial journalism and travel features.”<sup>45</sup> She also wrote fiction for *Saturday Evening Post*, *Atlantic Monthly* and *Good Housekeeping*.

By the time Sandy had reached school age, she decided Mexican schools were not suitable for her son, so they moved to Rome. Also, her new semi-domesticity and her many trips to New York led to marriage. Gellhorn married T.S. Matthews, a retired Time, Inc. editor, in 1954. They lived in London mostly, but Matthews’ ties to New York were strong and he adored Gellhorn’s mother, so they spent time traveling in America as

<sup>43</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Weekend in Israel Part I and II,” *The New Republic*, October and November 1956.

<sup>44</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 223.

<sup>45</sup> Rollyson, *Nothing Ever Happens to the Brave*, 246.

well—the most time Gellhorn had spent in her native land since she left it during her junior year in college.

While she vowed never to cover war again, the domesticity didn't last too long. She became restless and in need of foreign travel, much to the dismay of Matthews, who wanted a traditional married life. By the late 50s and early 60s they were rarely in the same place at the same time, which resulted in their 1963 divorce.

After covering the Palestinians and the Eichmann trial in 1961 and realizing her second marriage was failing, Gellhorn decided she was in need of a new “love affair with a foreign country.” The object of her desire came in the form of Kenya. She wrote several articles from Africa for various magazines. She wrote “Monkeys on the Roof,” an article for *Ladies' Home Journal*, about which she said, “[this article] is a sample of journalism-for-money, light cheerful stuff, and an accurate account of the start of my Africa era, in September 1963.”<sup>46</sup> She traveled all over East Africa in a yellow VW Beetle and wrote articles and snorkeled in the waters of the Indian Ocean.

She lived remote from the news by intent, until one of her annual trips to St. Louis beginning in the autumn of 1965. She spent months in St. Louis covering American race relations and watching the situation in Vietnam with growing anxiety. By February 1966, she fled America in disgust and landed on the island of Bonaire in the Caribbean where she snorkeled, wrote a book and sent out dispatches about flamingos to friends. After she finished her novel, she could put off a trip to Vietnam no longer. She had to see for herself, as she had in so many other affairs of the world, what was happening to the people in a war-torn country.

---

<sup>46</sup> Gellhorn, *The View from the Ground*, 294.



I did not want to learn about new techniques of warfare, nor ever again see young men killing each other on the orders of old men. 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>47</sup>

She persuaded *The Guardian* to issue her travel credentials. After her brief stay in August and September of 1966, she wrote scathing accounts about the massacres of the innocents in the name of war. After that the South Vietnamese government refused her any return visas. The war continued to outrage her, but this “torment of spirit” was not enough to get her back into the country during the war. So she waged a less vocal war in St. Louis, where she returned to care for her ailing mother, by reprinting some of her Vietnam articles in magazines such as *Ave Maria*, an underground Catholic publication.

By the 1970s, Gellhorn was in her sixties and claimed she had “a writer’s block made of solid concrete.” Paralyzed by the South Vietnamese government officials refusal of her visas, Gellhorn could not write about it, but found some satisfaction in the fact that the young of America were dissenting. Her beloved mother died in 1970, which also may have contributed to her writer’s block. Instead of writing, the early 70s found her traveling to Africa, Turkey, Greece, the Soviet Union, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, Italy, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, France, Costa Rica and Malta.<sup>48</sup> She also spent time driving around Cambridge, Massachusetts, with a bullhorn in a voter-registration drive on behalf of George McGovern.<sup>49</sup> When the last bomber returned home from the war, she wrote, “As if prison gates had opened, I walked out into a wide world where I could see to the

---

<sup>47</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 224.

<sup>48</sup> Rollyson, *Nothing Ever Happens to the Brave*, 299.

horizon in all directions. I wrote two books one after the other; my life took shape again.”<sup>50</sup> The rest of the decade found her in Spain upon Franco’s death, recalling her years of covering the Spanish Civil War. She also tested the United States’ Freedom of Information Act and dubbed it freedom of partial information. In 1978 she wrote *Travels with Myself and Another*, a travel book recalling trips to China, the Caribbean, Africa and Russia. This book was different from her other non-fiction books in that it was not a compilation of previously written articles, but a recollection of her many travels. She wrote:

If I had been travelling as a reporter I would have asked all the questions that swarmed to be asked and risked any rebuke; as a lady of leisure I felt I had no excuse to pry at barriers of reserve.<sup>51</sup>

By the 80s Gellhorn began to slow down. Her eyesight was failing, making it more difficult for her to read and write. She listened to books on tape and loved to write to authors offering her opinion of their works. For instance, in a letter to James Fox about his book “White Mischief” (the story of a murder in Kenya among the loathsome English upper class) she wrote:

I could not put it down. My plan was to nip in and out, to see how you wrote. Well, you write felicitously. I do not see how the style or tone could be bettered. But what dazzles me is your organization of the material. Bravo. It is spellbinding, despite the people involved. With your talent, you could write biography if you wanted to. Do you care about any angle of the human condition? Are you concerned or committed, as they say in the new dead languages? Is there anything you believe for or against with passion? ...I feel you ought not to use that talent only on twits.<sup>52</sup>

---

<sup>49</sup> Ibid., 303.

<sup>50</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *The View from the Ground*, 329.

<sup>51</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *Travels with Myself and Another*, 211.

<sup>52</sup> Bill Buford, “The Correspondent,” *The New Yorker*, 22 June 1998, 98.

By the time she was forced to slow down on the writing, she had written eleven fiction books and three nonfiction books, two of which were compilations of her journalism and one, *Travels with Myself and Another*, a travel book. Throughout her career, her fiction did not win the critical acclaim that her journalism enjoyed. She was often accused of creating stilted and contrived characters. Many critics found her fiction to be didactic, while her journalism was better received because she didn't instruct or condescend to her audience.

Whatever she wrote, Gellhorn combined a "highly moral pedagogue" with a love of writing and traveling that made for works that were unique. She blended elements of journalism, memoir and travel literature to fashion a unique brand of travel writing that has been overlooked. Perhaps that is best exemplified in what she thought about journalism. "Journalism is education to me," Gellhorn wrote. "The readers, if there are any, may get some education too, but the big profit is mine. Writing is payment for the chance to look and learn."<sup>53</sup>

---

<sup>53</sup> Martha Gellhorn, *The View from the Ground*, 329.

## CHAPTER THREE

### METHODOLOGY

As Rhetoric is intended to be judged...it must necessarily be our object not only to render speech demonstrative and credible, but also to produce a particular impression in our judges. For...it is a highly important element of proof that the speaker should enjoy the credit of a certain character and should be disposed by his audience to stand in a certain relation to themselves and further that the audience in their turn should, if possible, have a particular disposition to the speaker.

--Aristotle's *Rhetoric*<sup>54</sup>

As Fussell would say, if this enterprise (travel writing) is to succeed, the reader's brain will instinctively adjust itself to accord in some degree with the pattern established by the author's travel, both internal and external. According to Aristotle the same thing should happen between a rhetor and his audience. A rhetor, both in Aristotle's and this study's case, is the one who controls the rhetorical situation. Whether she is speaking or writing, the rhetor is the conveyor of the communication to an audience.

#### Rhetorical Analysis of Authorship and Audience

With that in mind, a rhetorical analysis of the audience-authorship relationship is a way at getting at what the author Martha Gellhorn intends (internally and externally) and what her reader does. The audience's horizon of expectations is obviously an aspect

---

<sup>54</sup> Walker Gibson, *Tough, Sweet and Stuff: An Essay on Modern American Prose Styles*, from Aristotle's *On Rhetoric* (Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1966) p. ix.

of literary performance—of any rhetorical situation. The author resides at the other end of the situation. Her aspirations, designs and anxieties filter into her work. Every author hears someone in her head when writing. Even a written communication beginning with “Dear Diary” is still written to some audience, whether the writer is imagining future generations, herself or her Confessor as the reader, she still writes every word for somebody. Travel writing seems to be an especially interesting sector to look at simply because of the three-pronged journey taken within the text—abroad, writer’s brain, reader’s brain.<sup>55</sup>

In any act of communication, the communicator is free to develop a system of language to fix symbols that may be used to establish a relationship with her reader. It is for her to decide which semantic and syntactic symbols will validate or make credible this relationship. The only obligation resting on the communicator is to gather recognizable systems by choosing symbols and rules in such a way as to make clear to the reader how her work is to be read. When a writer selects a style, she chooses a certain set of symbols and organizes them in such a way as to dramatize a personality or voice to the person she is addressing. Such self-dramatizations are what make up a writer’s personal style.<sup>56</sup> By establishing a sequence of symbols that has already been validated in a particular system (travel writing, twentieth-century authors) as well as formulating original ones (war-torn travel writing, author’s personal style), Martha Gellhorn has created a unique set of symbols for her audience and thus established a unique

---

<sup>55</sup> Paul Fussell “Travel and the British Literary Imagination of the Twenties and Thirties” in *Temperamental Journeys: Essays on the modern literature of travel*, ed. Michael Kowaleswski (Athens and London: The University of Georgia Press, 1992), 91.

<sup>56</sup> Gibson, *Tough, Sweet and Stuffy: An Essay on Modern American Prose Styles*, x.

relationship with them. This study will look at the set of symbols twentieth-century writers and travel writers use and see how Martha Gellhorn used those symbols in her war correspondence to determine what she expected of her audience. In this way, the study will get at what Gellhorn intends for her audience. Some of the questions this study will try to answer are:

- What symbols do twentieth century writers use to establish relationships with their readers?
- What symbols do travel writers use to establish relationships with their readers?
- What symbols does Martha Gellhorn use to establish a relationship with her readers?
- How do travel writers intend for their readers to react?
- What kind of relationship does Gellhorn establish with her reader?
- Who does the reader *become* when she reads Gellhorn's work?

To make sense of any of this, the study will first have to establish the reader and his limitations at this time in history. The reader's boundaries are two-fold. First, Gellhorn obviously does not intend to persuade readers to actually travel to the places she writes about. They can't. Her snapshots of Madrid during the Spanish Civil War don't exist after the war in the same way that she described them. And, not only are the places changed by war, but readers also are changed by war.

Modris Eksteins suggests twentieth-century modern consciousness emerged out of the death and destruction of World War I. Specifically, the obsession with emancipation,

---

speed, newness, transience and inwardness took hold of societal values and beliefs, leaving in its wake a lack of pride in place. He further suggests the main motif of modernism is movement.<sup>57</sup> Eksteins said the soldier himself became a symbol of movement.

...the soldier represented a creative force. As an agent of both destruction and regeneration, of death and rebirth, the soldier inclined to see himself as a 'frontier' personality, as a paladin of change and new life. He was a traveler who had journeyed, on order, to the limits of existence, and there on the periphery he 'lived' in a unique way, on the edge of no man's land, on the margin of normal categories.<sup>58</sup>

By Eksteins' description, Gellhorn herself became a soldier, whose weapon was a pen. She made her way by press pass to that same periphery, viewing and writing about the "margin of normal categories;" therefore, she offers an excellent palate of the modern consciousness to examine for insight into author and audience relationships of the twentieth century. By doing so, this study shares in an examination of the history of modern culture, which ought to be as much an account of readers as of texts. For the historian, the audience for the arts in modern society is an important source of evidence for cultural identity.<sup>59</sup>

Besides addressing the audience in terms of history, this research will also study how twentieth century readers have been trained by the likes of Hemingway to expect a certain level of intimacy with the author. Walter J. Ong examines the author-audience relationship in terms of a history of literature in his book, *Interfaces of the Word: Studies*

---

<sup>57</sup> Modris Eksteins, *Rites of Spring: The Great War and The Birth of The Modern Age* (New York, London, Toronto, Sydney, Auckland: Doubleday, 1989), xiv.

<sup>58</sup> Ibid., 211.

<sup>59</sup> Ibid.

*in the Evolution of Consciousness and Culture*. Ong says there is a tradition of fictionalizing audiences throughout history, lending some insight into a history of literary works and culture itself. He maintains that a writer constructs an audience in her mind, whether consciously or not. She casts them in a role as perhaps “entertainment seekers, reflective sharers of experience, or as inhabitants of a lost and remembered world of prepubertal latency (readers of Tolkien’s Hobbit stories).”<sup>60</sup> And, the audience also fictionalizes itself. A reader might transform herself as a traveler to the green hills of Africa or a research clerk for a law-firm in rural Mississippi trying a civil rights case. Ong suggests eighteenth-century author-reader relationships in the works of the likes of Addison, Steele and Defoe as precursors to the author-reader intimacies found in journalistic works. He found that these early forms find their way into reader relationships developed by Hemingway as well as sportswriters and war correspondents in general. Advances in photography, radio, television and transmittance of written forms of communication brought about a newspaper writer who could bring a reader to the reporter’s own on-the-spot experience “availing himself in both sports and war of the male’s strong sense of camaraderie based on shared hardships.”<sup>61</sup>

Likewise, Walker Gibson shows the style of *Time* magazine as an adaptation of a Hemingway-like writer-reader camaraderie by offering eyewitness style accounts, and companionship with him, the writer, as he explores the topic of his story.<sup>62</sup> According to

---

<sup>60</sup> Walter J. Ong, *Interfaces of the Word: Studies in the Evolution of Consciousness and Culture*, (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1985), 57.

<sup>61</sup> *Ibid.*, 66-67.

<sup>62</sup> Wayne Booth, *The Rhetoric of Fiction* (Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 1961).



Gibson, this was a new experience for readers. Within the historical context, readers brought to their reading a set of assumptions about how books ought to be written. "So Hemingway's assumed reader of the 1920s had an ear tuned to nineteenth-century rhythms and attitudes," Gibson wrote.<sup>63</sup> Therefore, Hemingway's style appeared fresh and exciting—so much so that readers have adopted a new set of assumptions about how books ought to be written, generations after Hemingway's style was introduced.

Instead of referencing eighteenth-century writers, as Ong does, Gibson began by examining the shift in reader assumptions from the late nineteenth century to the early twentieth. He first looks at the beginning passages of both Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* (1929) and W. D. Howells' *A Modern Instance* (1888). In each passage, a narrator introduces a scene that includes a village on a plain, in the summer, with a view of mountains and a river. The difference being that Howells speaks of a New England landscape and Hemingway an Italian warfront. Nineteenth century readers were used to Howells' prose. They came to expect a bird's eye view of the situation, full of description with specifics of, not just trees, but the kinds of trees and not just a plain, but a clearly landscaped plain. They were used to being formally addressed by an expert, with an adroit air, describing a scene as only one who knows better than the reader himself could. Then, Hemingway comes along and casts his reader in a different role. By his use of modifiers (or the lack thereof), repetition, traditional subordinate clauses linked by "and," his use of the definite article as a qualifier and his use of demonstrative pronouns, he thrusts the reader into an automatic intimacy. For instance, in the opening of *A Farewell to Arms*, Gibson analyses his use of this sort of language. The passage reads:

---

<sup>63</sup> Gibson, *Tough, Sweet and Stuff: An Essay on Modern American Prose Styles*, 28.

In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the river there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels.

The reader begins, "The late summer of that year." By previous reading standards, the reader should already be asking "What year?" She reads, "we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river..." "Wait, who's we...what village...what river," Howells' reader might cry. However, Hemingway has automatically let the reader in on a story that assumes some prerequisite knowledge without making the reader feel like she is intruding on someone else's conversation. The conversation is intended for *her*, Hemingway's friend—his confidant. A different relationship between the reader and writer is being established.

Gibson goes a step further in his analysis of reader-writer intimacies by analyzing the rhetoric of newswriting. He calls the expression of newswriting a bastard form of the Tough Talker Frederic Henry's style of narration. Gibson chastises *Time* magazine reporters for using Hemingway's fictional device of "Tough Talker" to insert themselves as omnipresent narrators, thus fictionalizing the story and being dishonest with the reader.<sup>64</sup> He compares three accounts from *The New York Times*, *The New York Herald Tribune* and *Time* regarding the May 8, 1964, Birmingham, Alabama, riot. He says the reporters, with the possible exception of the *New York Times* reporter, have invented an imagined speaker "on the model of novelist, who, because he is imaginary, can speak of the situation more authoritatively than any mere hotel-bound reporter."<sup>65</sup> He also cites the

---

<sup>64</sup> *Ibid.*, 43.

<sup>65</sup> *Ibid.*, 46.

same devices used by Hemingway as instances of “semi-literary sophistication [that] have their bearing on the tone of the magazine, in which the reader is flattered by being in the know...,”<sup>66</sup> calling this means of reporting news “an act of intellectual dishonesty.”<sup>67</sup> Gibson’s chapter called, “Dullness and Dishonesty: The Rhetoric of Newswriting,” is about a perceived problem in genre that this study does not intend to address. However, his examination of the language can be important to understanding Gellhorn’s feature writing. Based on an analysis of the author-audience relationship, this study intends to examine Gellhorn’s language to establish the relationship between the author and her audience in a way that is similar to Gibson’s study of language to establish the personality of the narrator (i.e. Tough Talking Frederic Henry and Two-timing, dishonest *Time* reporter). If she did not care for Hemingway as a husband (or a man, for that matter),<sup>68</sup> she did seem to respect his writing. She often talked about the “philosophy of his sentences and the business of paring them back until they were as direct and true as they could possibly be—something she did herself in her own, tough, often staccato prose.”<sup>69</sup>

This particular audience analysis grows out of an “Audience Invoked” tradition critiqued by Ong, which means an analysis of a created or fictionalized audience. Stephen Railton looked at authorship and audience during the American Renaissance from a writer’s perspective. He briefly examined the sociological changes in the nineteenth-

---

<sup>66</sup> Ibid., 49.

<sup>67</sup> Ibid., 53.

<sup>68</sup> Bill Buford, “Martha Gellhorn Remembered,” *Los Angeles Times*, 22 February 1998.

<sup>69</sup> Ibid.

century British reading public and its impact on literary history to analyze the anxiety of the writer's performance.<sup>70</sup> He looks closely at the aspirations and anxieties of the writer and his writing process, rather than concentrating on the words used to actually reach the created audience. He provides evidence that the audience presides over "the space in which literature happens" which in turn helps determine characteristics of the texts in terms of the history of literature. This study will not necessarily discover characteristics of an "era of texts;" however, it will examine how those established twentieth-century characteristics are used within Gellhorn's text and what they signal to her audience.

Railton cites Amy Cruse, Arthur Simmons Collins, Q.D. Leavis, R.K. Webb, Richard D. Altick, Louis James and John P. Klancher as critics who have studied the sociological changes in the 19<sup>th</sup> century British reading public and their impact on literary history. However, he goes on to say American literature is still largely under-researched.<sup>71</sup>

Lisa Ede and Andrea Lunsford assert that the writer "uses semantic and syntactic resources of language to provide cues for the reader—cues which help to define the role or roles the writer wishes the reader to adopt in responding to the text."<sup>72</sup>

Finally, Wayne Booth examines the art of communicating with readers by looking at the rhetorical resources available to writers as they try to convince readers of their

---

<sup>70</sup> Stephen Railton, *Authorship and Audience: Literary Performance in the American Renaissance* (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1991), 16.

<sup>71</sup> Ibid.

<sup>72</sup> Lisa Ede and Andrea Lunsford, "Audience Addressed/Audience Invoked: The Role of Audience in Composition Theory and Pedagogy," *College Composition and Communication*, 35 May 1984, 155-171.

fictional world. In making this examination he looks at such didactic works as *Gulliver's Travels*, *Pilgrim's Progress* and *1984*, all of which faintly beat the travel drum at some point or another.<sup>73</sup> His examinations of the troubles with irony, reliable commentary, narration, artistic purity and the reader's objectivity all lend insight into non-fiction work as well.

However, non-fiction/journalistic work like Gellhorn's is almost completely unsurveyed and her work offers a unique perspective simply because it is a factual, yet quite narrative text. Gellhorn plunges headlong into her narrative telling of her journey through wars and foreign places in a manner similar to the way Hemingway tells his fictional tales, even though she uses different "semantic and syntactic resources of language." She establishes a relationship through the use of irony, transportation, signs of war, metaphor and pedagogy, offering readers a shared experience.

A rhetorical analysis similar to Gibson's investigation into Hemingway's work and Booth's unique isolation of technique from social and psychological forces will reveal Gellhorn's approach to the idea of twentieth century writer-reader camaraderie. This examination will also be insightful in that it will be examined through the travel writer's lens.

The examination of Gellhorn's work will begin with a close reading of her travel articles. Much like Booth's investigation into various texts, the researcher will attempt to break down the techniques used to establish what kind of relationship Gellhorn was shaping. For instance, in a passage in an article titled "Visit Italy" She wrote:

---

<sup>73</sup> Wayne Booth, *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, preface.

Visit Italy, indeed! It is all this and so much more. It would take a rare kind of guidebook to tell you the sights of Italy alone. And how about the new tourists, the soldiery? How will you ever know about the twenty races and nationalities who fight as allies in Italy? How will you ever know all they have done and seen and felt and survived? Some of them will write about this campaign after the war, and that will be the good writing. But perhaps it is impossible to understand anything unless it happened to you yourself.<sup>74</sup>

This one passage exemplifies Gellhorn's entire portfolio. Using travel euphemisms, irony, and direct audience address, she effectively illustrates many of the techniques she uses throughout. For instance, "Visit Italy" references a travel poster prevalent in train stations in France. Aside from the fact that it is a "travel poster," she mentions signs throughout her articles as a way of contrasting the normalcy of a culture and the absurdity of war. Additionally, she also often uses words like "Indeed" to overtly alert readers to the irony of a situation. And, she uses many travel euphemisms to depict war—like calling soldiers, tourists and bullets and wounds, souvenirs.

She again uses familiar symbols in "Blood on the Snow." Gellhorn wrote, "The road was just wide enough for the car and here it narrowed at a bridge." Again Gellhorn drags the reader along with "our civilian driver...since leaving Viipuri on *these* unmarked glassy roads."<sup>75</sup> The use of indefinite and familiar language to explain what she sees outside her vehicle windows allows readers to follow along as passengers, neighbors, students or travel companions to understand Gellhorn and her purpose. Whether she was in Italy or Finland, Gellhorn captured her subject matter and readers by using short familiar composition and providing clues as to how she wished her work to be read.

---

<sup>74</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Visit Italy," *Collier's Weekly*, 6 May 1944, 62.

<sup>75</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Blood on the Snow," *Collier's Weekly*, 20 January 1940, 9.

