CHAPTER V
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The story of Macomber is not merely the story about hunting. Francis Macomber's transition from cowardice to courage is a moving experience to watch but, at the same time, Margot's attainment of her moral womanhood is an equally important point of the story. I am of the view that Margot is not a murderess. I have pointed how Margot's effort to kill the charging bull has been the result of her transformation into a real woman. She was faced with a limit-situation which brought to forefront her dormant capabilities. Moreover, the story deals with the highest virtue of life i.e. courage which is always attended with moral awareness of life.

Similarly the second African story The Snows of Kilimanjaro deals with the highest reality of life i.e. death without which life has no meaning. The failures and the confessions of the dying writer Harry bring him to the top of Kilimanjaro. In this story Hemingway has attained the high ideal as a prose writer. In Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway claims that the third and the fourth dimension can be attained in prose. Hemingway has reached the acme of perfection in the story The Snows of Kilimanjaro. The story foreshadows The Old Man and the Sea, in many respects.

The Old Man at the Bridge is the simplest and the most powerful story about war. Hemingway who showed concern for pet animals can never be said to delight in the
description of the brutalities of war. *On the Quai at Smyrna* is not merely an enumeration of the horrors of war. He has never written a story which does not add to the knowledge of human beings. Moreover, this knowledge has not been acquired by reading books alone; but through his first-hand knowledge.

The last three stories were originally journalistic dispatches. Charles Scribner in his *The Enduring Hemingway* included these three as stories. These stories deal with Spanish civil war. Hipoloto: in *The Chauffeurs of Madrid* best exemplifies Hemingway's definition of courage as 'grace under pressure.' The story *Under the Ridge* carries further the theme of "separate peace" as given earlier in the inter-chapter sketch VI of *In Our Time*. However, Hemingway is not blind to the fact that without discipline anybody will die anyway. The story *The Butterfly and the Tank* tells us of the overstrained nerves during the abnormal times of war. Through all these stories Hemingway subtly points to the necessity of courage and skill as the essential requisite for the human beings in this complex world of war and violence.

**The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber**

Ernest Hemingway who had been interested in hunting since his boyhood felt attraction for Africa, the paradise of hunters. He reached there in the winter of 1933-34 and engaged Philip Percival as his white hunter. Ernest was always a stickler for information. We are surprised at his high level of intelligence. He grasped and understood things very quickly. Ernest learned something new from Percival every day.
felt so much fascination for Africa that he said repeatedly that none of the books he had read gave "any idea of the beauty of the country or the still remaining quantity of game." Besides being a hunter, Ernest had an acute eye of an artist whose aim in Africa was to see the country as it was. Green Hills of Africa was completed while he was in Africa. He felt proud that Green Hills of Africa was an absolutely true book and could compete with any work of imagination. Ernest strictly adhered to objective accuracy in the book. The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber and The Snows of Kilimanjaro grew out of his African adventures but, unlike Green Hills of Africa, he was ready to invent the characters and make use of the imagination while still telling "the truth."

Carlos Baker has given the details of the hunting adventures imaginatively used in the story. Pauline and Ernest with Philip Percival shot the first lion. At a word from Percival, Pauline fired at the lion with her Mannlicher rifle. Immediately after it Ernest fired at the lion with his Springfield gun. The lion was dead. Ernest was sure that it was his bullet which killed the lion but others did not believe that Pauline had missed the fire. The boys in the camp lifted Pauline to their shoulders, sang the lion-song and brought before the tent in a sort of victory procession. Ernest believed that he had shot Pauline's lion. The whole episode seemed immoral like a white lie badly lied. Francis Macomber is also brought to the camp in a victory procession though the lion was not really killed by him.
During the day Ernest and Percival killed three buffaloes. The two buffaloes were killed while the third one was only wounded. Ernest had expected a charge from the wounded buffalo and a chance of minor heroic. Percival finished the buffalo. In the story we find that Ernest and Macomber fire at three buffaloes. Two were dead but the third one charged at Macomber.

Ernest listened to the hunting adventures of Percival who, being a professional hunter had a big store of anecdotes about hunting. Ernest was mostly interested in the anecdotes which centered on the loss and recovery of nerves among the hunters. Ernest's favourite subjects were bravery and cowardice. He believed that the courage was a matter of pride and dignity and a man without inner dignity was an embarrassment to himself. From personal experience Ernest knew what it was to be a coward and when one ceased to be a coward. In the face of danger, the latent dormant faculties come to the forefront and the man becomes a changed man. Once a man attains moral manhood, he gets a wonderful power from within and never cares what happens to him. Philip Percival agreed with Ernest that the transition from cowardice to bravery was a moving experience to watch.

On the basis of the material from his safari in Tanganyka, Ernest completed a story which was tentatively called Happy Ending. Later on, it was changed to The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber. It is a brilliant combination of personal observations. Of course, Ernest's own experiences of shooting buffaloes and lions serve as a frame-
—work of this story. Macomber's character has been invented from a real wealthy young international sportsman whom Ernest knew well. Similarly Margot is invented from a living prototype. She has in her all the qualities which Ernest detested among the wives of his wealthier friends. However, the story is really a brilliant fusion of personal observation, hearsay and invention. Philip Percival also thought that Ernest's story was devilishly clever.3

Scribner put The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber as the first story in 1938 edition solely because of its super money-value. The technique of the story is superb while the point whether Margot killed her husband intentionally or accidentally is still debatable and much can be said on both the sides. The opening line of the story is simply wonderful. Macomber, Wilson and Margot are sitting in the tent "pretending that nothing has happened." (p.102) It prepares our mind to guess that something has happened which all the three want to overlook. Macomber suggests that they will have either lime-juice or lemon squash but Wilson wants something strong such as gimlet. Margot does not fall in line with her husband's choice but with Wilson's saying "I'll have gimlet too. I need something." (p.102) Macomber's choice for soft drink shows the 'soft' type of man he is. Margot's agreement with Wilson's choice of hard drink leaves us in no doubt about her bitch-like character. Macomber gives in for Wilson's choice. Immediately after it Macomber asks how much he should pay to the porters, skinners and others.

"A quid would be plenty,"...."You don't want to spoil them."

(p.102)
'You don't want to spoil them' suggests us the corrupting influence of money and indirectly prepares us to be convinced of the fact that it is plenty of Macomber's wealth that is responsible for spoiling his happiness and moral manhood. In Macomber's sub-conscious mind there is distrust and hence the question:

"Will the headman distribute it?"
"Absolutely."

(p. 102)

This lurking of doubt about the honesty and integrity of the headman shows the suspicion and doubt in the mind of Macomber. Wilson's curt reply throws light on the code of conduct of hunters who cannot but be faithful and honest. In contrast with the honesty and faithfulness of the hunters, we get an idea about the relationship between Macomber and Margot. Macomber has been brought in a sort of victory procession but the gun-bearers had taken no part in the demonstration. His wife comes in but does not speak to him. After Margot's arrival, Macomber leaves the tent 'at once to wash his face and hand.' Macomber cannot face her. Wilson says to Macomber, "You've got your lion." At this Margot looks at Wilson quickly. Here Ernest leaves many implicit things for the reader: to surmise by himself. Immediately after it, Ernest switches on to the description of Margot's beauty.

