

THE MAN WITH THE TYROLESE HAT

by

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

As we backed into the firelight there was a short, bandy-legged man with a Tyrolese hat, leather shorts, and an open shirt standing before an unhooded engine in a crowd of natives.

"Can we help?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "Unless you are a mechanic. It has taken a dislike to me. All engines dislike me."

"If you can get to our camp we have a mechanic, about twenty miles from here."

"In the morning I will try it. Now I am afraid to make it go farther with that noise of death inside. It is trying to die because it dislikes me. Well, I dislike it too. But if I die it would not annoy it."

"Will you have a drink?" I held out the flask. "Hemingway is my name."

"Kandisky", he said and bowed. "Hemingway is a name I have heard. Where? Where I have heard it? Oh, yes. The *dichter*. You know Hemingway the poet?"

"Where did you read him?"

"In the *Querschnitt*."

"That is me", I said, very pleased. The *Querschnitt* is a German magazine I had written some poems for, and published a long story in, years before I could sell anything in America.

"This is very strange", the man in the Tyrolese hat said. "Tell me, what you think of Ringelnatz?"

"He is splendid."

"So. You like Ringelnatz. Good. What do you think of Heinrich Mann?"

"He is no good at all. I see we have things in common. What are you doing here?"

"Shooting."

"Not ivory, I hope."

"No. For kudu."

"Why should any man shoot a kudu?" You, an intelligent man, a poet shoot kudu."

"I haven't shot any yet", I said. "But we've been hunting them hard now for ten days. We would have got one to-night if it hadn't been for your lorry."

"That poor lorry. But you should hunt for a year. At the end of that time you have shot everything and you are sorry for it. To hunt for one special animal is nonsense. Why do you do it?"

"I like to do it."

"Of course, if you like to do it. Tell me, what do you really think of Rilke?"

"I have read only the one thing."

"Which?"

"The Cornet."

"You like it?"

"Yes."

"I have no patience with it. It is snobbery. Valéry, yes. I see the point of Valéry; although there is much snobbery too. Well at least you do not kill elephants."

"I'd kill a big enough one."

"How big?"

"A seventy-pounder. Maybe smaller."

"I see there are things we do not agree on. But it is a pleasure to meet one of the *Querschnitt* group. Tell me what is Joyce like? I have not the money to buy it. Sinclair Lewis is nothing. I bought it. No. No. Tell me tomorrow. You do not mind if I am camped near? You are with friends? You have a white hunter?"

"With my wife. We would be delighted. Yes, a white hunter."

"Why is he not out with you?"

"He believes you should hunt kudu alone."

"It is better not to hunt them at all. What is he? English?"

"Yes."