

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم



Sudan University of Science and Technology

College of Graduate Studies

College of Languages



The Concept of Death Hemingway Short Stories

مفهوم الموت في القصص القصيرة لإرنست هيمنجواي

**A Thesis Submitted in Fulfillment of Requirement of the
Degree of M. A. In Literature**

Submitted by:

Enaam Ahmed Abdelbagi Musa

Supervisor:

Dr. Abbas Mukhtar Mohamed badawi

2020

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

(قُلْ لَوْ كَانَ الْبَحْرُ مِدَادًا لِكَلِمَاتِ رَبِّي لَنَفِدَ الْبَحْرُ قَبْلَ أَنْ تَنْفَدَ كَلِمَاتُ رَبِّي وَلَوْ جِئْنَا

بِمِثْلِهِ مَدَدًا)

سورة الكهف الآية (109)

﴿صدق الله العظيم﴾

Dedication

To my parents,

To my husband Sid Ahmed Aljack and his Family

To my father and mother,

To my lovely daughter Waheeb,

Acknowledgements

First of all praise be to Allah for granting me effort and patience to complete this study. Next I would like to thank **Dr. Abass Mokhtar** who supervised my research with patience and advice and support. I'm particularly indebted to **Prof. Mohmoud Ali Ahmed** for his un wavering support, guidance professional efforts. My thanks go on to those who closely up or stretched out their hands to support me financially and spiritually as well.

Abstract

This study aims to uncover the concept of death in the short stories of Ernest Hemingway, using three short stories: (Snow of Kilimanjaro), which deals with death by illness, the story (short happy life Francis Macomber), which tells about death by accidents, and the story (Clean well - lighted place), represent Death by suicide. This study reflected the extent to which he was affected by his family history and his personal experiences in life, which were reflected in his writings.

المستخلص

تهدف هذه الدراسة إلى كشف مفهوم الموت في القصص القصيرة لإرنست هيمنجواي متتالاً ثلاث قصص قصيرة وهي: (ثلوج كليمنجارو) والتي تتناول الموت عن طريق المرض وقصة (حياة فرانسيس ماكومبد السعيدة القصيرة) والتي تحكي عن الموت عن طريق الحوادث وقصة (مكان نظيف ومحبيب) وهي تقدم الموت عن طريق الإنتحار. وعكست هذه الدراسة مدى تأثيره بتاريخ أسرته وتجاربه الشخصية في الحياة التي أنعكست علي كتاباته.

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Chapter One

Introduction

1-0 Overview

This study is about the concept of death in Hemingway's short stories. To fulfill this matter, this chapter provides a description of theoretical framework of the study.

1-1 Background of the study

In Hemingway's fiction, death becomes a significant issue, that life receives its real meaning when pitted against death. Therefore; there current motif in all of Hemingway's works has been the subject of death and violence, only to intensify human life and consciousness.

In Hemingway's works, for life to continue to have meaning, the death experience must be repeated again and again. The tension must be maintained or the protagonist ceases to be an individual, and becomes part of the mass. one may conclude that the consciousness of death shatters the banality of every day existence, and liberates man from the petty mentality of the ordinary life. Moreover, by internalizing⁹, and humanizing death, man can apparently deprive it of its character as restriction upon his freedom.

Modern Literature exploits death as recurrent theme occupying the writers consciousness the twentieth Century is also considered as an age of materialism and conformity it was at this time that Hemingway strove to neutralize potential evil lurking within the literature of that time.

1-2 Statement of the study Problem

In this research, the researcher examines why Ernest Hemingway focuses in most of his writing on the subject of death in short stories.

How Ernest effected and attractive to the subject of death

What does he want by this writing and wantto show?

1-3 Scope of the Study

This researcher covers the theme of death in three short stories and speak about Ernest Hemingway and his life.

1-4 Objectives of the Study

This study attempts to investigate the thematic representation of death in Hemingway's short stories.

Analyze stories and focus on the theme of death in this stories.

1.5 Hypotheses

The researcher assumed that Ernest Hemingway's interest in the subject of death in his works comes from being influenced by his family.

Death by suicide is one of the ways of death in life and the researcher assumed that he wanted to show that theory in defense of his family.

The researcher assumed that Hemingway saw death and lived it a lot and still affected him and wrote about him

1.6 Questions of the Study

What are the different from Ernest used to portray the theme of death.

1-7 Significant of the Study

The researcher hopefully this research will benefit study ' useful and enjoyable for the students of English literature' and be a useful reference for all Times New Roman (برنامج نصي معقد لعناوين) researchers in the works of Ernst Heming way. To know why Ernst Hemingway care by this subject and to what

1-8 Limitations

In this study is limited to the concept of death in Ernest Hemingway,s short stories. In which the researcher chosed three short storis (Snow Of Kilimanjaro; A clean, Well-Lihgted place and Short The Happy Life Of Francis Macomber).

1-9 The methodology

Both descriptive and analytical approaches will be adopted by the researcher .Data will be collected from different resources such references.

Chapter Two

Literature Review

2-0 Introduction

The selection of stories in this volume is based on the stories found in high-school and college literature anthologies that ranked them as not only the best of Hemingway's short story output but also as the ones taught most frequently in high-school and college American Literature courses, as well as in Introduction to Literature courses. The importance of including Hemingway in American Literature anthologies cannot be overestimated. Hemingway's style and subject matter are archetypal of American writing. Hemingway broke new literary ground when he began publishing his short stories. Furthermore, not only was he an American writer, but he was not an ivory-tower esthete; he was a man's man. He hunted in grand style, deep-sea fished, covered both World War I and World War II for national news services, and was married as many times as Hollywood celebrities—and yet he found time to write novels and stories that feature men and women facing both death and emotional crises with grit, gumption, and grand tenacity. Hemingway's heroes are characterized by their unflinching integrity. They do not compromise. They are vulnerable but are not defined by their vulnerability. Hemingway's men and women are often defiant of what society expects of them: They eat with gusto, devour adventure, and have sex—simply and directly. In the beginning, Hemingway wrote about himself, and he would continue to write himself into all, or most, of his characters until his death.* stories, such as “The Snows of Kilimanjaro” and “The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber,” Hemingway creates far more complex characters and situations for his characters. “Snows” is a stylistic tour de force, a perfect dovetailing of intense, invigorating, interior-monologue flashbacks as contrasts to sections of present-time narratives, during which the main character, a writer named Harry, is slowly dying of gangrene.

Symbolically, Harry is also rotting away because of the poisonous nature of his wife's money. As his life ebbs away, he realizes that his writing talent has been ebbing away for years, as surely as his life is, symbolized by the hyena and the buzzards who wait to feast on his carcass.

A great deal of literary work has been written about Hemingway's distinctive style. In fact, the two great stylists of twentieth-century American literature are William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway, and the styles of the two writers are so vastly different that there can be no comparison. For example, their styles have become so famous and so individually unique that yearly contests award prizes to people who write the best parodies of their styles. The parodies of Hemingway's writing style are perhaps the more fun to read because of Hemingway's ultimate simplicity and because he so often used the same style and the same themes in much of his work.

From the beginning of his writing career in the 1920s, Hemingway's writing style occasioned a great deal of comment and controversy.

2-1 Characteristics of Twentieth Century American Literature

First and later as an adolescent—hunting, fishing, camping, vegetable gardening, adventuring, and making plans for each new, successive summer—Ernest's mother, a devout, religious woman with considerable musical talent, hoped that her son would develop an interest in music; she herself had once hoped for an operatic career, but during her first recital at Carnegie Hall, the lights were so intense for her defective eyes that she gave up performing. Ernest attempted playing the cello in high school, but from the beginning, it was clear that he was no musician. Instead, he deeply shared his father's fierce enthusiasm for the outdoors.

Ernest began fishing when he was three years old, and his fourth birthday present was an all-day fishing trip with his father. For his twelfth birthday, his grandfather gave him a single-barrel 20-gauge shotgun. His deep love of hunting and fishing in the north Michigan woods during his childhood and adolescence

formed lasting impressions that would be ingredients for his short stories centering around Nick Adams, Hemingway's young fictional persona.

In high school, Hemingway played football, mostly lightweight football, because he was small and thin. Hoping for more success in another sport, Hemingway took up boxing. Years later, he would often write, using boxing metaphors; he would also tell people that it was a boxing accident that was responsible for his defective eyesight. Hemingway was always self-conscious about seeming less than the best at whatever he chose to do. For example, he had a lifelong difficulty pronouncing his l's; his sounded like w's. His perfectionist father always stressed that whatever Ernest did, he must "do it right." The stigma of having a slight speech defect and genetically flawed eyesight continually rankled Hemingway.

After Ernest's high-school graduation, Dr. Hemingway realized that his son had no passion for further education, so he didn't encourage him to enroll in college. Neither did he encourage him to join the boys his age who were volunteering for the army and sailing to Europe to fight in World War I. Instead, Dr. Hemingway took another approach: He called the Kansas City Star to find out if his son could sign on as a cub reporter. He learned that an opening wouldn't be available until September, news that delighted Ernest because it meant that he could spend another summer in the north Michigan woods hunting and fishing before he began working in the adult world.

Arriving in Kansas City to work for the Star, young Hemingway began earning fifteen dollars a week. He was taught to write short sentences, avoid clichés, unnecessary adjectives, and construct good stories. He soon realized that a large part of Kansas City life was filled with crime and impulsive violence. It was an exciting time for the naive, eager, red-cheeked young man from the north woods who was determined to learn how to write well.

2-2 Hemingway's Biography

The theme of death in Hemingway's short stories is one of the recursive themes across the stories. Even some critics have anticipated the death of Hemingway from this ever-increased issue in his writing. As James write in his book "Hemingway's short stories"(2000) Ernest Hemingway's colorful life as a war correspondent, bigamy hunter, angler, writer, and world celebrity, as well as winner of the 1954 Nobel Prize in literature, began in quiet Oak Park, Illinois, on July 21, 1899. When Ernest, the first son and second child born to Dr. Ed and Grace Hemingway, was only seven weeks old, his general practitioner father took the family for a quick weekend trip to the Michigan north woods, where Dr. Hemingway was having land cleared by several Ottawa Indians for Windermere, a summer cabin that he built on Walloon Lake. Ernest would return to this area year after year.

A few months passed, and despite the satisfying pace of his life and the thrill of seeing his work in print, Hemingway realized that most of the young men he knew were leaving to take part in the war in Europe. Hemingway's father was still opposed to his son's joining the army, and Hemingway himself knew that his defective eyesight would probably keep him from being accepted. However, Hemingway met Theodore Brubeck, a fellow reporter with vision in only one eye at the Star, who suggested that Hemingway volunteer for the American Field Service as an ambulance driver. Hemingway's yearning to join the war effort was rekindled, and six months after he began his career as a newspaper reporter, he and Brubeck resigned from the Star, said goodbye to their families, and headed to New York for their physicals. Hemingway received a B rating and was advised to get some glasses.

According to James L. Robert (2000). The letters that Hemingway wrote home to his parents while he was waiting to sail overseas were jubilant. The voyage from New York to France aboard the Chicago, however, was less exultant. Hemingway's second typhoid shot had left him nauseated and aching,

and rough seas sent him retching to the rails several times. At Bordeaux, France, Hemingway and Brumback boarded a train headed to Milan, Italy. Shortly after they settled in, a munitions factory exploded, and Hemingway was stunned to discover that “the dead are more women than men.” After a few weeks of making routine ambulance runs and transporting dying and wounded men to hospitals, Hemingway grew impatient. Wanting to see more action, he traveled to the Austro-Italian border, where he finally had a sense of being at the wartime front. During this time near the Austro-Italian border, Hemingway was severely wounded. An Austrian projectile exploded in the trenches and sent shrapnel ripping into his legs. Trying to carry an Italian soldier to safety, Hemingway caught a machine-gun bullet behind his kneecap and one in his foot. A few days later, he found himself on a train, returning to Milan. Later, writing about being wounded, he recalled that he felt life slipping from him. Some literary critics believe that it was this near death experience that obsessed Hemingway with a continual fear of death and a need to test his courage that lasted the rest of his life. A few months later, the war was over and Hemingway returned to the States with a limp and a fleeting moment of celebrity. At home in Oak Park, Illinois, Hemingway immediately felt homesick for Italy. All of his friends were gone, and he received a letter from a nurse with whom he’d fallen in love while he was hospitalized. The news was not good: She had fallen in love with an Italian 7 lieutenant. Ten years later, this nurse would become the model for the valiant Catherine Berkeley in *A Farewell to Arms*. Returning to the north woods to find his emotional moorings, Hemingway fished, wrote some short-story sketches, and enjoyed a brief romance that would figure in “The End of Something” and “The Three-Day Blow.” He also spoke to women’s clubs about his wartime adventures, and one of the women in the audience, a monied Toronto matron, was so impressed with Hemingway that she hired him as a companion for her lame son. Tutoring the boy and filling a scrapbook with writings in Canada, Hemingway then headed back to the

Midwest, where he met Hadley Richardson, seven years older than he and an heiress to a small trust fund. Hadley fell in love with Hemingway. Hemingway's ever fretting, over-protective mother thought that Hadley was exactly what her rootless son needed; she prodded Hemingway to settle down and give up his gypsy travels and short-term, part-time jobs. Despite his fears that marriage would destroy his way of living, Hemingway married Hadley, and they set up housekeeping, living on income from her trust fund. Soon, near-poverty depleted Hemingway's usual good nature, and friends urged him to move to Paris, where living expenses would be cheaper.

