Antoine de Saint Exupéry: Pilot, Author, Friend
Rose Berman
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My father, an airline pilot, is never happier than when he’s in the cockpit. Determined to share his love of flying with me, he gave me his favorite book for my eleventh birthday: *The Little Prince*, by French pilot and author Antoine de Saint Exupéry.¹ I read it immediately and cried at the end. No book had ever made me so sad, though I sensed that I did not quite understand its complexity. At the sunny kitchen table, I looked at the black-and-white image of the author’s face on the back flap and wanted to connect with him, longed to understand why he had written such a sad ending, wondered what he had meant to say. These questions began my collection.

To find answers, I set about searching for Saint Exupéry’s other five books, which were listed in the front of *The Little Prince*. My collection started with English-language editions of Saint Exupéry’s works pilfered from my father’s bookshelf while he kindly looked the other way. I started a journal of my favorite quotations, ones that I thought best expressed the beauty of flying or the tragedy of war; from Saint Exupéry I learned that “what is essential is invisible to the eyes.” For my twelfth birthday, I received a biography of Saint Exupéry for my very own, and discovered that my favorite author had never learned to speak English. I knew then that I could never truly understand him without speaking his language. After persuading my parents to drive me to the local Borders, I acquired the French edition of *The Little Prince*, laid the two editions side by side, and tried to puzzle out the French. I felt a connection with “Antoine” that I

¹ Though his name appears on book covers as “Saint-Exupéry,” I have chosen to write it without a dash ever since I learned that he preferred it that way (his American publishers added the dash so that readers wouldn’t call him “Mr. Exupéry”).
had never felt with another author; his native language was mysterious and beautiful, he was a pilot like my father, and his face on the book flap was so kind, and so sad.

As I grew older, I saw more clearly how complex Saint Exupéry’s stories were. Both his fiction and nonfiction works are part autobiography, part philosophy, part adventure story—and all have hidden meanings that only became clear to me once I started to read in earnest about his life. What was most important to him? I wondered. Who did he love most? What made him smile? As classes and French movies improved my language skills, I started to collect the French editions of his books, collections of his drawings and letters, and memoirs written about him by his family and friends. Consulting the bibliography of my first Saint Exupéry biography, I ordered books online from Amazon.fr and AbeBooks, visited used bookstores in my hometown to scour their French sections, and when my family made the yearly drive to visit relatives in Boston, I begged to stop in New York to visit the French bookstore Éditions de la Maison Française. At this point in my collecting experience, I bought every French book about Saint Exupéry that I could find—there were so few that this posed no problem! Through my reading, I came to understand that duty to a higher cause was important to him, that he loved open-cockpit airplanes and sometimes loved his wife, and that playing the piano by rolling oranges on the keyboard made him smile. I created a fuller picture of him as a human being by reading the anecdotes of his friends, and I was able to understand the origins of many of his favorite themes (responsibility, friendship, humanism).

Soon I became interested in more than Saint Exupéry’s own life and stories, because he wrote so fondly of his airline and his friends who joined him on adventurous flights down the coasts of Africa and South America. I started my investigation into the lives of his friends by looking at the dedications of his books. Terre des hommes is dedicated to Saint Exupéry’s fellow
pilot and best friend with the simple “Henri Guillaumet my friend I dedicate this book to you.”

*Vol de nuit* is dedicated to Saint Exupéry’s favorite airline boss, Didier Daurat.

On my first visit to France, a family vacation in eighth grade, I made a beeline for a Parisian aviation bookstore and the gift shop of the Musée de l’Air et de l’Espace. I had never seen so many books about Saint Exupéry and his friends—more books than I could afford or fit in my suitcase. For the first time, I had to decide which books would become part of my collection. Thinking back to the dedication of *Terre des hommes*, I chose to focus on Saint Exupéry’s best friends Henri Guillaumet and Jean Mermoz. I picked out biographies of these men and relished the chance to see photos of them and read their stories for the first time. I was thrilled to have tracked down the only two (short) biographies of Guillaumet ever written, and stored them carefully next to my biographies of Saint Exupéry when I returned. Next to these I placed a collection of Mermoz’s writings and a full-color history of the friends’ mail airline, Aéropostale, which I chose because of its long section on Didier Daurat.