Some 125 of Gellhorn's articles in 23 publications have been identified through Carl Rollyson's biography, Jacqueline Orsagh's and Leanne Winkler's dissertations on her life and in the table of contents and introductions to her own books. A database search and articles about her in later years have been used to obtain those articles published after Rollyson's book (1988). These articles were distributed into fiction and non-fiction and only the non-fiction was examined. From the non-fiction, the war correspondences were used for the rhetorical analysis. The war correspondence articles were separated. With the exception of perhaps one or two highly editorialized articles on the state of governmental issues regarding the war, all were found to be quite "travel-like." The most successful travel narratives blend the outward spatial aspects of travel such as social observation and exotic settings and sensibilities with the inward, temporal forms of memory and recollection. No matter how familiar and comfortable the traveler becomes, no matter how assimilated she gets in the culture and the recording of it and its people, a crucial element of all travel writing remains the author's "visitor" status. She must remain the reader's surrogate, "a cultural outsider who moves into, through and finally beyond the places and events encountered."<sup>76</sup> Most of Gellhorn's war correspondence falls within these aspects of travel narratives. So, the only articles left out of the analysis were mostly the fiction stories, with a few articles that speak to the politics of a war that seem to be written from a library desk, rather than a battlefield.

After the articles were collected and categorized, each was read to determine the set of symbols or clues as to what her fictionalized audience was supposed to do and be as they read her material. Those clues were marked with color coded tags and

---

<sup>76</sup> Kowaleswski, *Temperamental Journeys*, p. 9.

disseminated into chapters: "On the Road to War," Gellhorn's use of transportation; "Ironic Journeys," her various uses of irony; "Signs of War," her consistent mention of signs as a way of couching normalcy in the venue of war; "Visiting the Hot Spots," travel euphemisms, "Culinary Destinations of War," her discussion of food and dining habits to call attention to culture; and "Going home," her ideas and uses of home.

This study attempts to determine her relationship with her audience and what she intended the audience to take from her writing. Her innovative and persistent traveling and unrivaled perspective on the war-torn places she visited make her a unique and interesting subject of investigation.

#### A Brief Look at Travel Writing

The first major hurdle of research in travel writing is the definition. Most think of guidebooks first. Paul Fussell says a guidebook is usually addressed to those who plan to follow those who have gone before—follow a carved path of comfort so the adventure doesn't get too out of hand. A travel piece, at its purest, is addressed to those who do not plan to follow the traveler at all. It is addressed to those who require exotic or comic wonders and scandals that are more closely related to the literary form of romance, which their own armchair does not entirely supply. Gellhorn's writing falls into step with this idea in that the places she traveled to no longer exist, in many cases. Monuments to Normandy and Dachau have been erected, but the cities and people Gellhorn described cannot be visited and in most cases were only visited by Gellhorn in the first place. She took readers into the horrors of war. She showed them people that could have been their neighbors, displaced in a tormented dimension of the twentieth century that most

---



Americans never even remotely experienced. She often said Americans had no concept of war because it had been so long since one had ever been fought on American soil, so she took her readers to foreign soil and foreign experiences and described what happened when houses burned or children were napalmed.

Aside from taking readers on a trip they wouldn't otherwise be taking, travel journalism is often a matter of keeping the record of cultures. It acts as a sort of mini-ethnography. Most journalists seek to understand a culture and to share it with readers. Gellhorn's war-torn travel, as well as her more pleasurable trips, often focused on people and cultures in a way that was unique because she looked at them through the eyes of a war-weary citizen of the world. For instance:

Torgau in the evening was a picturesque place. From one building came the lovely, sad sound of Russian singing, low and slow and mourning; from another building, a young man leaned out of a window and played a very fast bright tune on a harmonica. Rare-looking types wandered around the street; there is the greatest possible variety in the faces and uniforms of the Russian soldiery. There were blondes and Mongols and fierce-looking characters with nineteenth-century mustaches and children of about sixteen, and it felt like a vast encampment of a nomad people, where everyone is eating around campfires, singing, playing cards and getting ready to roll into blankets and sleep.<sup>77</sup>

It was almost as if Gellhorn were talking about "her own people" in a surreal culture that would actually be no different from her own, if it weren't for the war. As a traveler, Gellhorn usually identified with the culture she was in, rather than compare it to an abstraction of a culture with which she was perhaps more familiar.

Just as her citizenry and writing are difficult to categorize, so too is travel journalism. It is sometimes a memoir, autobiography or travelogue. Critics have never

---

<sup>77</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "The Russians' Invisible Wall," *Collier's Weekly*, 30 June 1945, 24.

quite known what to call it and consequently have never paid it much attention. In fact, most discussions start out defending its existence and worthiness to readers everywhere. Patrick Holland and Graham Huggon write, "Travel writing, as a genre, has always had a mixed reception, being seen by some as essentially frivolous or even morally dangerous.... Travel writers have always had a knack, in any case, of capitalizing on negative publicity; sensation mongering might be anathema to their critics, but it is integral to their genre."<sup>78</sup> In his 1980 study of interwar British travel writing, Paul Fussell complains that the genre has become a haven for "second-rate [literary] talents."<sup>79</sup>

Yet, travel books are some of the most popular books among readers everywhere. Perhaps it is that popularity that is part of the reason why it has been slighted. It has been commercialized to the point that stores like Banana Republic have marketed themselves to armchair travelers, selling expedition shirts, populist pants and African Mud-Cloth Jerseys.<sup>80</sup> The Bombay Company offers the 1890s in the form of steamer trunks, leather telescopes and tapestry settees. Eddie Bauer invites adventurers to find their all-purpose, all-terrain vehicles in the forms of Explorers or Expeditions, while other vehicle manufacturers offer Land Rovers and Discoveries. Storefronts display mannequin foot soldiers in khaki, once reserved for safaris in Africa, as the current dress blues of Generation X. For many literary critics, the dubiousness of this "merchandising of adventure" seems to have bled onto the written word of the actual adventurers.

---

<sup>78</sup> Patrick Holland and Graham Huggon, *Tourists with Typewriters* (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1998), vii.

<sup>79</sup> Paul Fussell, *Abroad, British Literary Traveling Between the Wars* (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1980), 212.

<sup>80</sup> Kowaleswski, *Temperamental Journeys*, 1.

To study this consequential and correspondingly neglected sector of writing and to do it with such a remarkable figure as Martha Gellhorn bears some significance. Instead of trying to box it into any particular category, Fussell would mark its ethereal place, just as travel writers often try to do with the places they visit. Fussell writes:

Travel books are a subspecies of memoir in which the autobiographical narrative arises from the speaker's encounter with distant or unfamiliar data, and in which the narrative unlike that in a novel or a romance—claims literal validity by constant reference to actuality. The speaker in any travel book exhibits himself as physically more free than the reader, and thus every such book, even when it depicts its speaker trapped in Boa Vista, is an implicit celebration of freedom. It resembles a poetic ode, an Ode to Freedom.<sup>81</sup>

Mark Muggli defines the goal of travel writing as the accurate recreation of character meeting place.<sup>82</sup> The travel writer, in turn becomes a gatherer of information, like a reporter whose beat is places other than “here.” Fussell argues that the travel writer is the central character of his story. And, that story is about this figure's passion to make sense of a new experience.

Extending this outgrowth of journalism, Tom Wolfe said the “The New Journalism”—a New York-based movement in the 60s and 70s among magazine writers—gets its beginnings out of late eighteenth and early nineteenth century travel literature.<sup>83</sup> Elements of travel writing also pervade the larger context of literary journalism. Like early adventure-seeking travelers, especially women, literary journalism is a rebellion against the restraints of convention, whether that convention is journalistic

---

<sup>81</sup> Fussell, *Abroad, British Literary Traveling Between the Wars*, 203.

<sup>82</sup> Mark Z. Muggli, “Joan Didion and the Problem of Journalistic Travel Writing” in *Temperamental Journeys*, ed. Michael Kowaleswski, 175.

<sup>83</sup> Tom Wolfe and E.W. Johnson, *The New Journalism* (New York: Harper and Row, 1973).

or societal. James Agee's study of Alabama tenet farming burst out of its constraints as an article for *Fortune* magazine and he, in turn, became the spiritual leader for literary journalists. He traveled to Alabama and in a sense became an ethnographer of its culture, recording people, places and things that are common to travel writing. In his wake came travel writers like Paul Theroux whose series of articles in *The New Yorker* became travel narratives of epic proportion. However, William Least-Heat Moon contends that even though Agee's book is a recognized classic, writers of nonfiction (especially those writers of the New Journalism) have not really built on his method or been inspired by his solution to the perpetual problem of the writer's self in his surroundings. He writes:

Agee's balance between self and surroundings, like a highwire act, always poises on the edge of falling to its death in the sawdust of fiction below. To my mind, this balance between writing (and traveling) centrifugally or centripetally is the central problem into which the so-called New Journalism tried to address itself. Its solutions were full of energy but quite dangerous to the survival of nonfiction, where existence depends always on the primacy of fact.<sup>84</sup>

War reporting also made the leap from simple journalistic endeavors into travel writing and also speaks to self and surroundings. Fussell includes the war memoir in his discussions of travel writing. He writes:

The memorable war memoirs of the late twenties and early thirties, by Graves and Edmund Blunden and Sassoon, are very like travel books and would doubtless show different characteristics if they'd not been written in the travel context of the period between the wars. They are ironic or parapadic of nightmare travels, to France and Belgium, with the Channel ferries and the forty and eights replacing the liners and chic trains of real travel, with duggouts standing for hotel rooms and lobbies, and with Other Ranks serving the travel book function of native porters and servants. Curiously at the end of the Second World War the war book has something of the same travel element attached to it, the same obsession

---

<sup>84</sup>William Least Heat-Moon, "Journeys into Kansas" in *Temperamental Journeys*, ed. Kowaleswski, 23.

with topography and the mystery of place, with even something like Lawrence's adhesions to the prepositional, like *into*.<sup>85</sup>

Gellhorn is the embodiment of Fussell's description of travelers. Most notable, Fussell calls a sensitive traveler one who feels a degree of guilt mixed with the traveler's pleasure, which often produces ironic resonance in his perceptions. Irony is a device Gellhorn uses often, as one would imagine when putting together war and travel. She often wrote of ironic landscapes: "Aside from hideous dead animals everything looked lovely...."<sup>86</sup> She also employs words like "indeed" and "surely," which are often used as interjections to express irony. For instance, she wrote:

There used to be tourist posters in France, in all the railroad stations, showing a sunstruck and enchanting glimpse of country with a dark-haired girl eating grapes or maybe just laughing, and the posters urged, 'Visit Italy.'

Now we were visiting Italy. It was a small, peculiar and unhealthy piece of Italy—the French front.... Visit Italy, indeed!<sup>87</sup>

Fussell also notes travel writers have a commitment to language and to literary artifice and their impulse to write must equal their impulse to travel or they must be "equally interested in traveling and making lively sentences out of it."<sup>88</sup> In the same way travel readers also have a commitment and entitlement to the travel literature they read. Norman Douglas said:

---

<sup>85</sup> Fussell, *Abroad, British Literary Traveling Between the Wars*, 206.

<sup>86</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "The Carpathian Lancers" *Face of War*, 121.

<sup>87</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Visit Italy," *Collier's Weekly's*, 6 May 1944, 62.

<sup>88</sup> Paul Fussell, *The Norton Book of Travel* (New York and London: W.W. Norton and Company, 1987), 17.

The reader of a good travel book is entitled not only to an exterior voyage, to descriptions of scenery and so forth, but to an interior, a sentimental or temperamental voyage, which takes place side by side with that outer one.<sup>89</sup>

Gellhorn combines the best of all worlds. Not only is she a traveler and a writer, but she is also a reporter. And in the most broad and abstract ways, most types of reporting are types of traveling. A reporter goes to some other place to gather information and bring it back to an audience that has yet to experience it. While no one could suggest that travel writing begat journalism, it can be said that this form of writing, so largely unexplored, is intricately entwined throughout journalism history and deserves scholarly attention. Gellhorn is also a largely unexplored writer and embodies much of the unexplored scholarship mentioned within this study; therefore she deserves scholarly attention.

#### Importance of this Study

Literature regarding Martha Gellhorn has been scarce and at times misguided. The least scholarly of these inquiries is Carl Rollyson's unauthorized biography, *Nothing Ever Happens to the Brave: The Story of Martha Gellhorn*. Gellhorn refused to speak to him, offer any guidance or give consent to his investigation into her life. The content of the book is largely biographical with little discussion and analysis of her journalism. Built largely of secondary sources and interviews with cursory Gellhorn acquaintances, it acts as a simple biographical record of her life. In a personal correspondence to Bill Buford, she wrote:

---

<sup>89</sup> Ibid., 15.

Rollyson's book...is almost a paean of hate; Hemingway would have adored it. And Rollyson would never have bothered with me, except for Hemingway. It has made me sick to read it with horrid care, noting the lies, inaccuracies, etc. for future use. He has used, as narrative, a rewording of all my printed work; and he transposes my fiction directly into my life with weird effects.<sup>90</sup>

In a personal correspondence to Leanne Winkler, Gellhorn wrote, "You do yourself a great disservice...relying on the coarse and error-filled Rollyson book. He is a cheap man and a bad writer and a liar".<sup>91\*</sup>

Winkler corresponded with Gellhorn while working on her thesis, "The *Collier's* War Correspondence of Martha Gellhorn, 1937-1946." She offers sound investigation into Gellhorn's *Collier's* years, but there is obviously more beyond the scope of her study, both in data—she only looked at the *Collier's* articles and not even all of those, according to her bibliography—and theme. Winkler examined the *Collier's* works to determine how Gellhorn "plied her craft to achieve her end of showing the effects of war on individuals" concentrating on Gellhorn's style and language, specifically in terms of point of view, common features, elaborateness of detail and use of dialogue (style) and the use of attribution and abstract or concrete terms (language).<sup>92</sup>

Jacqueline Orsagh's 1977 dissertation, "A Critical Biography of Martha Gellhorn," was more scholarly in her biographical data collection than Rollyson. She too corresponded with Gellhorn, offering sound primary sources. Her analysis focused on

---

<sup>90</sup> Bill Buford, "The Correspondent," *The New Yorker*, 22 June 1998, 98.

<sup>91</sup> Leanne J. Winkler, "The *Collier's* War Correspondence of Martha Gellhorn, 1937-1946," Master's thesis, Ohio University, 1994.

\* I was very careful when using Rollyson's book. I do cite it within the research, but on most occasions confirmed the information in other sources and, where possible, always used Gellhorn as a source before using Rollyson.

<sup>92</sup> *Ibid.*

Gellhorn's fiction writing with brief, accurate and detailed accounts of her journalistic endeavors.

Studying this consequential and correspondingly neglected figure bears even more significance when one takes a moment to look at her personality and her life. She was a spectator and participant at many of the twentieth century's most significant events. She traveled the globe for business and pleasure and recorded, in one form or another, all of it. Whether in her magazine articles, her books or her various correspondences with important figures within the publishing industry, her path and her writings can be traced to the world's war-torn places and important times in history.

Gellhorn is also an interesting subject just because she would hate being one. The only record of her personal papers is found at Boston University; however, she stipulated that they were not to be viewed until 25 years after her death—she died February 1998—and she claims to have donated them only as a tax write off. According to an article in *The Sunday Times*, Gellhorn told a reporter, “Under President Kennedy you could give your papers to a library and get a tax deduction. I cannot tell you how I searched for manuscripts, letters, the lot. Then I gave them to a university I'd never heard of so they'd be hidden from those thesis people.”<sup>93</sup>

These are the only known, publicly held papers. The rest? Her friend and colleague Nicholas Shakespeare notes:

... she gathered her most private letters, took them to her hilltop near Chepstow [her most recent residence], and burnt them. Like others, I pleaded with her not to. Why not, instead, restrict access for 50 years, a century? But burn them? She replied that she did not want some

---

<sup>93</sup> Susan Crosland, “Messages from Martha,” *The Sunday Times*, 30 March, 1986, 36.



biographer misunderstanding the past. What I saw as a loss, she understood as an act of self-protection.... She hated not to be in control, and could be litigious....when Die Zeit decided without her permission to footnote an article of hers about the Spanish Civil War (in order to explain the identity of a mysterious companion, referred to only as "E"), she ran up pounds 1,400 in lawyer's fees, preventing them.<sup>94</sup>

Gellhorn's background, experience and unique perspective offer an important and often overlooked area of study. This research strives to strengthen her voice as an important figure in the canons of journalists and travel writers.

---

<sup>94</sup> Nicholas Shakespeare, "A Life Less Ordinary" *The Independent* (London), 28 June 1998, 12.

CHAPTER FOUR  
ON THE ROAD TO WAR

Transportation has always been a device used in literature—travel literature and otherwise—for centuries. The Stagecoach was the device of choice in the early evolution of the novel. Samuel Johnson once wrote, “If...I had not duties...I would spend my life driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman [who could] add something to the conversation.”<sup>95</sup> Johnson was said to have loved coaches where people were trapped in conversation. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this entrapment was recorded by many real travelers and became an entertaining and useful device for fiction writers. It was in fact one of the closest bonds between established travel book and the evolving novel.<sup>96</sup>

The ease of ever-evolving transportation has diminished the once powerful device used by the likes of Johnson and Chaucer. The vehicles of choice now are cars and planes rather than stagecoaches. While cars and planes have not fared nearly as well as coaches as a motif, some similar usages do still exist.

---

<sup>95</sup> Percy G. Adams, *Travel Literature and the Evolution of the Novel* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1983).

<sup>96</sup> *Ibid.*

The problem seems to be that the speed and mode of mass travel has often been accused of diminishing cultural alternatives. The urgency of people rushing over or through landscapes has put “new demands on travelers’ eyes, nerves and viscera.” In fact, in *Howard’s End*, E.M. Forester wrote, “the motor car is quickly turning landscape into porridge.”

The motor car does curtail travel epics that once meandered through countryside over extended trips. However, more current travel literature no longer covers undiscovered lands, for by now most of the land has been discovered and even rediscovered, so winding roadsides and desultory conversation are less likely to occur anyway. Instead, the ease and convenience of instantaneous transportation provides a less conversational device in the travel narrative. Fussell asserts the traveler now has to throw artificial obstacles in front of himself in order to keep alive the possibility of misadventure.<sup>97</sup> The long journey of yesterday has been shortened so much that contemporary travel writers must search for the laborious journey by living in his car as Heat-Moon did in *Blue Highways*, or hike the Appalachian Trail as Bill Bryson did in *A Walk in the Woods*. Traveling has become too easy and thus makes the idiosyncratic journeys of today’s travel more contrived than any before.

In the theater of war, Martha Gellhorn has managed to conjure a bit of the intimate and comfortless stagecoach that served as such an important theme in early travel literature. And she has done so both practically and thematically without inventing superficial impediments. In the same way travelers in *Canterbury Tales* were linked by their ride across unknown territory, Gellhorn uses transportation as a means to drive her

---

<sup>97</sup> Fussell, *The Norton Book of Travel*.

story. She makes cultural links that perhaps her war-saturated stories wouldn't otherwise allow and she provides unique war grit without necessarily invoking gory details of bloodstained battlefields.

### Cultural Links

Just as Richard Steele, in 1711, concluded that stagecoaches are “an ideal means of bringing out human nature,”<sup>98</sup> Gellhorn also finds a vehicle an opportunity to discover human nature and cultural tones. By conversing with her driver and fellow travelers along war-strewn roads she is able to vividly describe the ordinariness of people in the war, as well as provide a cultural backdrop to the action of war. Her idiosyncratic journey does not have to be fabricated, because war itself provides suitable obstacles. In “A weekend in Israel—I,” Gellhorn writes:

Issac, the driver, called for me at eight in the morning. In Poland, in 1937, Issac was a medical student; then he became a soldier in the Polish Army and was later captured by the Russians. In due course he escaped from the Russians and so, by devious routes, via China, he arrived in Israel 14 years ago; too late for medicine but not for the good life. Issac, in his assured tough-guy way, speaks six languages. It is par for Israel.<sup>99</sup>

Par for Gellhorn is introducing her driver and thus a culture. Most of her drivers were military veterans and most had a story of a former life before the war that Gellhorn always manages to tell to invoke sympathy for the “overseas neighbor” and to illustrate the war. Issac was a classic example in that he was once a POW who gave up his dream of medicine and he is “par for Israel” giving her a cultural opening. Gellhorn doesn't stop

<sup>98</sup> Richard Steele, *Spectator*, 1 August 1711, 132.

<sup>99</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “A Weekend in Israel—I,” *The New Republic*, 29 October 1956, 14.

there. Before the end of the next paragraph she and Issac “collect three others, an old man who is a Tel Aviv journalist, a young Englishwoman who is a social worker and a young government guide.” Together they break the rear axle, get helped by soldiers before spending the evening in a kibbutz (communal farm) touring the damage left by “Egyptian marauders.” It becomes almost a triple cultural experience for the reader learning about war, Israel and Israel at war.

In Africa, Gellhorn does the same thing while exploring the new nation of Tanganyika right after it won independence. She writes:

My driver was a competent Kenyan, who works on a European farm in the Rift Valley on the Kenya side. We drove through Handeni province and he had a fit. All the good land, unused; green as paint, lush, wasted.... We bounced in the Land rover, and I explained that it was Ramadan and most of the local population was Muslim ...presumably, as they fasted for a month from sunrise to sundown, without even a drop of water, they felt pretty languid. But Wambua kept studying the land; in Tanganyika any citizen can get all the land he wants for the asking. And there they were, lying about. ‘These people not progress’ Wambua said with contempt.<sup>100</sup>

Her trip through Handeni province with Wambua is again a prime example of war-torn travel writing at its best. Her misadventure combines all the elements—she sees countryside, she experiences native culture and she endures “bouncing in the Landrover” while discovering the aftermath of war, namely cultural misunderstanding and integration.

In China on her semi-honeymoon with Hemingway, Gellhorn used the floating sampan as her vehicle of choice to introduce the Chinese culture during the Sino-Japanese war in “These, Our Mountains.” She writes:

---

<sup>100</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Tanganykia: African New Frontier,” *The Atlantic Monthly*, September 1963, 42.

The North River is one of the three water highways to this roadless front and the sampan is what the army used instead of trucks. The pilot of the motor boat was a very old man with a sparse white beard, a few yellow teeth, a black knitted stocking cap and a bamboo pipe. He sat crosslegged on the high chair by the wheel now, and shoveled rice into his mouth with chopsticks, then sucked down a bowl of soup and belched to show everything was good.... We ran aground five times and finally were all mixed up, with the sampan out ahead of us. Our course had been a constant circle for the last hour. The pilot accepted defeat and took us inshore, where we anchored in the midst of forty sampans...Ernest inspected this floating village with interest, opining that this was a well known place, the disease center of South China. As we came alongside the nearest sampan he called down to the people on board, 'You boys got any cholera we haven't got?'<sup>101</sup>

Again Gellhorn introduces the driver or pilot to couch the experience in a bit of Asian culture with rice, chopsticks and the expected and proper belch in kudos to the cook. The sampan itself is also a show of culture not readily familiar to her American audience and, of course, the disease of an uprooted society, cholera, also invokes a picture of war, that is not necessarily a direct result of battle, but rather displacement. The sampan is also a mode of transportation that is more reminiscent of traditional travel literature because it lacks speed or luxury.

Even when the driver of her vehicle was American, she managed cultural commentary, sometimes just on the war and sometimes on America itself. In "Postcards from Italy," she writes:

In the rain, the trucks were coming back from Cassino full of American soldiers who sat so still and so blindly that they seemed more like used machinery than like men...The trucks took them down the narrow, slippery roads to a hillside where there were olive groves.... The convey was very long and each truck looked like every other truck and all the soldiers looked alike....