"She was an extremely handsome and well-kept woman of the beauty and social position which had, five years before, commanded five thousand dollars as the price of endorsing, with photograph, a beauty product which she had never used."
Margot is fashionable and highly sophisticated. Her beauty can be used for the advertisements of the beauty products "which she had never used." With the corrupting influence of money, the hypocrisy and duality of personality along with the hidden motives of fooling others, we can very well imagine the sterility of such a woman as Margot. She has been married to Macomber for eleven years and yet she is without any issue. Macomber is tall, handsome and very well-built. Prosperity is writ large on his face. He is good at court games and has a number of big-game fishing records. He knows about "sex in books, many books, too many books." Macomber also knows that his wife Margot cannot leave him simply because he is wealthy and will be wealthier.

Now, in the presence of all others Macomber has shown himself to be a coward. He has 'bolted like a rabbit' when confronted with the lion. His cowardice is a matter of greater shame for Margot. She finds in Wilson all those qualities which Macomber lacks. His 'sub-burnt red-face' and 'big-brown hands' indicative of male virility are the things which Margot wants in her own husband who lamentably lacks these very things. She bursts into tears saying, "I wish it hadn't happened. Oh, I wish it hadn't happened."(p.104) She cries without making noise. Macomber and Wilson see her shoulders shaking 'under the rose-coloured, sun-proof shirt.' These tears of Margot arouse Macomber who says,"...I rate that for the rest of my life now."(p.105) It is the power of woman that has stirred the otherwise dormant male virility of Macomber. Wilson rebukes one of the attendants who is looking
curiously at Macomber. Wilson threatens to punish the attendant by whipping him. Macomber, the over-wealthy man is surprised to learn that the poor attendants cannot afford to pay fine and hence prefer whipping to losing pay. Wilson's diplomatic remark "We all take a beating every day, you know, one way or another." (p.105) sets a chain of thought in Macomber who takes 'beating' of different kind everyday. That day's incident of lion, Margot's reactions, his own shame, are badly beating Macomber who asks Wilson not to tell others of his act of cowardice. It is a hunter's professional etiquette not to expose the cowardice of his clients and naturally Wilson is irked by Macomber's request not to tell others of his act of cowardice. Macomber apologises. Wilson is surprised "...here the beggar[Macomber] was apologizing after he had insulted him[Wilson]." (p.106) Wilson makes one more attempt to clear his position. "Don't worry about me talking, ... I have a living to make. You know in Africa no woman ever misses her lion and no white man ever bolts." (p.106) Wilson could not but be impressed by the innocence and simplicity of Macomber who says "I bolted like a rabbit."

'Now what the hell were you going to do about a man who talked like that, Wilson wondered." (p.107) Macomber smiles back at Wilson who marks that Macomber's smile is pleasant "if you did not notice how his eyes showed when he was hurt." However, Macomber expresses a desire to cover up the lion's incident by fixing up on buffalo. Wilson likes this spirit of Macomber. He is all for Macomber again.
In the meantime Margot comes back. She has left the tent crying. She comes back refreshed and says, "How is the beautiful red-faced Mr. Wilson? Are you feeling better, Francis, my pearl?" (p.107) These two sentences throw much light on Margot's character. The red-faced Wilson is a prototype of a hunter known for physical courage while Macomber is a 'pearl' — a decorative piece. Apparently Margot's ideal is somewhere else. It is neither in a professional hunter nor in a decorative piece. Her emotional intensity finds outlet in her outburst and now she comes to her American female cruelty again. She says, "...What importance is there to whether Francis is any good at killing lions? That's not his trade. That's Mr. Wilson's trade. Mr. Wilson is really very impressive killing anything. You do kill anything, don't you?" (p.107) Wilson is surprised at this woman Margot. He has formed a good opinion about her when she went out to cry and seemed a hell of fine woman but she is away for twenty minutes and now she is back, "simply enamelled in that American female cruelty. They are the damnedest women. Really the damnedest." (p.108) Wilson thinks about the American Women.

"They are,....the hardest in the world; the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory and the most attractive and their men have softened or gone to pieces nervously as they have hardened. Or is it that they pick men they can handle? They can't know that much at the age they marry,....." (p.107)

Margot wants to accompany them in the hunting expedition in the evening because she wouldn't miss something like today for anything." She does not spare Wilson also. "And I want so to see you perform again. You were lovely this
morning. That is if blowing things' heads off is lovely." (p.108) But Margot stays in the camp. Macomber and Wilson go to hunting in the evening when Macomber and Wilson kill one animal. At night Margot sleeps well but Macomber has a disturbed sleep. He feels cold, hollow fear in him. He hears the roar of lion. He is afraid. He does not know the Somali proverb which says that every brave man is always frightened three times by a lion; when he first sees his track; when he first hears him roar and when he first confronts him. Macomber hears the roar of lion for the whole night. In the morning they start in the car. Macomber is in the front seat, Wilson and Margot are in the rear seat. They come across a lion. Macomber fires at the lion who is wounded but not finished. Macomber feels sick at his stomach and his hands that held the gun still cock and shake. Wilson informs him that the wounded lion is extremely dangerous. The beaters cannot drive it away. It has to be finished. Macomber says, "I don't want to go in there,... It was out before he knew he'd said it." (p.116) He wants to tell Wilson to go himself and finish the lion all by himself but he says nothing. He goes with Wilson to finish the lion but as soon as the lion comes, Macomber is "running, running wildly, in panic in the open, running towards the stream;" and stands in the clearing "with a loaded rifle" in his hand. The lion is killed by Wilson. The two black men look at Macomber with contempt. Macomber comes to Wilson; his [Macomber's] tallness all seeming a naked reproach.'

"Want to take picture?" [Says Wilson]
"No." [Says Macomber] (p.119)
They reach the car. Wilson is in the front seat. Macomber sits with Margot in the rear seat. Without looking at Margot, he takes her hand but she removes her hand from his. Here we lose every sympathy with Margot. Macomber needed her most but she failed to rise to the occasion. Everybody as the Swahili proverb says, is afraid of lion. Moreover, Macomber is not a professional hunter. If he is coward, even then Margot should not be hard-hearted to take back her hand from his and leave him in a state of disintegration. As if this is not enough, she kisses Wilson who becomes 'redder than his usual baked colour.' At night Macomber lies for two hours with the knowledge that his wife is not in the tent. She is with Wilson who has a double-sized cot for such 'windfalls.' Wilson is after all a professional hunter and has to adjust with his clients in all respects except hunting. Many female clients feel that they have not received their money's worth if they do not share bed with their white hunters. After all Wilson is not a 'plaster saint.' The marital relationships of Macomber and Margot are not based on ideals of christian love. Margot has been a great beauty and is still a beauty in Africa. But now she is not beautiful enough to leave him. She has missed chance to leave him. Margot knows it and Macomber knows it. Macomber has never been better with women. He cannot have another beautiful wife. So Margot has no worry on this point. Moreover, Macomber has great tolerance which seems to be the nicest thing about him though it is not almost sinister. Several times in the past there were occasions
when they were about to separate but, somehow or the other, they adjusted. The present position is that Margot is too beautiful for Macomber to divorce her and Macomber has too much money for Margot ever to leave him.