Understanding the lives of Saint Exupéry’s friends and the history of his airline gave me more nuanced insights into his writing. I had never been interested in literary criticism of Saint Exupéry, as I had decided that I wanted to figure him out on my own terms. Each time I reread his main works, I recognized in them more of the names, more of the landscapes, and more of the emotions from his life. I began to collect with the intention of tracing the effects of Saint Exupéry’s life on his writing—how did the deaths of his friends affect his themes and his tone? How did his writing change when he left the airline to fight in World War II?

When I arrived at college, short on money but excited by all the books around me, I used the library to expand my collection. Although I couldn’t keep the books forever, I spent many an evening in the stacks perusing the Saint Exupéry section and planning what to add to my own shelves. By this time, I knew the familiar stories of “my” Aéropostale pilots: Saint Exupéry in
charge of a remote desert airport, Guillaumet in the Andes, Mermoz’s flight across the South Atlantic. In the stacks and through Interlibrary Loan, I searched out books about Saint Exupéry’s lesser-known comrades. I also focused on books with photos of Saint Exupéry that I had never seen; most recycle the same images, so when I came upon a new one, I added that book to my list. It is sometimes hard to believe that I will never meet Saint Exupéry, but I am glad to have many photographs of him.

My collection expanded even more when I spent a year teaching English in France, especially after I traveled to Toulouse—the pink-brick city I had dreamed of in my childhood, the city that was Aéropostale’s base, where Saint Exupéry met Guillaumet and Mermoz. On the outskirts of the airport, I found an aviation bookstore that held many Aéropostale-related titles I had never heard of. My most prized acquisition from this trip was a book that collects anecdotes from Aéropostale pilots, mechanics, and administrators. Many of these men never met Saint Exupéry, though one mechanic provided me with a worrying anecdote about Saint-Ex’s lack of navigational skills. As I collected during this year, I limited myself to books with new images and new anecdotes about Saint Exupéry and/or his friends, so that I could carry my suitcase home. I arrived back in the United States with a lot of reading to do, and a fuller understanding of the world that had shaped this complex man.

Now, I can reread my collection and answer many of the questions that were mysteries to me when I was younger. I see that Saint Exupéry’s life and his creativity were shaped by an often debilitating depression that I could not grasp when I was a child. My understanding of Saint Exupéry has grown with me, and my collection has allowed me to revisit the old stories and interpret them in new ways.

I have spent most of my life gathering this collection, and questions about how Saint Exupéry’s circumstances shaped his writing and what life was like at Aéropostale will continue
to guide me as I collect. My next goal is to expand the Aéropostale part of my collection. I will also continue to pursue my own archival research on these subjects, because the weakness of currently-available books is that Saint Exupéry’s heirs control all information that is released about him—for example, which letters are published, and which parts of them are cut out. Many more original documents will become available in my lifetime, and I plan to contribute to the literature with a book of my own. My collection will move with me wherever I end up, because Saint Exupéry has become a part of me. I keep collecting so that I can keep creating a deeper understanding of him, the author of the first book to make me cry.
Bibliography

By Saint Exupéry

This book collects the contents of the five notebooks that Saint-Ex kept in the mid-1930s. It was edited and published by Saint-Ex’s mistress, Nelly de Vogüé, so it is hard to know whether anything was edited out (the many letters and notebooks he left her will not be consultable until 2053, by her orders). The notebooks are not diaries, but rather various philosophical thoughts he jotted down during the day; most of them are difficult to understand because of the lack of context. The most valuable part of this book is the list of addresses of his friends he included at the back of each notebook—thanks to this book, I was able to visit Guillaumet’s 1940s building in Marseille at 436, rue Paradis.