'Poor guys!' said Burton.

---

<sup>101</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "These, Our Mountains," *Collier's Weekly*, 28 June 1941, 38.

Burton was the driver of the command car and we were following the convoy, as it intended to go to the same place and the convoy must know where these obscure roads lead. We certainly did not. Before meeting the convoy, Burton and I had been lost for three hours in the command car, which leaked at every seam.

‘You bet,’ I said.

‘I don’t like this war,’ Burton said. ‘I ain’t got the temperament for it.’  
... ‘Poor damn guys,’ Burton said again. “All to take those lousy little towns! Who wants them lousy little towns, anyhow?”<sup>102</sup>

The introduction offered by the editors of the magazine called this story “Vignettes of what life is like in sunny Italy for our soldiers.”<sup>103</sup> The dialog with the driver offered ordinariness in the midst of a convoy of American soldiers and army trucks in a foreign land and contrasts the sunny Italy in the minds of American tourists to the rainy, muddy Italy of the war. By showing readers the olive groves from the window of her army command vehicle, she provides oxymoronic polarity of war in a foreign land. And she accents it with a young American Burton, who “ain’t got the temperament to take the lousy little towns that no one wants anyhow.”

With this, Gellhorn again invokes the travel novel of yesteryear. From periodical essays in the nineteenth century, a hybrid of recordings of real traveling adventures and the novel emerged. Writers combined experience with imagination by producing pseudo-coach journeys. Mary Manly published “A Stage-Coach Journey to Exeter.” Among her companions on a seven-day trip are a “fop who ogles her,” a talkative wife of a major and “two virgin travelers who know no better than to enjoy the trip.” She uses the companions and the ride to describe the actual landscape and Inns en route to Exeter.

---

<sup>102</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Postcards from Italy,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 1 July 1944, 41.

<sup>103</sup> *Ibid.*

Gellhorn does the same thing, only it wasn't a pseudo-journey and her companions were real, even if perhaps the dialog was a bit exaggerated. Who knows how much of Manly's coach journey or Gellhorn's dialog was true; what matters is that the "ancient and persistent reputation of travelers is that they more or less tell the truth, but as drivers of the story they use a bit of creative license."<sup>104</sup>

### War Grit

From the culture of a people to a culture of a war, Gellhorn again drives her war correspondence from a vehicle of travel literature. Just as William-Least Heat Moon's van in *Blue Highways* not only serves as his way of getting around, but also as a means of discovering roads less traveled, Gellhorn's military excursions take her readers down war-weary roads. Heat-Moon's van casts a nomadic shadow over his narrative. It provides a point of entry into his lifestyle as a searcher. In Gellhorn's work, the military jeeps, planes and boats she travels in serve as a sort of entry into the war scene, offering readers both insight into herself and war. In turn, the reader acts as a sort of passenger, determining along the way whether he is able to make the trip. The act of traveling in this fashion forces readers to assess cultures, their own patriotism and the reality of war.

A prime example of this war grit is consistently found at the beginning of her war correspondences. She often begins her articles on her way to the next war-torn venue.

In a *New Yorker* article in 1937 she begins:

I drove up to Morata wedged between the two men, the doctor and the professor, on the front seat of a camouflaged Ford station wagon. Coming through Madrid, we dodged streetcars and trucks, honked, shouted, and acted like a fire engine. After we passed the last street barricade, and

---

<sup>104</sup> Percy G. Adams, *Travel Literature and the Evolution of the Novel*.



began plowing over the gutted country roads, we were held up by caravans of carts coming into Madrid.... We were in a hurry: we were taking bottles of blood to the front-line hospitals.<sup>105</sup>

Years later in Vietnam she begins an article:

A young Vietnamese journalist, my interpreter for the day, drove with me across the bridge to Saigon suburbs, an area deemed perilous after dark. We drove for several miles beside the wide brown river, past small tumbledown houses, but there were trees and a few roaming farm oxen, and there was a welcome sense of space and quiet. Then we abandoned the car because the road had become a rutted streambed. We walked on a muddy path inland from the river, trying to find the refugee camp.<sup>106</sup>

In both examples, Gellhorn shows the non-battlefield side of the war, while pointing out the countryside to the reader. And she does so as if the reader were a passenger with her in her automobile. Even though the “we” in her articles often include a passenger and/or driver that is actually with her, readers begin including themselves as passengers along the way through her comments on the view out her window and the conditions under which “we” travel. Just as we don’t know which refugee camp, just “the” refugee camp,” we’re going to, we feel a blind compulsion to follow, just to see what’s ahead. After all, we are scared because we are in another country and in a foreign war, but in numbers it feels less “perilous.”

“We” are also included because she begins her articles in this manner, in the middle of something—as if we are picking up where we left off. She enters her story on the move, illustrating the movement of war. As if to validate Modris Ekstein’s notion that the main motif to come out of World War I is the idea of movement Gellhorn brings

---

<sup>105</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “A Reporter at Large: Madrid to Morata,” *The New Yorker*, 24 July 1937, 31.

<sup>106</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “A New Kind of War: The uprooted,” *The Guardian*, 26 September 1966, 8.

society's evolution through war to her reader. Her long sentences, strung together with commas and without conjunctions and her short staccato phrasing also emphasize the idea of movement.

Again in her quintessential war-torn travel piece called "Visit Italy," she begins:

The French soldier driving the jeep had large dark sad eyes. He was small, thin and dirty and he looked ill. The windshield and the top of the jeep were down and the snow had changed to hail. The road circling up the mountains was narrow and slippery. Wind blew across the gray stone sides of the mountains and over the snow peaks and drive the hail into our faces.

The little jeep driver was having a bad time, as was everyone else on the road.<sup>107</sup>

Beginning her article in this way, she again takes the reader precariously down the road of war where the only sign of it is the French soldier's uniform. We don't know where we have just come from and don't even know where we are going, but we are urgently pursuing war. The urgency and the horrific conditions are apparent without the bloody battlefield, officer's barking orders or wounded men moaning on cots. Again, she invokes Eksteins' periphery of normal, where soldiers and evidently journalists take on a frontier personality.<sup>108</sup>

Even in her non-war articles, she manages a frontier personality and works in social unrest in a pre-civil rights "war" era in America, offering the reader a ride into social commentary and a glimpse at an undeclared war. In "Justice at Night," she begins a tour of America that is quite similar to her entry into the European war theatre. She writes:

---

<sup>107</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Visit Italy," *Collier's Weekly*, 6 May 1944, 62.

<sup>108</sup> Eksteins, *Rites of Spring: The Great War and The Birth of The Modern Age*, xiv. As referenced on page 40 in the methodology section of this study.

We got off the day coach at Trenton, New Jersey, and bought a car for \$28.50. It was an eight year old Dodge open touring car and the back seat was full of fallen leaves. A boy, who worked for the car dealer, drove us to the city Hall to get an automobile license and he said: "The boss gypped the pants off you, you should of got this machine for \$20 flat and it's not worth that." So we started out to tour across America, which is, roughly speaking a distance of 3,000 miles.

I have to tell this because without the car, and without the peculiarly weak insides of that car, we should not have seen a lynching.<sup>109</sup>

And thus transportation plays a key role in taking her reader along with her. She never identifies "we." Although she was traveling at the time with her first husband Bertrand de Jouvenel, she never calls him by name so the reader feels as if she is in on the storytelling from the beginning. We are thrust immediately into the 3,000-mile journey that starts the minute "we" get off the coach.

As passengers on this trip through war-torn lands, the readers join Gellhorn in moving along with the war. It is at once a spectator sport and a participatory one as we all bounce along the tank-rutted roads, viewing unfamiliar olive groves and deserts, knowing we are on our way to visit the American boys (or at least allies) camped out on this foreign soil. Gellhorn addresses the reader as if she is taking up a conversation that she just left a minute ago, adding movement to the story as well as the war.

---

Martha Gellhorn, "Justice at Night," *The Spectator*, 21 Auguts 1936, 304.

CHAPTER FIVE  
IRONIC JOURNEYS

“The sensitive traveler will ... feel a degree of guilt at his alienation from ordinary people, at the unearned good fortune that has given him freedom while others labor at their unexciting daily obligations. If a little shame doesn’t mingle with the traveler’s pleasure there is probably going to be insufficient ironic resonance in his perceptions,”<sup>110</sup> writes Paul Fussell.

In fact, irony is an important element in creative writing and critical analysis. Its evolution began in the oral tradition from *eiron* in the classical Greek, as one who was considered to be less than candid. By Cicero’s and Quintilian’s standards, *eironia* or *ironia* was less negative and seemed more accurately to convey a sense of truth by asserting the opposite. Irony gained more widespread attention as a major literary device or phenomenon after the invention of print, because of the self-consciousness of the

---

<sup>110</sup> Fussell, *The Norton Book of Travel*, 15.

interaction between author and printed text and thus the reader.<sup>111</sup> It is a device that may become high art in print because the writer must explore the dichotomy of the situation and the reader must be able to read with understanding. The experience is heightened in travel literature because the writer has the irony of place and the reader has to discover and appreciate the curious phenomenon.

Gellhorn seems to bridge the self-conscious gap between herself and the reader. And one of the ways she does so is through irony, not despite it. Whether she is shaming her reader into some action or simply trying to record history as “an act of honorable behavior” as a reporter for her audience, Gellhorn’s ironic voice is an intrinsic part of her relationship with her reader. Part of the criticism of irony in print is that it is so often misunderstood or as Wayne Booth would conclude—there is an “unstablensness” about it. Booth offers indiscriminate irony as a “beard” for the author. He claims an author can use “un-earned” irony as a substitute for an honest discrimination of characters. He wrote:

The fault is always hard to prove, but most of us have, I suspect, encountered novelists who people their novels with very short heroes because they themselves want to appear tall. The author who maintains his invulnerability by suggesting irony at points but never holding himself responsible for definition of its limits can be as irresponsible as the writer of best sellers based on naïve identification.<sup>112</sup>

Gellhorn, however, does not necessarily suffer from indiscriminate irony.

Gellhorn’s boisterous personality helps with a sort of tonal inflection within the text.

---

<sup>111</sup> John McKee, *Literary Irony and the Literary Audience: Studies in the Victimization of the Reader in Augustan Fiction* (Amsterdam: Rodopi, NV, 1974), 89-93.

<sup>112</sup> Booth, *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, 85.

Perhaps the way she uses her irony displays some of her affection for fame; but more importantly, if one views her work through the lens of travel writing, her work represents a “stable” or standard form of irony (not indiscriminate), as does all good travel writing, according to Fussell.

Gellhorn’s audience also benefits from her “stable” usage of irony. She does not just give readers a sense of her own cleverness for vanity’s sake, she forces her readers into a level of alertness that will allow for her most subtle effects—just as Booth notes in James Joyce’s writing.<sup>113</sup> Perhaps this understanding between the author and audience makes irony Gellhorn’s greatest symbol in her war-torn travel writing.

Gellhorn’s writing does not resonate with irony just as Joyce’s or most travel writers’ work does, however. Instead, she is quite consistent in her ironic usage. Her uses of irony are fourfold. (1) She concentrates on the ordinary in the face of horror. (2) She is only guilt-stricken in that she is a native of a big-muscled, self-centered government and is perhaps an “unwilling citizen” at times. (3) She also possesses a healthy dose of independent righteous indignation, which manifests itself in the use of the words “indeed” and “surely.” (4) And perhaps her irony and even some guilt mostly stems from war-raped landscapes changing the face of cultures. Whatever the cause of her guilt, her ironic landscapes are effective yard sticks, by which to measure her message.

### The Ordinary

Gellhorn’s war correspondence is not about men in trenches, government policymaking or numbers of casualties. She spends her pages on interrupted everyday life

---

<sup>113</sup> Ibid., 302.

or more accurately how interrupted life is ordinary. She began as a war correspondent for just this reason. Gellhorn recalled her initiation into war corresponding as a response to her poor effort at amusing and distracting the wounded in Madrid. She wrote that:

a journalist friend observed that I ought to write; it was the only way I could serve the *Causa*, as the Spaniards solemnly and we lovingly called the war in Spanish Republic. After all, I was a writer, was I not? But how could I write about war, what did I know, and for whom would I write? What made a story to begin with? Didn't something gigantic and conclusive have to happen before one could write an article? My journalist friend suggested that I write about Madrid. 'Why would that interest anyone?' I asked. It was daily life. He pointed out that it was not everybody's daily life.<sup>114</sup>

From that first article, Gellhorn continually used irony as a symbol of the war in her work and she most often used it when speaking of hotel accommodations or city hustle and bustle. As a writer, she followed the first general rule of thumb—stick to what you know—by usually touching on her own surroundings and accommodations, which were most often besieged hotels.

It seemed a little crazy to be living in a hotel, like a hotel in Des Moines or New Orleans, with a lobby and wicker chairs in the lounge, and signs on the door of your room telling you that they would press your clothes immediately and that meals served privately cost ten percent more, and meantime it was like a trench when they lay down an artillery barrage.<sup>115</sup>

She often noted lobbies and rooms and hotel personnel being strikingly personable and businesslike as bombs rattled windows and bones all around them. She often juxtaposed these ironic scenes to American scenes to make her point (see Chapter 9). In the above passage she was in Madrid during the Spanish Civil War. In order to

---

<sup>114</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 16.

<sup>115</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "High Explosive for Everyone," *Collier's Weekly*, July 1937.

provide the proper context, she compared her besieged hotel to one in the heart of America—Des Moines, Iowa. It's as if she were saying, "Isn't it ironic that these same kinds of people and things exist in your land and yet they are subjugated to a war they really have little to do with?"

In Helsinki in 1940, she found the "dreadful music" consisting of a siren, the metallic pounding of machine guns and the faint distant thud of bombs at the Hotel Kamp, which was something between "a cloud, a bomb shelter and a newspaper office."<sup>116</sup> There, the bellhop was about 12 years old and:

pale now with fear and bewilderment.... He walked across the room slowly...to the other window and with shaking hands he pulled the curtain—to shut out the danger, to shut out the things you couldn't see but killed you anyhow, to save us all by drawing together some faded brocade over a rattling window.<sup>117</sup>

The reader knows of a bellhop at the Ritz on her summer vacation who perhaps did the same thing, only he was shutting out a city skyline that was not peppered with artillery fire. Her juxtapositioning of the war-torn hotel to those that the reader knows in her own land provides a strong ironic voice, which draws the reader in as Gellhorn implied she would do when she was "writing about everyday life."

In 1946, the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne, having accomplished its mission and fought its way across Sicily "bagging 23,191 prisoners" along the way to Trapani, found the:

wine was copious and the girls pretty, and they lived in villas for a while, and there was swimming and plenty to eat, and when (they) look back on it, they say, 'Good old Sicily. Those were the days.'<sup>118</sup>

---

<sup>116</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Death in the present Tense," *Collier's Weekly*, 10 February 1940, 14.

<sup>117</sup> Ibid.

<sup>118</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne, master of the Hot Spots," *Saturday Evening Post*, 23 February 1946, 23.



While she said she never romanticized the war, as many writers were inclined to do with World War II, she often used the “romance of war” with irony.

She saves her harshest ironies for such unromantic subject matter as war-affected children, however. Scholars generally agree Gellhorn often focuses attention on the plight of the underdogs and the innocents in war, especially the children. She was so adamant about such that she actually adopted a child from an Italian orphanage. In perhaps one of her most scathing articles, called “The Children Pay the Price” she turns her ironic pen to an Italian orphanage. As she writes about Italy after the war, she begins the article by noting that you would never be able to tell that there was ever a war there. She spends a considerable portion of the article extolling the beauty and ease of life in Italy. She writes “The word has gone out, and tourists flock to Italy by the hundreds of thousands....” The words are flanked by pictures of children with missing limbs and eyes. Perhaps four column inches into the article she begins to write about the “quaint and lively” slums and then finally she gets to the children. She writes:

In terms of life, the price (of war) falls most heavily where it is least deserved and least noticed—on children. Neither the enchanted foreigners nor the fairly privileged Italians visit the shuttered buildings that are orphanages, the prison-like reform schools, the hospitals and rest homes crowded with tubercular and undernourished children. Why should anyone trouble to inspect a dank school where thin, white-faced children are too hungry to concentrate on their books? No one wants to remember the torment of war. And certainly no adults want to watch children paying the price of adult cruelty and folly. But the children are there, scattered and hidden behind the pleasant appearance of everyday life. They go on paying for the war with their lives—they, at least never forget what the true cost is.<sup>119</sup>

---

<sup>119</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “The Children Pay the Price,” *Saturday Evening Post*, 27 August 1949, 19.

Again, her story resonates with ironic devices such as questions spat onto the page and incongruent landscapes of pleasant, tourist-filled streets versus stumpy children lurking unnoticed in dank school buildings.

Even Gellhorn's non-war travel articles are often colored with the black crayon of war and resonate with the irony of the horror-stricken "ordinary." While in London in 1951, Gellhorn provided a piece for *The Saturday Evening Post* that consisted of conversations with the British. The article's summary headline said:

This correspondent went about England searching the hearts of ordinary people, in intimate conversations. She found the answer to a question many Americans have been asking: Are the British Willing to Fight?<sup>120</sup>

To Gellhorn, it wasn't a political question; it was a personal one. And, it wasn't about government, it was about the culture of a people. It wasn't really even about war; it was about people, separated by an ocean, being loyal neighbors. And about how the ordinary neighbors are the ones who actually do the fighting, no matter what decisions are made by the officials of war. Thus she paints an ironic landscape of the ordinary versus the war machine.

### Unwilling Citizen

As a neighbor, Gellhorn didn't exactly want to be just like the Joneses. It was almost as if she were opposed to fences separating yards or, better yet, opposed to railroad tracks separating the wrong side from the right one. Just like Ernest Hemingway was dubbed U.C. for unwilling companion, in her book *Travels with Myself and Another*, Gellhorn

---

<sup>120</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Are the British Willing to Fight?" *Saturday Evening Post*, 21 April 1951, 32.

herself could don the moniker as an “Unwilling Citizen” of a superpower that does not do enough to help the war-torn less fortunate.

As U.C., she invokes the irony of place not only by matching war-torn landscapes to images familiar to her American audience, but also by invoking Fussell’s “guilty pleasure” of a safe and protected citizen of a world power. She again chastises and castigates the overlord, trying perhaps to shame the super powers abroad and at home. In a haughtily written treatise on the “delicious smell of blood” at the House Committee’s inquiry into “Un-American activities,” Gellhorn’s passion, anger and disgust show up in sentence after sentence in “Cry Shame...!” an article she wrote for *The New Republic* in 1947. In her book *View from the Ground*, she remembers with great vigor writing the article and America’s own “Dark Ages when lives and livelihoods were ruined because a few Congressmen and later heinous Senators denounced people as Communists and communistic, security risks.... The American reign of terror; no concentration camps, no gulags, no executions; just cowardly ostracism and unemployment, and it was enough.”<sup>121</sup> She recalls Hanns Eisler, in particular, because she went to him before he moved out of the country taking a “bunch of yellow roses for his wife, and imploring the baffled little man not to believe that all Americans were as loathsome as those Congressmen in Washington.”<sup>122</sup> This obvious disdain made it into the pages of her article with many ironic devices invoked to emphasize her guilt and horror. She writes:

One asks oneself, finally what these people wanted with Hanns Eisler. They proved nothing; they learned nothing. One can recognize the Un-Americans to be evil, but surely not half-witted; and they cannot expect

---

<sup>121</sup> Gellhorn, *View from the Ground*, 109.

<sup>122</sup> *Ibid.*

anyone to believe that Eisler, writing background music in Hollywood for a living, is at the head of some large furtive movement of music-lovers, vowed to plunge us all into communism. There is a limit to possible public gullibility. Of course, in pawing over Eisler, they had the joyful chance of trying to besmirch what is absolutely and finally unassailable: the character of Eleanor Roosevelt. And there was also the pleasure of being able subtly to scold and condescend to very important public figures. This must be a deep satisfaction, but it is amazing that the public figures do not rise, with dignity and good sense to condemn these dingy tactics.... and if the (real) Un-Americans were realists, instead of a hunting pack, they would recognize that to be a 'real member' of the Communist Party, you have to earn your C by communist standards, which no one has ever denied are both long and tough and highly unsuited to men who are chiefly interested in sonatas, cantatas and the theory of counterpoint.<sup>123</sup>

Using many ironic devices such as short question-like sentences words of irony (i.e. surely) and general sarcastic or false fronts (i.e. joyful chance of trying to besmirch...) Gellhorn is at her most convincing in informing her audience of her unwilling citizenry.

In a more subtle manner, she also summons her irony of citizenry in juxtapositioning the people of a place to the politicians in charge of the place. And what's more, it is ironic that she says how much she likes the people, despite the government, everywhere she goes, whether it's France, Italy, or Spain. For example, she wrote:

You would want to have lived there because of the people, the best kind of people you could hope to know, the kind we all found sooner or later, the reason why we loved France despite everything that was wrong with the management. And if in resurrecting that street, bedbugs and all, you could resurrect the spirit that lived in those people, then let's resurrect it and the sooner the better...and I resent having France called 'The France of Briand, Herriot, Blum.' France was always better than her rulers and still is. The strangest thing about France is how inadequate even her best politicians were, when the people were so intelligently aware of politics. It is France that counts. Not the *couloirs* of Geneva and Paris, the wonderful eloquence without results, not the Radical-Socialist conventions, not poor

---

<sup>123</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Cry Shame...!" *The New Republic*, 6 October 1947, 20.

Blum failing himself and the Front Populaire...we're all paying for the mistakes together.<sup>124</sup>

Wayne Booth might call this irony of citizenry a shortcoming within the author, perhaps covering up her lack of knowledge of governmental matters, but Gellhorn never pretends to concern herself with governmental subject matter. While quite aware of political affairs, she presents her work as a no-nonsense, common sensical diatribe. She concerns herself with citizens of other countries, preferring to view the wars through the eyes of those who could be her neighbors, if not for the happenstance of their different birthplaces.

Booth could not mistake the deliberateness of Gellhorn's irony in her Vietnam rants. Gellhorn especially was ashamed of America's involvement in "A New Kind of war" in Vietnam—so much so that after her first couple of articles, she had trouble getting a visa into Vietnam from officials in both the United States and Vietnam. She was not widely publishing in American periodicals during this time because of her vitriolic assessment of the war.

She wrote:

Some plain citizen in Saigon, horrified by the war's increasing destruction of their people and their country, decided to act on President Johnson's famous speech at Johns Hopkins University. ('And we remain ready, with this purpose, for unconditional discussions.') A year ago, these simple folk wrote a petition, proposing an immediate cease-fire on both sides and discussions between North and South Vietnam. They circulated their naïve petition openly in the streets of Saigon and it appealed to the average public. Within a few weeks, they had 6,000 signatures; whereupon the leaders were arrested.<sup>125</sup>

---

<sup>124</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "A Communication," *The New Republic*, 10 August 1942, 174.

