

COPY

Dear Milt;

I won't try to explain how concieted, confused and stupid your letter was. Will only take up one point. So I was just a rooter in Spain. O.K. Did it ever occur to you that there were 595,000 some troops in the Spanish army beside the 15th Brigade and that the entire action of my book took place and was over before you personally had ever been in the line and before Alvah Bessie ~~xxxx~~ had ever left America? While Mike Gold, that other heroic ~~defender~~ denouncer hasn't reached Spain yet. I guess he is saving himself for the next movement there.

At the time the book deals with you did not know Marx from your ass and neither did Freddy. I know because I remember the date on which I advised him to do some reading.

So you're a scientist.

O.K. scientist given what experience I have and what talents I may possess what would you like me to have done to aid the cause of the Spanish Republic that I did not do? So I was a rooter because I did not command a battalion of the 15th International Brigade. O.K. Scientist. Have it as you want it.

But we are not friends any more after that letter which will doubtless be a relief to you as you can believe any kinds of lies you hear about me now and even work up some special personal denunciations of your own. Why don't you commence with some good accusation like that I poisoned the whisky?

Listen scientist. A guy named Detre with no more politics than Robert Jordan commanded that battalion before you did. He is dead and before he died he went through a lot of suffering that you haven't been through yet in all your wars. I have never seen you after you have been wounded. It takes guys different ways. So don't talk too snotty about the things you haven't done yet.

And scientist old pal I was in wars, commanded troops, was wounded etc, before you were dry behind the ears. So don't give me the old soldier talking to the non-combatant.

There are a number of other points I might make but I don't give a damn about making them. Your stupidity makes me sick. Just keep on denouncing me and I'll know I'm going good. You take Mike Gold and I'll take Hans, and Duran and Mirko Markovith and what they say about the book. You take David McKelvey White and I'll take Detre. You can have Gall and Copic because they've both been shot. They wouldn't have liked the book either. You can have Andre Marty and I'll take Paul Vaillant-Couturier. You can have what the Masses and the Worker and the literary lice say and I'll take the review on the coast that Steve Nelson sponsored.

You have your Marty and I've married my Marty and we'll see who does the most for the world in the end. And I'll keep right on trying to get you out of jail and one thing and another and you'll keep on denouncing me every time you are ordered to. It's all fine. After your letter I think you are a prick if that makes it any easier for you to knife your friends in the back. To make it easier just know that the guy you are doing it to knew you, not your clippings, and that now he thinks you are a prick. Get it straight. I always thought you were a great guy and now I think you are a prick. So there will be no confusion, scientist. Does that make you feel better?

Hemingstein

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