This is Saint Exupéry’s last book, published posthumously. It is unlike his other works in its intense philosophical focus, and because he did not have a chance to finish it, it is presented in a form that he likely did not mean for it to take. However, I still enjoy many of its short parables, and value it as an insight into his life during his time of deepest depression.

This is Saint-Ex’s first book, written while he was living in the Sahara Desert in the late 1920s. It is thinly-veiled fiction about an airplane crash in the desert and a pilot in love with a child-like woman, reflecting the author’s own life in the desert and his grief over a broken engagement.

Saint Exupéry’s depression is especially visible in this book, which collects many of his letters and newspaper articles from the war years. His plaintive letters to Nelly de Vogüé (known as “X” in the book) reveal the depths of his sadness after Guillaumet’s death, and clarify his state of mind as he wrote *Pilote de guerre, Le petit prince*, and *Citadelle*. This is a difficult book to read because his pain is palpable, but it is essential to my collection for the understanding it brings.


This is the first edition of *Pilote de guerre* and one of my most prized books because of its special story. The Nazis did not allow this book to be published in France during the war, so it was instead published in New York out of a respected French bookstore. As soon as I learned this story from a biography, I tracked down the book on AbeBooks. It includes a carefully preserved erratum note in the front. This book is especially important to my collection as it is the only first edition of Saint Exupéry I own, and it symbolizes the author’s resistance to the Nazis.


This is the copy given to me by my father. Although there is now a more recent English translation, this is the one I originally read, so it holds a special place in my heart (and my collection).


This is Saint Exupéry’s third book, an edited compilation of newspaper articles he wrote during the 1930s. I love this book the most of all of his works because of the powerful chapters about his friends and his crash in the Sahara. This book brings me insight from his perspective about his career as a pilot; he concludes that “the airplane is not an end: it is a tool, a tool like the plow.” I remember puzzling over this as I tried to read the book in 8th grade after only one year of French—but now I understand his view that the airplane was a tool for uniting men and bringing new understandings of the world.


This is Saint Exupéry’s second book, another fiction work about an airline director in South America who must compel his pilots to fly the mail even in terrible conditions. The book is dedicated to Didier Daurat, the Aéropostale director of operations. Saint Exupéry’s admiration for Daurat is clear, and it is interesting to read Daurat’s perspective on the book in his own memoir, *Dans le vent des hélices*.


Though it isn’t a book, this CD recording is a prized part of my collection because it lets me hear Saint Exupéry’s voice and his sense of humor as he tells a story to his friend Jean Renoir. He often gets distracted and sings songs, attempts to do card tricks, and complains that he can’t find a match to light his cigarette. His voice is unexpectedly soft and shy. I highly value the insight that this recording gives into his personality.

I have wanted this book for years, and recently splurged on it. It is the second volume of Saint Exupéry’s works in the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, a series of high-quality editions from the French publisher Gallimard. The series brings together an author’s works and many of his or her unpublished letters, dedications, and speeches from the time of writing of each work. I especially value the letters and dedications to Guillaumet, which demonstrate Saint Exupéry’s deep affection for his best friend.


This book is special because it collects hundreds of Saint Exupéry’s expressive drawings. Most biographies include only a few drawings, but this book puts them all on display and makes it easier for me to see how they connect to his life. The book is well-researched and provides useful context for each group of drawings.


This is the transcription of the CD recording. I ordered this book so I could follow the recording without missing anything. It also helped me improve my French; over the years, my level of understanding of the recording has been a marker for my growing French skills. I can now understand the whole thing!


This book of Saint-Ex’s letters to his mother includes several from his elementary-school years, when he was already at Catholic boarding school. These letters show me what he was like as a child—absent-minded, energetic, homesick. His relationship with his mother was the only stable relationship he ever had with a woman, and it is fascinating to see how he spoke to her and what he chose to share with her over the years.