<sup>125</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "A New Kind of War: Saigon conversation Piece," *Guardian*, 29 September 1966, 10.

Again, she invokes the “ordinary” and takes it a step further and shows how her own country is pushing forward without regard to those ordinary people. In the same article she talks about drinking pale tea, “the least expensive token of hospitality” and how “compared to the Tanagra refinement of the Vietnamese, we are overweight, unlovely giants.” She notes her affection for the people of this country versus the rulers of their country as well as her own government. She establishes her neighborliness with all ordinary people in the world by her irony of citizenry and thus allows the reader to become a worldly neighbor as well—even if only by association through the author.

“Indeed!”

Webster’s says, “Indeed is often used interjectionally to express irony.” Gellhorn understood and used this definition unabashedly. “Indeed” and its partner in irony, “surely,” are Gellhorn’s “wink, wink, nod, nod” to the reader. Booth would call this “secret communion, collusion and collaboration.”<sup>126</sup> He writes:

Whenever an author conveys to his reader an unspoken point, he creates a sense of collusion against all those, whether in the story or out of it, who do not get that point. Irony is always thus in part a device for excluding as well as for including, and those who are included, those who happen to have the necessary information to grasp irony, cannot but derive at least part of their pleasure from a sense that others are excluded. In the irony with which we are concerned, the speaker is himself the butt of the ironic point. The author and reader are secretly in collusion behind the speaker’s back, agreeing upon a standard.<sup>127</sup>

---

<sup>126</sup> Booth, *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, 304.

<sup>127</sup> *Ibid.*, 304.

Gellhorn uses the obvious ironic devices of “Indeed” and “surely” as if she is rolling her eyes for the reader, in righteous indignation of the situation she is addressing (i.e. the speaker). It is in these terms that she injects a quite obvious form of irony.

After she and a concierge found the hotel where she was staying trembled under a barrage of artillery he expressed how it was “regrettable.” She replied by writing, “Yes, indeed, it was not very nice, was it?”<sup>128</sup> When talking to paratroopers about their “slow” 600 m.p.h. jump from a plane, she again wrote, “Slow, indeed, I thought.”<sup>129</sup> In both of these instances, she is not saying it out loud, or in dialog with the speaker before, she is expressing it only to the reader, not to the actual action. It is Gellhorn’s warning that irony is at work here, tipping off the reader so that he is able to comfortably decipher her ironic resonance. Again, this collaboration between writer and reader offers a glimpse of the roles of each.

While in Italy, she again invokes this sort of usage, by exclaiming that well-entrenched, well-trained enemy troops provide a theater that is “surely the worst kind of war.”<sup>130</sup> She follows this up with talk of the Germans having the upper hand by having entrenched themselves high in the mountains of Italy in such a way that they have the advantage. She finishes the section, however, by writing of the valor, determination and spirit of the French, whose objective is “home” rather than mass destruction like the goal of those *dirty Germans* (emphasis mine). She is setting up the irony of the situation in

---

<sup>128</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “High Explosive for Everyone,” *Collier’s Weekly*, July 1937.

<sup>129</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “The Kids Don’t Remember a Thing,” *Saturday Evening Post*, 23 December 1950, 20.

<sup>130</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Visit Italy,” *Collier’s Weekly*, February 1944, 62.

which those “glorious” French underdogs and in turn democracy itself, seem to find themselves.

Not only does Gellhorn use irony to collaborate with her reader, but she also uses it in her dialog. On her way to the Gaza strip, her driver (also an ex-soldier) commented on the emptiness of the road and pulled a pistol from the glove compartment. She wrote, “I said, ‘Surely not in broad daylight?’”<sup>131</sup> As a dialogic device, the word “surely” provides shock, sarcasm and the incredulousness of the situation. She readily admits that she is not necessarily a note-taker in the field, instead she recalls and writes her articles when it is more convenient.<sup>132</sup> It would seem, then, her dialog is quite deliberate, especially when she is quoting herself. The repeated use of “surely” and “indeed” in both directly quoted dialog and “reader-only” text supports her consistent ironic voice. From articles written during the Spanish Civil War to her coverage of Vietnam, she uses these words to remind her readers of the absurdity of war.

In the 1986 introduction to *The Face of War* she defines war as, “Two paranoias facing each other, poisoning the present, destabilizing life, since for the first time ever the human race can not be sure it will continue. An intolerable way to run the world. Intolerable for every one of us, all the people who live here.”<sup>133</sup> She writes about the fact that we all simply exist under threat of annihilation. Her ironic axioms support this notion and with them she constantly prods the reader into noting the absurdity of it all.

---

<sup>131</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “A Weekend in Israel-I,” *The New Republic*, 29 October 1956, 14.

<sup>132</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 12.

<sup>133</sup> *Ibid.*, 12.



## Ironic Landscapes

In the past century, many travel writing critics have claimed mass tourism has obliterated or commodified any local color from indigenous cultures. Gary Krist writes:

Anyone who has done any 'exotic' traveling at all in the past few decades knows that a direct, honest, unironic foreign experience is hardly possible any more. Once the profit opportunities of mass tourism became apparent (something that happened in most places in the years after World War II), it was only a matter of time before the touts, the unscrupulous taxi drivers, the tourism ministers, and the creators of bogus 'folklore shows,' typical restaurants,' and 'local arts and crafts' moved in, turning previously genuine places into a Disney land version of themselves....And yet, and yet. The real life of a place, I maintain, often has a vitality that can stand up to even these depredations.<sup>134</sup>

In *Abroad: British Literary Traveling between the Wars*, Fussell casts doubt on whether true travel is at all possible anymore, claiming "tourism is all we have left."<sup>135</sup>

Gellhorn could perhaps be one of the last great travelers and travel writers, in that she traveled foreign soil on the cusp of its profit-motivated change—a change documented by Krist and Fussell at the same time as Gellhorn's heyday. Instead of casting "a[ cynical,] unsympathetic eye... on the quaint absurdity of jungle dwellers in Borneo wearing Madonna T-shirts," Gellhorn observes landscapes that are being changed right in front of her eyes from their indigenous beauty to monuments and reminders of the invasion of another culture. By juxtapositioning the beauty of the landscape with the war souvenirs littering it, Gellhorn effectively adds dimension to the absurdity of war. Also, her telling of such incongruous landscapes provides readers again with the ordinary intermingled with the extra-ordinary.

---

<sup>134</sup> Krist, Gary, "Ironic Journeys: Travel Writing in the Age of Tourism," *The Hudson Review*, W 1993, v45, n4, 593(9).

<sup>135</sup> Fussell, *Abroad: British Literary Traveling between the Wars*, 203.

This field grew huge dead cattle. They lay with their legs pointing up, and their open eyes were milky and enormous, and the air stank of their swollen bodies. We could not tell what had killed them because we were driving too fast through a long tunnel of dust, which was the road. Aside from the hideous dead animals everything looked lovely, with the Adriatic a flat turquoise blue and the sky a flat china blue and the neat green hilly country of the Marché ahead.<sup>136</sup>

While Gellhorn is not intent on using a Claude glass to view her landscapes, she does offer the landscapes themselves to the reader not necessarily as an exterior reflection on foreign soil, but as a journey into the "Marché ahead." Both literally and symbolically, the journey to the Marché expresses the absurd tour of the country, that would soon be followed by sneaker clad tourists searching for Planet Hollywood Rome. The huge dead cattle mark the initial staining of the land for unadulterated travelers. Mostly, though, she intimates that the Adriatic can not be the same turquoise blue after the warring factions are through with it.

Irony definitely resonates through the scenery in Czechoslovakia, where she writes:

On the frontier between Silesia and Czechoslovakia, the land is open, and behind the town of Troppau little hills like the Ozarks curve around the fields. There are women bending in the beet fields, and men forking the grain. Beside the haystacks are other things that look like haystacks until you get closer and see that they are camouflaged pillboxes, with machine guns and antitank guns in them, and the soldiers stand as quiet as scarecrows among the working peasants...on the other side of that plain is Germany, and across the nearest field is a triple row of barbed wire, on huge spools, and beside the river is a black cement-and-steel gun fortress....Three soldiers talk to some girls who are drying their hair after swimming in the river.<sup>137</sup>

---

<sup>136</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 121.

<sup>137</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Come Ahead, Adolf!" *Collier's Weekly*, 6 August 1938, 13.

Here she again juxtaposes an American landscape to this war-afflicted one invoking a bit of irony of the ordinary. Mostly the verbal picture paints a truly ironic landscape in the same way Booth's Madonna T-shirt clad tribal members in Borneo do.

She invokes almost the exact same ironic devices and meanings in many passages. In France she writes:

It was a relief to be in flat country again and if it hadn't been for the rain you could have seen the wide rich fields rimmed with weeping willows and the smooth streams flowing through them. It was fine and quiet until the trucks came, banging like tanks along the road. There were twenty of them, with a 15.5 field gun mounted on each one, the long olive-green steel noses of the guns turned backward toward the next truck. After them came the troop trucks, with all the little soldiers in mussy light blue uniforms leaning over the tailboards and staring at the Sunday cyclists...I kept thinking what a surprise it would be to see all this on the road between Kansas City and Chicago.<sup>138</sup>

She again refers to America's heartland and muses about the beautiful landscape peppered with war contraptions.

Her themes of the underdogs and ordinary are also apparent in these ironic passages. In Czechoslovakia, she writes:

The rain-dark sky gleamed over the woods and in every hollow there was a little lake. Peasants worked in the fields, kneeling to cut the sugar beets. The pale-cement-colored villages lay in the ripples of the green land. And there on the road were the soldiers, like waifs, like hoboes, begging a lift.<sup>139</sup>

Not only does she use this device in passages about landscape, but she also alludes to landscapes almost as a simple fin-like flip of the hands, throwing in sentences among political discourse. When talking of the "one-way policy of non-intervention in

---

<sup>138</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Guns Against France," *Collier's Weekly*, 8 October 1938, 35.

<sup>139</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Obituary of a Democracy," *Collier's Weekly*, 10 December 1938, 12.

Spain,” She calls the policy repugnant to French voters because it was not in their best interests to have “German guns growing among the pines on the Pyrenees frontier.”<sup>140</sup> In these small tokens of irony, Gellhorn’s voice is a bit more resonant because it is thrown in for good measure, even though it is perhaps calculated, it is not quite as obvious as the passages. Readers are trained to her way in these smaller bits. Her personal vim and vigor are witnessed in these small things, forging the readers’ position as sidekick or neighbor.

Finally, she not only shapes ironic landscapes in the midst of their afflictions, but also reflects on them searching for why war was perhaps (reluctantly) inevitable. This is most notably evident in her trip through Java during the revolution in the 40s. She writes:

On the way to Soerakarta, for the first time the land of Java did not look like an overcrowded suburb. According to the 1941 census estimate, there were 390 people per square kilometer in Java. In England there were 182, and the United States 15.7 persons per square kilometer. You are constantly aware here that there are far too many people around. But now between Jogjakarta and Soerakarta the land opened up in long sweeps of rice fields leading to ridged green mountains. Java began to look like a place worth fighting for....Soerakarta is a prosperous, tidy town, little changed either by the Jap occupation or the present revolution. The streets are wide and shady, with European-style, roomy, cream-colored bungalows lining them.<sup>141</sup>

While there are no surreal monuments in Java marking the changing of a culture, there is an examination of the land and war’s place within it. This look at Indonesia is not as overtly ironic as other passages. It lets readers see a reflective Gellhorn offering an irony of place and again signaling an intimacy between the author and the reader that is more effective than a straightforward examination of a political system.

---

<sup>140</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Guns Against France,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 8 October 1938, 15.

<sup>141</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Java Journey,” *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1 June 1946, 11.

In these ironic journeys, Gellhorn's war correspondence is best looked at as travel literature. In the end, travelers experience a world different from their own by way of their senses. They come to realize their provincialism and recognize their ignorance.

Fussell says:

Travel at its truest is thus an ironic experience, and the best travelers—and travel-writers—seem to be those able to hold two or three inconsistent ideas in their minds at the same time, or able to regard themselves as at once serious persons and clowns.<sup>142</sup>

Martha Gellhorn used the ironic tool from her travel bag and tightened the nuts and bolts of her war correspondence with it. The readers were thus taken on her journey on a sturdy ship of irony. They became her shipmates and neighbors as they examined together the common and uncommon stirred together in the treacherous sea of war.

---

<sup>142</sup> Fussell, *The Norton Book of Travel*, 14.

CHAPTER SIX  
SIGNS OF WAR

Within the movement of a travel novel there are also what Tzvetan Todorov, a well-known structuralist, calls “pauses.” He claims that within the atmosphere of discourse there is a process by which narrators move the plot through narration and description, but there are also “stasis” statements used to analyze character, describe atmosphere or convey opinions. This movement and stasis “belong to the discourse of the narrator as opposed to the discourse of the characters and as structural devices are elements of linking and embedding.”<sup>143</sup> He calls this “unnecessary detail” perhaps the most necessary to a narrative tale. And even though this movement and detail are important to the plot of a novel, they often lead to more—like exposing the narrator to the reader. Booth claims this sort of scene and summary mean little until the narrator is deciphered.<sup>144</sup>

Gellhorn invariably provides these pauses or anchors in the forms of signs. To really understand what signs mean to Gellhorn, it is necessary to examine what they mean to anyone. A child first learning to read or a passenger bored on a journey often read every sign on a road trip. Sometimes, it is simply something to do. Sometimes

---

<sup>143</sup> Adams, *Travel Literature and the Evolution of the Novel*, 183.

<sup>144</sup> Booth, *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, 155.

reading signs offers direction or purpose—a signal you are on the right track. Signs serve as warnings, greetings, points of sale and markers honoring the passing of a mile.

### Signs

often mark a crossroads. For Gellhorn, all of these are present in her writing. They become more important for her in a journey through war. They serve as markers of reality.

Whether she notes laminated signs on hotel doors, makeshift signs on the roads to battlefields, or travel posters on railroad station walls, Gellhorn consistently anchors the venues through which she travels by noting such signs. The signs often are distinguished for their irony, but mostly the signs are useless, just as she often finds the horrors of war to be useless. It's as if she were saying, "Well, if that isn't a kick in the pants...."

So what do Gellhorn's ironic and useless signs say about her? As a reporter her most obvious job is to tell the reader about the facts that he could not easily learn otherwise. There are, however, many ways the reader can be told these facts. Therefore, Gellhorn must establish herself as a reliable commentator. Authors often manage to give an air of objectivity while still reaping all the benefits of commentary, simply by dealing with appearances and surfaces while commenting freely, and sometimes with wild conjecture, on the meaning of those appearances.<sup>145</sup> Booth calls this type of reliable commentary "relating particulars to the established norms."<sup>146</sup> In Gellhorn's arena of war the particulars are somewhat surreal and the norms provide an ironic picture of a changing culture. Her signs are simple descriptions of those appearances and surfaces,

---

<sup>145</sup> *Ibid.*, 183.

<sup>146</sup> *Ibid.*, 182.

but Gellhorn's ironic commentary reveals much more about her view of the war-stricken country through which she travels. She, therefore, is exercising some control over the reader's degree of involvement in or distance from the war.<sup>147</sup>

Additionally, Gellhorn uses signs as a form of isolated rhetoric that halts the reader in his footsteps to work him into a proper mood for the story to follow. Booth calls this form of reliable commentary "manipulating mood." Precisely and thematically used commentary in this manner allows the author to intrude upon the emotions of the reader directly, provided they are pertinent to the scene that the author is covering. Gellhorn's "particulars and norms" and "mood manipulators" are often marked with a sign.

#### Particulars and Norms

Gellhorn establishes a bit of the culture of the war in Italy for the reader as she drives through the countryside. She writes:

The little jeep driver was having a bad time, as was everyone else on the road. From time to time we would pass a completely unnecessary sign: a skull and bones painted on a board with underneath the phrase in French: The enemy sees you.

No one needed to be warned. There you were, on a roller-coaster road freezing to death, and if the enemy couldn't see you, he was a fool; he was sitting right across there, on that other snow mountain.<sup>148</sup>

This passage establishes a war scene juxtaposed against rural countryside flanked by mountains. The surreal war scene also changes into a bit of commentary on the fighting neighbors of France and Italy. As a lover of both countries, Gellhorn provides context of World War II and France's and Italy's reluctance to be enemies. It is a curious

---

<sup>147</sup> Ibid., 200.

<sup>148</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Visit Italy," *Collier's Weekly*, 6 May 1944, 62.



and completely useless sign, which perhaps also is a way of documenting Gellhorn's own idea of war. She describes war as two paranoid governments facing each other that only fight to poison the present and destabilize life. Even if it were not for the similarities between these two neighbors, Gellhorn often wrote about how, "...our amazing species is programmed from childhood in my-country-right-or-wrong patriotism. I wonder how that sounds in Urdu or Chinese. It is a nonsense phrase despite its compelling power. My country is fact, not right or wrong, a land, language, customs, culture."<sup>149</sup>

In the same article as the above passage, she again alludes to this relationship and the absurdity of the current situation between the two. She writes:

There used to be tourist posters in France, in all the railroad stations, showing a sunstruck and enchanting glimpse of country with a dark-haired girl eating grapes or maybe just laughing, and the poster urged: Visit Italy.

Now we were visiting Italy. It was a small, peculiar and unhealthy piece of Italy—the French Front.<sup>150</sup>

The travel posters hit a large ironic tone with Gellhorn, so much so that the name of the article is even "Visit Italy." She establishes a pre-war culture and attitude and relates it to the current state of affairs. Where once there were visitors there are now soldiers. Where once there were trains, there are now tanks. Without actually running down the history of the two countries, she is able to comment on the relationship with the mention of one sign.

Signs also establish unwritten war protocol. Just as the skull and crossbones on the road through the Italian countryside signaled a bit of unnecessary war fact, a sign

<sup>149</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 9.

<sup>150</sup> Gellhorn, "Visit Italy," 62.

outside the office of a military officer said, “anyone who wants to visit the fort may get permission from the military commander. But one could not visit the forts and there were no permits to be obtained. The offices of the military commander were full of officers who would say nothing at all.”<sup>151</sup> She again contrasts sightseeing with war, noting an established norm that has changed into a particular of war.

Turning to the propaganda of war, Gellhorn comments on the Japanese culture as well as its indoctrination methods. She describes Japanese propaganda as:

curious and interesting. It begins to work on six-year-old tots, for whom there are brightly colored pictures showing the Japanese army, navy and air force always victorious, while other powers crumple beneath their savage onslaughts (that is the tone). There are lovely pictures showing Japanese bayoneting Chinese, burning houses, sinking ships, setting fire to grounded planes, waving bloody sabers.... Going right on through the propaganda designed for every mental age, one reaches at last a magazine called the *Business World*, which is a perfectly respectable Japanese publication ... where the attack is on America. It seems that Japanese propaganda attacks in turn the Chinese, and the Western democracies, and the Dutch.<sup>152</sup>

She notes several forms of propaganda on which she comments to establish the particulars of war. Another way she notes particulars of war, is by noting the signs made by Allied troops in order to be able to maneuver through foreign streets.

The road signs were fantastic too because more than one hundred thousand men, who could not speak Italian, were moving through complicated unknown country trying to find places which would never have been simple to find, even with empty roads and complete control of the language. The routes themselves renamed for this operation, were marked with the symbols of their names: a painted animal or painted object. There were the code numbers of every outfit, road warnings (bridge blown, crater, mines, bad bends), indications of first-aid posts, gasoline dumps, repair stations, prisoner-of-war cages and a marvelous

---

<sup>151</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Guns Against France,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 8 October 1938, 15.

<sup>152</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Fire Guards the Indies,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 2 August 1941, 51.

Polish sign urging the troops to notice that this was a malarial area; this sign was a large green death's head with a mosquito sitting on it. Along the coast, road signs were in Polish and English and at one crossroads a mine warning was printed in Polish, English and Hindu. And everywhere you saw the dirty white tapes that limit the safe ground from the treacherous ground where mines are still buried. On the main highways, there were signs saying, "Verges cleared," which means the sides of this road have been de-mined, or 'Verges checked' you can suit yourself if you want to take a chance.<sup>153</sup>

Gellhorn provides a culture of war that has had to be established for the foreign troops who don't speak the language of a foreign land. The signs give direction, but also note war-specific circumstances. They provide a context of both distance from the troops established norms, but also a level involvement in a foreign country that seems quite sizeable. At any rate, it wasn't "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." It was "when at war, everything changes, and the odd becomes the norm." By establishing this surreal norm, Gellhorn is able to demonstrate a culture of war, as well as provide context in which the reader can get a sense of the universal normalcy of that same war culture.

Gellhorn's ironic voice again lends the reader a hand in discovering the culture of war through the ordinary. She writes, "I always got a shock from the Palace Hotel. Because it had a concierge's desk and a sign saying 'Coiffeur on the First Floor,' and another sign saying how beautiful Majorca was and they had a hotel to recommend there."<sup>154</sup> The signs are particulars of a once established norm that have become ludicrous in the theater of war. In the same article she talks of a sign "on the door of your room telling you that they would press your clothes immediately and that meals served privately cost ten percent more, and meantime it was like a trench when they lay down an

---

<sup>153</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 131.

<sup>154</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "High Explosive for Everyone," *Collier's Weekly*, July 1937.

artillery barrage.”<sup>155</sup> Again, the signs anchor the war-strewn venue in a past reality, which tells the reader more of the current absurd reality than of the past-established norm.

She makes herself a reporter by simply noting scenery, but the scenery that she chooses allows her to belie objectivity and staunch fact to become a reliable commentator and lively narrator. She is able to establish particulars and norms to involve the reader in the events of the story.

#### Mood Manipulator

Gellhorn intrudes upon the emotion of the reader in quite a few scenes. But, perhaps her unique usage of signs best establishes her skill at commenting on the subtlety and absurd, but extreme urgency of war. She first does this in Madrid, where she slips through the streets of the city as it is being barraged by military fire, simply describing the scenes before her. She writes:

Then for a moment it stops. An old woman, with a shawl over her shoulders, holding a terrified thin little boy by the hand, runs out into the square. You know what she is thinking; she is thinking she must get the child home, you are always safer in your own place, with the things you know.... She is in the middle of the square when the next one comes. 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>156</sup>

---

<sup>155</sup> Ibid.

<sup>156</sup> Ibid.

The absurdity of the sign and the horror of having just viewed the death of the child are punctuated by the ironic sign. Not only does the sign end the paragraph, but also there is a pause, a double-spaced pause, before she moves on to the next paragraph and the next city scene.

By noting a sign in Sweden, she effectively alerts the reader to the somberness of the subject matter. She finds that "All over Sweden there are signs: three golden crowns stamped on midnight-blue paper and underneath, this inscription: Serious times demand civil responsibility, watchfulness, silence. The Swedes obey these signs."<sup>157</sup> Not only does it mark one of the only signs of the war there, it also alerts the reader to the mood of the Swedes as well as the mood with which the reader should keep reading.