Margot comes back from the tent of Wilson. On Macomber's inquiry she answers that she had been out to get a breath of air.

"That's a new name for it. You are a bitch."
"Well, you're a coward."
"All right," he said. "What of it?"

Now Macomber has moral courage. He has taken a step towards manhood. In the morning the three sit at the breakfast table. Macomber finds that he hates Wilson the most. However, Wilson's position is clear. He has not invited Margot. She has awakened him when she came to the tent. So far as Wilson is concerned he is not at fault.

"Well, why doesn't he keep his wife where she belongs? What does he think I am, a bloody plaster saint? Let him keep her where she belongs. It's his own fault."

Macomber's moral courage proves to be the outward token of his inner change, and he is "disgusted" with wife and Wilson. He has the courage to say, "I hate that red-faced swine."

But the pathetic situation of Margot is also to be taken note of. On the breakfast table Macomber shows bad temper which gives rise to the following conversation.

"If you make a scene I'll leave you, darling,"
Margot said quietly.
"No, you won't."
"You can try it and see."
"You won't leave me."
"No," she said. "I won't leave you and you'll behave yourself."
"Behave myself? That's a way to talk. Behave myself."
"Yes. Behave yourself."
"Why don't you try behaving?"
"I've tried it so long. So very long."

(p.124)

Hemingway known for economy of words has made Margot repeat the words "...so long. So very long." It conveys to us much more than what it ordinarily connotes. After this heated exchange they start for buffalo-shooting in the car. Wilson is on the front seat and Macomber and Margot are sitting in the back seat without talking to each other. Wilson thinks; "Hope the silly beggar doesn't take a notion to blow the back of my head off,...Women are a nuisance on safari."(p.124) He feels disgusted at the lack of male virility in Macomber. A professional hunter as he is, his practical and matter-of-fact attitude, makes him look upon Macomber with contempt. He calls him 'beggar', 'silly beggar', 'poor beggar'. With all his wealth and the prospects of further becoming wealthier Macomber is a beggar for Wilson. He holds Macomber in as low opinion as this:

"If they got buff today there would only be rhino to come and the poor man would have gone through his dangerous game and things might pick up. He'd have nothing more to do with the woman and Macomber would get over that too. He must have gone through plenty of that before by the look of things. Poor beggar. He must have a way of getting over it. Well, it was the poor sod's own bloody fault."

(p.125)

Wilson remembers last night's incident. Margot did not talk much last night because it was a mechanical act for her and her infidelity was linked with Macomber's cowardice. To Wilson she is an enigmatic woman. "What's in her heart God
knows, ...."(p.126). Wilson also regards Macomber an odd fellow.

They see three buffaloes. Macomber gets fiery all of a sudden and starts shooting at the buffaloes. The first one is killed and Wilson helps to finish the other two. This shooting gives Macomber a drunken elation. He has never felt so good in his life. He finds himself a different man. He goes to the car to drink. Margot, sitting in the car "white-faced" says, "You were marvellous, darling, ...."(p.128). As for herself, she feels she has never been more frightened in life. On the other hand, Macomber feels himself wholly without fear for the first time in his life. Instead of fear, he has a feeling of definite elation. However, a gun-bearer informs that the first buffalo shot by Macomber is not dead but only wounded and has gone into the bush. Margot anticipates that it will be like the lion-affair but Macomber feels no fear. Instead, there is eagerness in him to finish the buffalo and asks Wilson, "Can we go in after him now?" This surprises Wilson. "Yesterday he's scared sick and today he's a ruddy fire eater." (p.130) Macomber feels a wild unreasonable happiness that he has never known before. As he ascends in the scale of manhood Margot loses her domination over him. She feels scared sick; her face is white while Macomber's is shining. When he tells Margot that he feels absolutely different, she says nothing and eyes him strangely. She is sitting crouched in a corner of the seat. Macomber, a changed man expresses a desire to try another lion. After all what a lion can do to him. Wilson says, "Worst one can do is kill
you. How does it go? Shakespeare. Damned good. See if I can remember. Oh, damned good. Used to quote it to myself at one time. Let's see. 'By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death and let it go which way it will he that dies this year is quit for the next.'....'(p.131)

Wilson feels embarrassed for having expressed the above ideas. He is always moved when he marks the transition from cowardice to manhood. Nobody is coward by birth and similarly nobody is brave by birth. Wilson himself gets courage from Shakespeare's above lines from Henry IV. He likes Macomber now.

"Damned strange fellow. Probably meant the end of cuckoldry too. Well, that would be a damned good thing. Damned good thing. Beggar had probably been afraid all his life. Don't know what started it. But over now. Hadn't had time to be afraid with the buff. That and being angry too. Motor car too. Motor cars made it familiar. Be a damn fire eater now. He'd seen it in the war work the same way. 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."

(p.132)

Margot is sitting in the far corner of the car. She looks both at Wilson and Macomber. There is no change in Wilson but there is definite change in Macomber who is talking about his new wealth. Wilson tells him not to mention it. "Much more fashionable to say you're scared. Mind you, you'll be scared too, plenty of times." (p.132)

But Macomber goes on talking about the pleasure one gets before going to action. Margot's mind is absorbed in different thoughts. "You're both talking rot," said Margot.
"Just because you've chased some helpless animals in a motor car you talk like heroes." *(p.132)* Macomber, a really changed man, snubs Margot, "If you don't know what we're talking about why not keep out of it?" This rebuff is the warning signal to Margot. "You've have got awfully brave, awfully suddenly," says Margot with contempt. Her contempt is not secure. She is very afraid of something. Macomber laughs a natural hearty laugh saying that he has really become brave.

"Isn't is sort of late?" Margot said bitterly. Because she has done the best she could for many years back and the way they were together now was no one person's fault. "Not for me," said Macomber.

(p.133)

Of course, it is not late for Macomber. Margot says nothing but shrinks back in the corner of the seat. 'Isn't sort of late' shows how painful the cowardice of Macomber has been to Margot. On her part, she did her best to adjust herself with her husband and the present state of affairs is the result of no one person's fault. Macomber is equally responsible; rather first fault is of Macomber. Now Macomber has done away with his cowardice after eleven years of married life. Naturally Margot is unable to adjust herself with the changed situation. She is unable to be herself.

* The views expressed here have close resemblance with what Ernest wrote in the second Tanganyika letter published in Esquire, June, 1934. In an article "Shootism versus Sport," Ernest expresses his views about killing lion cleanly.