In Paris, Hemingway and Hadley lived in the Latin Quarter, a bohemian enclave of artists, poets, and writers. The Toronto Sun bought the articles that Hemingway submitted, as well as his political sketches, and Hemingway was pleased about the short stories he was writing. He was twenty-three years old and felt that he'd finally hit his stride as an author with a style that was authentically his own. After covering the war between Greece and Turkey for the New York Sun, Hemingway returned to Paris and continued writing Nick Adams tales, including "A Way You'll Never Be." He was interrupted, though, when the Toronto Star insisted that he cover the Lausanne Peace Conference. While there, he urged Hadley to join him, and she did so, bringing all of his short stories, sketches, and poems in a valise that would be stolen in the Lyon train station. Hemingway was so stunned with disbelief at the terrible loss that he immediately returned to Paris, convinced that Hadley surely hadn't packed even the carbon copies of his stories, but she had. Hemingway had lost everything that he'd written.

Ironically, American expatriate and writer Gertrude Stein had just spoken to Hemingway about loss, mentioning a garage keeper's off-hand comment: "You are all a lost generation," a casual remark, yet one that eventually would become world famous after Hemingway used it as an epigraph to his first major novel, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926). This term "lost generation" would be

instantly meaningful to Hemingway's readers. It would give a name to the attitudes of the post-World War I generation of Americans, especially to the young writers of that era who believed that their loves and hopes had been shattered by the war. They had been led down a glory trail to death—not for noble patriotic ideals, but for the greedy, materialistic gains of international power groups. The high-minded sentiments of their elders were not to be trusted; only reality was truth—and reality was harsh: Life was futile, often meaningless.

After the loss of his manuscripts, Hemingway followed Stein's advice to go to Spain; she promised him that he'd find new stories there. After his sojourn in Spain, Hemingway returned to Paris and from there to Canada, where Hadley gave birth to their first child. Afterward, Hemingway returned to Paris, where he began writing "Big Two-Hearted River." From there, he went to Austria, where he wrote more Nick Adams stories, as well as "Hills Like White Elephants." Hemingway and Hadley were divorced in 1927, and he married Pauline Pfeiffer, an Arkansas heiress, who accompanied him to Africa, traveling 300 miles by train to reach Nairobi, and onward to the Kapti Plains, the foothills of the Ngong Hills, and the Serengeti Plain. Africa would be the setting for two of Hemingway's most famous short stories—"The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." In 1940, Hemingway and Pauline were divorced, and he married writer Martha Gellhorn. They toured China, then established a residence in Cuba. When World War II began, Hemingway volunteered his services and his fishing boat, the *Pilar*, and cooperated with United States naval intelligence as a German submarine spotter in the Caribbean. Wanting a still-more-active role in the war, Hemingway soon was a 45-year-old war correspondent barnstorming through Europe with the Allied invasion troops—and sometimes ahead of them. It is said that Hemingway liberated the Ritz Hotel in Paris and that when the Allied troops arrived, they were greeted by a notice on the entrance: "Papa Hemingway took good hotel.

Plenty stuff in the cellar.” Following yet another divorce, this one in 1944, Hemingway married Mary Welsh, a Time magazine correspondent. The couple lived in Venice for a while, then returned to Havana, Cuba. In 1950, *Across the River and into the Trees* appeared, but it was neither a critical nor a popular success. His short novel *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), however, restored Hemingway’s literary stature, and he was awarded the 1953 Pulitzer Prize in literature. James L. Roberts (2000).

In January 1954, Hemingway was off for another of his many African safaris and was reported dead after two airplane crashes in two days. He survived, though, despite severe internal and spinal injuries and a concussion. When he read newspaper obituary notices about his death, he noted with great pleasure that they were favorable. That same year, Hemingway received the Swedish Academy’s Nobel Prize in literature, “for his powerful style forming mastery of the art of modern narration, as most recently evidenced in *The Old Man and the Sea*.” During the next few years, Hemingway was not happy, and during 1961, he was periodically plagued by high blood pressure and clinical depression. He received shock therapy during two long confinements at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, but most of the prescribed treatment for his depression was of little value. Hemingway died July 2, 1961, at his home, the result of a self-inflicted gunshot wound. It seems as if there were always two Hemingway’s. One was the adventurer—the grinning, bearded “Papa” of the news photographs; the other was the skillful, sensitive author Hemingway, who patiently wrote, rewrote, and edited his work. Certainly each of the short stories discussed in this volume represents a finished, polished “gem”—Hemingway’s own word for his short stories. No word is superfluous, and no more words are needed. Along with such well-known short-story writers as William Faulkner, Flannery O’Connor, and John Steinbeck, Hemingway is considered by literary critics to be one of the world’s finest.

Stories that feature men and women facing both death and emotional crises with grit, gumption, and grand tenacity. Hemingway's heroes are characterized by their unflinching integrity. They do not compromise. They are vulnerable but are not defined by their vulnerability. Hemingway's men and women are often defiant of what society expects of them: They eat with gusto, devour adventure, and have sex—simply and directly. In the beginning, Hemingway wrote about himself, and he would continue to write himself into all, or most, of his characters until his death. His first persona was Nick Adams, a young boy who accompanies a doctor to an American Indian camp and watches the doctor use a jackknife to slice into a woman's abdomen and deliver a baby boy. At that early age, Nick vows never to die. Later, he defies death and the sanity-threatening wounds that he receives in Italy during World War I. He rotary repeats, in blind faith, the knee-bending exercises

2-3 Hemingway Literary Reputation

Hemingway's literary reputation, which was frequently confused with his public image, was established among his fellow writers even before he published his first book. In the early 1920s he received sympathetic encouragement and practical help from Sherwood Anderson, Gertrude Stein, Ford Madox Ford, Ezra Pound and Scott Fitzgerald. He was the rising star of American literature and seemed to have the surest future. The stylistic influence of Ring Lardner, Anderson and Stein has been much discussed and vastly overrated. One need only compare Hemingway's early style—in 'In Our Time' and 'The Sun Also Rises'—with that of his supposed teachers to see immediately that he is very different— and infinitely superior. Hemingway's ambition was 'to write what I've seen and known in the best and simplest way.' His classic style, stripped of adjectives, is bare, sharp and direct. He emphasizes dialogue rather than description, sensations rather than thought, and achieves an astonishing immediacy: an 'exaltation of the instant.' As Wallace Stevens remarked: 'Most people don't think of Hemingway as a poet, but obviously he

is a poet and I should say, offhand, the most significant of living poets, so far as the subject of EXTRAORDINARYACTUALITY is concerned.’ (10) Hemingway’s influence, his gift of evoking a sense of place, are matched in this century only by D.H.Lawrence.

Ernest Hemingway, like Mark Twain and Stephen Crane, was a journalist and war correspondent before he became a writer, and this valuable experience enabled him to describe—with unusual authority—the bloody conflicts and exotic settings that appear in his work. In boyhood he had hunted and fished with Indians in the wilds of northern Michigan. While still in his teens he worked as a reporter for the ‘Kansas City Star,’ covered the police station and the hospital, and constantly saw violence and death. He served in a Red Cross ambulance unit on the Italian front during the Great War, witnessed the bitter fighting on the Piave, and was traumatically wounded in the legs by shrapnel and machine guns during the Austrian offensive at Fossalta in July (1918). As a correspondent for the ‘Toronto Star Weekly’ during 1920–23, he saw the atrocities of the Greco-Turkish War on the quay at Smyrna and during the retreat of the Greek army in Thrace. He reported the Genoa and Lausanne Conferences and the conflict in the Ruhr, interviewed Lloyd George and Mussolini, and witnessed the rise of Fascism in Italy. In a stimulating essay on Hemingway’s style, Hugh Kenner suggests the vital connection between detachment and emotion, between the substance and the surface of his art: ‘Hemingway learned one role early, that of Special Correspondent, Professionally detached from the public horrors which he owed it to his readers to write down.... This role, in the inter-chapters of “In Our Time,” established a center from which to write of private horrors as well.’ In 1923 Hemingway abandoned journalism for fiction, lived an impoverished expatriate life in the attics and cafés of Paris, helped Ford Madox Ford to edit the ‘transatlantic review,’ and won respect and recognition with his first book, ‘Three Stories and Ten Poems.’ His friend Archibald MacLeish recalled his prodigious career in *Years of the Dog*.

Or the lad in the Rue de Notre Dame des Champs At the carpenter's loft on the left-hand side going down. Hemingway boxed in Paris, skied in Austria, fished in Spain and tested his courage against the bulls in Pamplona. He described this world of men without women in his books, and suggested that the same courage and skill were required for both killing and creating. Like the bullfighter Pedro Romero, Hemingway wanted to hold 'his purity of line through the maximum of exposure.'

His extraordinary good looks (Clark Gable with biceps) also influenced his image, for he was rugged, handsome and muscular when young; bearded, patriarchal and powerful when old. Man Ray's 1928 photograph of Hemingway standing in front of the Shakespeare & Co. bookshop with a bandaged head (after a skylight fell onto his skull), and the photos of his broken body and fractured fuselage after two African plane crashes and the 'grossly exaggerated' reports of his death in 1954 ('Look, we have come through!'), confirmed the legend of the hero who inscribed his experience on his body and seemed able to survive anything manly style was seen as a sophisticated device for both hiding and revealing an obsession with courage that was rooted in anxiety. Another disciple, Norman Mailer—whose brawling character Sergius O'Shaughnessy and brilliant story 'The Time of Her Time' would be inconceivable without the example of Hemingway—saw him as a tragic figure wrestling, like the biblical Jacob, with destructive self-knowledge: 'It is not likely that Hemingway was a brave man who sought danger for the sake of the sensations it provided him. What is more likely the truth of his own odyssey is that he struggled with his cowardice and against a secret lust to suicide all his life, that his inner landscape was a nightmare, and he spent his nights wrestling with the gods. It may even be that the final judgment on his work may come to.' (6) Though Hemingway was honored with the Pulitzer Prize in 1953 and the Nobel Prize for Literature the following year, he seemed by then to have lost what he called 'the most essential gift for a good writer—a built-in, shockproof, shit detector.' (7) In

'Green Hills of Africa' he reflected on the sad fate of Scott Fitzgerald and shrewdly listed the things that harm a writer: 'Politics, women, drink, money, ambition. And the lack of politics, women, drink, money and ambition.' He also explained: 'Our writers when they have made some money increase their standard of living and they are caught. They have to write to keep up their establishments, their wives, and so on, and they write slop.' (8) At the end of his life he succumbed to the dangers he had prophesied. In his last decade, the years of his greatest fame and most radical deterioration, the Papa legend—which found its fullest and least attractive expression in A.E. Hotchner's book of 1966—undermined the literary reputation and exposed the widening fissure between the two Hemingways: the private artist and public figure. The bitterness, boastfulness and self-indulgence that had flawed 'Death in the Afternoon' (1932) and 'Green Hills of Africa' (1935) were rigorously excised from 'The Old Man and the Sea'—a poor man's 'Moby Dick'. But his authorial intrusions seeped into and nearly swamped 'Across the River and into the Trees' (1950), The Dangerous Summer bullfighting articles that appeared in 'Life' in 1960, and the posthumously published 'Islands in the Stream' (1970). The heroic image was inevitably modified after Hemingway's suicide in 1961. His public persona was then re-examined and his 'simple' the notion that what he failed to do was tragic, but what he accomplished was heroic, for it is possible that he carried a weight of anxiety with him which would have suffocated any man smaller than himself.'