In China she stays at a hotel that is called "The Light of Shaokwan" according to the sign outside. There she has blankets, light, and a bathroom. She even dines with the general in command of that particular war zone. However, 24 hours later "we had left 'The Light of Shakokwan' and there was much rain and two days' riding between us and the front."<sup>158</sup> Gellhorn is not subtly symbolizing the meaning of the sign here. She signifies the sign with quotation marks and thus signals the state of the trip. The reader is reminded of the light of a neon sign, versus a dark rainy road. He is reminded of the edge of a war and the heart of a war. He becomes aware of distance and dread and even loneliness of the situation.

Gellhorn also manipulates mood by contrasting the message of the signs and how the people are not obeying them. In "Java Journey," She notes:

---

<sup>157</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Fear comes to Sweden," *Collier's Weekly*, 3 February 1940, 22.

<sup>158</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "These, Our Mountains," *Collier's Weekly*, 28 June 1941, 16.

They were a stony, unfriendly lot in this town, and their faces frightened us. The station walls were painted with slogans in English—FREEDOM—THE GLORY OF A NATION, and so on—though no one had been able to read them except ourselves and a press party which went by this way some months ago. Also, the passing trains were plastered with signs: WE WANT TO REIGN OURSELVES; HOSPITALITY FOR EVERYONE. Indonesians have a great talent and enthusiasm for slogans. All that morning we saw no one who laughed or looked happy, which was puzzling, as we had heard so much about the gay and simple Javanese .<sup>159</sup>

The signs were at a stop on her trip through Java that at first read are a part of the scenery, but then she stops for the irony of the messages. In this passage, the signs and the people are in direct contradiction of what she found with the Swedes and their signs. The slogans are a sign of the inner-turmoil of the Javanese, Japanese and the Dutch. They are written in English, but have no real specific audience with any real purpose. They are true pauses within herself and her story, but again speaks to the conflict within the nation, with no real purpose or direction.

When reflecting upon her years as a war correspondent, Gellhorn referred to a sign in both the introduction to the book *The Face of War* and in a 1992 article in *Granta* magazine. In newspapers and posters across Germany in the late 1930s she found signs referring to the revolt in Spain as “a rabble of ‘Red Swine Dogs.’” She writes, “Those few weeks turned me into a devout anti-fascist. I had not grasped a tenth of the ugliness that pervaded Germany but decided, from disgust, that the country was now worthless. I was never coming back.”<sup>160</sup> The sign itself obviously struck a chord in her, for she described the slogan as “coarse and belligerent in tone.” It was after reading such things

---

<sup>159</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Java Journey,” *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1 June 1946, 11.

<sup>160</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “Ohne Mich: why I shall never return to Germany KRAUTS!,” *Granta*, Wntr 92, 201.

that she decided she had to go to Spain and also persuaded Hemingway (although he didn't need much of a push) to go to Spain as well. That one slogan basically propelled her into her career as a war correspondent and changed her philosophy from pacifist to anti-fascist.

Strange posters followed Gellhorn around the world. In China she found posters that both confounded and intrigued her. While in China checking out the second Sino-Japanese War for *Collier's*—five months before Japan bombed Pearl Harbor—she writes:

When we dismounted at the first divisional headquarters, we were greeted by posters in English, their red letters streaked and running in the rain, tacked up on a bamboo guardhouse and barracks and on the mud wall of the general's headquarters. The posters said: 'Welcome to the representatives of righteousness and peace.' 'Consolidate all democracy nations. We will resist until final victory.'

There was one sign, which baffled us, saying, 'Democracy only survives civilization.'

These slogans had been invented and printed by workers in the political department. Once a little man rushed in from a neighboring village to find out where we were going next, so they could hurry and nail up posters.<sup>161</sup>

From the streaked red letters to the crazy "democracies unite," the posters mentioned here by Gellhorn serve as much more than scenery. Whether Gellhorn foresees the reddening of China or not, the streaked red letters say much more than "Welcome to the representatives of righteousness and peace." Gellhorn's prescient commentary hints at the future Mao Tse-Tung's Communist regime. She certainly seems to detect irony in the slogans and is careful to note the propaganda tactics and the manipulative actions of the "little man" rushing in from the village to roll out the posters before them as if they were a red carpet. She adds "the general talked...what he said,

---

<sup>161</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "These, Our Mountains," *Collier's Weekly*, 28 June 1941, 40.

boiled down, was that if America would send planes, arms and money China could defeat Japan alone.”<sup>162</sup> Five months later, Japan’s territorial hegemony extended to American soil and China got their arms. Gellhorn certainly gives pause and forewarns readers of things to come, if not in the article itself, in the history of World War II.

According to Booth, authors may intrude to work upon the reader’s emotions directly, as long as what they write fits nicely into the scenery of the narrative. Gellhorn’s mood-setting commentary fits into her landscape quite well and provides context and emotion that makes her war correspondence such unique travel narrative.

In all, Gellhorn’s signs show readers her wit, savvy, intelligence and experience and signals what to expect next or at least how they should react to the scene laid out before them. She becomes a subtle teacher and a reliable commentator that her readers can learn about the history of a country and a culture of a war.

---

<sup>162</sup> Ibid.



CHAPTER SEVEN  
CULINARY DESTINATIONS OF WAR

It always seems with traveling, comes eating. A. J. Liebling seemed to make quite a nice reputation out of the combination in *The Road Back to Paris*. Hemingway also solidly combines non-fiction travel and food in *A Moveable Feast*. What is this fascination with food and travel together? *Saveur* magazine chooses cultural foods and on a monthly basis, it calls itself, “a world of flavor! Wherever each issue of *Saveur* leads you – from Singapore to Santa Fe, Alsace to El Paso, Seville to San Francisco, Manhattan to Montego Bay - you'll find the pure pleasure of food and the sheer wonder of travel, too. In each issue you'll journey to new culinary destinations.”<sup>163</sup>

Rockwell Gray explores the idea at its basic in the hierarchy of needs. He writes:

The experience of travel, in all its diverse forms, arises from some of the most basic features of our human condition. It is rooted, for example, in the interrelated facts of animal embodiment and motility. As animals we must move in order to live. We must betake ourselves from one spot to another in search of shelter nourishment and the satisfaction of more complex needs like that of companionship.... This means much more the assemblage of man-made and natural objects I find at hand or on my horizon: my circumstances also include the climate, the weather, the particular locale and its bordering territories, the foodstuffs available, the political system that obtains, and the prevailing patterns of social, education and community organization.<sup>164</sup>

---

<sup>163</sup> *Saveur* magazine, <http://www.saveurmag.com/>

<sup>164</sup> Rockwell Gray, “Travel,” in *Temperamental Journeys: Essay on the Modern Literature of Travel*, ed. Michael Kowalewski, 33.

Food and movement seem to go together. Other than basic need, food is also a symbol of a culture. From pizza to frijoles, the cuisine and customs of meals are telling signs of a culture in general. Gellhorn becomes the quintessential connoisseur of the dining experiences of war from eating and drinking (lots of drinking) in the trenches with enlisted men, to dining and dancing with heads of state. It is not only a part of her reliable commentary (i.e. seemingly unnecessary detail that makes a non-fiction narrative believable, and a glimpse of Gellhorn's news gathering techniques through these meals), but it also shares in a cultural experience in a way that becomes a part of the scenery in her narratives. Just as Aristotle's Greeks used epideictic after dinner speeches as a means of public discourse, even if most often playful in nature and connected more with literature than with argumentation, still commented on current issues. Gellhorn's dinners with generals often turned to war as much of the discourse in countries during time of war does.

She combines all of these elements from basic nourishment of people oppressed by war to customs of the elite leadership, to educate her reader on the culture of war and the customs of a region.

### Culture of War

A basic criticism of travel writing is a fear of diminishing cultural alternatives.<sup>165</sup>

Gellhorn explores a completely different dimension of culture when it comes to war. Just as travel writing wanes, Gellhorn finds a culture to explore. While not necessarily expecting her readers to "come visit," she does educate her reader about a mysterious,

---

<sup>165</sup> Michael Kowalewski, *Temperamental Journeys: Essay on the Modern Literature of Travel*, 3.

changing, unknown culture. One particular aspect she explores is that of dining rituals—of both herself and war-afflicted people.

In the Netherland Indies, she mentions the dinner ritual of soldiers' and their families as a means of identifying with and painting a picture of the lives of a khaki-clad people. She writes:

Now, at noon, the soldiers' wives and children are in the communal outdoor kitchen preparing food over charcoal fires. The women carry the children on their backs or park them in pens made of old crates. They gossip and watch the rice boil. At noon they will go back into the long light, concrete barracks and serve lunch to their men. The outdoor kitchen sounds like a schoolyard during recess...Soldiers, bare to the waist, squat under the high beds and eat rice with their families. After lunch they will all sleep through the sweltering afternoon.<sup>166</sup>

The reader partly reminiscent of Sunday afternoon naps after family dinners, but mostly reminded of heat, concrete and crowds. She prefaces the scene by describing the town of Bandoeng as a "cool, pretty resort town" with "wide verandas, tennis courts, golf links, swimming pools" at one end of town and a military air base at the other end. The suburbs are the barracks surrounded by "mechanized infantry." The lunch is part Indonesian culture with their rice, but mostly it is about the atmosphere that comes with lunch—the sweltering heat, the communal kitchen and their children in pens made of old crates, as opposed to the clinking of fine china at the golf club at the other end of town. The Asian culture is evident while they are prepared to torch their Dutch resort island empire rather than submit to another Asian culture—Japan—and their expansion. They have traded their golf club for the barracks. Custom and culture bump into one another in Gellhorn's description of lunch.

---

<sup>166</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Fire Guards the Indies," *Collier's Weekly*, 2 August 1941, 21.

She again examines an Army dinner in Viipuri where:

The wagon cookstove smoked faintly...a sentry guided us across the grounds to a remodeled church where supper was being served. You helped yourself from a side table. Piles of butter over a foot high stood on the table and there was macaroni with cheese and fine meat in a creamy brown sauce and every kind of bread and many pitchers of milk and lemonade. This is the sort of extraordinary food that is given the army everywhere. The entire army—officers, men and even aviators—function on total prohibition, which is a comment on its discipline and the excellent state of its nerves.<sup>167</sup>

An atmosphere of co-misery and a picture of a mess tent are apparent in Gellhorn's dinner stop. Gellhorn's "us" is never fully explained, but again the reader has a sense of being on the spot for the dinner. Macaroni and cheese, milk and lemonade, piles of butter are highly recognizable, and not necessarily highly appealing after a day of fighting. The reader catches this glimpse of the war culture and practically nods his head in agreement on "the excellent state of its nerves" after getting a whiff of the brown sauce as "we" pass through on our way to the front. From there Gellhorn takes us to an encampment in "these woods" where soldiers had been fighting a retreating Russian guerilla group. A few days before, on a ship from Amsterdam to Helsinki, Gellhorn again notes, "the food was always the same—nourishing, no doubt, but as interesting as boiled cardboard and by the sixth day drink seemed to make people liverish rather than gay."<sup>168</sup> The reader gets a multi-dimensional look at the culture of war from a military perspective.

---

<sup>167</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Blood on the Snow," *Collier's Weekly* 20 January 1940, 10.

<sup>168</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Slow Boat to War," *Collier's Weekly*, 6 January 1940, 10.

From the military perspective, Gellhorn moves to the oppressed in war-afflicted areas. In "Obituary of a Democracy," she finds the Czechs "eating dry bread: they had two slices a piece in their pocketbooks."<sup>169</sup> Throughout her travels the fortunate and unfortunate are determined by their eating habits. Most often, decent beverages represented the degree of fortune. The unfortunate had little variety and often did not sit down for a meal. Whether eating a bowl of rice in the Orient or dry bread in Europe, the native's suffering was earmarked with food or the lack thereof. The reader often got a glimpse of the change in the war-afflicted people's lives and culture during Martha Gellhorn's dinner breaks.

Her dinner-table coverage of the war extended to many types of besieged war vets, including the press themselves. In her very first war correspondence she writes:

Finally it was someone's birthday or a national holiday or something (and still cold and nothing happening and the rain and the rumors), so we decided to have a party. There was only three of us and we took the cans from the bottom drawer of the clothes chest: canned soup, canned sardines, canned spinach, canned corned beef and two bottles of new red wine and planned to eat ourselves warm and talk about something else: not war, not Spain, not even what England is going to do—"what do you think it means when Delbos says?—" not even about Japan and China. We would talk about movie stars and pretty places we had been and we would eat and drink the new red wine and get warm. It was just going to be a party. It went perfectly until the coffee (one tablespoonful in a cup of hot water, stir and pray for the best). Then the first shell drove into the building next door, brought a shower of glass down on the inner court and the typewriter rattled.<sup>170</sup>

This dinner scenario alerts the reader of many things about the war. As her freshman turn for *Collier's* and as war correspondent, the first article largely set the tone

---

<sup>169</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Obituary of a Democracy," *Collier's Weekly*, 10 December 1938, 13.

<sup>170</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "City at War," *Collier's Weekly*, 2 April 1938, 18.

for most of her war correspondences, at least through World War II. She used devices such as describing dinnertime habits of those involved in war to show a culture of war that included a bit of comfort, urgency and altered state of the basic human needs of shelter, food and companionship. This one “party” of canned soup and sardines is trench like in nature, showing a bit of camaraderie and how that camaraderie is quickly squelched by falling bombs. The party was also a distraction, a way of taking Gellhorn and her cohorts (probably Hemingway and H.S. Matthews) off the subject of the serious war and it seemed to work until the “typewriter rattled.” The inconsequential narrative detail makes Gellhorn a reliable commentator on the war, the one tablespoon of coffee grounds, the canned corn beef and the rattling typewriter are all inconsequential to the war at hand, but quite important to the narrative telling of it. The sentiments are repeated again and again. For instance, in a section headed “Gunfire as Dinner Music” Gellhorn writes:

We sat down with a bottle of Italian cognac, which tasted like perfume and gasoline and waited for dinner. There was an American AMG (Allied Military Government) major in town with his aid. They had evacuated the entire civil population and were leaving for another village in the morning, but tonight they were coming to dine.... We talked about movie and the doctor and the transport officer, neither of whom had seen a movie for a year and half, got into a passionate argument.... The two Americans arrive and were warmly greeted. The evening shelling started while we ate our C rations.<sup>171</sup>

Again, Gellhorn evokes dinner conversation Aristotle could be proud of and she describes the much maligned state of the food that are really unnecessary details of the war, but add to the readers base knowledge of the culture surrounding it.

---

<sup>171</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Visit Italy,” *Collier's Weekly*, 6 May 1944, 66.

### Customs of a Region

Gellhorn explores the customs of a region through food in a unique way that tells the reader about the foreign country and it's surreal war existence, often simultaneously.

She writes:

I thought of buying books at the little stalls, near the Park, moving slowly through each booth and looking at the old, finely made books and the comic copies of fashion magazines, dated 1900, and the fancy books which taught young girls manners and embroidery. I thought of the fine life you can have here, cooking on an electric burner, inventing amazing dishes out of cans.... It's a wonderful life, I thought and then I thought about the hospitals.... We were coming into Madrid now, and a sentry stepped out from a street barricade and asked to see our papers.<sup>172</sup>

A similar scene can be found in Hemingway's "A Moveable Feast" (about Paris in the late 20s and published in 1962 after his death) where he and his first wife walk through French book stalls and talk about buying bread and wine. It is quite a typical and lyrical European scene that she conveys before halting abruptly to note the street barricade and the hospital. The typical European cultural scene fades into the typical war scene and again Gellhorn manages to walk the reader through a different kind of war, one Gellhorn constantly battles within herself and challenges the reader to battle it with her. She slowly chips away at the reader's naivete. She describes scenes with the optimism and culture of a travel piece as if viewing it through a charley glass and then nonchalantly hands over the Claude glass and takes up the scope of a military rifle catching the reader in the crosshairs.

In "Arab Coffee Break" Gellhorn again mixes traditional regional custom with war:

---

<sup>172</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Men Without Medals," *Collier's Weekly*, 15 January 1938, 49.

We were drinking Nescafe in the cool, overfurnished parlor of an elderly refugee schoolteacher. A horde of charming bouncing small children had been pushed out to make room for serious grown-up talk...His wife vanished, as is correct. His bright 22-year-old daughter, already the mother of four, crouched outside the door like a beggar, holding a bit of white cloth over her face, and listened.... They had personal problems from the war. The chicken farmers lacked transport. The schoolteacher said his wife was running out of kerosene for cooking.<sup>173</sup>

The illustration of the rituals of food and drink of Palestinians in Jericho couch Gellhorn in reliable commentary. She describes her tour of the refugee camps over a cup of coffee. Again, readers share in her coffee as if they were drinking Nescafe, identifying with the Palestinians until the cultural differences are explicated and then the war effects are depicted. The reader discovers the customs of a country as the woman vanishes "as is correct" and then hears of the "personal problems from the war." Gellhorn successfully juxtaposes the customs of a region and the culture of war for the reader without taking a "time out" from the action or plot of her non-fiction story.

At other times, Gellhorn provides a break from the war to simply describe a ritual and only faintly reminds the reader of war only because one of the characters in her story is an officer. She writes:

The next day, the general in command of this war zone invited us to lunch. He looked like a gently, cheerful Buddha. Sitting around a table in a dim stone-walled room, we drank the inevitable tea, exchanged the usual compliments and made a few sad, polite jokes. This formality finished, we joined the general staff in a marvelous meal, composed of twelve different dishes ranging from shark's fin soup to ancient black eggs, bamboo shoots and bread made of steamed dough.

It is an old Chinese custom to drink guests under the table. The host had the right to stop a drinking contest by announcing regretfully that he had run out of liquor. Even in a prohibition army there is always some rice wine for visitors. So now the general and the officers proposed one

---

<sup>173</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Arab Coffee Break," *The Nation*, 23 October 1967, 396.



*gambai* (bottoms up) toast after another. We drank to China and America, the Generalissimo and the President, to health and happiness, the success of our trip and finally a simple nod would pass for a toast.

The general began to sweat profusely and two staff officers turned a beautiful mulberry color and the interpreter stammered and swayed and found it hard to translate a toast about glorious armies and final victory, which Ernest had happily invented. I cheated due to the violent taste of the rice wine, and only drank half a cup when I should have emptied it. Ernest drank on undismayed until the general said in Chinese that they were plumb out of liquor. Ernest had acquired enough face for us both, and the contest was over.

By this time people were laughing heartily at any remark whatever. The luncheon drew to a brilliant close, and still no business had been transacted.<sup>174</sup>

She went through all of that only to say they still had not received word if they could visit the Canton front. Canton was a crucial front for transport of potential American aid if it remained in China's hands—or simply cut the country in two if the Japanese over took it. The scene also forewarns the reader of the roundabout way they went about getting all of their information in China. It leads into a section called, "Three Hours—35 miles." Customs from indirectness to drinking to types of food are apparent in the passage. She is able to use the dinner ritual to inject her story with description that makes the article not only a narrative, but an interesting read, offering a bit of Chinese culture along the way, without taking away from the task at hand—to report on the Sino-Japanese war. In the same article she takes the Chinese culture a little further describing a sampan pilot's lunch of a bowl of rice with chopsticks and the customary belch of satisfaction when he was through. That scenario is couched in the midst of their being stranded on a sandbar awaiting a tide of sorts to move them out from among the cholera-stricken others as they go deeper into the war zone. The reader gets a sense of the

---

<sup>174</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "These, Our Mountains," *Collier's Weekly*, 28 June 1941, 16 - 17.

differentness of a culture in “normal” times as well as the distractions of war without tripping over a clumsy narrative. The scenes lend credence to Gellhorn’s credibility as a war correspondent. Her grasp of the culture, her proof of location and her illustrations of the people with which she dined support her reliable commentary, giving the reader the safety and credibility they need to believe Gellhorn and perhaps do her bidding as novice war intellectuals; or at least potential peace advocates.

Dining rituals also serve as a mood setter in a number of cases. Gellhorn gives the reader a sense of atmosphere with the telling of customs. In Czechoslovakia she pushes the reader right into a celebration of sorts. She writes:

You can go to a wine shop in the evening; the wall will be made of sweet pine wood and there are field flowers on the tables. The place is crowded and people drink local wine out of squat dark bottles or the blond beer from Pilsen. The entertainers sing a popular song and the public joins in the refrain. The refrain is: “All right, Adolf, come ahead.”<sup>175</sup>

Gellhorn’s use of the illustration of the local wine and celebration provides an air of Czech patriotism. It reveals the pre-war frenzy and perhaps forewarns of the haunting images of Hitler to come. Again, there is an ironic timbre throughout the scene. The reader is caught off guard by the refrain of the song as it is couched in the ease of the wine shop, which adds to the ironic effect and the surprise horror of war that seems to be Gellhorn’s technique in providing an accurate description of war.

Part of the appeal of Gellhorn’s use of food and culture is the author shares the conditions just enough for intrigue. The reader is not necessarily privy to how Gellhorn wants the event to be ingested, only that it should be and Gellhorn is in control of that range of judgment from the curious description to the appalling atmosphere that

---

<sup>175</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Come Ahead, Adolf,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 6 August 1938, 13.

surrounds each dining experience. She is the reliable commentator, cosmic guide and general hostess of each surreal meal.

---

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### VISITING THE HOT SPOTS OF WAR

Gellhorn joins the ranks of John Hersey, Norman Mailer and Harry Brown in applying a travel element to her war writing that is interested in topography and the mystery of place. But more than that, Gellhorn's war correspondences are ornamented with the surreal parody of travel jargon to describe the action of war.

The intermingling of travel jargon and war terminology is not new. Scholars writing about World War I called soldiers "travelers who journeyed to the limits of existence."<sup>176</sup> Soldiers take "tours of duty" like travelers take tours of the Louvre and troops retreat from the enemy and tourists retreat from the rat race.

Fussell says figures of travel occupy any writer's imagination. They embark on a long and perilous voyage of literary traveling. Just as travel writing was partially responsible for the rise of the modern novel, travel literature also evolved into the war novel especially during the eras of the Spanish Civil war, which is where Gellhorn made her first impressions as a war correspondent. Evelyn Waugh practically predicts the end of travel literature in *Waugh in Abyssinia* (1936), where the comic travel book metamorphosises into the war book. He notes the triumphal arches grow shabby and what was once "a happy subject for the press photographers" was now a "reminder of an

---

<sup>176</sup> Eksteins, *Rites of Spring: The Great War and The Birth of The Modern Age*, 211.

abortive modernism.” And he finally predicts that the press photographers would later hope to present their photographs of the dilapidated arches as “ravages of Italian bombardment.”<sup>177</sup> Fussell writes:

In the same year as this excursus of Waugh’s.... Penguin paperbacks began to appear, marking the beginning of the end for Cape’s travelers’ Library. That year the Spanish War effectively ended travel to Spain and the former Hispanic travel book turns performance into the Spanish war book. Where before the opening chapter of a book about Spain might be titled “Journey to Seville,” now, in Arthur Koestler’s *Spanish Testament* (1937), it is ‘journey to Rebel Headquarters.’ Orwell’s *Homage to Catalonia* (1938) seems to recall its paternity in the travel book.... When open warfare breaks out between the Left factions in Barcelona, Orwell views the wondrous events like a traveler from his hotel roof, where he used to sit for hours, ‘wondering at the folly of it all.’ Thus in the late 30’s travel books are replaced on publishers’ lists by works of political and military analysis, written by people who a few years before could pass for travelers but who now are identified as ‘foreign correspondents.’<sup>178</sup>

It seems logical that Gellhorn could have easily grown out of this transition and affixed herself firmly in the publishing evolution that war seemed to ignite. As war effectively suspends most pleasure or even adventure travel to foreign lands, Gellhorn starts out in her lifetime adventure of war corresponding.