### About Saint Exupéry


I have found Bernard Bacquié’s books especially insightful because of his pursuit of new sources. For this book, he searched the archives of Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay—where Saint Exupéry lived and worked for the airline from 1929-1931—and unearthed many new photographs and anecdotes. For example, he tracked down the name and history of an amusement park that Saint Exupéry, Guillaumet, and Guillaumet’s wife visited together, and took many modern-day photographs of places that Saint-Ex
frequented. This is especially valuable to me because I may not have a chance to do my own Aéropostale-related research in South America in the near future.


This is probably the book that I value most in my collection. It’s a memoir written by an American woman who was Saint-Ex’s English teacher when he lived on Long Island; she wrote down her conversations with him and his wife in her journal after leaving their house, and was therefore able to provide many fascinating details in her memoir. Breaux documents everything from Saint-Ex’s tumultuous relationship with his wife to the way he always stretched out one of his legs when he sat down (a remnant of a crash-related injury). With clear affection, she describes his resistance to learning English and the sadness that marked him. She was his teacher during the time he was writing *Le petit prince*, and the memoir gives insight into his process and state of mind at this time.


This is the first biography of Saint Exupéry that I read, and its engaging style got 12-year-old me hooked on the subject. It includes many photographs and several of Saint Exupéry’s drawings, and is the only image-heavy biography of its type in English.


This the only work of fiction in my collection other than Saint Exupéry’s own. With beautiful illustrations, it imagines Saint Exupéry’s final flight—whose end still remains a mystery. I value this book for the respect it shows for that mystery, and the touching narrative it provides.


This book is a memoir written by Saint Exupéry’s friend with whom he stayed during part of World War II. I value it for its anecdotes of Saint Exupéry’s daily life and its insight into his depression (if one reads between the lines).


This biography of Saint Exupéry’s mother, written by a journalist who interviewed her before her death, gives me a fuller understanding of his family life. Some of Marie’s
heartbreaking poems about her son’s death are included in the text; reading them made me want to track down a full book of Marie’s poetry (see Wish List).

Phillips was an American journalist who spent time photographing Saint Exupéry and his air reconnaissance group in the months before the author’s disappearance during a mission. This book of photographs helps me understand Saint Exupéry’s mindset at the end of his life; his face conveys his melancholy and the lasting physical effects of his earlier plane crashes.


This book and the five that follow are volumes of a journal published by the French Union of Airline Pilots. It is extraordinarily valuable, containing interviews with Saint Exupéry’s friends, rare photographs, and full-color replicas of many of his letters. It took me three years to track down these six volumes, in France and on the Internet. There is a seventh volume I have not yet acquired.


This memoir by Saint Exupéry’s older sister tells many sweet stories about their childhood and describes their home, which appeared many times in Saint Exupéry’s writing. When I finally visited the home last year—it’s on the way to becoming a museum, but is currently in disrepair—I used the book as a guide as I walked through each room, imagining what it looked like a hundred years ago…

This is the most thoroughly researched biography that I have come across, in French or in English. Schiff has both keen insight into Saint Exupéry’s mindset and an extensive bibliography, which I have used to find books for my collection. I was able to meet Schiff in 2010; she signed this book and answered my questions about Saint Exupéry’s love life.


*Le petit prince* is dedicated to Léon Werth, who was Saint Exupéry’s best friend after Guillaumet and Mermoz died. Along with its valuable anecdotes, this memoir by Werth includes a set of photographs taken of Werth and Saint Exupéry during the war. In these photos, like in so few others, Saint Exupéry is smiling.

**Saint Exupéry’s Friends and Airline**


This is a biography of one of the lesser-known Aéropostale pilots, Pierre Deley. Deley joined Saint Exupéry during the five-day-long search for Guillaumet, who crashed in the Andes in winter 1930 and eventually walked out of the mountains. This book helps me understand the mentality of the “older generation” of Aéropostale pilots—those that fought in World War I. It also provides many new photographs of the pilots, their airports, and their airplanes.