2-4 The Writing Style of Hemingway

A great deal has been written about Hemingway's distinctive style. In fact, the two great stylists of twentieth-century American literature are William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway, and the styles of the two writers are so vastly different that there can be no comparison. For example, their styles have become so famous and so individually unique that yearly contests award prizes to people who write the best parodies of their styles. The parodies of

Hemingway's writing style are perhaps the more fun to read because of Hemingway's ultimate simplicity and because he so often used the same style and the same themes in much of his work.

From the beginning of his writing career in the 1920s, Hemingway's writing style occasioned a great deal of comment and controversy. Basically, a typical Hemingway novel or short story is written in simple, direct, unadorned prose. Possibly, the style developed because of his early journalistic training. The reality, however, is this: Before Hemingway began publishing his short stories and sketches, American writers affected British mannerisms. Adjectives piled on top of one another; adverbs tripped over each other. Colons clogged the flow of even short paragraphs, and the plethora of semicolons often caused readers to throw up their hands in exasperation. And then came Hemingway.

An excellent example of Hemingway's style is found in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place." In this story, there is no maudlin sentimentality; the plot is simple, yet highly complex and difficult. Focusing on an old man and two waiters, Hemingway says as little as possible. He lets the characters speak, and, from them, we discover the inner loneliness of two of the men and the callous prejudices of the other. When Hemingway was awarded the Nobel Prize in literature in 1954, his writing style was singled out as one of his foremost achievements. The committee recognized his "forceful and style-making mastery of the art of modern narration."

Hemingway has often been described as a master of dialogue; in story after story, novel after novel, readers and critics have remarked, "This is the way that these characters would really talk." Yet, a close examination of his dialogue reveals that this is rarely the way people really speak. The effect is accomplished, rather, by calculated emphasis and repetition that makes us remember what has been said.

Perhaps some of the best of Hemingway's much-celebrated use of dialogue occurs in "Hills Like White Elephants." When the story opens, two characters

— a man and a woman — are sitting at a table. We finally learn that the girl's nickname is "Jig." Eventually we learn that they are in the cafe of a train station in Spain. But Hemingway tells us nothing about them — or about their past or about their future. There is no description of them. We don't know their ages. We know virtually nothing about them. The only information that we have about them is what we learn from their dialogue; thus this story must be read very carefully.

This spare, carefully honed and polished writing style of Hemingway was by no means spontaneous. When he worked as a journalist, he learned to report facts crisply and succinctly. He was also an obsessive revisionist. It is reported that he wrote and rewrote all, or portions, of *The Old Man and the Sea* more than two hundred times before he was ready to release it for publication.

Hemingway took great pains with his work; he revised tirelessly. "A writer's style," he said, "should be direct and personal, his imagery rich and earthy, and his words simple and vigorous." Hemingway more than fulfilled his own requirements for good writing. His words are simple and vigorous, burnished and uniquely brilliant.

Despite the reservations of reviewers, the technique and style of Hemingway's books, which were translated into more than thirty-five languages, had a profound effect on modern European writers. For he offered a way of seeing and recording experience which matched his contemporaries' belief that art is a means of telling the truth. Sartre and Camus, as well as Elio Vittorini and Giuseppe Bertolucci, Wolfgang Borchert and Heinrich Böll, were strongly influenced by his work. Camus liked to emphasize his own place in the French tradition and said he would give a hundred Hemingways for a Stendhal or a Benjamin Constant, but Sartre defined his friend's debt to the American master: "The comparison with Hemingway seems more fruitful [than with Kafka], The relationship between the two styles is obvious. Both men write in the same short sentences. Each sentence refuses to exploit the momentum

accumulated by preceding ones. Each is a new beginning. Each is like a snapshot of a gesture or object. For each new gesture and word there is a new and corresponding sentence.... Even in "Death in the Afternoon," which is not a novel, Hemingway retains that abrupt style of narration that shoots each separate sentence out of the void with a sort of respiratory spasm. His style is himself.... What our author [Camus] borrows from Hemingway is thus the discontinuity between the clipped phrases that imitate the discontinuity of time.' Hemingway, who was first published in Russia in 1934 and praised as an active anti-Fascist, soon became the favorite foreign author of both the intellectuals and the masses. More than a million copies of his works have appeared in the Soviet Union. He has received a poetic tribute from Yevgeny Yevtushenko and critical appreciation in several essays by Ivan Kashkeen, who presents the most appealing social and political aspects of Hemingway to Russian readers: 'The struggle of the common people for a decent existence, their simple and straightforward attitude towards life and death serve as a model for Hemingway's more complex and contradictory characters.' He also states the reasons why Hemingway is attractive to younger writers: 'The fact that he can look at life without blinking; that his manner is all his own; that he is ruthlessly exacting on himself, making no allowances, and straightforward in self-appraisal; that his hero keeps himself in check, and is ever ready to fight nature, danger, fear, even death, and is prepared to join other people at the most perilous moments in their struggle for a common cause.'

Hemingway's life and work, which taught a generation of men to speak in stoical accents, have also had a profound influence on a school of hard-boiled American writers— Dashiell Hammett, James Farrell, John O'Hara, Nelson Algren, James Jones and Norman Mailer—who were affected not only by his style and technique, but also by his hor-rific content and his heroic code that seemed to represent the essence of American values.(22) Ralph Ellison has described the psychological and aesthetic effect of Hemingway's life and

language, and explained why he was an even more important model for him than the black novelist Richard Wright: ‘Because he appreciated the things of this earth which I love.... Because he wrote with such precision.... Because all that he wrote was involved with a spirit beyond the tragic.... Because Hemingway was a greater artist than Wright.... Because Hemingway loved the American language and the joy of writing.... Because he was in many ways the true father-as-artist of so many of us who came to writing during the late thirties.’

2-5 Summary

Hemingway’s first, thin, 58-page book, ‘Three Stories and Ten Poems,’ expressed his characteristic mood, style and themes. It contained *Up in Michigan*, *Out of Season* and *My Old Man*, and six poems that had appeared in Harriet Monroe’s ‘Poetry’ in January 1923. The volume was dedicated to his first wife, Hadley, and privately printed in July 1923, in a limited edition of 300 copies, by Robert McAlmon’s Contact Publishing Company in Paris. Hemingway had met his fellow expatriate McAlmon, who was married to an English shipping heiress, in Rapallo, travelled with him in Spain and saw a good deal of him in Paris. The first, 100-word review appeared in the Paris edition of the ‘Chicago Tribune’ on 27 November 1923 and was written by Gertrude Stein. Hemingway had met the older writer in Paris, through an introduction from Sherwood Anderson, and had published parts of her novel ‘The Making of Americans’ while editing Ford’s ‘transatlantic review.’ Miss Stein graciously, if tautologically, acknowledged:

‘Three stories and ten poems is very pleasantly said.... As he sticks to poetry and intelligence it is both poetry and intelligent.’ But she advised Hemingway to ‘stick to poetry and intelligence and eschew the hotter emotions and the more turgid vision.’ (24) (The two friends later quarreled when each claimed to have taught the other how to write. In a nasty chapter of ‘The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas’ (1933), Stein condemned Hemingway as a cowardly Rotarian; in

‘Green Hills of Africa’ he called her jealous and malicious, and had the last word after her death (and his own) in ‘A Moveable Feast.’)

‘in our time,’ whose lower-case title followed the fashion of the ‘transatlantic review,’ contained eighteen short, untitled chapters, including six that had been published in the spring 1923 issue of the ‘Little Review.’ The 38-page book was also privately published, in March 1924, in an even more limited edition of 170 copies, by William Bird’s Three Mountains Press in Paris. It was sold at Sylvia Beach’s Shakespeare & Co. The small book was one of six works, edited by Ezra Pound, that formed an ‘Inquest into the state of contemporary English prose’ and included Pound’s ‘Indiscretions,’ Ford’s ‘Men and Women’ and William Carlos Williams’ ‘The Great American Novel.’

When Hemingway heard that Edmund Wilson had read his six prose sketches in the Exiles number of the ‘Little Review,’ co-edited by Pound, he sent Wilson review copies of his first two books. Wilson was an early admirer and consistent reviewer of Hemingway’s works, and wrote an Introduction to the second edition of ‘In Our Time’ (1930). But he later became an outspoken critic and published a damaging chapter on Hemingway in ‘The Wound and the Bow’ (1941) (No. 62). Wilson’s ‘Dial’ review of ‘Three Stories and Ten Poems’—which was a great breakthrough for Hemingway and helped to establish his serious literary reputation—immediately recognized the essence of Hemingway’s talent. Wilson states ‘his prose is of the first distinction,’ links him with Anderson and Stein, and notes that their colloquial diction conveys ‘profound emotions and complex states of mind.’ He also perceives that in ‘in our time’ Hemingway ‘is remarkably successful in suggesting moral values by a series of simple statements,’ and that his ‘harrowing record of barbarities’ has the sharpness and elegance of lithographs by Goya (No. 1). When this review appeared Hemingway wrote to Wilson that ‘he was “awfully glad” his early books had pleased so good a critic’ and praised Wilson’s review as ‘cool, clear-

minded, decent, impersonal and sympathetic. Such intelligence as Wilson had displayed was “a damn rare commodity.”

The anonymous review in the ‘Kansas City Star,’ which notes that Hemingway had been a reporter on that newspaper, calls him ‘one of the most promising young writers in the English language’ and claims that his vivid, realistic, objective yet emotionally charged stories reveal ‘distinguished talent, if not absolute genius’ (No. 2). Max Perkins was equally enthusiastic and wrote to Fitzgerald, who had been promoting Hemingway at Scribner’s: ‘As for Hemingway: I finally got his “In our time” which accumulates a fearful effect through a series of brief episodes, presented with economy, strength and vitality. A remarkable, tight, complete expression of the scene, in our time, as it looks to Hemingway.’

Only H.L.Mencken, the cantankerous panjandrum of American letters, seemed unimpressed by the avant-garde antics of the young writer. He calls the book ‘The sort of brave, bold stuff that all atheistic young newspaper reporters write. Jesus Christ in lower case. A hanging, carnal love, and two disemboweling. Here it is set forth solemnly on Rives hand-made paper, in an edition of 170 copies, and with the imprimatur of Ezra Pound.’ In retaliation, Hemingway sardonically dedicated ‘The Torrents of Spring’ to H.L.Mencken and S.Stanwood Menken, ‘a wealthy vice-crusader who stood for everything H.L. Mencken hated.’

Chapter Three

3-0 Introduction

This chapter, particularly will be exclusively devoted to examining a number of short stories. The researcher will go to study and analyses some short stories that have theme about death briefly and take the short story" Snow of Kilimanjaro" amply in detail .this chapter content data selection ,description of the selection data ,methods ,procedures and summary .

3-1 Data Selection

The researcher choose data about Hemingway and his short stories that have theme about death .like snow of Kilimanjaro, clean,well-lighted place and short happy life of macromere.

3-2 Description of the Selected Excerpts

3-2-1 A Clean, Well-Lighted Place”

Late in the early morning hours, in a Spanish cafe, an old man drinks brandy. A young waiter is angry; he wishes that the old man would leave so that he and an older waiter could close the cafe and go home. He insults the deaf old man and is painfully indifferent to the older waiter's feelings when he states that "an old man is a nasty thing." The older waiter, however, realizes that the old man drinking brandy after brandy is not nasty; he is only lonely. No doubt, that's the reason why the old man tried to hang himself last week.

When the old man leaves, the waiters close the cafe. The young waiter leaves for home, and the older waiter walks to an all-night cafe where, thinking about the terrible emptiness of the old man's life which he keenly identifies with, he orders a cup of nada from the waiter. A cup of nothing. The man who takes the order thinks that the old waiter is just another crazy old man; he brings him coffee.

Finishing the coffee, the older waiter begins his trudge homeward. Sleep is hours away. Until then, he must try to cope bravely with the dark nothingness of the night.

Analysis

What happens in this story? Nothing. What do the characters stand for? Nothing. What is the plot? Nothing. In fact, because there is no plot, Hemingway enables us to focus absolutely on the story's meaning — that is, in a world characterized by nothingness, what possible action could take place? Likewise, that no character has a name and that there is no characterization emphasize the sterility of this world.

What then is the theme of this story? Nothing, or nothingness. This is exactly what the story is about: nothingness and the steps we take against it. When confronting a world that is meaningless, how is someone who has rejected all of the old values, someone who is now completely alone — how is that person supposed to face this barren world? How is that person able to avoid the darkness of *nada*, or nothingness?

The setting is a clean Spanish cafe, where two unnamed waiters — one old and one young — are discussing an old man (also unnamed) who comes every night, sits alone, and drinks brandy until past closing time. The young waiter mentions that the old man tried to commit suicide last week. When the old waiter asks why the old man tried to commit suicide, the young waiter tells him that the old man was consumed by despair. "Why?" asks the old waiter. "Nothing," answers the young waiter.