In a sense, Gellhorn’s travel metaphors are a recognizable personal touch of irony. Her respect and interest in both foreign lands and war come together to provide a unique experience for the reader and a camaraderie between the author and the audience. The dichotomous implications of phrases like “hot spots” in different vernaculars of war and travel supplies a unique realm of existence for the reader within the text. It is at once

---

<sup>177</sup> Evelyn Waugh, *Waugh in Abyssinia* 1936 (Abroad)

<sup>178</sup> Fussell, Paul, *Abroad: British Literary Traveling Between the Wars*.

something he can identify with (almost wistfully) and something completely unfamiliar to him. The guidebook Gellhorn offers is only for the armchair traveler not for the tourist.

The author is also unique in that she provides such metaphors in two ways: as full blown articles that are almost parodies of the familiar travel pieces and simply metaphors that pepper her writing from the 30s to the 70s.

#### Postcards from the War

There are several articles that read as if she were actually writing for *Travel and Leisure*. Her article aptly named "Postcards from Italy" is described by *Collier's Weekly* editors as "Vignettes of what life is like in sunny Italy for our soldiers." There are also subheads with names like "On the road home to Rome" and "Where to Have Fun in Italy."<sup>179</sup> Pictures of USO shows and smiling nurses checking pulses flank the copy.

The article "on sunny Italy" begins, "In the rain, the trucks were coming...and all the soldiers looked alike, passive and with rain-soaked grayish clothes and carved, cold faces." As Gellhorn and her driver Burton bounce over the muddy, rutted roads in their leaky command car, Burton comments, "I ain't had so much fun since the hogs ate my little brother." When she arrives at the barracks she goes on to comment on how the soldiers that were sitting on the ground cleaning their rifles, "looked like some form of a picnic, with a blanket spread on the ground and the men clustered around it....they had eaten cooked food instead of C or K rations." Within that context she begins a dialog about places they had been and places they were going where one soldier says, "All I

---

<sup>179</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Postcards from Italy," *Collier's Weekly*, 1 July 1944, 41 and 56.

want is to be an MP in Naples” to which the rest gave “cries of happy agreement.”<sup>180</sup>

For a moment it sounds as if she is carrying on a conversation in the famous stagecoaches of Jeffery Chaucer, Samuel Johnson and Richard Steele. Instead of stopping at a roadside inn, though, she has stopped at a post in the countryside of a warring Italy. The reader has the feeling of gliding by as if she were on some sort of amusement park ride passing by fake animatronic cardboard cutout uniform-clad tourists of the war culture.

As the writer and the reader move on to the next leg of their trip they get back “On the Road to Rome.” In this section she begins with, “Route 6, the famous road to Rome, cuts through flatland between mountains all the way from Naples.” From there she tours a hospital ward with wounded and neatly bandaged teenagers that she describes as “a blue-eyed nineteen year old from Missouri” and “a dark-haired, pink-cheeked young man.” The hospital wards are merely stops along the way to Naples—like stopping at a roadside vendor to buy boiled peanuts.

But then, we reach our destination in the section called “Where to Have Fun in Italy.” In this section she begins, “Naples is not exactly heaven but everybody wants to go there. If you can have any fun in Italy, Naples is the place.” The reader can practically recall the same words in the Naples guidebook at his local library. However, Gellhorn adds her personal touch to this guidebook. She writes:

All cities in a country at war instantly take on a massive shabbiness, but Naples is a rather outstanding example. There are many pitiful sights in Naples: miserable aimless people who are underclothed and undernourished and besides that, have in their hair the white anti-lice powder in which the Army disinfects all potential carriers.... Naples is tragic and sordid and overcrowded and wildly expensive and the nearest thing to paradise on the Italian peninsula.

---

<sup>180</sup> Ibid., 41.

The city flows up and down hills to a great bay; off on one side Vesuvius rises majestic and unreliable and different in evening light. Across the water the islands of Capri and Ischia climb out of the sea. At sundown driving into Naples, the city lies below, yellow, pink and miraculous, and the harbor is beautiful that you cannot believe in the war.

What is beautiful in the world now means an enormous lot to people who have seen a great deal of the unbeautiful. It is perhaps what they have to comfort them for the present and to give them some confidence in the future.

Burton drove the command car slow along the high road above the city and stared down at the cascade of housetops and a purple sea. 'Gosh, it's pretty, ' said Burton with something like tears in his voice. 'It's sure pretty, isn't it?'<sup>181</sup>

Throughout the article readers are forced to reconcile their own visions of "the sunny Italy" with what Gellhorn describes. Gellhorn turns her writing into high art here and invites the reader into the river of irony that Eksteins says is the undercurrent of the war that becomes a "floodtide in the postwar world."<sup>182</sup>

Italy seems to be the perfect place for Gellhorn to practice her art. In another quintessential War-torn travel piece, "Visit Italy," she writes her article around a travel poster "in France, in all the railroad stations, showing a sunstruck and enchanting glimpse of country with a dark-haired girl eating grapes or maybe just laughing, and the posters urged: Visit Italy."<sup>183</sup> While not nearly as didactic as "Postcards from Italy," the irony and metaphor flows freely.

As she recalls the poster throughout the article she begins sections with "Now we were visiting Italy," and "Visit Italy, indeed!" The crux of her article is captured in a

---

<sup>181</sup> Ibid., 56.

<sup>182</sup> Eksteins, *Rites of Spring: The Great War and The Birth of The Modern Age*, 222.

<sup>183</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Visit Italy," *Collier's Weekly*, 6 May 1944, 62.



paragraph that includes all of Gellhorn's devices, especially that of travel metaphor.

She writes:

Visit Italy, indeed! It is all this and so much more. It would take a rare kind of guidebook to tell you the sights of Italy alone. And how about the people? How will you ever know about the twenty races and nationalities who fight as allies in Italy? How will you ever know all they have done and seen and felt and survived?<sup>184</sup>

Not only does Gellhorn capture the essence of war-torn travel writing, but also, she practically implores the reader to understand what her writing is all about. She directly addresses the audience and uses the repetitive, staccato sentences for which Hemingway is famous. Her use of conjunctions and questions drives home a reader-writer camaraderie that Gibson found presumptive, but twentieth century readers have adapted as their trademark in literary history.

The impassioned article goes on to parade as a travel parody to the end like "Postcards from Italy." Only she becomes pedagogical in nature as is common with travel writers. Fussell says, "the ideal travel writer is consumed not just with a will to know. He is also moved by a powerful will to teach. Inside every good travel writer there is a pedagogue—often a highly moral pedagogue—struggling to get out."<sup>185</sup> As if she were recalling a horror journey, she writes:

I remember the doctors working in the hospitals, and the faces of the wounded men. I remembered the troops on the roads, tough and hard, watching the Italian refugees pass by with the usual bundles, the usual blank eyes and the usual slow, weary walk. There was no kindness in the French soldiers. One man said quietly to himself but speaking for everyone, 'There were refugees on all the roads in France. Each one in his turn.'

---

<sup>184</sup>Ibid., 65.

<sup>185</sup> Fussell, *The Norton Book of Travel*, 15.

I remembered the snow-topped mountain called La Mainarde, and the deep beautifully placed German machine-gun posts, and I thought of the Frenchmen who had taken this mountain. They are dying very fast, but they always go on to the higher and higher mountains.

You hear a lot of rot, traveling around the world. You hear people say France is finished, the French are no good, look at their politics, look at the collapse of France, they will never be a great nation again. So I lay in my cot and thought that anyone who speaks or thinks like that is a fool, and if he wants to know how foolish he is, he'd better visit Italy.<sup>186</sup>

As if she were wrapping up some moral lesson in *Gulliver's Travels*, Gellhorn deals seriously with the reader, telling him like it is, telling him to judge for himself, telling him to trust what she says and take it to heart. Again, her repetitiveness and her recalling of the travel poster come together to be an example of a war-torn travel piece that affirms a writer's style and a relationship with her audience that make her a reliable commentator and pioneer of style.

Before Italy, came a "Slow Boat to War." While her style is not nearly as poignant in this article, she describes fourteen days en route to Finland through submarine zones, blockades, and mine fields of the North Sea that read like a personal experience piece on a absurd cruise ship. She begins by describing the culturally diverse crowd on board making the typical salutations before going on a journey. The old Austrian and the harsh-looking woman were among her travel companions "looking the way passengers always do in the first hours on shipboard...[they] drifted about the decks, cold and restless." As they pulled away from the Hoboken pier, "The water was dark and the lights of New York were as handsome as always and the boat pulled out slowly and we were off to war."<sup>187</sup> She writes about how the "Americans were traveling rather

---

<sup>186</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Visit Italy," *Collier's Weekly*, 6 May 1944, 66.

<sup>187</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Slow Boat to War," *Collier's Weekly*, 6 January 1940, 10.

unwillingly to straighten up business affairs and they had detached feelings that to lose money was one thing but to get dangerously involved in other people's messes was one thing more." Then, on the eighth day they reached the mine fields. She talked of luggage and ships food before getting to the business of war. Even with mine fields to worry about and blockades on the port side, she still read charts, traced maps and talked of shipping lanes like she was gathering information for a guidebook. Instead of "Tips to better cruising," though, it was "How to survive a trans-Atlantic trip through a mine field." Instead of "Into the Straights," it was "Into the Mine Fields" instead of "Dining at Sea" it was "Black-out at Sea." Her companions were fellow travelers and they embarked on an "insurmountable frontier." They all had to present their passports at checkpoints on the sea and their adventure wasn't romantic it was military. She evoked scenes from the Titanic, noting they were playing the same music "they play when a ship goes down."

The article is about a journey from New York to war, as if the non-fiction characters were crossing a border from one country to another. The landscape began to change at sea, from the dark waters reflecting the lights of New York on the horizon to watching for enemy submarines off the starboard side. Instead of running to the C Deck to view the whales, they ran to catch a glimpse of floating mines.

For readers this is a transition of a frame of mind. Gellhorn opens the horizon so that readers might cross the great divide from pacifists to anti-fascists as Gellhorn herself did. When she made the transition in her own life, she dispatched herself to Spain because she "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>188</sup> There, she wrote “City at War,” (her first war correspondence) which by her own admission was a story about “everyday Madrid” because that is all she knew how to write. She writes a lot about her hotel and the scenes occurring in the city streets outside that hotel. The article was monumental in many aspects. It started her on the road to nearly a sixty-year career as a war correspondent. It began a unique style that carried throughout her career. And, it made her a legendary war correspondent because she was a woman correspondent and the one and only war correspondent for one of the most popular magazines in America at the time, *Collier's Weekly*, for the next eight years.

Not only does her war correspondence masquerade as travel literature, but also her travel literature is laced with war correspondences. While they are one in the same, there are also articles that take the opposite approach of the aforementioned articles, but still reveal the culture of war from a travel writer's perspective. In “English Sunday,” the *Collier's* editors preface the article with, “In this quiet corner of England, villagers worshiped, gossiped, chuckled, murmured over little tragedies—relaxed momentarily so they could start afresh Monday for the biggest job of all: Getting the war over with.”<sup>189</sup> Within the article she describes the worshipers going to church “wearing their best,” including a few soldiers. She writes of the vicar's words of “ ‘Give us peace in our time, O Lord’ ” as “a squadron of Spitfires roared over the village, flying east.” Mostly the article describes scenes from Mrs. Johnson buying “cigarettes and bouillon cubes and a jar of jam” to the butcher's van stopping at every house “to dole out the microscopic

---

<sup>188</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 15.

<sup>189</sup> Martha Gellhorn, “English Sunday,” *Collier's Weekly*, 1 April 1944, 60.

weekly meat ration.” The vignettes are unusual for Gellhorn in that she mentions many names of villagers as if they were her actual neighbors in a village that was merely in a recession, not a war. The talk is of coupons and church and weeds in the gardens rather than of the war. The pictures accompanying the article are of scenes like High Street where “most of the shops are in buildings five hundred years old” and of “Townfolk [leaving] their ancient church after Sunday services. Sometimes, when the ‘Spits’ fly low, the preacher’s voice is drowned in an ocean of sound.”<sup>190</sup> The section titles are “The Treat of the Week”, “Hour of Relaxation” and “Refuge and Recreation.” The characters throughout the article, like Mrs. Johnson and her granddaughter and Mrs. Peters and the butcher rather than soldiers. She again ends her article poignantly, writing:

After this week, would come another, and then another month, and the long years of war seemed slowly to be ending. The war must be won. No one really thinks of anything else. The war must be won and then there will again be the lovely, remembered summers with regattas on their river and sun and picnics and visitors come from London to admire their flowers and their enchanting cottages and their beautiful church. The war would be won and then at last the young people would be safe and home again.<sup>191</sup>

The article once again provides the reader with a unique perspective this time from the indirect participants of a war. The families and villages on the periphery of the war are blessed and plagued by everyday routine, an altered routine, but a routine nonetheless. The final paragraph is reminiscent of Gellhorn’s depiction of war-stricken Naples—tattered and shabby, but still standing and waiting on the end of the war to be a more pleasurable tourist attraction.

---

<sup>190</sup> Ibid., 60-61.

<sup>191</sup> Ibid., 62.

In Prague, Gellhorn once again looks at the war, not from battlefields, but from outlying cities, where she is perhaps waiting to catch a ride to a front or just taking a break from the action—much like taking a mini-vacation. Each place—Naples, the Italian countryside, the ship, the English village and Prague—is a typical cultural attraction from a tourist's perspective in post-war eras and offer the reader a portal into the war culture that is relatable at times. The articles provide a complete picture of war. Gellhorn often said the Americans didn't understand war because it had been so long since one was actually fought on American soil. Gellhorn tries to reconcile that, involving the reader in the action as they can understand it as civilians.

#### War Souvenirs

In addition to her full-blown war correspondence as travel literature, Gellhorn also used travel terminology as war lingo. Travel metaphor is not unique to Gellhorn's writing simply because the military terminology is already couched in such metaphor. However, she uses it abundantly and its appearance among her pages enhances her war-torn travel writing style.

Again, in Madrid, Gellhorn's second ever war correspondence beams with travel terminology. Sections are called "City of Beauty and Pain" and "Guest of the Hospital." She writes about Petra, the hotel maid, who "[brings] in an unexploded three-inch shell, pretty as a champagne bottle, that had landed in the hotel somewhere, she thinking it was an amusing souvenir."<sup>192</sup> The terminology is doubly ironic because she describes it as "pretty as a champagne bottle" and "amusing." She muses how they are excited about

---

<sup>192</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Men Without Medals," *Collier's Weekly*, 15 January 1938, 10.

the finding, even though it could have been the end of their existence. Just as soldiers in Vietnam were rumored to keep the ears of those they killed as souvenirs and civil war artillery found in Southern fields as they are plowed become memorabilia, Gellhorn records World War II shells as such in her articles.

In the *Saturday Evening Post*, she calls the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne “master of the hot spots” as if she were making a list of favorite vacation spots. She reports on them with great respect and heroism, but also depicts them against a backdrop where they can be admired for many reasons. She tells of their perilous mission where they captured prisoners and then, at mission’s end, she describes them at play. She finds them in a Sicilian vacation spot where they “lived in villas for a while, and there was swimming and plenty to eat, and when you look back on it, they say good old Sicily, those were the days.”<sup>193</sup>

In other articles with travel names like “A Weekend in Israel”<sup>194</sup> and “Everybody’s Happy on Capri,”<sup>195</sup> she calls fronts, “frontiers” as if they were being explored by hapless adventurers. In Vietnam, “hamlets” are attacked and in Italy the borderlands are “wild and flat.” She takes “trips through wreckage” in Helsinki<sup>196</sup> and she and the troops get “paid vacations” in Stockholm.<sup>197</sup> In addition to the direct use of travel

---

<sup>193</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne, master of the Hot Spots,” *Saturday Evening Post*, 23 February 1946, 23.

<sup>194</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Weekend in Israel I & II,” *The New Republic*, 29 October 1956 and 5 November 1956, 14 and 16 respectively.

<sup>195</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Everybody’s Happy on Capri,” *Saturday Evening Post*, 8 October 1949, 29.

<sup>196</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Bombs from a Low Sky,” *Collier’s Weekly*, January 1940, 12.

<sup>197</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Fear comes to Sweden,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 3 February 1940, 21.

language, Gellhorn also makes much of "Travel noises" as "War noises." Bombs sound like high-speed passenger trains and sirens like Gellhorn's appreciation for changing landscape is evident in such scenarios. The reader is again reminded of the waning countryside that is peaceful and traditional and the disappearing of traditional travel literature into Eksteins' era of movement and impatience. Gellhorn is bringing up the rear of the days of true adventure travel—where frontiers are still out there and people still know what a passenger train is.

Through it all, the reader gains a unique perspective from their tour guide and their teacher. They are moved from passivity on the war—"isn't what they're doing over there a shame"—to advocating peace for those people—those civilians—that are just like themselves. Gellhorn's style is indisputably in the travel lingo. The use of travel terminology establishes the reader-writer camaraderie in much the same way Hemingway's use of indefinite adjectives does. It is all about the reader relating to the scene in a personal way. While Walker Gibson calls this idea "an act of intellectual dishonesty," Wayne Booth would call it "reliable commentary."<sup>198</sup> She chooses scenery and language that provides the facts, a picture and a summary that the reader could not otherwise easily learn. Her unrivaled perspective pressures the reader into personalizing the information, perhaps even acting on it, because it is not as abstract as battlefield scenes of which the reader most often has no personal knowledge.

---

<sup>198</sup> See Methodology, 12.



## CHAPTER NINE

## HOME FROM WAR

In the beginning of the chapter titled "Coming Home," in *Unsuitable for Ladies: An anthology of women travellers*, the author quotes Martha Gellhorn's book, *Travels with Myself and Another* (1978).

When the flight was called, I was first aboard the British Airways plane. A cool correctly smiling English stewardess stood by the door. I said, 'I'm so glad to see you, you'll never know how glad I am to see you.'<sup>199</sup>

Robinson breaks the subject of home for travelers into three categories. One is the traveler who has gone, has been happy to be gone, but just as happy to return. The second has gone, wishes she had not and is very happy to come home. The third is the traveler who has been, relished it, and "has no intention of being happy again unless and until it is time to go again."<sup>200</sup> Gellhorn, of course fits into the latter. She never feels at home unless she is traveling. In 1978 when she wrote her one and only true travel book, she wrote:

It takes real stamina to travel and it's getting worse. Remember the old days when we had porters not hi-jackers; remember when hotels were built and finished before you got there; remember when key unions weren't on strike at your point of departure or arrival; remember when were given generous helpings of butter and jam for breakfast, not those little cellophane and cardboard containers; remember when the weather

---

<sup>199</sup>Robinson, *Unsuitable for Ladies: An anthology of women travellers*, 446.

<sup>200</sup> *Ibid.*, 446.

was reliable; remember when you didn't have to plan your trip like a military operation and book in advance with deposit enclosed; remember when the Mediterranean was clean; remember when you were a person not a sheep, herded in airports, railway stations, ski-lifts, movies, museums, restaurants, among your fellow sheep; remember when you knew what your money would bring in other currencies; remember when you confidently expected everything to go well instead of thinking it a miracle if everything doesn't go wrong?

We're not heroic like the great travellers but all the same we amateurs are a pretty tough breed. No matter how horrendous the last journey we never give up hope for the next one, God knows why.<sup>201</sup>

Gellhorn can probably be counted as a true citizen of the world and as such is well rounded in her coverage of travel, which ultimately includes the subject of home in some way, shape or form. Home as a subject means many different things to the author and her readers. She refers to American icons in comparing the actions and activities abroad as a means to help the reader understand the action and terrain. Also, the idea of home makes its way into dialog with soldiers. In these scenarios, home is used as an insight into the players in the theatre of war, specifically referring to Robinson's second category of travelers, with obvious reasons. And finally she writes about soldiers going home and the complexity of that process. Whichever way she uses the idea of home in her work, Gellhorn intends to provide significance to what it means to be away to those who are left behind.

### Hitting Close to Home

In order to acquaint readers with the action and terrain of war, Gellhorn often compares what she sees to something "back home." Gellhorn never lived in the United States after the 1930s, but she most often wrote for American publications and, therefore, an

---

<sup>201</sup> Gellhorn, *Travels with Myself and Another*, 12.

American audience. Gellhorn lessens the distance that separates her reader from her characters with this idea of home. Obviously the non-fiction characters of her articles start out at a physical distance from the reader, but Gellhorn as a reliable narrator uses the readers' norms to close the distance between home and abroad. She effectively uses the readers' brain to establish a context that is understandable in order to help the reader progress through her material with understanding—going from a passive observer from a distance to a closer, active observer.

Several examples from Gellhorn's work provide accounts of reliable commentary in this manner. In Israel she compares the size of the country to New Jersey, "although New Jersey has four times Israel's population." She goes on to write about the region, taking an almost pedagogical approach, when she writes:

The bordering states are New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Connecticut, and their combined population is equal to population of Israel's neighbors, Egypt, Syria, Lebanon and Jordan....But one cannot think of oneself, sitting in one's garden in the suburbs of Trenton, the children sleeping in the house, and discussing with friends calmly the fact that New Jersey is alone, cannot feed itself, is terrifyingly outnumbered, does not own the minimum of defensive arms, while there—encircling it—are the four neighbor states, rich, well-armed, able to buy more arms and proclaiming their hate, determined to destroy New Jersey, boasting their sacred mission to rid the North American Continent of citizens of New Jersey. No, there is no way to transfer oneself into the Israelis' position. But one can at least understand that these young Israeli parents, in their Tel Aviv suburb, would with reason feel 'the tension.'<sup>202</sup>

While Gellhorn says, there is no way to "transfer oneself into the Israelis' position," she effectively closes the distance between the Israelis and themselves by putting the situation in a more American context. The reader's readily available idea of

---

<sup>202</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "A Weekend in Israel—II," *The New Republic*, 5 November 1956, 16.

New Jersey suburbs translocates an identifiable relationship among neighbors, warring or not.

As noted in Chapter Five, Gellhorn followed the first general rule of thumb—stick to what you know—she was able to connect the scenes around her with familiar American counterparts.