"...you are out to kill a lion, on foot and cleanly, not to be mauled. But you will be more of a sportsman to come back from Africa without a lion than to shoot one from the protection of a motor car, or from a blind at night when the lion is blinded by a light and cannot see his assailant." (By Line Hemingway, Selected Articles and Dispatches of Four Decades, ed. William White, New York: Scribners, 1957.), p.166.
Wilson and Macomber go in search of wounded buffalo hiding in the bushes. Macomber looks back at Margot. He waves to her but she, absorbed in her thoughts, does not wave back. Wilson and Macomber are near the bush when Wilson wrongly concludes that the buffalo is dead. He grips Macomber's hands to congratulate him. Just when they are shaking hands, grinning at each other, the gun-bearer shouts loudly and they see the wounded buffalo charging at them. Wilson is ahead. He is kneeling and shooting. Macomber is standing and firing at the buffalo who is almost on him and his rifle is almost at level with the oncoming head. The intensity of action is described with equal intensity of verbal expression. It seems to Margot that the buffalo is about to gore Macomber. She fires at the buffalo with 6.5 Mannlicher and accidentally hits her husband about two inches up and little to one side of the base of skull. "...he felt a sudden white-hot, blinding flash explode inside his head and that was all he ever felt." (p.135) Macomber lay dead with face down. Margot is kneeling over him and crying hysterically. Here Hemingway does not call her Margot or Margret. He simply says, "The woman was crying hysterically." (p.135) It is not the sophisticated Margot, the wife of Macomber but a woman with all woman-like qualities in her. Margot was in the car which was "parallel to the patch of bush." With lightning speed Margot has come near the dead Macomber and is kneeling over him. This lightning speed and hysterical cries leave us in no doubt that Margot is innocent and she has succeeded in raising hereself above her past-self to save Macomber whose
attainment of manhood shedded off her infidelity. Even Wilson, with his expressionless 'blue eyes' could not but be moved. He does not want to turn Macomber over. He goes back to car but soon his practical outlook returns back. He wants to know where the rifle is. Margot simply shakes her head with her face contorted. She does not know where the rifle is. In a fraction of a second as she feels that the buffalo is about to gore Macomber, she lifts the rifle and makes desperate attempt to save him. The tragedy of her life is that her happy life when she attains her real-self is shorter than that of Macomber whose happy life is of about 30 minutes duration. Her contorted face conveys to us her pathetic condition which could not have been possible if she were malicious in her intentions. Wilson is too practical a hunter to have the fullest realisation of Margot's mental condition. His mind registers automatically. "Hell of a good bull .... A good fifty inches, or better, Better," He goes to Margot who is sitting in the back of the seat and crying.

"That was a pretty thing to do," he said in a toneless voice. "He would have left you too." "Stop it," she said. "Of course it's an accident," he said. "I know that." "Stop it," she said.  

Wilson further tells her that she will be perfectly all right and again Margot simply says, "Stop it."


(P.135)
Hemingway has nicely made it clear that Margot is not a murderess as usually the readers (on superficial reading), form an idea about her. Even Wilson is surprised at the answers of Margot and looks at her 'with his cold blue eyes.' His presumptions go wrong.

"I'm through now," he said. "I was a little angry. I'd begun to like your husband."

"Oh, please stop it," she said. "Please, please stop it."

(p. 136)

There is an outburst of Margot's emotions at the remark of Wilson, "I had begun to like your husband." It is the tragedy of her life that she loses her Macomber when she, like Wilson, starts really liking him and hence the outburst "Please, please stop it." The story ends at Wilson's cryptic remark: "...Please is much better. Now I'll stop." When Wilson hears for the first time the word 'please', he is satisfied and stops but he stops too soon. Margot is far above Wilson's speculations. At one point he had an inkling that there was more in her than what conformed to a stereotype. But Wilson, the man of action does not bother about subtleties. Hemingway is a highly implicative writer. In Hemingway's story the last speech is not generally the last word. In Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber, the last sentence "Please is much better. Now I'll stop." is not the last word. Wilson stops too soon. Had he probed deeper, the subtlety of Margot's character would have been revealed.

It is commonplace in criticism to brand Margot as murderess. However, the fact is that she tried to save her
husband though the attempt proved fatal. We feel elated at the transformation of Macomber and a careful reader can mark the similar transformation in Margot who is not a generic bitch. Her infidelity is closely related with Macomber's cowardice. She sheds tears bitterly when Macomber proves himself coward. Macomber bolts like a rabbit on seeing the lion and that very night she goes to Wilson's tent but does not 'talk much'. It is the lack of male virility and aggressiveness in Macomber which is responsible for her bitch-like acts. Wilson is right in pointing out that the way Macomber and Margot are together is 'no one person's fault.' Of course, Margot is infidel but the first fault is Macomber's. However, it is through the power of woman that he gains his moral manhood. "I rate this for the whole of the life", says Macomber when Magot leaves the tent crying after his act of cowardice.

Margot is not shown taking part in hunting. In the story, she fires for the first time to save Macomber though the attempt proves fatal. Had she really wanted to kill Macomber she could have waited till the buffalo had gored him. How could Margot hit Macomber so accurately near the base of the skull? It could be possible only under the similar conditions in which Macomber could stand solid and fire at the buffalo. We know that the buffalo is almost parallel to the rifle of Macomber and hence he is near the shoulders of Macomber. The car from where Margot fires, is parallel to the bush where the buffalo is hiding. Hence Macomber is hit two inches up and a little to one side of the base of his
skull. All these things happen in a fraction of a second. The newly acquired moral courage gives her a new vision of life. Macomber's short happy life is of about 30 minutes duration while that of Margot is of hardly 30 seconds. Wilson's courage is the courage of a matador, Macomber's is that of a crucified while Margot's life after Macomber will be living martyrdom.

The Snows of Kilimanjaro

The earlier title was A Budding Friendship and the dying writer was Henry Walden. It was, later on, changed to The Snows of Kilimanjaro. The name of the hero has been changed to a more common-place name Harry whose story is the story of every one of us whose Adam-like failures bring him nearer to Kilimanjaro, the house of God. This story, like the previous one, is derived from Ernest's experiences in Africa. Ernest's perceptive mind was quickened to activity on hearing from Percival about Reusch's expedition in 1926 to Kilimanjaro where he found the frozen carcass of a leopard. Ernest had a large circle of acquaintances among the rich people and he feared that the temptations of soft life might harm his integrity as a writer. A rich woman invited Ernest to tea in New York in April, 1934. She offered him to go with her to Africa in another Safari. Ernest declined the offer but when he came back to Key West, he had some daydreams as to how things would have turned out if he had accepted the offer. Harry, the dying author, is an image of Ernest himself as he might have been if the temptations to lead the aimless
life of the very rich had overcome his integrity as a writer. Moreover, Ernest had met Martha Gelhorn and the gradual rejection of his second wife Pauline had started in his story where he has obliquely blamed her for being wealthy.

Ernest boasted that he had used in this one story enough material to fill four novels. He said, "I put all the true stuff in .... and with all the load, the most load any short story ever carried, the story was still able to take off like a powerful aeroplane." Moreover, the 'true stuff' of the story comes from his own experiences. In this story he recalls Bacon's log house on Wallon Lake, the hill top in Paris where he and Hadley lived in 1922 and 1923 and his fishing trip to Black Forest. He romanticised and fictionalised his journey to Constantinople. There are memories of Schruns and the Ski instructor Walter Lent. He recalls the Nordquist ranch in Wyoming. The dying writer Harry imagines the arrival of a small plane to carry him back to the hospital in Nairobi. Here Ernest is drawing heavily upon him memories of his own flight for the treatment of dysentery, and the distant view of the snow-capped western summit of Kilimanjaro. Ernest has heard from Percival about the frozen carcass of the leopard. It serves as the epigraph at the head of the story. Ernest called the epigraph the part of the metaphysics of this story.