The young waiter reveals that there is absolutely no reason to commit suicide if one has money — which he's heard the old man has. For the young waiter, money solves all problems. For an old, rich man to try to commit suicide over the despair of confronting nothingness is beyond the young waiter's understanding. However, nothingness is the reason that the old man comes to the cafe every night and drinks until he is drunk.

In contrast, the old waiter knows all about despair, for he remains for some time after the lights have gone off at the clean, earlier well-lighted cafe. The old waiter also knows fear. "It was not fear or dread," Hemingway says of the old waiter, "it was a nothing that he knew too well. It was a nothing and a man was nothing too." After stopping for a drink at a cheap, all-night bar, the old waiter knows that he will not sleep until morning, when it is light.

The story emphasizes lateness — late not only in terms of the hour of the morning (it's almost 3 A.M.), but also in terms of the old man's and the old waiter's lives. Most important, however, is the emphasis on religious traditions — specifically, on the Spanish Catholic tradition, because faith in the promises of Catholicism can no longer support or console these old men. Thus, suicide is inviting.

The old man who drinks brandy at the clean, well-lighted cafe is literally deaf, just as he is metaphorically deaf to the outmoded traditions of Christianity and Christian promises: He cannot hear them any more. He is alone, he is isolated, sitting in the shadow left by nature in the modern, artificial world. Additionally, all of the light remaining is artificial light — in this clean, "well-lighted" cafe.

What is important in the story is not only the condition of nothingness in the world but the way that the old man and the old waiter feel and respond to this nothingness. Thus, Hemingway's real subject matter is the feeling of man's condition of nothingness — and not the nothingness itself. Note, though, that neither of the old men is a passive victim. The old man has his dignity. And when the young waiter says that old men are nasty, the old waiter does not deny the general truth of this statement, but he does come to the defense of the old man by pointing out that this particular old man is clean and that he likes to drink brandy in a clean, well-lighted place. And the old man does leave with dignity. This is not much — this aged scrap of human dignity — in the face of the human condition of nothingness, but, Hemingway is saying, sometimes it is all that we have.

The young waiter wants the old man to go to one of the all-night cafes, but the old waiter objects because he believes in the importance of cleanliness and light. Here, in this well-lighted cafe, the light is a manmade symbol of man's attempt to hold off the darkness — not permanently, but as late as possible. The old man's essential loneliness is less intolerable in light, where there is dignity. The danger of being alone, in darkness, in nothingness, is suicide.

At this point, we can clearly see differences between the old waiter and the young waiter — especially in their antithetical attitudes toward the old man. Initially, however, the comments of both waiters concerning a passing soldier and a young girl seem very much alike; they both seem to be cynical. Yet when the young waiter says of the old man, "I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing," then we see a clear difference between the two waiters because the old waiter defends the old man: "This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk."

The young waiter refuses to serve the old man another drink because he wants to get home to his wife, and, in contrast, the old waiter is resentful of the young waiter's behavior. The old waiter knows what it is like to have to go home in the dark; he himself will not go home to sleep until daybreak — when he will not have to fall asleep in the nothingness of darkness.

Thus, in a sense, the old waiter is partially Hemingway's spokesperson because he points out that the old man leaves the cafe walking with dignity; he affirms the cleanliness of the old man. Unlike the young waiter, who is impetuous and has a wife to go home to, the old waiter is unhurried because he has no one waiting for him; he has no place to go except to his empty room. The old waiter is wiser, more tolerant, and more sensitive than the young waiter.

What Hemingway is saying is this: In order to hold nothingness, darkness, nada at bay, we must have light, cleanliness, order (or discipline), and dignity. If everything else has failed, man must have something to resort to or else the only option is suicide — and that is the ultimate end of everything: "It is all nothing

that he knew too well. It was all nothing and a man was nothing. It was only that and light . . . and a certain cleanness and order."

At the end of the story, the old waiter is alone in a cheap bar, a "bodega," which is well-lighted — but not clean. Because he has been contemplating the concept of nada, he says, when the barman asks for his order, "Nada," which prompts the barman to tell him (in Spanish) that he's crazy. Realizing the truth of what he has heard, the old waiter responds with the now-well-known parody of the Lord's Prayer: "Our nada who art in nada . . ."

Left alone, the old waiter is isolated with his knowledge that all is nothing. He is standing at a dirty, unpolished bar. He cannot achieve even the dignity that the old man at the cafe possessed; he also knows that he will not sleep. Perhaps he has insomnia, but we know better: The old waiter cannot sleep because he is afraid of the darkness, afraid of nothingness. Hemingway himself suffered severe bouts of insomnia, feeling alone and deserted in the universe.

3-2-2 Snow of Kilimanjaro

SUMMARY

Harry tells **Helen** that it's "much easier if I talk," but that he doesn't want to bother her; she says that she's only nervous because there's nothing she can do until the plane comes. Helen asks what she can do to help, and Harry tells her that she could "take the leg off and that might stop it," or she could shoot him. Barring that, Harry says that talking is "the easiest" because quarreling makes the time pass. Vowing not to quarrel "no matter how nervous we get," Helen says that maybe someone will come for Harry today, but Harry says he doesn't want to move, which Helen calls cowardly. Harry responds, "Can't you let a man die as comfortably as he can without calling him names?"

ANALYSIS

Helen's reasonableness contrasts with Harry's antagonism as they quarrel. Helen chooses optimism in an attempt to calm and encourage them both, despite her nervousness and his defeatism. She also remains focused on possible

solutions, even though actual ideas currently remain lacking. Meanwhile, Harry seems concerned only with how to pass the time, choosing to bicker instead of thinking positively or living his final hours with forgiveness and acceptance. Beyond indicating that they are very familiar with each other, this dynamic establishes their personal dispositions: Helen is caring and sensible, while Harry is argumentative and petulant.

Summary

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SUMMARY

While Helen insists that Harry won't die, Harry says that he is currently dying—"Ask those bastards," he comments, referencing the circling birds. Helen tells him he won't die if he doesn't "give up," and he calls her a "bloody fool." The pair fall quiet and look across the plain at herds of gazelle and zebra in the bush. She offers to read to him, but he refuses. Instead they bicker about whether a new truck will come and whether he should have an alcoholic drink in his condition. She tells Harry their concerns are not so different, really. Harry orders a whiskey-soda from Molo despite her protests.

Analysis

Here, the nature of their predicament becomes clearer: Harry is nearing death, although it remains uncertain exactly how. Harry is resigned to his fate and, given the presence of the scavenger birds, it seems he has some reason to be;

death hangs in the air above them, reflected physically in the form of the birds. The description of the bush clarifies the setting of the story in the plains of Africa, in a camp offering relative comfort. During this round of arguing, Helen also uses Harry's name for the first time, giving the reader further details about this dying writer. The pair are on holiday, it appears, and Harry ordering a drink from an African servant suggests they are financially comfortable. This gradual but steady stream of information reassures the reader all will be told in due course, establishing the narrative style and flow of the remainder of the story.

Summary

Harry thinks to himself that it's really "all over," and now he'll never have the chance to "finish it." He thinks about how since the gangrene started in his leg, the pain had left, and with it the horror of death. He feels great tiredness and anger, but no curiosity, even though the idea of death had obsessed him for years. Harry, still musing to himself, realizes now he will never have the opportunity to write all of the things he had saved up to write. Maybe he delayed it because he couldn't do it anyway, he thinks, but now he'll never know.

Analysis

Harry is fatalistic, accepting his inevitable end. It is not the nature of his death that concerns him now, but simply the fact that he has run out of time. He is unsatisfied with his life, having never written about his many experiences. This seems at odds with his assertion he had been obsessed with death for years and raises the unwritten question of why, if he had been so concerned about the end, he didn't begin writing long ago. The indecisive wording of his reflections, meanwhile, suggests he never had a serious push to consciously consider why he was not writing earlier, and betray a nagging fear that his procrastination may really have been a guise for a lack of talent. These new, incomplete lines of thinking crop up when death is closer than ever, leaving this question of why he has failed in his calling without a satisfactory answer.

Summary

Helen looks at Harry over her drink and says she wishes they'd stayed in Paris or gone shooting in Hungary, where they would have been safe. Harry responds: "Your bloody money", which she protests, saying it had always been his money too, and she had followed him wherever he wanted to go, to do whatever he wanted to do. Harry says that she'd always loved it. She had loved it, she says, but not this trip, now his leg is injured.

Analysis

Harry's aggression toward Helen's money begins to explain his ill-disposed demeanor toward his wife. Her protestation that she has shared her life and wealth with him contrasts her generosity with his petulance, characterizing him as a spoiled child. This also shows they have lived a life of comfort in Europe, placing them high on the social hierarchy.

Summary

Helen asks, rhetorically, why all this has happened to them, and Harry answers that he hadn't treated his thorn scratch properly, leading to the gangrene. Or maybe it was the truck driver that had burned out the truck, he suggests, or maybe leaving her "goddamned Old Westbury, Saratoga, Palm Beach people." Helen says, "I don't mean that" several times, as Harry forces the point. Helen tells Harry she loves him and he's not being fair. He replies he has never loved her. She dismisses his anger and tries to calm him down, saying, "You're out of your head," and begging him to stop drinking as they have to do everything they can to fight the gangrene. Harry tells her to do it, as he's tired.

Analysis

The strange, strained relationship between Harry and Helen plays out as he goads her, mocking her rhetorical question with direct answers. Despite Harry's intentionally hurtful words, Helen remains calm and rational, reasoning that he is ill and cannot mean what he says. Helen comes across in this exchange as a sensible and clear-headed woman who loves her husband. Harry's constant

references to her money indicate his sense of inferiority that taint his view and treatment of her. He is not naturally one of her “people,” creating distance between the couple on account of his insecurities.

Summary

In a stream-of-consciousness flashback, Harry remembers leaving Thrace on the Simplon-Orient railway from Karagatch after a retreat on the front during World War I, and hearing Nansen misjudging the mountain snows in Bulgaria, leading to the deaths of those he ordered to cross it. There was also snow another Christmas on the Gauertal when they lived in a woodcutter’s house for a year, where they helped a barefooted deserter evade the police. On another Christmas day, in Schrunz, the snow was blinding as he looked out from the inn, as memories of skiing and gambling in Europe come flooding back to him. Herr Lent lost everything gambling the week they were snow-bound in the Madlenerhaus. But Harry had never written about any of that.

Analysis

In the first of many series of flashbacks, Harry recalls memories relating to his experiences around World War I, which took place from 1912-14. Thrace is an area in Europe that is now spilt between Bulgaria, Greece, and Turkey. After the war and the changing of borders as agreed upon in the Armistice, Fridtjof Nansen was a key figure in the movement of peoples across these new borders. Harry overheard his fateful miscalculation of the safety of the mountain passage while riding the Orient Express, a glamorous railway that traveled across Europe, showing he lived in close proximity to key decision-makers at the time. The Gauertal valley lies in Austria, where the war still loomed over Harry's life, as a deserting soldier wanders across his peaceful mountainside hermitage. Harry speaks with familiarity of Schrunz, in the tiny European principality of Liechtenstein, and the variety of his travels demonstrate his diverse life experiences—experiences that Harry never got around to writing about.

Summary

Nor had Harry written about another cold bright Christmas day, when a soldier had bombed the Austrian officers' train and someone had called him a "bloody murderous bastard." It was the same Austrians they'd skied with after, Harry thinks, before reconsidering this. He had talked with Hans about the various battles they had both witnessed when they hunted hares together, but Harry had never written a word about that either. He'd lived four winters on the Vorarlberg and the Arlberg, sipping good kirsch and skiing on powder snow as they sang on their way to the inn, where in the "smoky, new-wine smelling warmth, they were playing the accordion."

Analysis

These recollections reveal that Harry saw many terrible events during his time at the front, which blurred the idea of right and wrong—a phenomenon that strongly influenced the Modernist movement in art and literature. People on Harry's own side, this moment makes clear, committed unthinkable acts, and after the war Harry even socialized with people who were once his enemy (although none of them were truly the same people as they were before the war started). Alongside the horrors of war lies Harry's nostalgia for leisure time spent in Europe, drinking too much and singing rousing songs while skiing. The stark contrast shows how on the one hand Harry had the worst experiences of his life in Europe, but on the other he also had some of his best. To him, these are all worth writing about—the pain alongside the joy. Again, though, he never wrote about any of it.