This is an extremely useful reference work that gives short biographies of many Aéropostale pilots; I always turn to this book when I read about a pilot somewhere and want to know more about him. Bacquié has tracked down descendants of several of the pilots and included photographs of their letters and employment forms, which are invaluable for my own research.


I chased this book down in Paris last year. It is a graphic novel rendering of Guillaumet’s plane crash and walk through the Andes, and is historically accurate (it follows the narrative that Guillaumet himself wrote). I value this book because it lets me visualize the Aéropostale pilots in color and in movement.


Bellet, along with some mechanic friends, built a perfect replica of an iconic Aéropostale biplane: the yellow Bréguet XIV. This book documents the process, as well as the history of the airplane and Bellet’s flight down the coast of Africa on the same route as Saint Exupéry. The careful historical research and color photographs of the airplane add to my understanding of Aéropostale’s environment.
This book collects excerpts of memoirs written by various Aéropostale players: pilots, mechanics, directors, navigators. They describe the early days of the airline, the camaraderie at the lonely airports, and give many entertaining anecdotes about Saint Exupéry. This book is highly valuable for the diversity of perspectives it presents. It also compiles a useful list of which pilots entered the airline in which year.

Condat is an artist who creates collages based on the history of Aéropostale. It’s interesting to see the famous events portrayed in this unique way.

In this memoir, Daurat (the airline director to whom Saint Exupéry dedicated *Vol de nuit*) insists that he was not the inspiration for Saint Exupéry’s character Rivière. However, we can see the strict but caring personality that Saint-Ex valued. Daurat tells his side of the story of Guillaumet helping Saint-Ex before his first flight—an event Saint-Ex mentions often in his works—which brings me a deeper understanding of that pivotal moment in his life.

Henri Delaunay, one of the few Aéropostale pilots to live into old age, had a chance to write down many helpful memories of “The Line.” He recounts an evening with Saint Exupéry, Guillaumet, and Mermoz in a desert airport, showing their humor and how they interacted with each other. Delaunay himself has a humorous and modest tone, which is rare in many of these pilots’ memoirs.


The journalist Fleury, who knew the Aéropostale pilots personally, gives an outsider’s perspective on the airline. Although he presents exciting stories about the pilots, many of them are exaggerated—Fleury meant to portray the pilots as modern-day knights in the service of France.


This book presents 20 large-format photographs, in poster form, of various eras of the airline. I’ve put a few of them on the walls of my apartment! There is also a helpful explanatory pamphlet.


This is my most prized book about Guillaumet because, like the Saint Exupéry *Icare* volumes, it includes interviews with the pilot’s friends and many rare photographs of him. I made a special trip to an aviation bookstore in Paris to find this book, which has greatly increased my understanding of Guillaumet beyond his famous adventure in the Andes.


Joseph Kessel, a famous writer himself, spent time flying with Aéropostale as an observer and became friends with the pilots. This book tells many entertaining and previously-unknown stories about Saint Exupéry’s less famous friends.


I acquired this book when I visited the museum in Henri Guillaumet’s tiny hometown, Bouy. It’s written by a schoolteacher from the town, and although it doesn’t present any new information, it provides insight into how Guillaumet is being remembered today.


These *Icare* volumes about Mermoz, similar to the Saint Exupéry and Guillaumet volumes, present many unpublished photographs and memoirs written by the pilot’s friends.


I searched for this book for years before finally tracking it down online a few months ago. It is a biography of Marcel Reine, one of Saint Exupéry’s pilot friends known for his easygoing humor and Parisian accent. Written by Reine’s great-nephew, the book contains many photographs and family stories. I found the included (and previously hard-to-find) Joseph Kessel essay about Reine to be especially valuable for understanding Reine’s personality.


I bought this book in Toulouse the day before I visited the old Aéropostale airport, Montaudran. After I had squeezed my way through the fence onto the abandoned runway, the book served as my guide as I walked around the grounds: it’s full of maps, photos, and numerous details about the history of this airport that launched Saint Exupéry’s career.