The story embodied a good many of Ernest's personal memories; its subject lay very close to his artistic conscience. Like the story of Francis Macomber, *The Snow of Kilimanjaro*
is filled with evidence of growing hostility towards certain members of international sporting set. Marjorie Rawlings felt about a group at Binimi as a potential danger to Ernest's growth as a writer. Scott Fitzgerald had helped a lot in establishing Ernest's reputation as a writer. Unlike Ernest, Fitzgerald let himself fall victim to the temptations of soft life. The story also involves Scott Fitzgerald. Harry, the dying writer is made to remember 'poor Julian', (Scott Fitzgerald) and his romantic awe of that special glamorous class who had money and when he found they weren't it wrecked him just as much as any other thing that wrecked him. Scott Fitzgerald became very angry to see his name used in the story in a derogatory way. He wrote a letter to Ernest.

Dear Ernest: Please lay me off in print. If I choose to write at profundis sometimes it doesn't mean I want friends praying aloud over my corpse. No doubt, you meant it kindly but it cost me a night's sleep. And when you incorporate it (the story) in a book would you mind cutting my name? It's a fine story - one of your best - even though 'poor Scott Fitzgerald' etc. rather spoiled it for me. Ever your friend,

Scott,

P.S. Riches have never fascinated me, unless combined with the greatest charm or distinction.

In his reply to Scott, Ernest wrote that he had not written anything about his friends for the last five years but all that was past and he was going to stop being a gentleman and go back to a novelist, using whatever material he damned well chose. However, Ernest changed "poor Scott Fitzgerald" to "poor Julina", though, later on, he repented the change and thought to have it again. Ernest's rough reply astonished
Scott who thought that Ernest has become crazy and conceited and has begun to think himself a 'great writer.' Scott thought that Ernest was every bit as 'nervously broken down as he was himself.' "His inclination is towards megalmania" wrote Scott, "and mine towards melancholy". Carlos Baker testifies to the fact that one of the morbid aspects of Ernest's mind was the recurrent conviction that he might soon die without having completed his work or fulfilled his unwritten promise to his talents. At the time when he wrote the story of the dying writer on the plains of Africa, he knew very well that he had climbed no further than the lower slopes of his personal kilimanjaro.

The story opens with an epigraph.

"Kilimanjaro is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high, and is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit is called the Masai "Nagaje Ngai," the House of God. Close to the western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. No one has explained what the leopard was seeking at that altitude."

(p.150)

Hemingway was very much interested in travel books. Robert Stephens is of the opinion that Hemingway found the raw materials for the riddle of Kilimanjaro from a travel book by the German geographer Hans Meyer who was the first European to climb the peak of Kilimanjaro and has recorded in Across East African Glaciers a discovery he made while approaching the crest.

"We were half way through this terrific bit of work when we came upon what was perhaps as wonderful discovery as any we made on Kilimanjaro. It almost savours of
the fabulous, but here in this stern frost
bound region at the very summit of a mountain
2,000 feet high, we lighted on the dead body
of an antelope — one of the small species we
had noticed on the pasture lands below. How
the animal came there, it is impossible to say.
In all probability it had made its way upwards
by the same path as ourselves at a time when
the ice was covered with its winter coating of
snow, and, overtaken in these lofty solitude
by the fury of a mountain-storm, had paid with
its life the penalty of its adventurous curiosity."

It is important to mark the similarity in epigraph and
Meyer's description. Meyer also accounts for the religious
names for Kilimanjaro. To the Swahili, the name means
Mountain of the spirit Njaro — a male spirit said to inhabit
another mountain also known as Kilimanjaro. The Wajagga
inhabitants of Kilimanjaro have no name for the mountain
as whole, but call the ice-covered western peak "kibo" (the
bright), and the dark rocky eastern peak "mamenze" (the dark)." Hemingway Juxtaposes the quest of the animal and the religious
significance of the mountain to imply a connection between
them. The leopard approaches the bright "House of God" just
as Harry approaches the "great, high and unbelievably white... square top of Kilimanjaro."

Dr. Reusch, the missionary-scholar climbed the peak of
Kilimanjaro in September, 1926. Howell John M. wrote him a
letter to give the details about his ascent. In his reply
Reusch gave the following information about the carcass of the
leopard on Kilimanjaro.

"... When I went up in September, 1926, for the
first time, I found the leopard curled up and
dead on the ice a few feet below the Leopard
point. On the glacier nearly I found a frozen
mountain goat. Apparently the leopard followed
the goat, trying to catch it. A snow storm developed accompanied by a heavy fog. According to the habit of the leopart, he curled up to keep himself warm and to wait for the fog to disappear. The goat, pursued by him, went to the Ratzel Glacier and froze there, some 300 feet away from the leopard.

I put the dead leopard on a small rock, looking down into the crater. In July, 1927 on my return from second ascent, I cut one of his ears off to show to my friends. We called the point "Leopard point." His name was accepted by East African Mountain Club, which I founded a short time later, as the official name of the place. About 18 years later, during my 50th climb to the very point Kaiser William point (Uhuru Peak) of the mountain, I found only his skeleton and pieces of skin. The leopard had dried up in the high altitude. The last time, when I made my 65th ascent to the top in 1954, I found only a few scattered bones.

A legend developed among the Wachaga and Masai concerning this leopard. There is a glacier resembling an ice-dome inside the southern crater of Kibo, the higher peak of Kilimanjaro. The Abyssinians believe that their great King Menelik I, the son of Solomon and Queen Sheba, was buried under the ice-dome. After having conquered Kenya, Somaliland, and Northern Tanganyika, he felt that he must die. On his way back to Abyssinia he climbed Kibo with his treasures and some slaves, died on its top and sleeps there, until the old glory of Abyssinia is restored. The ice-dome is supposed to be his last resting-place. The Abyssinian emperors traditionally kept tame lions in their palace gardens but Menelik I also had tame leopards. One of them—his master's pet supposedly followed his master to the crater and died there, guarding the entrance to the burial place of the dead king. When I told this story to the Wachaga and the Masai they asked me whether I found no traces of the dead king. I told that I found no traces of him, but that I found a frozen leopard at the entrance of the crater. They apparently identified the frozen leopard with the pet leopard of Menelik I.

The Short Happy Life Francis Macomber and The Snows of Kilimanjaro were written within a few months of To Have and Have Not which, like the two stories, deals with the corrupting
influence of money and women. In *Green Hills of Africa*, we find this very problem.

"You see, we make our writers into something very strange."

"I don't understand."