Summary

Coming back into focus on the present, Harry asks Helen where they had always stayed in Paris, bickering over the details. She says, "You said to loved it there," to which Harry replies love is a dunghill and he's the cock that gets to crow on it. Helen asks him if it's necessary for him to, metaphorically, burn his saddle and armor on his way out. He replies that her "damned money" was his

armor. She asks him to stop and he agrees to as he doesn't want to hurt her, though she says it's too late. He quickly decides antagonizing her is "more amusing," as the only thing he really liked to do with her he can't now. She points out they liked to do many things together, and he tells her to stop bragging.

Analysis

Fresh from mulling over the blurred lines between good and evil, right and wrong, Harry questions the nature of love. He suggests lovers are merely performers—an insight into his own mercenary approach to romance. Helen reminds him of her feelings by once again trying to bring him back to reason. Turning the argument back to her money via a tenuous link, Harry shows he is only concerned with licking his own wounds. They cannot make love to pass the time, so he chooses to quarrel instead. His selfish approach evidences his dismissive view of the other sex. Referring to Helen's money as his protection underlines Harry's insecurity on this point, suggesting he feels emasculated because he relies on her wealth.

Summary

Helen cries. Seeing this, Harry explains he doesn't know why he's being like this, suggesting "it's trying to kill to keep yourself alive." He says he does love her really, like he's never loved anyone else. He thinks to himself how easily he tells this familiar lie he has used to "make his bread and butter." Helen says he's sweet to her, but Harry immediately falls back to insulting Helen: "You rich bitch." She asks him why he has to become a devil now, to which he responds he doesn't like to leave things behind.

Analysis

Harry does not love his wife but has used her for her money. The social norms of the time stipulated Harry ought to provide for his wife, but the opposite is true in this relationship. This causes him embarrassment, which he deflects into contempt directed at Helen, whom he characterizes as the source of his shame.

The strength of his cruelty to Helen reflects the depth of his inner anguish at his inability to provide for himself. Just as Harry's cruel words say more about him than Helen, his insecurity says more about the social framework of the time than his own mental strength. Although Hemingway does not directly argue this point, his characters' relationship reflects the perspective of the wider society from which Hemingway wrote. Gender roles and expectations were restrictive and inflexible, causing pain where there could be love. Helen, a good woman, loves and cares for her husband, but he cannot accept and reciprocate her love freely due to his sense of financial—and, as such, masculine—inadequacy.

Summary

It seems Harry has been asleep, as he awakens in the evening. There are more birds waiting in a nearby tree. A servant tells him Helen has gone off to shoot. He notes she has gone far off so she won't disturb the animals nearby he likes to watch. She's thoughtful, he thinks to himself. It is not Helen's fault she believes his well-practiced lies, he muses, which he has used on many women previously, repeatedly moving onto richer and richer circles. He had seen himself as a spy in the midst of high society, but he had discovered there was nothing he wanted to write about any of these rich people. They were dull and living among them had dulled his ability and willingness to write.

Analysis

The fact that more birds gather and Harry unwittingly falls asleep bodes ill. Death lingers on the edges of the narrative. Helen, meanwhile, remains hopeful and continues with her day-to-day activities, albeit with respect to Harry's peaceful repose. She remains a positive figure—optimistic, pragmatic, and independent. Harry's attacks on her seem to be even greater evidence against his view of her and the social pressures on their marriage. Sensing this himself, Harry's thoughts turn inward toward his own failings. Here Hemingway presents Harry as an emasculated figure, as he disdains himself for his leech-like lifestyle. In contrast to the harsher memories in Harry's earlier flashbacks,

his life among these wealthy people, however comfortable, has been unproductive. High society provides no writing prompts, and worse yet, has attacked his drive to write at all. Comfort has undermined his calling, while hardship had fostered it.

Summary

Harry had come to Africa, where he had the best and happiest times of his life, to escape from that inertia, to try to work, like fighters who go to the mountains to train. Helen had enjoyed the adventure, Harry thinks to himself, and he mustn't punish her because his end is near. If it hadn't been her it would have been another; each woman always seemed to have more money than the last. He destroyed his talent himself, by betraying himself, drinking too much, and by trading his talent. Yet he was never satisfied. Perhaps how "you make your living is where your talent lies," he reflects. But he would never write that now, though it was well worth writing

Analysis

Through Harry's failure and regret, Hemingway demonstrates how writers who turn away from their calling cannot blame their chosen distractions—in Harry's case, the comforts of being a kept man—as an excuse. Hemingway sets high standards for men of talent, condemning Harry for wasting his; talent is something to be deployed purposefully and meaningfully, not traded for prosperity. Harry speaks mockingly of his relationships with a series of rich women, and his scorn reveals both the transactional view he takes of the, and, on a deeper level, his disgust at this mercenary approach.

Summary

Harry sees Helen heading back to the camp with a ram she has shot. Harry looks at her with admiration as a good shooter, lover, and drinker. He recalls her past, how her husband had died, and she had sought solace in alcohol and men. Later, one of her two children died, and she had to make a new life for herself, as she was frightened of being alone. The way she pursued Harry was a "progression"

by which he had “traded away” his “old life” as she built a new one, he thinks to himself. He had traded his old life for security and comfort, and for something else he can’t quite identify. He is as happy to have her for a partner as anyone else, though this new life was now ending because he had not properly treated his thorn scratch while trying, and failing, to photograph waterbuck.

Analysis

Giving Helen a more detailed background, Hemingway paints her as a well-rounded character with her own motivations and interests. Harry’s scorn for her reflects badly on him, and Helen’s loyalty to Harry is laudable. Death once again hangs over the text, this time in Helen’s past. Unlike Harry’s response to similar experiences, however, in the face of loss and an awareness that death could come at any time, Helen set out to create a new life for herself. Harry, meanwhile, depended on others to provide a life of comfort, aiming simply to pass the time. Hemingway focuses here on Harry’s betrayal of his calling: he traded away his talent to secure his comfort. Helen and her money have been simply vehicles to aid that transition.

Summary

Helen arrives back in camp, saying she has killed the ram to make a broth for Harry, and asks how he is. He treats her far more civilly, saying she shoots “marvellously.” She says she’s loved Africa, if only Harry was all right. It’s “marvellous” to see him better, she says, and asks him to treat her better now. Harry claims not to remember what he said. Helen shares her fear that Harry will “destroy” her again, and having been destroyed several times before, she cannot bear it. Harry responds he would only destroy her “in bed,” which she describes as they way we’re made to be destroyed. Helen is sure the plane will come tomorrow, and says the boys have everything ready for its arrival. After Harry’s better they’ll have the good destruction, she says, not the “dreadful talking kind.”

Analysis

Having settled on blaming himself for his own inadequacies, Harry can now treat Helen with the courtesy she has shown she deserves. Despite his treatment of her earlier, she still seeks to care and provide for him, hunting meat for a broth to strengthen him and voicing both concern and optimism. She makes herself vulnerable to Harry by expressing her fear of being “destroyed,” which he playfully turns into a well-received sexual advance. Helen’s approval and reciprocal responses suit a happily married couple’s exchange, as Hemingway presents his view of a healthy romantic interaction—losing (destroying) themselves in each other.

Summary

Harry suggests they have a drink. Night falls as they do so, and a hyena passes beyond the edges of the camp. Harry says the “bastard crosses there every night.” Helen describes it as “a filthy animal,” although she doesn’t mind them. In the evening calm, with camp activity taking place around them, and no pain except for the discomfort of lying in the same place, Harry regrets his earlier injustice to Helen, who has been kind to him. Suddenly, Harry feels the rushing realization that he will die. It reminds him of an evil-smelling emptiness, with the hyena somehow circling the edge of the void. He hides his dread from Helen, saying only he feels “a little wobbly,” and she leaves to have a bath.

Analysis

The presence of the hyena, a scavenging beast, brings the narrative focus back onto the ever-looming presence of death. Although Harry and Helen are on better terms, he remains on his fatal trajectory, the contrast clearest when an ominous foreboding interrupts Harry’s admiration of his wife. The hyena’s presence in his image of the void cements the creature’s role as a symbol of death in the story. Harry’s perception of death, meanwhile, reveals the nature of his fear. He does not fear pain, and in fact has none. Rather, the bleak unknown prompts his dread. Harry’s time is nearly up, and he fears dying without

success, as a nobody, with no chance to make it right. In this way, Hemingway uses Harry's regret as an example for all artists of talent, suggesting that they must make the most of the time given them while they still can.

Summary

Death returns to the story, this time in the faceless, massive losses of war. The horror of the scenes drove grown, worldly men to cry like children. The fact one instance involves friendly fire underlines the pointlessness of this loss. The ballet skirts and pompoms refer to the uniforms of Greek soldiers, lying dead on the ground as the Turkish forces advanced. The officers randomly executed deserting soldiers, shooting into the fleeing masses, although in the face of their own certain death they themselves joined the retreating horde. That Harry highlights the Greek uniforms as ridiculous mirrors the grotesque comedy of their deaths, while the officers' failed attempts to stem the retreat further shows the pointlessness of all the violence. This chaos and terror contrasts starkly with the poet Harry later sees at a cafe in Paris discussing literary theory. Writers, Hemingway argues, need to be on the ground, living in the middle of the action and hardship to understand the meaningful realities of the world. Sitting comfortably in a cafe leads to creative impotence.

Analysis

Harry recalls being glad to be home after returning from the front, and loving his wife again. But the "end of the beginning of that one" started when a response to his letter to his long-lost love had been sent up to the apartment one morning and his wife has seen it. Harry thinks back on the good times with "them all," and the quarreling. He wonders, why is it "they always quarreled when he was feeling his best?" He considers why he had never written about any of those experiences. He hadn't wanted to offend anyone, and then there had been other things to write. But he had seen the world change, and he remembers the people and how they changed too. He had been there and seen it, and he had a "duty to write of it," but now he never would.

Summary

Having seen Harry bait Helen into quarreling despite her determination not to humor him, the reader takes Harry's rhetorical question with a pinch of salt. An imperfect narrator, Harry does not provide an objective view of his relationships. As Harry approaches his final moments, the memories that overwhelm him are those he had saved up to write down. He recollects the meaningful chapters of his life, rather than any of the time spent amid high society. He sees these as not only worth writing about, but his "duty" to write about. Hemingway expands the directive he provides for writers of talent: to follow and commit to their calling as an obligation. Harry's laziness is a moral failure, then, and a warning.

Analysis

Coming round from his flashbacks, Harry sees Helen has returned from her bath. She suggests he have some broth to keep his strength up. He declares he'll die tonight and doesn't need his strength. Helen tells him not to be melodramatic, but he tells her to use her nose, as the gangrene has rotted halfway up his thigh. He demands a drink instead. Helen asks more softly for him to try the broth, and he agrees. He tells Helen, a "fine woman," not to pay attention to him. As he looks at her "well-known pleasant smile," he feels death approach him again, this time like a puff of wind that makes a candle flicker. Once again, he hides the imaginary encounter from Helen.

Analysis

Death is a stench in the air, a future reality plaguing the couple's thoughts, and a physical presence as Harry's condition deteriorates. The gangrene progressing up his leg heralds his soon departure, as well as the closing door on his opportunity to achieve his calling. Helen remains pragmatic, offering broth and positivity, although Harry is a reluctant recipient of both. Her insistence paints Helen as independently minded, while Harry's obedience despite his pessimism

shows his reformed approach to his marriage. Yet this cannot save him from the reality of his situation, as death again makes itself known to its next victim.

Summary

Harry says he'll lie out by the fire tonight rather than in the tent as it will not rain. He thinks to himself, "so this is how you died, in whispers you cannot hear." He promises himself he will not spoil the "one experience" he has never had with quarrelling. He asks Helen to take dictation, but she doesn't know how. There is no time anyway, Harry says to himself, but it feels like he could fit it all in one paragraph if he could just get it right.

Analysis

Perceiving tonight will be his last, Harry decides to sleep under the stars, perhaps planning to gaze upon the void to prepare himself for that other abyss. A worldly man, Harry does not want to spoil the one experience he has never had himself. Death has been presence throughout his life, but he has learned its lessons too late. Now, he has run out of time to write, though—in phrasing reminiscent of Hemingway's own writing philosophy—Harry feels he could fit it all into one well-written paragraph; Hemingway often said that starting with "one true sentence" would provide the momentum for the rest of the work.

Summary

Harry expands that idea, suggesting that all of his truth could be captured in a paragraph, "if only he could get it right." The implication is that one paragraph capturing the essence of existence is the writer's ultimate, perhaps unattainable aim, though Harry certainly cannot achieve that within the few hours.