It seemed a little crazy to be living in a hotel, like a hotel in Des Moines or New Orleans, with a lobby and wicker chairs in the lounge, and signs on the door of your room telling you that they would press your clothes immediately and that meals served privately cost ten percent more, and meantime it was like a trench when they lay down an artillery barrage.<sup>203</sup>

She furnishes context to her surreal surroundings so the reader is able to understand the irony of the normal wicker furniture that crackles with each missile. The same wicker furniture that is reminiscent of the furniture found in America's heartland, perhaps even the reader's own porch. She is even somewhat wistful regarding the similarities, providing additional irony to the war-torn scene. The reader could possibly imagine the scene in the besieged hotel, every time he sits in his own wicker furniture. This imagery of home is an effective narrative device to support reliable commentary.

This semblance of home is haunting in the context of battle. In Spain she recalls:

It was a strange thing, walking through that olive grove, bending your head against the dusty wind, and seeing the faces from Mississippi and Ohio and New York and California, and hearing the voices that you'd heard at a baseball game, in the subway, on any campus, in any hamburger joint, anywhere in America.<sup>204</sup>

---

<sup>203</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 19.

<sup>204</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Men without Metals," *Collier's Weekly*, 15 January 1938, 10.

Her long repetitive sentences offer a sense of longing and nostalgia in the foreign olive groves that forces the reader into recognition that the battle has something to do with him. Young faces and voices are understandable and gain focus and volume in Gellhorn's exposition. She establishes norms for the reader early on in the article before she goes deeper into the theater of war, making the context a little more familiar.

### Remembering Home

Lillian Hellman notes that no matter how copious her diaries during her war reportage, she found that those notes did not make of the experience what she later found were the most significant parts of the experience.<sup>205</sup> Gellhorn also found the experiences she had tried to record at the time were not sufficient to what was ultimately important to her correspondences. This idea seems to ring true for the characters in Gellhorn's non-fiction as well. She often captures dialog and nostalgia for home in her articles—either characters remembering how it was when they left home or knowing that it won't ever be like that when they return. Home becomes an icon of change. She almost becomes a moralist about it. She again takes a pedagogical approach to home, marking the change of home, of a culture, of a mass society effected by war.

By noting the war-struck players' concepts of home, Gellhorn sifts through important details of change brought about by the predicament of war. In places the dialog and remembrances become more memoir than travelogue.

---

<sup>205</sup> Lillian Hellman, *An Unfinished Woman* (New York, 1969), 130.

In "Postcards from Italy," she notes the soldiers' nostalgia with a bit of an ironic tone, letting them have their memories, but at the same time watching how home changes from reality to remembrances. She writes:

They started talking about home—which is what they prefer to talk about. Everyone wants to go back and find everything exactly as it was before; one feels sure that if a cigarette burn on a living-room sofa is repaired, it will shock them; if a wife has changed her hair-do, it will cause pain. The memories are fixed in their minds with a fierce and longing love. And everything that was left behind has now grown perfect; time is the only enemy—time which may sneak up and can get things while they are away and cannot protest or fight against change.

Beyond their immediate concerns of home and job, they were vague.

‘I’m never going to vote again,’ the florist said; ‘not Republican or Democrat. I figure I’ll be too old for the next war anyhow.’

‘We just don’t want to be pushed around when we get home, see?’ said a New York factory worker. ‘I’m tough now. They taught me how to be tough.’<sup>206</sup>

The soldiers themselves become sentinels of change by “remembering when” as well as seeing a bigger picture than what they knew before. They simultaneously guard against it and mark its coronation.

Similar conversation is denoted over and over again in Gellhorn’s work. In Surinam, she writes of soldiers listening to the radio and to the President talking about freedom and their minds and conversation again turning to home, “So you beat off the mosquitoes and call for another drink, and a boy says, ‘You know how it would be in Georgia now? Say...’ And then they are all started.”<sup>207</sup> Meanwhile those they left at home send them letters commenting on how exciting it must be there in Australia or how hot it must be in West Africa, having no clue as to where their soldiers are. In this case,

---

<sup>206</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Postcards from Italy,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 1 July 1944, 55-56.

<sup>207</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Holland’s Last Stand,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 26 December 1942, 27.

home is so incongruent with the war zone that Gellhorn juxtaposes the two concepts of home (the real location and the remembered one) against each other, really depicting the physical, and psychological distance between audience and action. By beginning the article with the letters of misunderstanding and ending it with "how it would be in Georgia," Gellhorn assumes the role of teacher drawing the reader and the action closer together. She describes the Dutch territory, the Bush, and the Caribbean, educating her readers and literally reducing the distance between themselves and the action.

Finally, Gellhorn uses this "remembering of home" to depict the actors in the theater of war, emotionally. Again, she notes soldier dialog, as they cling to their concept of home.

Suddenly one American sailor from an LST called out 'Any of you from Chicago?'

'Yes, I am' someone answered.

'South Side?' asked the sailor.

'No, North Side.'

'Well, shake anyhow,' said the sailor.

Then they all began calling out, and men from Georgia and Oklahoma and Texas and California found one another and spoke a word, as the line of Air Force troops filed past the knots of waiting sailors. They really had nothing to say except 'Hello' and 'Goodby,' but the knowledge that there were other men from their own piece of home seemed to comfort them in the midst of all the strangeness and uncertainty.<sup>208</sup>

Gellhorn injects a language and style here that indicate solemnity and hope in the soldiers and assures the reader of a straight record in her repetitive urgency of the men calling out from "Georgia and Oklahoma and Texas and California." Random and widespread, the states all separated by conjunctions, when commas would do, attest to

---

<sup>208</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Over and Back," *Collier's Weekly*, 22 July 1944, 16.

Gellhorn's care in commentary. Home is at once nostalgic, even for those who are not away from it.

The strangeness of the recurring theme of home in the soldier's conversation is a dialogic device that Gellhorn uses to bring the war to the reader. She notes familiar discourse as well as the isolation of the soldiers in both the content and style and the reader can recognize it, trust it and be nostalgic for a pre-war culture too.

### Going Home

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? You remember places you were and people you saw and you remember the dead. It begins to seem very odd about who is dead and who is alive. You wonder how it all worked; it was too big to work, big and crazy. But it had worked and here we were, rocking in a large clam plane, with the Air Transport Command looking after us like a mother and bringing us home.<sup>209</sup>

Of course with war comes the returning from war. As a traveler that fits in Robinson's third category—one who is happy to travel, happy to return and happy to depart again, Gellhorn has a unique perspective on travel. She had many homes and they all meant different things to her, but her real home was the journey. While her concept of home as a non-war-participant was different from those she reported on, she does capture the essence of home to those who did participate. As they went home from World War II in masses, Gellhorn reflects on home and notes the changing of the thousands of war-afflicted people and, therefore, the inevitable change in a culture because of the

---

<sup>209</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "You're on Your Way Home," *Collier's Weekly*, 22 September 1945, 22.



acculturation that occurred in the war zone. In an article aptly named, "You're on Your Way Home," she even notes the army's concept of it.

When the plane was off the ground, the nurse and the medical technician settled down to the inevitable paper work of Army life and those of the wounded who could began to read. What they were reading was a little booklet called "You're o Your Way Home," courtesy of the Army. It told them about their hospitals, the care they would receive, how they could get in touch with their families, how they would be taught trades and how to use false arms and legs or anything else that had been added in the course of war, to replace parts lost.

It was a very sound and encouraging booklet and it made everything seem easy. There were no amputation cases on this plane and everyone here would one day be well, with nothing more changed except the heart, the mind and the soul, so the booklet read all right. But though these are not cynical boys, they had grown to be great realists. They read about their future and noted the facts: they would wait and see how it worked out; right now they were tired, most of them were in pain, they were going home, and they didn't want to talk about the war or peace or anything else. They wanted to lie in their litters and think of their families.

The one thing that thrilled them was to realize that they would be in New York this very same day. That came under the heading of miracles. So they slept and the great plane drove through the sky, a routine flight, one of thousands.<sup>210</sup>

Change is an anthem throughout Gellhorn's depictions of home and away. The irony of the Army-produced booklet allows the author to use scenery as a means of narration. By the end of the article, however, she produces a more personal narrative that allows for emotion and strengthens the reader-writer camaraderie, by the sheer earnestness of the yearning for home. "I couldn't even imagine what home would be like because home was written on everyone's face so lovingly, so hopefully; home must be the end of the rainbow," she writes.<sup>211</sup> The intensity and dichotomy of home for the soldiers is effectively reflected in Gellhorn's writing with the alternately telling and

---

<sup>210</sup> Ibid.

<sup>211</sup> Ibid., 39.

showing narration she uses. The scene can usually speak for itself, but Gellhorn also chooses to enter as the omniscient reporter that Walker Gibson found “intellectually dishonest” and provide live commentary that strengthens the author/audience relationship, rather than foster Gibson’s atmosphere of distrust.

She again uses a combination of dialog and reflection when she tells of the purpose of war for many of the soldiers. It was not so much politics, territory or power, but for many, the purpose of their duties was to earn their way home.

In “Postcards from Italy,” she writes:

‘It’s a long way from home, ain’t it?’ said the G.I. behind me.

It is indeed a long way from home, and they know that the road home lies over those towering and hated mountains.<sup>212</sup>

She provides dialog and then reflection to accentuate the longing for home. In many references to home it is about the obstacles that lie between the character and it. Home was far away and the way back to it was geographically and militarily treacherous. Gellhorn captured the nostalgia of home not only by closing the gap between the action and the reader, but also by lengthening it. She shows the reader the distance the actors feel—even if the actors are not American. In Italy she writes about the honor of France and their purpose for fighting:

A sizable unit went in to the attack and hardly more than 20 percent were able to walk off the mountain, but the French hold it, and that is what they want. Because each mountain they take, at whatever cost, is a mountain nearer home.... The French are earning their way home and they do not complain. They know exactly what they are doing and they are doing it superbly. They are fighting of the honor of France, which is not just a phrase, as you might think, but the personal, undying pride of every one of them. And they are fighting to get home to a country cleansed of Germans.

---

<sup>212</sup>Martha Gellhorn, “Postcards from Italy,” *Collier’s Weekly*, 1 July 1944, 56.

Home means a street, a house, a face that has not been seen for too many years. Home means the lovely sky and the lovely land of France.<sup>213</sup>

Gellhorn's attention to distance both physically and mentally provides readers with a sense of isolation. Paul Fussell says, "Homesickness is one of the traveler's ailments, and so is loneliness. Fear...threats of personal safety—is the traveler's usual, if often unadmitted companion."<sup>214</sup> The soldier as Eksteins' embodiment of twentieth-century movement is often driven in that movement to get home and Gellhorn recognizes and records that—not just for Americans, but all soldiers. The professor Gellhorn broadens the idea of homesickness in passages such as the one above. She paints a picture of the Allies as "us" and not just "We Americans." Homesickness is something readers can relate to somehow, whether they suffer it because of a hard day at work or a long trip abroad. The misery of the theater of war is an important concept to Gellhorn. She records it to provide a full face of war. Yes, she is interested in principle and history and politics, but mostly people and the homesickness is an overwhelming theme throughout war, not to mention simple travel.

Additionally, home is a reward for the wounded. As a frequent visitor to hospitals, Gellhorn often noted the wounded. In doing so she repeatedly established trends among the wounded. She writes:

'You've got it made, pal,' a soldier said encouragingly from the next cot. They always have time to take from their own suffering in order to say a good thing to another man. 'You've got it made,' is a cheerful stock phrase, used in this case to tell a comrade how lucky he is; a nice wound

---

<sup>213</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Visit Italy," *Collier's Weekly*, 6 May 1944, 65.

<sup>214</sup>Fussell, *The Norton Book of Travel*, 15.

and he's still alive, isn't he? And he'll probably be out if it now due to the nice wound, and stay alive.<sup>215</sup>

Mixing dialog with commentary, Gellhorn explains homesickness of which the characters themselves are not fully aware. This form of reliable commentary distances Gellhorn from the characters, making herself omniscient and providing the reader with a sympathetic vehicle that focuses wholly on the domain of homesickness. As spectators in the theater of war, the readers are given insight into an aspect of the actors and the action that the actors themselves are not fully aware of. How ironic is it for a wound to be the best thing to happen to a soldier in some respects? The reward of home is great and in some cases it doesn't matter how they get there, just as long as they do.

In other cases, however, going home with honor is the most important thing and still in others, going home without it, is not a joyous occasion. In the wounded, Gellhorn even found sympathy for the enemies and offers a glimpse of home for them as well.

The man behind him was a nineteen-year-old Austrian, He had fought for a year in Russia and a half a year in France; he had been home for six days during this time. I thought he would die when he first came on board [the hospital ship] but he got better. In the early morning hours he asked whether wounded prisoners were exchanged, would he ever get home again.

I told him that I did not know about these arrangements, but that he had nothing to fear, as he could see. I was not trying to be kind, but only trying to be as decent as the nurses and doctors were. The Austrian said, 'Yes, yes.' Then he added, 'So many men, all wounded, want to get home. Why have we ever fought one another?' Perhaps because he came from a gentler race, his eyes filled with tears.<sup>216</sup>

Again, the pedagogue emerges and Gellhorn reveals herself in the passage about the "universal" idea of home. The anti-fascist narrator transforms her article into a first

---

<sup>215</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Postcards from Italy," *Collier's Weekly*, 1 July 1944, 56.

<sup>216</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "The Wounded Come Home," *Collier's Weekly*, 5 August 1944, 73.

person narrative showing her dissonance with war and her sympathy toward all the characters in her non-fiction work. By using the Austrian's words, but describing her own actions, the author provides the reader with a more intimate relationship because the commentary is without the presence of the character. The audience stands firmly with the author in an omnipresent position over the character. And yet, the audience is allowed unique insight into the character as well. It is a poignant intrusion by the author that takes the reader into an intimacy with the character and into the confidence of the author, all of which assures him of the reliability of the author and the credibility of the text.

Gellhorn's varied narration runs throughout her text regarding home. While she cannot choose how readers will evaluate her narration, her rhetoric, she can provide varied perspectives to make her point, just as a teacher uses many styles to facilitate learning. Gellhorn calls home the "Center of the World."<sup>217</sup> And just as the characters in her non-fiction stories are often reminiscent of it and striving toward it, her readers too are approaching it from many sides. As traveler and writer, Gellhorn's telling of home brings the reader and action closer together, reliably and credibly.

---

<sup>217</sup>Martha Gellhorn, "Children Are Soldiers, Too," *Collier's Weekly*, 4 March 1944, 27.

## CHAPTER TEN

## CONCLUSION

There will be men among them who will write about this campaign after the war, and that will be the good writing. But perhaps it is impossible to understand anything truly unless it happened to you, yourself.<sup>1</sup>

—Martha Gellhorn

Every travel book is a trip abroad, into the reader's brain and into the writer's brain. According to Elton Glaser the reader "notes the contours of the traveler's mental landscape. [It is] like looking through a train window at dusk, at just that moment when our own reflection is superimposed on the world outside the glass and suddenly object and subject exist on the same plane, the perceived and the perceiver a single intelligence in an eerie rapprochement."<sup>2</sup> Fussell calls this the two poles between which travel writing mediates—that of the particular and the universal. Gellhorn is a synergist of movement between these poles. She worked toward breaking down cultural barriers and superimposing the face of war onto the reader, as the title of her collected works suggests.

---

<sup>1</sup> Martha Gellhorn, "Visit Italy," *Collier's Weekly*, 6 May 1944, 65.

<sup>2</sup> Elton Gasuer, "Theroux and Poetry of Departures," in *Temperamental Journeys: Essay on the Modern Literature of Travel*, ed. Michael Kowalewski, 155.

Gellhorn feared that the American audience's investment in many twentieth century wars was not always clear. Americans invested their brothers and sisters out of patriotic duty and pride, but their own culture, homes and ways of living were not directly at stake. Gellhorn lessens their degree of separation by covering the everyday lives of people and cities, just like a travel book covers a unique cultural perspective. The armchair traveler visits a culture of war. The reader is at once an outsider because it is a foreign land and an insider because it involves people like themselves.

Gellhorn's articles are vignettes of war-afflicted lives. They are postcards she sends to those left behind. Most postcards are sent by a certain kind of traveler and there is a certain kind of person enjoys receiving them.

### The Sender

Even with her unique perspective, Gellhorn says there is no adequate description of the "indescribable misery of war." She writes, "War was always worse than I knew how to say—always. And probably from an instinct of self-preservation, one tried to write most often of what was brave and decent.... I reported what I saw, and hate was the only reaction such sights could produce."<sup>3</sup> So, there was no way to understand unless you were there yourself. That was Gellhorn's goal: to bring the reader to the scene herself. She did so by being a chauffeur, shipmate, teacher, reliable commentator, hostess, tour guide, traveler and writer. Her audience members

---

<sup>3</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 86-87.

then became those counterparts: passenger, shipmate, student, guest, tourist, fellow traveler and reader.

As postcards are snapshots of the beauty or quiddity of a place, Gellhorn's vignettes are snapshots of misery. Tourists select postcards based on the picture that best describes their experience or at least gives the receiver the opportunity to glimpse the destination. In the same way Gellhorn sent dispatches to magazines that were intended to provide readers with a glimpse of the war and the foreign soil upon which it was being fought. These dispatches were impressionistic and drew few generalizations or set conclusions. She did not necessarily charge her reader to set an agenda of change or action. Her style was more geared toward provoking thought, reflection and then perhaps a lifestyle of activism, but not toward a particular end. This is perhaps why she never reached the acclaim as a novelist. Her fictional characters may have grown, had adventures, learned something, but they didn't really come together in the end. There were few epiphanic moments, so this impressionistic style was less suited for fiction.

Her impressionistic, war-torn writing differed from the writing of her contemporaries in substance and style. While Rebecca West and Joan Didion provide Travelogues and what Didion calls Domilogues or expositions on home, Gellhorn wrote complex commentary on the state of the culture that was less self-centered, but still a bit self-agrandizing. Gellhorn became somewhat addicted to war. Her world revolved around it and she became so much a part of it that she inevitably became part of her own subject matter. Twentieth century events contributed to this addiction. There was always a war to go to. Her first steady job began in the throws of the



Spanish Civil War, during the time of her relationship with Hemingway. As a woman in her mid to late 20s she really started settling into a way of life. This became the way she evaluated her career and her life, so with the wars came her own self-actualization. Her war reporting was not necessarily about accuracy, but about perspective. Her perspective was at ground zero in war zones all over the world. This worldly outlook allowed her to share a universality of war that was not about political sides, but about all those affected. Her life spanned the century and her perspective on travel and war stood that test of time.

Also with the Spanish Civil War and Hemingway, she developed a simplistic style similar to Hemingway's. She added compassion to Hemingway's grammatical peculiarities. Hemingway trail blazed twentieth century writing and had a host of imitators, but Gellhorn's impressions and compassion enhanced the style to make her a unique writer. She used repetition, modifiers strung together with conjunctions and curt language with feeling and conviction that grew out of her first experiences in Spain.

This style and her love of travel propelled her through the transitions in all twentieth-century writing, but especially in the changes in travel writing taking place at the time. She stood on the cusp of changes in travel writing that linked the interior, complicated journeys of early travel writers to the more exterior, self-imposed journeys of more contemporary travel writers. Evelyn Waugh expected good travel writing to be a thing of the past because of the displacement caused by World War II and the evolution of expedient transportation. That 1946 lament was hardly 10 years into Gellhorn's 70-year career. Even with the new modes of transportation and the

diminishing cultural alternatives for travelers, Gellhorn's war-stricken traveling provided legitimate obstacles and unfamiliar subject matter that allowed her to ride out the shift in travel writing. She was able to keep a place in the charming, witty and cultural travel genre of the pre-war travelers and forge new territory in the extreme adventures that have become travel writing today. Instead of creating scenic adventures, she simply found them when she bounced along mined roads in a military jeep.

This adventure travel also set her apart from many of her female contemporaries. Mary Morris calls women travelers "secret sharers" of the travel experience. While Gellhorn certainly shared her experiences, she did not abide the normal rules imposed (by others or by self) on women travelers at that time. She was not necessarily a fearful traveler, nor did she always take someone with her. Curiosity and war atrocity attracted her to destinations. She did not go to get away from societal constraints as women travelers were often accused of doing; instead she went to see "history in the making." In these ways, Gellhorn was also a singular travel writer. Her interior journeys were not about personal growth and development, but about universal human dignity, peace and justice. Her exterior journeys were not about seeing sights or visiting friends and family, but about world history and culture. She carved a unique niche in travel writing that takes on characteristics of both the traditional and contemporary genderless travel writing.

Success to Gellhorn was found in her tenets of journalism. Even though the tenets evolved throughout her life, she still held fast to the original idealism that first set her on her path. In the beginning, she said she saw journalism as a (1) guiding

light for the masses. Although she claimed slowly to have given up on that original notion, it never disappeared from her writing. Even as her second notion—that journalism was only (2) a guiding light for a select few that opposed evil wherever they saw it—came and went, she still hoped her articles would spark a full-fledged grassroots fire. Her final tenets—journalism as (3) a passport, (4) education and finally (5) a means of keeping the record straight—were more about her not expecting too much from her audience, but still hoping that someone would get the idea. In her conclusion to *The Face of War*, Gellhorn writes:

I hold to the relay race theory of history: progress in human affairs depends on accepting, generation after generation, the individual duty to oppose the evils of the time. The evils of the time change but are never in short supply and would go unchallenged unless there were conscientious people to say: not if I can help it. The Peace Movement splendidly confirms my relay race theory.<sup>4</sup>

Gellhorn also writes:

A writer publishes to be read; then hopes the readers are affected by the words, hopes that their opinions are changed or strengthened or enlarged, or that readers are pushed to notice something they had not stopped to notice before. All my reporting life, I have thrown small pebbles into a very large pond and have no way of knowing whether any pebble caused the slightest ripple. I don't need to worry about that. My responsibility was the effort.<sup>5</sup>

These two quotations and her own notions of journalism spell out her idea of a successful war correspondence. She believed in the individual's power to reform, to decline the state's invitation to slaughter. By the end of her career her idea of "keeping the record straight" seemed to be doing what she could to fight for human

---

<sup>4</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 336-337.

<sup>5</sup> Gellhorn, *The View from the Ground*, 419.

dignity. She was realistic enough to know that world peace is not a possibility, but she held out for "a world-wide campaign that [will grow] from individual conviction." In the 1987 conclusion to *The Face of War*, she thought the Peace Movement formed in response to nuclear weapons could help put the human race as a first priority and thus deny that governments know best.<sup>6</sup> Perhaps she hoped that her "straight record," her postcards, would play some part in that.

In a 1990 interview with Martyn Harris in *The Sunday Telegraph*, Gellhorn herself summed it up best: "If cruelty, the systematic infliction of pain on the innocent and hideous stupidity were all to disappear overnight I would be perfectly happy to put down my pen."

### The Receiver

Perhaps Eleanor Roosevelt drew the best conclusion on Gellhorn's relationship with her audience in her syndicated column during the week of August 5, 1936, when she wrote:

I cannot tell you how Martha Gellhorn, young, pretty, college graduate, good home, more or less Junior League background, with a touch of exquisite Paris clothes and 'esprit' thrown in, can write as she does. She has an understanding of many people and many situations and she can make them live for us. Let us be thankful she can, for we badly need her interpretation to help us understand each other.<sup>7</sup>

---

<sup>6</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 336.