"We destroy them in many ways. First economically. They make money. It is only by hazard that a writer makes money though good books make money eventually. Then our writers when they make some money increase their standard of living and they are caught. They have to write to keep in their establishments, their wives, and so on, and they write slop. It is slop not on purpose but because it is hurried. Because they write where there is nothing to say or no water in the well. Because they are ambitious. Then once they have betrayed themselves, they justify it and you get more slop." 13

Similar is the case of Harry in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. He has destroyed his talent to provide himself with the money of his rich wife. As the story opens, Harry is dying of gangrene. The opening sentence is significant. "THE MARVELOUS thing is that it's painless,....That's how you know when it starts." (p.150) The corrupting influence of money and women is painless and we know of it only when it has already started and once the infection has started, it is too late to check it. Moreover, gangrene is such an infection that the affected part has to be amputated and nothing else can be done about it. Hemingway has indirectly compared gangrene to the corrupting influence of money and woman. It has a simple beginning. Had he taken care of putting iodine on the wound, he would have not suffered from gangrene. Putting iodine at proper time represents the efforts to resist the temptation of money and women in the very beginning. A little slackening of discipline results in fatal consequences. The infection of gangrene slowly moves up the leg towards Harry's trunk as the
story progresses. We soon learn that his sickness is that of the spirit as well as of the body. Harry has talent but fails to use it properly. He has 'traded' his talent for the sake of soft and easy life of marrying a rich woman whom he does not love. He has 'sold out' his principles in many ways. Instead of conforming to the strict discipline of a writer, he has been marrying rich women and postponing writing. He has 'whored away' his time. He has traded his talents and the result is the present remorse of his failures. Harry blames his wife "rich bitch" for his feeling dead inside; but, in the end, he has to admit that he alone is to blame for the destruction of his talent. The wages of sin is death. His sin of whoring away his time has brought about his failures. Harry has in a non-theological sense, a consciousness of sin. "In his efforts to expand life and his urges to enjoy it, he has indulged, allowed himself to become engrossed and at last destroyed himself." 14

His wife whom he calls "rich bitch" is not the ultimate reason for the loss of his spiritual integrity. He has become dead inside as a result of his own weakness. It was his fault that he gave way to the allurement of soft life. Harry admits that his wife is very thoughtful of his welfare. She has always loved him and loves him now while Harry has never loved her, "least of all now." This woman is typically "rich bitch" as portrayed by Hemingway in To Have and Have Not. Her life was also miserable after the death of her first husband. She was lonely and unhappy. She sought the company of Harry and did her best to make him comfortable. Now all she wants
is to have her man and live in peace and happiness. She is a guiltless reminder of Harry's own failures and so he hates her. "... as he looked and saw her well-known pleasant smile, he felt death come again." (p.165)

In the story The Snows of Kilimanjaro, we find five flashbacks. It is of particular importance to note the sentences before each flashback. Whenever he feels 'tired', 'worn out' or 'death coming on him' he relapses into flashback. Let us read the few lines before the first flashback.

"Don't drink that," she said. "Darling, please don't drink that. We have to do everything we can." "You do it," he said. "I'm tired." (p.153)

Before the second flashback, we find the following remarks:

"He had never quarrelled much with this woman, while with the women that he loved he had quarrelled so much they had finally, always, with the corrosion of the quarrelling, killed what they had together. He had loved too much, demanded too much, and he wore it all out." (p.162)

Before the third flashback, Harry saw Helen's well-known pleasant smile and he "felt death come again."

"This time there was no rush. It was a puff, as of a wind that makes a candle flicker and the flame go tall... There wasn't time, of course, although it seemed as though it telescoped so that you might put it all into one paragraph if you could get it right." (p.165-166)

With every flashback he is coming nearer and nearer to death. Before the fourth flashback, Harry feels tired.

"Ayee he was tired. Too tired. He was going to sleep a little while. He lay still and death was not there. It must have gone around another street. It went in pairs, on bicycle, and moved absolutely silently on the pavements." (p.169)
With approaching death, Harry's sixth sense become keener and keener. He feels something strange. He feels death coming and resting its head on the foot of the cot. He smells of death. Gradually death moves on him. It has no shape. It simply occupies space. The traditional symbol of death — skull and bones, cannot cover the huge actuality of death. It comes closer and closer till at last sits on his chest. He wants to speak but cannot. Helen thinks him asleep and asks the servant to remove the cot inside the tent. Suddenly Harry feels all right and the weight goes from his chest. When the weight leaves his chest, Harry finds that a rescue plane has come to take him to Nairobi. It is too small and hence only Harry can be taken. It will have another trip for 'memsahib.' Campton, the pilot informs Harry that they will have to refuel at Arusha. The disordered imagination of Harry, the dying man, sees everything as it were actually happening. Soon Harry realises that they have not stopped at Arusha for refuelling and he suddenly sees ahead of him the square top of Kilimanjaro, "as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievable white in the sun .... Then he knew that was where he was going." (p. 174) The Western side of Kilimanjaro is called "Ngaje Ngai" which means "The House of God." Like the leopard, Harry climbs the heights of Kilimanjaro. His suffering is penance. The penance raises him to the spiritual height. Each flashback is the confession of sin. Each confession makes him purer and thus nearer to God. In the last flashback Harry remembers the sufferings of Williamson who, on having unbearable pain as a result of serious wounds, requests
him (Harry) to shoot him. At that time Harry is disillusioned of the saying from the Bible that God never sends anything which we cannot bear. "Nothing passed out Williamson until he gave him all his morphine tablets that he had always saved to use himself and they did not work right away." Harry is now face to face with death and it dawns upon him.

"Still this now, that he had, was very easy; and if it was no worse as it went on there was nothing to worry about. Except that he would rather be in better company." (p.171)

The story The Snows of Kilimanjaro bewilders many critics who level the charge of cynicism, primitivism and anti-intellectualism against Hemingway. When Harry suffers from gangrene, the natural question that strikes Helen's mind is "what have we done to have that happen to us?" Harry gives a rational explanation that he had forgotten to put iodine on the wound. Had he checked the infection in the very beginning, it would have not turned into gangrene. Helen, not being satisfied with the rational explanation, says, "I don't mean that." Harry, knowing the implication of Helen's remarks, again remarks that if they had engaged a good mechanic instead of a "half-baked Kikuyu driver" he would have checked the oil and never burned out the bearing in the truck which stranded them in the wilderness of a lonely far-off place. Helen again says, "I don't mean that." In fact, Helen wants to know of the sins which have brought upon them the calamity. Harry deliberately sidetracks the issue by giving only rational explanation. He knows fully well that his carelessness has not only brought gangrene but also the corrosion of his soul.
The realisation and the confession that he is solely responsible for his failures, brings about his redemption. It is only Hemingway who, through a story like The Snows of Kilimanjaro could bring home to the readers the highly intricate issues of mysticism.

Old Man at the Bridge

This story appeared in The Fifth Column and the First Forty Nine Stories. It was previously a dispatch sent by Ernest but, later on, it was raised to the status of a story. The story is about an old man at Amposta Bridge on Easter Sunday. It shows a simple innocent man of eighty years displaced by war and that too, on Easter Sunday. Ernest has always a fascination for the old man. Here again the man is eighty years old with no family and no politics. He has never been out of his village and hardly knows of other towns in the close vicinity of his own village. He seeks asylum in his love for animals whom he cares as much as he cares for himself. The village is in danger of an artillery attack and the whole of it is evacuated. The bridge is flooded with the caravan of carts, trucks and refugees. The old man is too tired to walk further and rests on the bridge without caring for the consequences to himself. His mind is pre-occupied with the welfare of his animals — a cat, two goats and pigeons.