This is another memoir by an Aéropostale pilot; Vanier was older than Saint Exupéry and didn’t know him well, but he does provide interesting stories about the challenges of flying for the airline in its early years (just after World War I).


In his memoir entitled “The Forgotten Pilot,” Vedel writes about his career with the airline in third person, in a novel-like style. The style is fun to read and provides a fresh perspective on the airline from a lesser-known pilot.


Léon Werth, the friend to whom Saint-Ex dedicated *Le petit prince*, was a Jewish author who fled the invading Nazis in June 1940. This book recounts his 33-day exodus across the occupied territory; at the time, Saint Exupéry wrote a preface for it and worked to get it published. However, it was not published until 1992, and at that time Saint Exupéry’s preface had been lost. This new edition restores the preface (found in a library in Canada) and includes a timeline of their friendship.
Wish List

   This is an *Icare* volume about Air Bleu, the airline that Didier Daurat created after he was forced to leave Aéropostale in the early 1930s. Although Saint Exupéry had little to do with this airline, the book will add to my understanding of 1930s French aviation.

   Bacquié gained access to the Latécoère family archives in order to research the founder of Aéropostale (first called Lignes Aériennes Latécoère). This book brings new information and photographs of the entrepreneur and the early days of the airline.

   This *Icare* volume is focused on Didier Daurat and, like the other *Icare* volumes, is composed of articles written by people who knew him. I would like to get a more nuanced understanding of this man who inspired Saint Exupéry—as of now, I have only Saint Exupéry’s thoughts and Daurat’s own.

   This memoir was edited by Joseph Kessel and written by Marcel Reine and Édouard Serre, two Aéropostale pilots who crashed in the Sahara and were held captive by a nomadic tribe for 114 days. The book is extremely rare and expensive, so it might be a long time until I can acquire it; in the meantime, I have read it in the Library of Congress. It is especially valuable to me because of its tone—despite having suffered in captivity, the pilots write respectfully about the Bedouins. The lack of racist and anti-Muslim rhetoric is pleasantly surprising for a book written in 1929, and it reflects the delicate line that the pilots walked as both adventurers and informal representatives of a colonial power. Saint Exupéry shared Reine and Serre’s respect for the tribes he encountered, as seen in *Terre des hommes*.

   This is a collection of poems and short stories written by Saint Exupéry’s sister Simone (her brother asked her not to publish under her own name, as he wanted to reserve the “Saint Exupéry” name for himself…). I have never seen this book in person—it’s so rare that I can’t find it in any library, even France’s national library, and I can’t find it for sale. I know of its contents only from the Schiff biography of Saint Exupéry; she writes that one of Simone’s stories is based on Saint-Ex’s unhappy marriage. I would love to track the book down and see what else is inside!
   This is the first volume of the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade edition of Saint Exupéry’s works. Like the second volume (which I recently acquired), it presents Saint Exupéry’s major works alongside relevant letters, speeches, and articles that he wrote at the same time.

   This book is a high-quality page-by-page reproduction of the manuscript of *Le Petit Prince*, along with some scholarly commentary. It’s my “one that got away”—I saw it for sale last year in Toulouse and decided to wait to buy it, but now it’s out of print and hard to find!

   Marie de Saint Exupéry, Antoine’s mother, wrote this book of poetry at the end of her life. I have read a few excerpts printed elsewhere, heartbreaking poems about the loss of her son (and two of her other five children). Finding this rare book would help me understand both the literary tradition and the grief of his family.

   This is the last Saint Exupéry Icare volume that I need to complete my collection; it’s about the legacy of Saint Exupéry’s life and works.

    This book contains, as one of its chapters, the most sophisticated historical analysis of Aéropostale that I’ve seen. French books written about the airline tend to repeat the same stories of heroism in a laudatory tone; Wohl’s book is valuable for its detached and scholarly perspective, and its investigation into the “myth of Aéropostale” and its effects on French society. The book also places Aéropostale in the global context of the history and memory of aviation, a topic I am interested in exploring further.