Summary

Slipping back into flashback, Harry remembers his grandfather's log house on a hill above a lake, which had been burned down and rebuilt with white lumber. The melted remains of his grandfather's guns had been left where they fell. He didn't buy any others and had stopped hunting. After the war, they rented a trout stream in a Black Forest valley, and Harry casts his mind back to the two tree-

lined mountainside trails that led there. A hotel owner in nearby Triburg whom they had been great friends with had killed himself when the next year's inflation put him out of business. He could dictate all that, Harry thinks.

Analysis

Harry casts his mind back to idyllic mountainside scenes, but even here death and destruction are present. Harry's grandfather's loyalty to his melted guns reflects his sense of loss, leaving their remains in the ashes as a memorial to his burned down house. Life and circumstances are always temporary, a lesson Harry has not acted on in good time. The beauty of the Black Forest in southwest Germany cannot protect the hotel owner, whom economic forces overwhelm, driving him to suicide. These stories of people's vulnerability and suffering are placed at odds with Harry's unproductive life of comfort, which has led to his betrayal of those people whose stories he believes he had the duty to write.

Summary

Helen brings Harry back into the present, offering him some more broth. He asks for a drink instead, though they agree it's bad for him. He thinks to himself, when she leaves he'll have all he wants. Feeling exhausted, he notes death is not there at that moment. It must have gone around to another street, he thinks to himself: "It went in pairs, on bicycles, and moved absolutely silently on the pavements." He falls back asleep.

Analysis

Although Harry cannot feel death's physical presence at this moment, its menacing influence lingers and he bides his time until it comes to collect him. He feels he is becoming more intimately acquainted with death now that he knows it is on his trail, beginning to imagine its specific shape and habits. Helen, though meaning well in her care for Harry, distracts him from his more urgent task of "writing," in his mind, the memories he is desperate to save. He views Helen as an impediment, one he would rather be rid of.

Summary

In another series of flashbacks, Harry returns to Paris, regretting never writing about that Paris, the one he cared about. He calls to mind the ranch behind the mountains where a “half-wit” young farmhand had killed a trespasser. Harry had strapped the frozen, half-eaten corpse onto a sled and the two of them skied it into town, where Harry had turned the boy over to the police. The boy had had no idea he was going to be arrested, thinking he'd be rewarded. There were at least twenty good stories from out there and he hadn't written one, he thinks to himself. Why?

Analysis

Harry sees the Paris he cares about as separate and distinct from the one that he later inhabited with his rich wives. Immediately returning there, to “that Paris,” after only a brief exchange in the present demonstrates how his memories are overpowering him, physically and mentally. His regret that he has not written these stories essentially paralyzes him, gripping his consciousness. The story of the boy on the ranch yet again brings death to the fore, as Harry's physical familiarity with its grim realities underlines his overdue realization of his own mortality.

Summary

Falling back asleep, into another flashback, Harry remembers the gruesome fate of bombing officer Williamson in the trenches, his guts spilling into the wire after he was hit by a German stick bomb. He was a very brave man and a good officer. They brought him in alive and had to cut him loose. Williamson had begged Harry, “For Christ's sake shoot me.” They had talked before that the Lord would never send anything you couldn't handle, and thought it meant you would faint before the pain was too great, but Williamson was awake until Harry gave him all of the morphine he had saved for himself, though it didn't work right away.

Analysis

Falling sleepily back into another flashback, weakened by his infection and rushing memories, Harry recalls a grisly death he witnessed that contrasts his own painless passing. Hemingway shows the grim reality of death close up here. Harry is intimately acquainted with human fragility, as well as the fact that life, or perhaps death, can portion out suffering beyond a man's capacity to handle. This throws into sharp relief the excuses Harry had made for his failures earlier, as well as the blame he had apportioned to others; he has long known the horrors of death, which have obsessed him for years, yet he did not act on those insights and write his experiences in due time.

Summary

Waking up, Harry contemplates his coming death, which he considers his to be relatively easy. Only, he wishes he had better company. But no, when you do everything too long and too late the people are all gone, he thinks wordlessly. He's left with the hostess of a long-finished party. He's even getting bored with dying. Aloud, he says anything you do too long is "a bore." The firelight shines on Helen's "pleasantly lined face" and he hears the cry of the hyena beyond the firelight. He tells her he's been writing, but he got tired. They discuss going to bed, and Harry says he feels strange — he feels death come around. Harry tells Helen the one thing he never lost was his curiosity, and she says he's the most complete man she knows. He responds, "How little a woman knows."

Analysis

Harry feels alone in the world because he has left the life with which he felt truly connected. His wife, though he admits her personal merit, is not part of a lifestyle that he feels has empowered him or his talent. Instead he has moved in high society circles but found they have sapped his talent, and now that the party is over he is left only with his wife, or "hostess," who invited him. Harry's disparaging view of his wife's role in his life again underlines his transactional view of women, that she provides a service for his convenience, opening doors

for him into higher echelons of society. Again, his perspective arises from his insecure sense of masculinity, as he depends on her, in what is a role reversal for the time, which implicitly suggests the limitations of those roles in the first place. The presence of the hyena, meanwhile, brings Harry's approaching death back into focus, and soon after he feels death come by again. Hemingway characterizes death as predatory, and Harry himself is the prey. Harry tells Helen he has been writing, although of course he has not moved from his cot. For him, reliving his varied life experiences is a desperate attempt to symbolically preserve them, even if he is the only reader

Summary

Harry feels death comes again, this time lying its head on his cot. He tells Helen not to "believe all that about a scythe and a skull," as it can just as easily be two policemen or a wide-snouted hyena. He tells it to go away and asks Helen to tell it to leave too. It moves up him, no longer taking a shape, just taking up space. He finds he can no longer speak and it settles on his chest so heavily he cannot breathe. Helen asks Molo to carry Harry's bed into the tent as she believes he has fallen asleep, and when they lift the cot the weight lifts from his chest.

Analysis

Death takes on its most physically present form as it finally approaches and weighs heavily on Harry. Working up from the foot of his cot and settling onto his chest, the reader understands that it is the progress of the gangrene eating at him from the inside out. From Harry's perspective, though, he has weakened enough for death to move against its prey, much as the nearby hyena only eats carrion or dying animals. After following him for much of his life, across continents and peoples, death has finally taken him for its own. Hemingway shows that death comes for all men, in the end, and the time and manner cannot be anticipated. As such, it is imperative to live a full life, particularly for writers or artists with the duty to represent those experiences.

Summary

Helen looks at Harry over her drink and says she wishes they'd stayed in Paris or gone shooting in Hungary, where they would have been safe. Harry responds: "Your bloody money", which she protests, saying it had always been his money too, and she had followed him wherever he wanted to go, to do whatever he

Analysis

The strange, strained relationship between Harry and Helen plays out as he goads her, mocking her rhetorical question with direct answers. Despite Harry's intentionally hurtful words, Helen remains calm and rational, reasoning that he is ill and cannot mean what he says. Helen comes across in this exchange as a sensible and clear-headed woman who loves her husband. Harry's constant references to her money indicate his sense of inferiority that taint his view and treatment of her. He is not naturally one of her "people," creating distance between the couple on account of his insecurities.

Summary

In a stream-of-consciousness flashback, Harry remembers leaving Thrace on the Simplon-Orient railway from Karagatch after a retreat on the front during World War I, and hearing Nansen misjudging the mountain snows in Bulgaria, leading to the deaths of those he ordered to cross it. There was also snow another Christmas on the Gauertal when they lived in a woodcutter's house for a year, where they helped a barefooted deserter evade the police. On another Christmas day, in Schrunz, the snow was blinding as he looked out from the inn, as memories of skiing and gambling in Europe come flooding back to him. Herr Lent lost everything gambling the week they were snow-bound in the Madlener-haus. But Harry had never written about any of that.

Analysis

In the first of many series of flashbacks, Harry recalls memories relating to his experiences around World War I, which took place from 1912-14. Thrace is an area in Europe that is now spilt between Bulgaria, Greece, and Turkey. After the

war and the changing of borders as agreed upon in the Armistice, Fridtjof Nansen was a key figure in the movement of peoples across these new borders. Harry overheard his fateful miscalculation of the safety of the mountain passage while riding the Orient Express, a glamorous railway that traveled across Europe, showing he lived in close proximity to key decision-makers at the time. The Gauertal valley lies in Austria, where the war still loomed over Harry's life, as a deserting soldier wanders across his peaceful mountainside hermitage. Harry speaks with familiarity of Schrunz, in the tiny European principality of Liechtenstein, and the variety of his travels demonstrate his diverse life experiences—experiences that Harry never got around to writing about.

Summary

Nor had Harry written about another cold bright Christmas day, when a soldier had bombed the Austrian officers' train and someone had called him a "bloody murderous bastard." It was the same Austrians they'd skied with after, Harry thinks, before reconsidering this. He had talked with Hans about the various battles they had both witnessed when they hunted hares together, but Harry had never written a word about that either. He'd lived four winters on the Vorarlberg and the Arlberg, sipping good kirsch and skiing on powder snow as they sang on their way to the inn, where in the "smoky, new-wine smelling warmth, they were playing the accordion."

Analysis

These recollections reveal that Harry saw many terrible events during his time at the front, which blurred the idea of right and wrong—a phenomenon that strongly influenced the Modernist movement in art and literature. People on Harry's own side, this moment makes clear, committed unthinkable acts, and after the war Harry even socialized with people who were once his enemy (although none of them were truly the same people as they were before the war started). Alongside the horrors of war lies Harry's nostalgia for leisure time spent in Europe, drinking too much and singing rousing songs while skiing. The

his life in Europe, but one the other he also had some of his best. To him, these are all worth writing about—the pain alongside the joy. Again, though, he never wrote about any of it.

Summary

Coming back into focus on the present, Harry asks Helen where they had always stayed in Paris, bickering over the details. She says, “You said to loved it there,” to which Harry replies love is a dunghill and he’s the cock that gets to crow on it. Helen asks him if it’s necessary for him to, metaphorically, burn his saddle and armor on his way out. He replies that her “damned money” was his armor. She asks him to stop and he agrees to as he doesn’t want to hurt her, though she says it’s too late. He quickly decides antagonizing her is “more amusing,” as the only thing he really liked to do with her he can’t now. She points out they liked to do many things together, and he tells her to stop bragging.

Analysis

Fresh from mulling over the blurred lines between good and evil, right and wrong, Harry questions the nature of love. He suggests lovers are merely performers—an insight into his own mercenary approach to romance. Helen reminds him of her feelings by once again trying to bring him back to reason. Turning the argument back to her money via a tenuous link, Harry shows he is only concerned with licking his own wounds. They cannot make love to pass the time, so he chooses to quarrel instead. His selfish approach evidences his dismissive view of the other sex. Referring to Helen's money as his protection underlines Harry’s insecurity on this point, suggesting he feels emasculated because he relies on her wealth.

Summary

Helen cries. Seeing this, Harry explains he doesn’t know why he’s being like this, suggesting “it’s trying to kill to keep yourself alive.” He says he does love her really, like he’s never loved anyone else. He thinks to himself how easily he

tells this familiar lie he has used to “make his bread and butter.” Helen says he’s sweet to her, but Harry immediately falls back to insulting Helen: “You rich bitch.” She asks him why he has to become a devil now, to which he responds he doesn’t like to leave things behind.

Analysis

Harry does not love his wife but has used her for her money. The social norms of the time stipulated Harry ought to provide for his wife, but the opposite is true in this relationship. This causes him embarrassment, which he deflects into contempt directed at Helen, whom he characterizes as the source of his shame. The strength of his cruelty to Helen reflects the depth of his inner anguish at his inability to provide for himself. Just as Harry’s cruel words say more about him than Helen, his insecurity says more about the social framework of the time than his own mental strength. Although Hemingway does not directly argue this point, his characters’ relationship reflects the perspective of the wider society from which Hemingway wrote. Gender roles and expectations were restrictive and inflexible, causing pain where there could be love. Helen, a good woman, loves and cares for her husband, but he cannot accept and reciprocate her love freely due to his sense of financial—and, as such, masculine—inadequacy.

Summary

Harry had come to Africa, where he had the best and happiest times of his life, to escape from that inertia, to try to work, like fighters who go to the mountains to train. Helen had enjoyed the adventure, Harry thinks to himself, and he mustn’t punish her because his end is near. If it hadn’t been her it would have been another; each woman always seemed to have more money than the last. He destroyed his talent himself, by betraying himself, drinking too much, and by trading his talent. Yet he was never satisfied. Perhaps how “you make your living is where your talent lies,” he reflects. But he would never write that now, though it was well worth writing.