The narrator of the story is obviously Ernest himself who, struck by the pathetic condition of the old man, talks to him. War has destroyed many valuable things but there is the old man worrying not so much for himself as for the pet animals. He feels that the cat can take care of itself. He has left
open the door of the cage and hence the pigeons may fly away to save themselves but he fears that the goats will be killed. However, nothing can be done about them and the old man says, "I should better not think about it." The implication is definitely this that we should think about the war and its futility. Ernest writes about his stories of war:

"In stories about the war I try to show all the different sides of it, taking it slowly and honestly and examining it from many ways. So never think one story represents my viewpoint because it is much too complicated for that." 15

Of all the stories on war, *The Old Man at the Bridge* is the simplest and the most powerful.

*On the Quai at Smyrna*

Ernest was deputed by the *Star* to cover the Greek-Turkish war which erupted in August, 1922 when Turks launched an offensive to drive the Greeks from Anatolia. 16 The Turks occupied and burned the port of Smyrna. This story is based on the facts after on-the-spot study of the action. It requires an artistic taste to delete and select from amongst the variety of incidents, only those which can produce the coherent effect. *On the Quai at Smyrna* is not merely an enumeration of the horrifying actualities of war but something more. Ernest Hemingway has chosen moments of intense pressure and tension in this story to tell us the dehumanising effect of war on the otherwise normal human beings.

The opening sentence mystifies the horrors. The wounded people along with the dead are on the pier while the narrator of the story is on the harbour. At midnight they
used to scream. The tension on the minds is aggravated by the darkness. The flash of the searchlight quietens them. This trick proves successful and everytime when there is a scream they used to burn the searchlight. It may be a 'trick' to quieten them but for the sufferers it is really a solace. Light is the dispeller of ignorance. Ignorance breeds fears. Darkness gives rise to fears. Thus the flashlight has the mystical significance of dispelling fear and ignorance.

The over-strained nerves and too long stay in unnatural surroundings make the man behave in a neurotic way. There is the case of a Turkish officer who complains of having been insulted by a gunman's mate who is a "most inoffensive chap." The Turkish officer talks through an interpreter. The inconsistency of the allegation could have been brought home to him in normal conditions but the narrator tactfully handles the case. The gunman's mate is rebuked and assurance is given that he will be taken to task. This allays the feelings of the Turkish officer who becomes the great friend of the narrator.

The worst cases of neurotic behaviour were of the women with their dead babies. They held the dead babies for days together. It is surprising that despite so much grief and tension, very few women died. "None of them minded anything once they got off the pier." (p.186) Ordinarily a dead body does not become stiff immediately after the death. But the narrator observes a peculiar phenomenon with some of the dead bodies. In extraordinary cases, when a person is virtually dead before he breathes his last, the corpse becomes rigid at once. The narrator observes the case of an old woman who died in his
presence and immediately became stiff and rigid. His friend, a doctor by profession could never believe it. After all, his knowledge was based on what he read in books while here was the knoweldge based on real observation and experience.

The Chauffeurs of Madrid
(NYAN Dispatch - May 22, 1937)

The Spanish civil war had a powerful impact on Hemingway's works. The Butterfly and the Tank, Under the Ridge, and The Chauffeurs of Madrid were based on his experiences of Spanish civil war. All the three deal with war and the necessity to have what Ernest called "grace under pressure." Once an admirer asked what he meant by courage and Ernest told that it is "grace under pressure." The above three stories were not included in first 49 stories published by Scribner's. These stories are actually his journalist dispatches. Ernest, though a journalist by profession, gave first-rate importance to his creative writings and second-rate importance to his journalistic writings which he called 'the other thing.' The above three stories were included in the anthology The Enduring Hemingway edited by Charles Scribner.

Hemingway covered the Spanish civil war as a correspondent. He was provided with a car and a chauffeur. His chauffeur was Tomas who was sentimental and patriotic. He shouted "Long Live Madrid, the capital of my soul." He shook hands with Ernest when he said that Madrid was the soul of his heart. Tomas left both the hands off the wheel to shake hands with Ernest who reminded him to take care of the steering wheel. Tomas has confidence that his car cannot go astray. But this
very Tomas could not start the car after the bombardment. Whenever there was bombardment, Tomas lost control of his nerves so much that he could not start the car. He was inefficient and was turned out.

The second chauffeur ran away with the car and hence was sent to jail. The third chauffeur was David who uttered most vulgar and profane abuses. "Being with David changed my conception of profanity," says Ernest. David was not an efficient driver. Whenever there was a bombardment David used to say, "Listen to that unspeakable unmentionable noise." Once he went out to a market place when he saw some persons being killed in the bomb blast. David was shaking and trembling. After it, David did not think bombardment beautiful as he did before. However, like the other two drivers, David was also inefficient.

Hipoloto was the fourth chauffeur. He was very good driver and knew all types of cars. Moreover, he was brave. Once after the blast of bomb near the car, Ernest asked him to put the car a little ahead of.

"Don't be foolish," he said. "Another one wouldn't drop there in a thousand years. Besides, it did not explode."
"Put it further along the street."
"What is the matter with you?" he asked. "You getting windy."
"You've got to be sensible."
"Go ahead and do your work," he said. "Don't worry about me."* (p.621)

*The Chauffeurs of Madrid, Under the Ridge and The Butterfly and the Tank are from *Enduring* edited by Charles Scribners (New York: Scribner's, 1966). Page numbers will be cited from this edition within the text.
At one o'clock the shelling stopped and Ernest decided to
go for lunch. Ernest decided to walk by a very tortuous
and extremely safe way when Hipoloto said.

"Where are you going?"
"To eat."
"Get in the car."
"You're crazy."
"Come on, we'll drive down Gran via. It's
stopped. They are eating their lunch too."

Ernest could not but go with Hipoloto in car. They went to
the hotel and took their lunch. Theirs was the only car.

Hipoloto finished and went upto the car. There was more
shelling sound. When Ernest reached the car he found

Hipoloto lying on his head back in the driver's seat. Ernest
thought that Hipoloto was killed in the bombardment but, in
fact, Hipoloto was asleep as he was in the habit of sleeping
after dinner. They drove to another cafe for good coffee.
Ernest very much admired Hipoloto's courage and control of
nerves. He was really impressed and wanted to give some
money to Hipoloto.

"I don't want anything from you," he said.
"No," I said, "Take it, go on. Buy something
for the family."
"No," he said, "Listen, we had a good time,
didn't we?"

Hipoloto exemplifies Ernest's definition of courage as
"grace under pressure." In introduction to Men at War
Ernest says:

"Danger only exists at the moment of danger.
To live properly in war, the individual
eliminates all such things as potential
danger. Then a thing is only bad when it
is bad. It is bad neither before nor after.
Cowardice, as distinguished from Panic, is
almost always simply a lack of ability to
suspend the functioning of imagination. Learning to suspend your imagination and to live completely in the very second of the present minute with no before and no after is the greatest gift a soldier can acquire." 18

Ernest is so much impressed by Hipoloto that he ends the story with the remark.