<sup>7</sup> Eleanor Roosevelt, "My Day," (Aug. 5, 1936) in *Hemingway Women*, ed. Bernice Kert, (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1983), 289.

According to Booth, this type of reliable reportage serves to heighten the intensity with which the reader experiences particular moments within a work.<sup>8</sup> The roles in which Gellhorn chooses to cast her reader augments the reader's experience and attempts to mold his value judgment of war. As a self-proclaimed anti-fascist and recorder of history, her goal was not so much to persuade her readers to believe as she did, but to make them understand the universal effects on human lives caused by the particulars of war. For Gellhorn, the perfect reader is one who would realize he was not a servant of the state, but an individual reformer that should be intent on finding a better way to run the world than fighting wars. Mostly she wants the reader to accept the challenge of citizenship. She writes:

Citizenship is a tough occupation, which obliges the citizen to make his own informed opinion and stand by it.... We must always remember that we are not the servants of the state.... The state has fallen down on its job: instead of a fuller life, the state has led man to a haunted life. There has to be a better way to run the world and we better see that we get it.<sup>9</sup>

Partly, she writes as a fellow citizen from a different place. She hoped her readers, as passengers, shipmates, students, guests, tourists and fellow travelers, would take up their call of universal citizenship once they read her articles. As a writer, she also served as a subway conductor warning passengers to "Mind the gap" as they stepped out of their own lives and onto foreign soil fertilized by war.

Gellhorn had help in closing the gap between the action and the reader from the general style of twentieth-century writers and readers. By using fictional and

---

<sup>8</sup> Booth, *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, 197.

<sup>9</sup> Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 336-337.

indefinite, repetitive language devices, she invoked the reader-writer camaraderie indicative of sports, war and investigative reporters. Walker Gibson's account of the Tough Talking reporter is at work in Gellhorn's writing, but the outcome is not dishonest as Gibson professes. By approaching her war correspondences as a travel writer, she intimately connected the landscape, the writer and the reader and therefore legitimized the reader-writer camaraderie. Objective reporting was not her goal and she did not try to fool the reader into thinking it was. She was passionate and wanted to show the reader the war from a different perspective that was inevitably colored by her own experiences.

#### Limitations of the study and opportunity for further research

Gellhorn's complex personality and unusual writing perspective make the facets of her work limitless; therefore, there are many lenses through which a scholar could examine her work.

This study shows how Gellhorn pushed the boundaries of conventional travel writing and explains why Gellhorn is difficult to categorize as a journalist and a literary figure. The study looks at the symbols and rhetorical devices Gellhorn used to convey her message of humanity in the war-torn countries she visited. Just as Wayne Booth's irony sections in *The Rhetoric of Fiction* in 1963 eventually became *The Rhetoric of Irony* in 1974, Chapter Five of this study could indeed be expanded and become a whole new investigation of Gellhorn's use of irony. In the same way, an examination of Gellhorn's use of irony in her nonfiction as compared to its use in her

fictional works could yield some insight into the way fictional devices are used in non-fiction.

Additionally, Gellhorn's work could be of importance to those interested in feminist theory. Many scholars have noted her dichotomous use of her femininity and the masculinity of much of her writing. Graham Greene notes the latter in a review of her fiction book, *The Trouble I've Seen*. He writes:

Her stories are quite amazingly unfeminine. In 'Joe and Pete'...the tale of a union organizer...it is quite impossible to detect that a woman is writing. She has none of the female vices of unbalanced pity or factitious violence; her masculine characters are presented as convincingly as her female, and her writing is hard and clear.<sup>10</sup>

While her subject matter was often women, children and all the other "little people of war," Gellhorn's travel writing techniques were not necessarily classifiable as "maiden voyages" as described by Mary Morrison. Fear does not seem to be a motivating factor in much of Gellhorn's work, nor any other conventional feminine obstacles that seem to arise for women travelers. And, the *Collier's* editors insistence in calling her their "girl reporter" or the many casual references to her beauty by other writers and critics could bear some threshing out.

#### Final Thoughts

Gellhorn was often frustrated because she could not solve the world's problems with her pen or anything else. But she used her pen to combat that frustration. No matter how one critiques her work or how one reads her articles, the fact remains her innovative and persistent traveling and unrivaled perspective on the

---

<sup>10</sup> Graham Greene "Book Review in *The Spectator*," and in *Hemingway Women*, ed. Bernice Kert, 288.

war-torn places she has visited provides additional knowledge to the study of rhetorical/fictional devices in non-fiction writing. Furthermore, this investigation of her work offers an additional lens by which to examine travel literature. The depth and dimension of the genre is expanded to a small extent because Gellhorn straddled the line between traditional and contemporary travel writing, while also expanding the frontier of cultures by introducing the surreal destination of war. Her impressionistic vignettes are digestible commentary for readers in which she hoped to transform armchair travelers into informed citizens of the world.

Bernice Kert quotes Gellhorn as saying, "It is extremely pretentious to take the world's troubles as your own, but I must say they concern me more gravely than anything else. I feel itchy in my skin, sitting here and knowing nothing."<sup>11</sup> And perhaps that best describes her relationship with her reader and her critics. She wanted her writing to prick the skin of readers, so they might feel itchy too.

---

<sup>11</sup> Kert, *Hemingway Women*, 343.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Abrahamson, David. *Magazine Made America: The Cultural Transformation of the Postwar Periodical*. Crestkill, NJ: Hampton Press, Inc., 1996.
- Adams, Percy G. *Travel Literature and the Evolution of the Novel*. Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1983.
- Bloom, Harold. *The Anxiety of Influence: A Theory of Poetry*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1973.
- Bloom, Harold and Peter DeBolla. *Towards Historical Rhetorics*. London: Routledge, 1988.
- Booth, Wayne. *The Rhetoric of Fiction*. Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 1961.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *A Rhetoric of Irony*. Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 1974.
- Buford, Bill, "Martha Gellhorn Remembered." *Los Angeles Times*, 22 February 1998.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "The Correspondent." *The New Yorker*, 22 and 29 June 1998. P. 98+.
- Cooke, Miriam. *War's other voices*. Cambridge, N.Y., New Rochelle, Melborne, Sydney: Cambridge University Press, 1988.
- Cooke, Miriam and Woolacott, Angela. *Gendering War Talk*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1993.
- Crosland, Susan. "Messages from Martha." *The Sunday Times*, 30 March 1986, p. 36.
- Dean, Lorel. "A Writer's Life," *The Citizen's Weekly*, 14 June 1998, p. C12.
- Ede, Lisa and Andrea Lunsford. "Audience Addressed/ Audience Invoked: The Role of Audience in Composition Theory and Pedagogy," *College Composition*

*and Communication*, 35 May 1984, p. 155-171.

- Eksteins, Modris. *Rites of Spring: The Great War and the Birth of the Modern Age*. N.Y., London, Toronto, Sydney, Auckland: Doubleday, 1989.
- Elshtain, Jean Bethke and Tobias, Sheila. *Women, Militarism, and War: Essays in History, Politics, and Social Theory*. Savage, MD: Rowman and Littlefield Publishers, Inc., 1990.
- Feinberg, Carol. *A Comparative Study of the Early Writings of Martha Gellhorn and Anna Louise Strong*. (Thesis) San Jose State University, 1993.
- Fox, James, "Memories of Martha," *The Independent (London)*, 22 February 1998, Features, p. 1-2.
- Frederick, Bonnie and McLeod, Susan H. *Women and the Journey: The Female Travel Experience*. Pullman, WA: Washington State University Press, 1993.
- Fussell, Paul. *ABROAD: British Literary Traveling Between the Wars*. New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1980.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The Great War and Modern Memory*. New York and London: Oxford University Press, Inc., 1975.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The Norton Book of Travel*. New York and London: W.W. Norton & Company, 1987.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Wartime*. New York: Oxford University Press, Inc., 1989.
- Gellhorn, Martha. *The Face of War*. New York: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1988.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The View from the Ground*. New York: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1988.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Travels with Myself and Another*. London: Allan Lane, 1978; and Eland Books, paperback, 1983. [Nonfiction]
- Gibson, Walker. *Tough, Sweet, and Stuffy*. Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, Publishers, 1966.
- Hellman, Lillian. *An Unfinished Woman*. New York: 1969.
- Higonnet, Margaret. Et al. *Behind the Lines: Gender and the Two World Wars*. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1987.

- Holland, Patrick and Graham Huggan. *Tourists With Typewriters*. University of Michigan Press, 1998.
- Kert, Bernice. *The Hemingway Women*. New York, London: W.W. Norton and Company, 1983.
- Kowalewski, Michael. *Temperamental Journeys: Essays on the Modern Literature of Travel*. Athens, London: The University of Georgia Press, 1992.
- Krist, Gary. "Ironic Journeys: Travel Writing in the Tourism." *The Hudson Review*. Winter, 19193, v45, n4, pg. 593(9).
- Matthews, T.S. *Jacks or Better*. New York, Hagerstown, San Francisco, London: Harper and Row, 1977.
- McKee, John. *Literary Irony and the Literary Audience: Studies in the Victimization of the Reader in Augustan Fiction*. Amsterdam: Rodopi, NV, 1974.
- Meyer, Avis Edward. *Literary Journalism: A Chronicle of Influence and Association From Addison and Steele, to Dreiser, Anderson, and Hemingway*. St. Louis University: 1979.
- Meyers, Jeffrey. *Hemingway: A Biography*. New York: Da Capo Press, 1985.
- Mitran, Marcell. [WWW.EE.MCGILL.CA/NVEREER/EM/BIO\\_P4.HTML](http://WWW.EE.MCGILL.CA/NVEREER/EM/BIO_P4.HTML).
- Ong, Walter J. *Interfaces of the World*. Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1977.
- Orsagh, Jacqueline E. "A Critical Biography of Martha Gellhorn" Ph.D. dissertation, Michigan State University, 1977.
- Passos, John Dos. *Journeys Between Wars*. New York: Octagon books: A division of Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1980.
- Peterson, Theodore. *Magazines in the Twentieth Century*. Illinois: University of Illinois Press, 1964.
- Railton, Stephen. *Authorship and Audience: Literary Performance in the American Renaissance*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1991.
- Robinson, Jane. *Unsuitable for Ladies: An anthology of women travellers*. Oxford:

- Oxford University Press, 1994.
- Rollyson, Carl. *Nothing Ever Happens to the Brave: The Story of Martha Gellhorn*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1990.
- Ross, Lillian. *Portrait of Hemingway*. New York: The Modern Library, 1997.
- Shakespeare, Nicholas. "A Life Less Ordinary." *The Independent (London)*, 28 June 1998, p. 12.
- Steele, Richard. *Spectator*. 1 August 1711, p. 132.
- Suleiman, Susan R. and Crosman, Inge. *The Reader in the Text: Essays on Audience and Interpretation*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1980.
- The New York Library. *Literature as a Mode of Travel*. New York, New York Public Library, 1963.
- Tylee, Claire M. *The Great War and Women's Consciousness: Images of Militarism and Womanhood in Women's Writings, 1914-64*. Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1990.
- Winkler, Leanne J. "The Collier's War Correspondence of Martha Gellhorn, 1937-1946." A thesis at Ohio University, College of Communication, 1994.
- Winter, Jay and Baggett, Blaine. *The Great War: And the Shaping of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century*. New York: Penguin Studio, Penguin Group, 1996.
- Wolfe, Tom and E.W. Johnson, *The New Journalism*. New York: Harper and Row, 1973.

## GELLHORN'S WORKS

## Books

Gellhorn, Martha. *The Face of War*. New York: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1988.

\_\_\_\_\_. *The View from the Ground*. (New York: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1988)

\_\_\_\_\_. *What Mad Pursuit*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1934.  
[Novel]

\_\_\_\_\_. *The Trouble I've Seen*. New York: William Morrow and Company,  
1936. [Stories]

\_\_\_\_\_. *A Stricken Field*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940; with a new  
Afterword by the author, London: Virago Books, paperback, 1986. [Novel]

\_\_\_\_\_. *The Heart of Another*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1941.  
[Stories]

\_\_\_\_\_. *Liana*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1944; with a new Afterword  
by the author. London: Virago Books, paperback, 1987. [Novel]

\_\_\_\_\_. *The Wine of Astonishment*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948.  
Reprinted as *Point of No Return*: New York: New American Library, 1989.  
[Novel]

\_\_\_\_\_. *The Honeyed Peace*. New York: Doubleday, 1953. [Stories]

\_\_\_\_\_. *Two by Two*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1958. [Stories]

\_\_\_\_\_. *His Own Man*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1961. [Novel]

- \_\_\_\_\_. *Pretty Tales for Tired People*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1965. [Stories]
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The Lowest Trees Have Tops*. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1967. [Novel]
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The Weather in Africa*. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1978; and Avon Books, paperback, 1981. [Stories]
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Travels with Myself and Another*. London: Allan Lane, 1978; and Eland Books, paperback, 1983. [Nonfiction]

APPENDIX



## APPENDIX

Following is a list of all articles written by Martha Gellhorn to the best of the researcher's knowledge. The researcher collected all the articles from various libraries across the United States and separated them into non-fiction and fiction. Some of the non-fiction articles were compiled in books and are so indicated by abbreviation in the last column.

FW-The Face of War

VG-View from the Ground

<b>Issue date</b>	<b>Magazine: pages</b>	<b>Titles (book)</b>
Aug. 7, 1929	The New Republic: 310-311	Rudy Vallee: God's Gift to Us Girls
Apr. 30, 1930	The New Republic: 297-298	Toronto Express
Nov. 18, 1930	St. Louis Post-Dispatch	Geneva Portraits
Nov. 20, 1930	St. Louis Post-Dispatch	Geneva Portraits: Glimpse of the Woman Delegate
Aug. 9, 1931	St. Louis Post Dispatch: 2,6 mag	Mexico's History in a Film Epic
Jul. 10, 1936	The Spectator: 51-52	Federal Theatre
Aug. 1936	The Spectator: 155-58?	Justice At Night(VG)
Feb. 26, 1937	Survey Graphic: 103	Returning Prosperity
Jul. 24, 1937	The New Yorker: 31	Madrid to Morata
Sep. 1937	Scribner's :18-23	Exile
Oct. 1937	Story Magazine: 58-61	Visit to the World
Jan.. 15, 1938	Collier's Weekly: 9-10, 49	Men Without Medals
Apr. 2, 1938	Collier's Weekly: 18-19, 59-60	City at War (FW)
Aug. 6, 1938	Collier's Weekly: 13, 43-44	Come Ahead Adolf
Sep. 17, 1938	Collier's Weekly: 16-17, 35-38	The Lord Will Provide for England (VG)
Oct. 8, 1938	Collier's Weekly: 14-15, 34-36	Guns Against France
Dec.10, 1938	Collier's Weekly: 12-13, 28-29	Obituary for Democracy (VG)
Jan. 6, 1940	Collier's Weekly: 10-12	Slow Boat to War
Jan. 17, 1940	Collier's Weekly: 12-13	Bomb's from a Low Sky
Jan. 20, 1940	Collier's Weekly: 9-11	Blood on the Snow
Feb. 3, 1940	Collier's Weekly: 20-22	Fear Comes to Sweden

Feb. 10, 1940	Collier's Weekly: 14-15, 46	Death in the Present Tense
May 13, 1941	Collier's Weekly: 21ff	Flight into Peril
Jun. 7, 1941	Collier's Weekly: 13ff	Time Bomb in Hong Kong
Jun. 28, 1941	Collier's Weekly: 16-17, 38, 40-41+	These Our Mountains (FW)
Aug. 2, 1941	Collier's Weekly: 20-21	Fire Guards the Indies
Aug. 9, 1941	Collier's Weekly: 20-21, 43-44	Singapore Scenario
Aug. 30, 1941	Collier's Weekly: 15, 53	Her Day
Aug. 10, 1942	The New Republic: 173-175	The Love Albert
Nov. 14, 1942	Collier's Weekly: 18-19, 84-86	A Little Worse than Peace
Dec. 26, 1942	Collier's Weekly: 25-28	Holland's Last Stand
Mar. 4, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 21, 27	Children are Soldiers Too
Mar. 18, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 16-17	Three Poles (FW)
Mar. 25, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 27, 59	Hatchet Day for the Dutch
Apr. 1, 1944,	Collier's Weekly: 60-62	English Sunday
May 6, 1944,	Collier's Weekly: 62ff	Visit Italy (FW)
May 20, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 32, 74-76	Men Made Over
Jun. 17, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 58-59	The Bomber Boys (FW)
Jul. 1, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 41, 56	Postcards from Italy
Jul. 22, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 16	Over and Back
Jul. 29, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 24, 40-41	Hangdog Herrenwold
Aug. 5, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 14-15, 73-74	The Wounded Come Home
Sep. 30, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 22, 30-31	Treasure City
Nov. 4, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 12, 70	Rough and Tumble
Dec. 23, 1944	Collier's Weekly: 21, 58-59	Death of a Dutch Town (FW)
Mar. 3, 1945	Collier's Weekly: 42, 44	The Undefeated
Mar. 17, 1945	Collier's Weekly: 18-19, 31	Night Life in the Sky (FW)
May 26, 1945	Collier's Weekly: 13ff	We were never Nazis
Jun. 23, 1945	Collier's Weekly: 16ff	Dachau: Experimental Murder (FW)
Jun. 30, 1945	Collier's Weekly: 24, 54	The Russians' Invisible Wall (FW)
Sep. 22, 1945	Collier's Weekly: 22, 39	You're on Your Way Home
Feb. 23, 1946	The Saturday Evening Post: 22-23ff	82 <sup>nd</sup> Airborne
Jun. 1, 1946	The Saturday Evening Post: 11ff	Java Journey (FW)
Nov. 9, 1946	Collier's Weekly: 21, 74-76	The paths of Glory (FW)
Dec. 14, 1946	Collier's Weekly: 19, 83-85	They Talked of Peace (FW)
Jun. 30, 1947	The New Republic: 18-21	Journey Through Peaceful (FW)
Aug. 4, 1947	The New Republic: 26-28	A Odd Restless... (FW)
Oct. 6, 1947	The New Republic: 20-21	Cry Shame (VG)
Nov. 6, 1948	(The) Saturday Evening Post: 18, 70-79	Lonely Lady

May 1949 Aug.27, 1949	Good Housekeeping: 38-39 Saturday Evening Post: 17-19ff	Alone Children Pay the Price
Oct. 8, 1949	Saturday Evening Post: 29,148, 150,152,154	Everybody is Happy On Capri
Jan. 7, 1950	Saturday Evening Post: 24-25, 76, 78	Party Girl in Paradise
Apr. 15, 1950	Saturday Evening Post: 29, 167-168, 170-172	Little Boy Found
Aug. 1950	Good Housekeeping: 52-53	Dream from the Movies
Dec. 23, 1950	Saturday Evening Post: 20-21, 56-57	The Kids Don't Remember...
Mar. 10, 1951	Saturday Evening Post: 33, 114-116	There's Nothing Like Eton
Apr. 1951	Good Housekeeping: 60-61	Paco's Donkey
Apr. 21, 1951	Saturday Evening Post: 32-33, 161-63	Are the British Willing
Jun. 1952	Good Housekeeping: 53,120, 123-124,126, 128-129	The Long Journey
Aug. 23, 1952	Saturday Evening Post: 21, 42, 44, 46, 50, 52	Strange Daughter
Jun. 13, 1953	Saturday Evening Post: 40-41	Mysterious Lady in Black
Aug. 1953	McCall's: 26-27	It Takes Two
Feb. 4, 1955	Collier's Weekly: 25, 66-69	The Good Husband
Jun. 6, 1955	The New Republic: 7-10	It Doesn't Matter(VG)
Oct. 31, 1955	The New Republic: 7-8	Kind Hearts
Nov. 28, 1955	The New Republic: 14-15	Spies and Startlings
Apr. 1946	Women's Home Companion: 17	Grand Passion
Oct. 29, 1956	The New Republic: 14-15	Weekend in Israel(VG)
Nov. 5, 1956	The New Republic: 16-17	Weekend in Israel (part II)
Feb. 16, 1957	Saturday Evening Post: 40-41, 120, 122	Queen's Justice
Feb. 18, 1957	The New Republic: 11-12	You too can be a Pundit
Oct. 1959	Harper's Magazine: 78-81	Good Old London
Nov. 15, 1963	Vogue: 144-145ff	Town No Scandal Can...
Jul. 1964	Ladies' Home Journal: 26-31	Monkeys on my Roof Africa (VG)
Sep. 12, 1966	Guardian: 8	New Kind of War(FW)
Sep. 15, 1966	Guardian: 10	Open Arms for Vietcong(FW)
Sep. 19, 1966	Guardian: 10	Real War and War of Words(FW)
Sep. 23, 1966	Guardian: 12	Orphans (FW)
Sep. 26, 1966	Guardian: 8	Uprooted
Sep. 29, 1966	Guardian: 10	Saigon Conversation(FW)

Jul. 24, 1967	Guardian: 6	Casualties and Propaganda(FW)
Jul. 25, 1967	Guardian: 6	Why the Refugees(FW)
Jul. 26, 1967	Guardian:	Thoughts on a Sacred Cow
Oct. 1967	Vogue: 192-193, 235	Israeli Secret Weapon
Oct. 23, 1969	The Nation: 395-397	Arab Coffee Break
Jan. 27, 1969 (II)	Times (London):	Vietcong's Peacemaker
Oct. 1, 1975	Times (London):12a.	My Private Anti-Anger War
Feb. 2, 1976	New York: 42-47	Indomitable Losers: Spain(VG)
Jan. 2, 1977	The Observer: 9	Doomed to the Dole (VG)
Spr. 1981	Paris Review: 280-301	On Apocryphism
Jul. 1, 1983	The New Statesman: 15-17	Testament of Terror(VG)
Feb. 12, 1985	The Observer: 8-12	Frontier Spirit
May 3, 1985	The New Statesman: 19-20	We are not Little Mice
Mar. 21, 1986	The New Statesman: 23-25	Face of War(VG)
Wnt. 1992	Granta: 206	Ohne Mich: Why I shall never return to Germany KRAUTS!
Jul. 5, 1993	The New Republic:	On the Road
Jun. 27, 1994	The New Republic: 14	Cry Shame

### Vita

Marcie Hinton was born in Paducah, Kentucky in 1969. She graduated from Heath High School in West Paducah, Kentucky before moving to Birmingham, Alabama to obtain her Bachelor of Arts degree in journalism/mass communication with a minor in English at Samford University. She worked as an assistant editor for the *Southern Living* trade publications, before returning to Kentucky to get her master's degree at Murray State University. While working on her degree, she served as an assistant book editor at Schroeder Publishing. In 1996, she began working on her doctorate in journalism, with a minor in rhetoric and composition at the University of Tennessee-Knoxville, completing the degree in August 2000. She is currently an assistant professor of journalism and public relations at Berry College in Rome, Georgia.