Analysis

Through Harry's failure and regret, Hemingway demonstrates how writers who turn away from their calling cannot blame their chosen distractions—in Harry's case, the comforts of being a kept man—as an excuse. Hemingway sets high standards for men of talent, condemning Harry for wasting his; talent is something to be deployed purposefully and meaningfully, not traded for prosperity. Harry speaks mockingly of his relationships with a series of rich women, and his scorn reveals both the transactional view he takes of the, and, on a deeper level, his disgust at this mercenary approach.

Summary

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Giving Helen a more detailed background, Hemingway paints her as a well-rounded character with her own motivations and interests. Harry's scorn for her reflects badly on him, and Helen's loyalty to Harry is laudable. Death once again hangs over the text, this time in Helen's past. Unlike Harry's response to similar experiences, however, in the face of loss and an awareness that death could come at any time, Helen set out to create a new life for herself. Harry, meanwhile, depended on others to provide a life of comfort, aiming simply to pass the time. Hemingway focuses here on Harry's betrayal of his calling: he

traded away his talent to secure his comfort. Helen and her money have been simply vehicles to aid that transition.

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Harry recalls being glad to be home after returning from the front, and loving his wife again. But the “end of the beginning of that one” started when a response to his letter to his long-lost love had been sent up to the apartment one morning and his wife has seen it. Harry thinks back on the good times with “them all,” and the quarreling. He wonders, why is it “they always quarreled when he was feeling his best?” He considers why he had never written about any of those experiences. He hadn’t wanted to offend anyone, and then there had been other things to write. But he had seen the world change, and he remembers the people and how they changed too. He had been there and seen it, and he had a “duty to write of it,” but now he never would.

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Having seen Harry bait Helen into quarreling despite her determination not to humor him, the reader takes Harry’s rhetorical question with a pinch of salt. An imperfect narrator, Harry does not provide an objective view of his relationships. As Harry approaches his final moments, the memories that overwhelm him are those he had saved up to write down. He recollects the meaningful chapters of his life, rather than any of the time spent amid high society. He sees these as not only worth writing about, but his “duty” to write about. Hemingway expands the directive he provides for writers of talent: to follow and commit to their calling as an obligation. Harry’s laziness is a moral failure, then, and a warning.

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Waking up, Harry contemplates his coming death, which he considers his to be relatively easy. Only, he wishes he had better company. But no, when you do everything too long and too late the people are all gone, he thinks wordlessly. He's left with the hostess of a long-finished party. He's even getting bored with dying. Aloud, he says anything you do too long is "a bore." The firelight shines on Helen's "pleasantly lined face" and he hears the cry of the hyena beyond the firelight. He tells her he's been writing, but he got tired. They discuss going to bed, and Harry says he feels strange — he feels death come around. Harry tells Helen the one thing he never lost was his curiosity, and she says he's the most complete man she knows. He responds, "How little a woman knows."

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disparaging view of his wife's role in his life again underlines his transactional view of women, that she provides a service for his convenience, opening doors for him into higher echelons of society. Again, his perspective arises from his insecure sense of masculinity, as he depends on her, in what is a role reversal for the time, which implicitly suggests the limitations of those roles in the first place. The presence of the hyena, meanwhile, brings Harry's approaching death back into focus, and soon after he feels death come by again. Hemingway characterizes death as predatory, and Harry himself is the prey. Harry tells Helen he has been writing, although of course he has not moved from his cot. For him, reliving his varied life experiences is a desperate attempt to symbolically preserve them, even if he is the only reader.

Summary

Harry feels death comes again, this time lying its head on his cot. He tells Helen not to "believe all that about a scythe and a skull," as it can just as easily be two policemen on bikes or a wide-snouted hyena. He tells it to go away and asks Helen to tell it to leave too. It moves up him, no longer taking a shape, just taking up space. He finds he can no longer speak and it settles on his chest so heavily he cannot breathe. Helen asks Molo to carry Harry's bed into the tent as she believes he has fallen asleep, and when they lift the cot the weight lifts from his chest

Analysis

Death takes on its most physically present form as it finally approaches and weighs heavily on Harry. Working up from the foot of his cot and settling onto his chest, the reader understands that it is the progress of the gangrene eating at him from the inside out. From Harry's perspective, though, he has weakened enough for death to move against its prey, much as the nearby hyena only eats carrion or dying animals. After following him for much of his life, across continents and peoples, death has finally taken him for its own. Hemingway shows that death comes for all men, in the end, and the time and manner cannot

be anticipated. As such, it is imperative to live a full life, particularly for writers or artists with the duty to represent those experiences.

they set out. Instead of going to Arusha to refuel as planned, they turn left. They begin to climb and seem to be heading East, Harry judges. After passing through a storm, Compie points to the mountain saying, “as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievably white in the sun ... the square top of Kilimanjaro.” Harry realizes that was where he is going

Summary

Back in the tent, Helen is asleep. The “strange, human, almost crying” of the hyena rings out in the night. Helen, still asleep, dreams of her daughter’s debut at “the house on Long Island” and her father being rude. The hyena makes another, louder sound and rouses her. She wakes up disoriented and afraid. She looks over to Harry, who has lifted his leg out of the cot and is unresponsive. His dressings have come off his leg and she can’t bear to look at it. Panicking, she calls out for Molo to come help. She calls his name several times but cannot hear Harry breathing. The hyena calls out again, but she can't hear it because her heart is beating too loudly.

Analysis

Hemingway brings us back into the present this time by focusing on Hele —this fact alone indicates the truth of Harry’s fate to the reader. She is dreaming of her own past and family, and of social situations a world away from those that plagued Harry’s dreams. The hyena’s call awakens her to reality, the one in which Compton did not make it in time to save Harry. She panics, not as familiar with death as Harry had been, and sensibly calls for help. But it is too late; it had long been too late for Harry. The hyena’s “strange, human, almost crying” call seems to lament and confirm Harry’s passing, as death finally has Harry in its grasp.:

“This is absolutely THE best teacher resource I have ever purchased. My students love how organized the handouts are and enjoy tracking the themes as a class.”

The conflict in snow of Kilimanjaro

In *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* by Ernest Hemingway we have the theme of regret, conflict, redemption, acceptance and death. Taken from his collection of the same name the story is narrated in the third person and is divided into six present time sections with five flashbacks (or interior monologues). The use of flashbacks is important because it is through them that the reader realises that the main protagonist, Harry, has lived a very full life even though he regrets never having written of the things that he has experienced. What is also interesting about the story is the tone of the story. For the main the story takes on a regretful tone but in the final passage where Harry believes he is flying over Kilimanjaro there is a sense of hope or a calmness that comes over Harry (an acceptance or contentment). Hemingway also uses the animals in the story as foreshadowing devices to highlight to the reader Harry's impending death. The first instance of the use of foreshadowing is in the epigraph at the beginning of the story when the reader is told that 'Close to the western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard,' Hemingway using the leopard's skeleton as symbolism for death. The leopard is also important for another reason as Hemingway may be highlighting that like the leopard, Harry never reached the summit with his own writing. Despite having lived a full life, he has never written of any of his experiences.

Animals are again used as a foreshadowing device in the story when the vultures are sitting around the camp; again they are being used as symbolism to highlight to the reader Harry's impending death. Previously they had been flying around the camp, circling Harry but now they sense that Harry is near his death and are comfortable sitting around the camp, closer to Harry. Also later Hemingway again uses animals as a foreshadowing device, this time with the

hyenas as they make their way closer to the camp, again like the vultures they sense Harry's impending death.

It is while Harry is waiting to die that he looks at his life again. Hemingway through the use of the flashbacks gives the reader some insight into Harry's life. However more importantly the flashbacks highlight to the reader the incidents that occurred in Harry's life that he could have written about though never did. Even though the material was there, Harry chose never to write about them. The flashbacks also highlight to the reader the internal conflict that Harry is suffering, how he feels he has wasted his life by not writing about what has happened.

Each flashback has a theme. In the first flashback the theme is loss. The loss of life from the war (WWI) and Herr Lent losing money while playing cards. Central in the first flashback is snow. This is important because Harry is associating the snow with happy times (as he also does at the end of the story). He remembers skiing and how much fun he had with Hans. In the second flashback there is a theme of loneliness and escapism. Harry remembers being alone in Constantinople after quarrelling with a woman in Paris. He remembers writing her a letter and asking her to write to him in his office. He also remembers the fight with the British soldier over an Armenian woman and sleeping with her later (attempt to escape due to loneliness).

In the third flashback there is a theme of destruction and happiness. Harry can remember his grandfather's log house burning down (destruction) and asking his grandfather could he play with his burnt guns. Despite the log house being rebuilt things were never the same, his grandfather never bought any new guns. The old guns lay out side on the 'heap of ashes and no one ever touched them.' Harry also remembers renting a trout stream in the Black Forest for fishing. He remembers the proprietor of the Hotel in Triberg killing himself (destruction again) because he had n't got enough money to keep the hotel going. His memory then shifts to when he was a young man living in Paris. Despite the

poverty it was one of the more productive times in Harry's life and he recalls himself being happy.

Theme of Death

In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," **Harry** is on safari in Africa when an untreated thorn scratch turns into **gangrene** in his leg. Stranded without access to medical care, the leg slowly rots away, and Harry knows that he will soon die. As he awaits his end, he thinks about the death of his writing career, which will also be extinguished when he dies. Through Harry's regret over his wasted life and talent, Hemingway suggests that one should make the most of life, as death is ever-present and could strike at any time.

Throughout the story, as Harry lays on his cot, death is a physical presence, and the constant stench of Harry's lethal infection is the story's clearest manifestation of death. In the first conversation that Hemingway depicts between Harry and his wife, Harry apologizes for the odor, since he believes it must bother **Helen**. Later in the story, the smell takes on a more psychological role, becoming part of Harry's hallucinations as he feels that "death had come ... and he could smell its breath." The smell of death pervading both the story's real and imagined scenes makes clear that death is inescapable, but the **hyena** lurking around the campfire also gives death a physical presence. Hyenas are scavengers, and the animal's presence implies that Harry is close enough to death to begin scavenging for his remains—in fact, when Harry dies, it's the hyena's call that alerts Helen. The hyena is both literally there (Helen notices it, calling it a "filthy animal") and part of Harry's thoughts about his death. When he feels death approaching, he imagines "a rush of ... evil smelling emptiness" and notes that "the odd thing was that the hyena slipped lightly along the edge of it." The beast's symbolic significance intertwines with reality in Harry's mind, giving death physical form—one that is notably threatening and always lurking.

As Harry reflects on his many varied experiences, it becomes clear that death has in always been a dramatic force invading his life. For instance, Harry remembers a WWI bombing officer called Williamson who died caught in the wire lining the trenches. Having been hit by a German bomb, he screamed for Harry to shoot him as his bowels fell out and tangled in the wire. The deeply unsettling image is clearly one that has haunted Harry for a long time, revealing that he is no stranger to human mortality. Harry also recalls a hotel owner in Triburg whose livelihood had been ruined by inflation. The money he had worked hard to save became worthless, and he hanged himself. While economic powers beyond the man's control drove him to his hopeless end, Harry has been living comfortably off others' money. Since both men blunder into doom, the story suggests that luck and circumstance cannot thwart encroaching death.

Now that Harry is approaching his own end, he realizes he never learned to use the time and talent given to him. It is not so much his death itself that weighs heavy on Harry's heart, but rather his wasted life and opportunities. Hemingway notes that the gradual decay of Harry's writing career began years earlier: "each day of not writing, of comfort, of being that which he despised, dulled his ability and softened his will to work so that, finally, he did no work at all." The focus here is on Harry's willful inaction, as the fault is clearly his own. Hemingway encourages readers to "despise" Harry for this through his harsh, scornful language throughout the story. It is often Harry's own voice that uses such language against himself, underscoring his frustration. This serves as a stark warning from a character that has experienced such regret first hand. Given the evidence Hemingway has provided of Harry's experiences with the untimely and often gruesome deaths of others, his unwillingness to write—that is, to make the most of his life and talent—is presented as a great moral failing: "He had been in it and he had watched it and it was his duty to write of it; but now he never would." In this way, Hemingway shows that Harry has not only

let himself down, but also betrayed those whose stories will now also die with him.

Death is ever-present in this short story, as it is in life. Hemingway paints many varied pictures of the way death has invaded Harry's eventful life and his psyche as he approaches his own end. But Harry, though intimately acquainted with human mortality, has not heeded warnings of death's simultaneous unpredictability and inevitability and has not completed his life's work in time. Ultimately, the story makes the case for living life and striving toward personal goals while the opportunity remains, as no one can predict the time or nature of their own end. (.litcharts)2020-11-22.