"You can bet on Franco, or Mussolini, or Hitler, if you want. But my money goes on Hipoloto."

(p.622)

The Butterfly and the Tank

During his visits to Spain in 1923, Ernest stayed at the Hotel Florida in Madrid. 19 The city was under constant bombardment by Rebel Artillery. Every aspect of life at Madrid was influenced by the war and the danger of death. Ernest was able later to evoke the particular atmosphere of that time in one of his finest short stories The Butterfly and the Tank.

The unidentified "I" of the story is clearly Ernest Hemingway. Ernest visits a hotel where he sees a man and a girl. She is an English girl. Several times in the story she is called "forceful". She is built like "lion-tamer." The man with her is almost effeminate before her. The man ought to be wearing a "high school tie."

Padro, the cabinet-maker is overstrained by war-hysteria. He wants gaiety and so brings flit gun with wine in it threatening the waitress with it. The others present in the hotel were equally overstrained. Someone, mistaking Pedro's flit gun for a real one, shot him dead. The police
examined the persons in the hotel one by one. Everybody has to step over Pedro's dead body to get to the table where two plain clothes policemen sat down and examined the identification papers. The nervous behaviour of the effeminate husband of the "forceful girl" was funny.

"The husband lost and found his papers several times with nervousness. He had a safe conduct pass somewhere but he has mislaid it in a pocket but he kept on searching and perspiring until he found it. Then he would put it in a different pocket and have to searching it. He perspired heavily while doing this and it made his hair very curly and his face red. He now looked as though he should have not only an old school tie but one of those little caps boys in the lower forms wear. You have heard how events age people. Well, this shooting had made him look about ten years younger."

(p.662)

Next day when Ernest went again to the hotel, he came to know the reality about Pedro. "He just wanted to have a good time....It was really just an unfortunate misunderstanding." Pedro was gay too. The manager of the hotel put forward the relentless Spanish logic. "That is the gaiety of drinking with a weakness of chest...His gaiety coming in contact with the seriousness of the like the butterfly in the tank." The English girl thinks that the incident should not be reported because it will damage the cause while the Manager (who is Spanish) thinks it the rarest thing. The misunderstood gaiety comes in contact with the deadly seriousness that is always there in war atmosphere. Ernest agreed to the Manager's suggestion.to write about the incident of Pedro and call it The Butterfly and the Tank.
Under the Ridge

Ernest wanted to take photographs of an action. Unfortunately the action had failed. However, he took the photograph of the action with the help of his photographer. Later on, he met two soldiers. One was Spanish and the other was of Extremadura. The two soldiers talk about fear in battle. Fear is very natural. The effect of fear on him is that he feels thirsty. Ernest feels certain that he is not going to die that day because he had a miraculous escape. "The first time had been when we had gone up with the tanks and picked a place, and within ten minutes a six-inch shell had hit on the exact place where I had been and there was no trace of human being ever having been there. (p.669) This confidence of Ernest is soon going to be shattered on coming in contact with the harsh realities of war. As a war correspondent, Ernest has first-hand information about the horrors of war. He knew of the cases of self-immolation to escape from the war services. The soldier who comes of Extremadura hates all foreigners. He is not afraid of anything.

"He is crazy," another soldier said. "Everyone fears planes. They kill little but make much fear." (p.670) In the meantime Ernest saw a tall man in International Brigade uniform with a blanket rolled over his shoulder and tied at his waist.

"His head was held high and he looked like a man walking in his sleep. He was middle aged. He was not carrying a rifle and, from where I lay, he did not look wounded." (p.670)
The Extremaduran came from Badajoz where the natives were sacked and pillaged. The women were violated by the English, the French and the Moors. Hence the soldier from Extremadura hated all foreigners particularly the Russians. In the meantime, two soldiers came and asked them if they had seen a middle-age Frenchman with a blanket round his shoulders. They rushed towards the ridge and fired at the man whom Ernest had seen earlier going with his head held high. The man fell dead on the ridge.

"The Frenchman had come walking out of the attack with great dignity and I understood him as a man. But, as a soldier these other men who had policed the battle had hunted him down, and the death he had walked away from had found him when he was just over the ridge, clear of the bullets and the shelling and walking toward the river." (p. 674)

"And that," the extremaduran said to me, nodding toward the battle police.
"Is war," I said, "in war, it is necessary to have discipline."
"And to live under that sort of discipline we should die?"
"Without discipline every one will die anyway." (p. 674)

The above line about discipline comes from Ernest's core of heart. Ernest took to task his friends if they showed slackening of discipline in them. However, here Ernest's purpose of showing the horrors of life has become successful. War is bad but worse than war is the defeat in war. Hence it should be won whatever be the price.

"But once we have a war there is only thing to do. It must be won. For defeat brings worse things than any that can ever happen in a war." 20
The soldier told the story of a boy Paco who was afraid of bombardment and so inflicted wound on his hand to be free from war services. The boy was admitted in hospital. He could not be sent back to battlefield as his hand had to be amputated. He was well liked in the hospital and hoped to make himself a useful man with one hand. A day before he was taken by two soldiers (who had killed the Frenchman) and an officer. The boy was not informed of anything. He was not arrested. He thought that he was being taken for a visit. All of a sudden, without preparing him mentally, he was shot dead. It was very brutal. He was given no warning, no chance to prepare himself. That is why the Extremaduran hated Russians as well as all other foreigners. On hearing the story of Paco, Ernest could not help but remark, "I think we had better go."

Ernest went to meet the general who was coldly furious because the attack has failed. The general advised Ernest to be careful and not to be killed.

"...And don't get killed. Especially do not get killed. Now, get out of here." (p.678)

But unfortunately the general could not take his own advice because he was killed two months later. The war is such a bad thing that it destroys everything including the most cherished ideals of mankind.

Later on, Ernest saw the film of the action taken with the help of the photographer. He was surprised to see the tanks crawling towards "the illusion of victory."

"The nearest any man to victory that day was probably the Frenchman who came, with his head held high, walking out of the battle. But his victory lasted until he had walked half way down in the ridge." (p.678)
Some of Ernest's by-line products such as *The Old Man at the Bridge*, *The Chauffeurs of Madrid*, *The Butterfly and the Tank* and *Under the Ridge*, have stood on an equal footing with his fiction and have been subsequently anthologised as short stories. The story *Under the Ridge* shows something very important about Hemingway as a writer. His strong sympathy for the Loyalist cause did not prevent him from describing the people he saw as they really were or from showing what they actually did. His conscience as an artist forced him to hold a point of view about any particular party line. Ernest maintains a corresponding impartiality in seeing the good and bad in individuals on both sides. This strength of commitment to truth gives Ernest a discipline of style which rendered his journalistic dispatches into the pieces of artistic beauty.
References


2. Ibid., p. 304.

3. Ibid., p. 344.


6. Ibid., p. 350.

7. Ibid., p. 351.


10. Ibid., p

11. Ibid., p. 297.


16. Ibid., p. 128.