A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

Summary and Analysis

This story represent suicide death by Michael Morpurgo in the Private Peaceful.

Summary

Late in the night, everyone has left the **café** except for an **old drunk man** sitting in the shadows cast by an electric light shining on tree leaves. The old man likes to sit there because, even though he is deaf, it's "quiet" at night and "he felt the difference." Inside, two waiters watch him drink, trying to make sure he doesn't leave without paying

Analysis

Hemingway emphasizes the pleasant atmosphere of the café through his description of the shadows of the leaves Analysis and by noting that even a deaf man can feel the difference between this quiet café and others. That the old man is drunk and prone to leaving without paying suggests that he might be troubled.

Summary

The **old drunk** waves the **young waiter** over and asks for another glass of brandy. The young waiter is reluctant to serve the old drunk, knowing that the old drunk will take it as an invitation to stay even longer. "I never get into bed before three o'clock," he complains to the old waiter, wanting to get home to his

wife. “He should have killed himself last week.” The old waiter doesn’t reply, so the young waiter grabs a brandy bottle, refills the deaf man’s glass, and tells him “you should have killed yourself last week.”

Analysis:

The hurried attitude of the young waiter reveals his posture toward life: he’s goal-oriented, rushed, and he finds meaning in the future rather than in the present. Since the old drunk stands in the way of the young waiter’s desires, the young waiter behaves cruelly towards the man, which (even though the old drunk can’t hear the waiter’s comments) makes the reader lose sympathy for the younger waiter working late.

Summary:

When the **young waiter** returns to his colleague, he asks again why the old drunk tried to kill himself. The **old waiter** says, “how should I know.” Then, in response to more questions, he reveals that the man tried to hang himself, and he was spared when his niece cut down the rope out of “fear for his soul.” The young waiter asks about the **old drunk’s** financial situation again, but the old waiter notes that the man has “plenty” of money.

Analysis

According to the Catholic tradition, death by suicide guarantees one’s damnation to hell. The old drunk’s niece (who is young, just like the younger waiter) therefore shows that she thinks that the old man’s actions matter or have meaning when she cuts him down. The old drunk, however, believes that life is meaningless, which drove him to suicide in the first place. This hints at a generational gap in understanding life. The **young waiter** remarks that the man must be eighty years-old, and then he complains again about the late hour.

Summary

The **old drunk** “stays up because he likes it,” the **old waiter** responds, and the young waiter calls the drunk “lonely,” in contrast to himself, since he has a wife waiting for him in bed. An old man is a “nasty thing,” the young waiter says,

but the older waiter disagrees: “This old man is clean,” he says. “He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him.” The younger waiter does not want to look at him, though; he wishes the man, who has “no regard for those who must work,” would go home

Analysis:

The younger waiter shows here that he disdains older people—considering this, it makes sense that he makes no effort to genuinely understand them. Alternatively, the older waiter’s age gives him perspective on and empathy for the old drunk. He sees that, instead of being tragic and gross, the old drunk is actually admirable because he remains dignified in the face of meaninglessness and the difficulties of old age.

Summary

The **old drunk** looks up from his glass in the direction of the **young waiter** and asks for another brandy. The young, hurried waiter walks over and says, “No more tonight. Close now.” The old man asks for another drink again, but the young waiter refuses him, repeating “No. Finished.” He begins wiping the table down with a towel and the old man, defeated, counts the money for his bill, pays, and leaves a tip. He begins walking home in a “dignified” way.

Analysis

Here, the young waiter behaves badly: he selfishly kicks an old man out of the café before closing time, and he talks down to the man, seemingly because the man is deaf. In contrast, the old drunk behaves kindly: he tips the waiter (despite his rudeness) and leaves with dignity, showing remarkable self-possession in a difficult situation.

Summary

The **older waiter** asks the **younger waiter**, “Why didn’t you let him stay and drink?” The young waiter replies that he wants “to go home to bed,” and that an hour means more to him than it does to the old man. The unhurried waiter disagrees, saying that an hour is the same to everyone. He jokes that the young

waiter should be more cautious about going home an hour before his wife expects him, but the young waiter says he's not worried, and that he has "confidence" about what he'll go home to. "You have youth, confidence, and a job" replies the old waiter. "You have everything." As for himself, the old waiter says that he lacks "everything but work," and he never had confidence. The young waiter tells him to stop "talking nonsense."

Analysis

The young waiter thinks that his time is more valuable than the old man's because he fills it with work and family, while he assumes that the drunk man's life is pointless. This self-importance, combined with his clear animosity towards old people, suggests that his relative youth has made him callous and lacking in perspective. Since the young man has lost credibility through his cruelty and lack of introspection, Hemingway's association of the young waiter with "confidence" is backhanded—perhaps this confidence provides a false sense of security.

Summary

When he finishes the prayer, the **old waiter** smiles and gets a drink at a nearby bar. He tells the bartender that he wants "nada" to drink, and the bartender calls him a crazy person. The old waiter takes a quick, small drink that the bartender irritably serves him, and he complains that, although the bar has good lighting, it is "unpolished" and dirty. The bartender ignores the older waiter's complaint, so he decides to leave and he goes home to fall asleep.

Analysis

After articulating life meaninglessness, the old waiter adopts the same attitude of the old drunk (even inspiring derision from a bartender, just as the old drunk did). This bar, while well-lit, is dirty. Thus, the ambiance of the bar (in contrast to the café) fails to provide him with the necessary conditions for facing meaninglessness while maintaining his composure and dignity. Realizing this, he leaves the bar and goes home.

3-2-3 The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber

This story in this study represent the accidental death.

Summary

As in enots.com. “The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber” includes several of Ernest Hemingway’s important themes and introduces characters typical of his work. This is a story of a man’s coming of age, but it also presents something of Hemingway’s attitude toward “the code” for which he is famous, his views on women, and the value he placed on the life of action. Each of the main characters can illustrate one of these themes.

Robert Wilson, the white hunter, is an archetypal Hemingway hero. He lives a life of action—a manly life—that is governed by a code that he never states, but which is his standard for judging his own as well as others’ behavior. Sportsmanship, courage, and “grace under pressure” are the hallmarks of Wilson’s behavior. His professionalism is more than simply an attitude; it is a philosophy that governs his life. To him, it is morally unthinkable that he might leave a dangerously wounded animal in the bush, talk about his clients behind their backs, or otherwise violate the unspoken contracts of his trade. His philosophy, however, is expressed in action, not words, and he is suspicious of those who, like Macomber, ruin an experience by too much talk. He respects men who, like himself, can face danger courageously, certain that death is less to be feared than a coward’s life.

Francis Macomber is described as one of “the great American boy-men,” the sort of men who are likely to remain immature throughout their lives. Untested under pressure, he “had probably been afraid all his life” until the buffalo hunt. In the buffalo hunt, things happen so fast that he does not have time for fear to manifest itself, and he is transformed by the event. As Wilson puts it, Macomber would “be a damn fire eater now. . . . More of a change than any loss of virginity. Fear gone like an operation. Something else grew in its place. Main thing a man had. Made him into a man. Women knew it too. No bloody fear.”

The title of the story refers to those few minutes between the time Macomber shoots the three buffalo and the moment Margot's bullet crashes into his brain when he does savor life fully as a man.

Margot Macomber is perhaps the least attractive of Hemingway's women characters, many of whom share characteristics with her. She is spoiled, selfish, domineering, and castrating on the one hand, insecure and frightened on the other. Such women are able to control weak men, as Macomber was at the beginning of the story, but cannot work their wiles on the strong. Wilson takes her casually in his tent partly because he shares her contempt for her husband. After Macomber's death, however, it is he who reminds her that she would have been left had she not killed him. The relationship between Macomber and Margot is based on their mutual weaknesses, and could not have survived his maturity. Knowing this, Margot kills him as a perverse act of self-preservation.

Analysis

Hemingway is the best-known stylist in modern American literature, and this story is an excellent example of his method. Understatement is the best term to characterize his writing. Using simple, declarative sentences, he avoids elaborate description, allowing exact physical details to suggest the settings, backgrounds, and implications of his stories. The reader is never told, for example, that Robert Wilson is British, but careful examination of his dialogue reveals his origins. Similarly, in the opening passages of the story, only the words "pretending that nothing had happened" alert the reader to anything out of the ordinary, yet by the time the reader learns that Macomber had been a coward, it comes as no surprise. Through slight intonations of dialogue and description, Hemingway has "shown" its effects before he "tells" about Macomber's failure.

Hemingway rarely uses symbols overtly, yet subtly they are embedded in the story. Wilson's admiration of the beasts he hunts, usually expressed in such terse lines as "damned fine lion" or "hell of a good bull," suggest that these

animals embody the qualities that he, and Hemingway, admire most: courage, strength, honesty, and grace under pressure. Ritual is important, too, in Hemingway's work, and is most emphasized in the hunt itself, which brings out the best in man and animal. In other ways as well, small rituals bring order into the story and structure life into a meaningful whole.

Finally, attention should be paid to Wilson's speech when he says, "Doesn't do to talk too much about all this. Talk the whole thing away. No pleasure in anything if you mouth it up too much." Hemingway shares this basic distrust of language, especially abstract language, so he allows as nearly as possible the action of the story to speak for itself. In "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," his technique succeeds in heightening the power of the story.

Quick Death

In *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber* Ernest Hemingway created a masterpiece of mystery in his story "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber". The mystery does not reveal itself to the reader until the end of the story, yet it leaves a lot to the imagination. At the end of the story Margaret Macomber kills her husband by accident, in order to save him from being mauled by a large Buffalo while on a safari in Africa. The mystery is whether or not this killing was truly accidental, or intentional. If it was to be considered intentional, there would certainly have to be evidence in the story suggesting such, with a clear motive as well.

Chapter Four

Results and Discussion

4-1 Result

The real conflict of "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" is not between two characters, but, rather, in a more abstract sense, between man and time. The story deals with characters that all have different visions of the meaning of time – the youngest man values it, but the older characters don't. The oldest character, a man near the end of his life, is simply passing the time until he dies (in fact, we learn that he even tries to commit suicide to hurry along the process). The point is, the older you get, the more time wears upon you, and the more you feel your mortality. The café is the symbol of meaning/light for the old man and the old waiter. Spirituality, nature, love, art, maybe just a hot cup of coffee, these are "lights" for some.

The old man's internal conflict is man vs. himself (meaning vs. meaninglessness). The central idea of the story is that we all must define meaning in our lives.

Hemingway wants us to recognize the fact that all of us will grow old and die someday, no matter how young or confident we are now.

4-2 Discussion

Ernest Hemingway was such a writer who was greatly known for his terse style particularly his use of words. The theme of death occupied central position in his writings. Upon studying his biography and the history of his family, it became clear that he was suffering from his father's suicidal death. His life experience has shown that he underwent very drastic moments with death he was involved in to big wars.

By his nature he was such a venturesome person. This is reflected by his hobbies. He practices hunting, fishing, and camping. These practices are directly connected with the concepts of loss. He prefers death to loss. His suicidal death is such

reflecting to his unstable life his handling of the death nook as though he reminds the readership of his family suicidal death which can only be committed by brave people.

There are many ways to die, as if the writer Ernest Hemming Way wants to tell us that sentence through his writing in his short stories.

Man must believe that death is inevitable and must happen.

Otherwise, he's going to oppress another person, and he's not taking advantage of his love.

Every human being who needs to be in life has a good place to live in terms of cleanliness and calmness and to have a social role to take care of vulnerable groups of society. Caring for them and not leaving them alone, loneliness can lead to suicide.

Chapter Five

Conclusion and Recommendation

5-1 Conclusion

In conclusion, it should be noted that through this research we have been able to explain at length everything related to this literary point, which continues to occupy the minds of many people, and after a long time of study, research and exploration we have been able to come to conclusions that undoubtedly occupy the thinking of a large number of researchers specializing in this literary section, but these results are not the end, but they are the starting point and expand your knowledge and the ideas of everyone who wishes to delve deeper into this literature."

Hypotheses: The researcher assumed that Ernest Hemingway's interest in the subject of death in his works comes from being influenced by his family. Death by suicide is one of the ways of death in life and the researcher assumed that he wanted to show that theory in defense of his family.

5-2 Recommendation

After completing this search about death in Hemingway's short stories, the researcher recommends some points:

- *To study Hemingway's short stories in colleges and schools because they contain in-depth and useful subjects for anyone's life to cope with the vicissitudes and difficulties of life, they are full of knowledge and wisdom.
- *recommend literary students to study and delve deeper into many other topics in Hemingway's writings such as manhood, courage, and the concept of winning and defeating in his life.

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