story writers were to convey his concerns in a prose style built from what was left after eliminating all the work one "could not bear to read." As flamboyant in his personal style as he was secretive in his writing, Hemingway became an international celebrity after the publication in 1926 of his first novel, *The Sun Also Rises.* At the time of his death, he was probably the most famous writer in the world. He was born and raised in Oak Park, Illinois, one of five children. His mother was a music teacher, director of the church choir, and a woman of high culture who had contemplated a career as an opera singer. His father was a successful physician, prone to depression, who enjoyed hunting, fishing, and fishing and who shared in household responsibilities more than most men of his era. The family spent summers at their cottage in northern Michigan, where much of Hemingway's stories are set. After high school, Hemingway took a job on the Kansas City Star. When the United States entered the war in 1917, Hemingway was eager to go. An eye problem barred him from the army, so he joined the ambulance corps. Within three weeks he was wounded by shrapnel. After six months in the hospital Hemingway went home as a decorated hero. when wounded, he had carried a comrade more badly hurt than he to safety (see p. 1377). His first novel was difficult and became increasingly estranged from his family, especially his mother. Years later, when his father committed suicide, Hemingway blamed his mother for that death.

In 1920 he married Hadley Richardson and went to Paris. Supported partly by her money and partly by his journalism, Hemingway worked at becoming a writer. He came to know Gertrude Stein, Sherwood Anderson, Ezra Pound, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and others in the large community of expatriates: artistic and literary Americans. Besides reading his manuscripts and advising him, Fitzgerald and Anderson, better known than he, used their influence to get his book of short stories *In Our Time* published in the United States in 1925. In this book, stories about the adolescents Nick Adams as he grew up in northern Michigan alternate with very brief, powerful vignettes of war and crime.

In 1926 his novel *The Sun Also Rises* appeared, it presents the stripped-down *Hemingway style* as its finest. "I always try to write on the principle of the iceberg," he told an interviewer. "There is seven-eighths of it under water for every part that shows." Narrated by Jake Barnes, whose World War I wounds have left him sexually impotent, *The Sun Also Rises* depicts Jake's efforts to live according to a self-conscious code of dignity, of "grace under pressure," in the midst of a circle of seeking American and English expatriates in Paris. He finds an ideal in the rich traditions of Spanish peasant life, especially as epitomized in bullfighting and the bullfighter. The *Sun Also Rises* was directly responsible for a surge of American tourism to Pamplona, Spain, where the novel's bullfights are set.

In 1927 Hemingway brought out his second collection of stories, *Men without Women.* Adapting journalistic techniques in telegraphic prose that minimized sur-

*ERNEST HEMINGWAY* 1899–1961

The narrator in Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms,* reflecting on his war experiences, observes at one point: "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrificed and the expression in war... . I had seen nothing sacred, nothing that seemed glorious, and no glory, and the sacrifices were like the skyscrapers in Chicago if nothing was done with the least except to bury it. There were many words that you could not stand to hear: Hemingway's son and achievement as novelist and short-
The Snows of Kilimanjaro

Kilimanjaro is a snow-covered mountain 19,700 feet high, and it said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its eastern summit is called the "Northeast Peak," 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.

"The marvellous thing is that it's painless," he said. "That's how you know when it starts."

"Is it really?"

"Absolutely. I'm awfully sorry about the odor though. That must bother you.

"Don't! Please don't."

"Look at them," he said. "Now it is sight at it is scent that brings them like that."

The cot the man lay on was in the wide shade of a mimosa tree and as he looked out past the shade onto the glare of the plain there were three of the big birds squatting obscenely, while in the sky a dozen more sailed, making quick-moving shadows as they passed.

"They've been here since the day the truck broke down," he said. "Today's the first time any have lit on the ground. I watched the way they sailed very carefully at first in case I ever wanted to use them in a story. That's funny now."

"I wish you wouldn't," she said.

"I'm only talking," he said. "It's much easier if I talk. But I don't want to bother you."

"You know it doesn't bother me," she said. "It's that I've gotten so very nervous not being able to do anything. I think we might make it as easy as we can until the plane comes."

"Or until the plane doesn't come."

"Please tell me what I can do. There must be something I can do."

"You can take the leg off and that might stop it, though I doubt it. Or you can shoot me. You're a good shot now, I taught you to shoot didn't I?"

"Please don't talk that way. Couldn't I read you?"

"Read what?"

"Anything in the book bag that we haven't read."

"I can't listen to it," he said. "Talking is the easiest. We quarrel and that makes the time pass."

"I don't quarrel. I never want to quarrel. Let's not quarrel any more. No matter how nervous we get. Maybe they will be back with another truck today. Maybe the plane will come."

"I don't want to move," the man said. "There is no sense in moving now except to make it easier for you."

"That's cowardly."

"Can't you let a man die as comfortably as he can without calling him names? What's the use of slanging me?"

"You're not going to die."
"Don't be silly. I'm dying now. Ask those bastards." He looked over to where the huge, filthy birds sat, their tattered heads sunk in the hunched feathers. A fourth plumed down, ran quick-legged and then waddled slowly toward the others.

"They are around every camp. You never notice them. You can't die if you don't give up."

"Where did you read that? You're such a bloody fool."

"You might think about some one else."

"For Christ's sake," he said. "That's been my trade."

He lay then and was quiet for a while and looked across the heat shimmer of the plain to the edge of the bush. There were a few Tommies' that showed minute and white against the yellow and, far off, he saw a herd of zebra, white against the green of the bush. This was a pleasant camp under big trees against a hill, with good water, and close by, a nearly dry water hole where sand grouse flitted in the mornings.

"Wouldn't you like me to read?" she asked. She was sitting on a canvas chair beside his rot. "There's a breeze coming up."

"No thanks."

"Maybe the truck will come."

"I don't give a damn about the truck."

"I do."

"You give a damn about so many things that I don't."

"Not so many, Harry."

"What about a drink?"

"It's supposed to be bad for you. It said in Black's to avoid all alcohol. You shouldn't drink."

"Moto!" he shouted.

"Se Bwana."

"Ring whiskey-toda."

"Yes Bwana."

"You shouldn't," she said. "That's what I mean by giving up. It says it's bad for you. I know it's bad for you."

"No," he said. "It's good for me."

So now it was all over, he thought. So now he would never have a chance to finish it. So this was the way it ended in a bickering over a drink. Since the gangrene started in his right leg he had no pain and with the pain the horror had gone and all he felt now was a great tiredness and anger that this was the end of it. For this, that now was coming, he had very little curiosity. For years it had obsessed him; but now it meant nothing in itself. It was strange how easy being tired enough made it. Now he would never write the things that he had saved to write until he knew enough to write them well. Well, he would not have to fail at trying to write them either. Maybe you could never write them, and that was why you put them off and delayed the starting. Well he would never know, now. "I wish we'd never come," the woman said. She was looking at him holding the glass and lifting her lip. "You never would have gotten anything like this in Paris. You always said you loved Paris. We could have stayed in Paris or gone anywhere. I'd have gone anywhere. I said I'd go anywhere you wanted. If you wanted to shoot we could have gone shooting in Hungary and been comfortable."
Alfred the room, and they slept on mattresses filled with heath leaves, the time the deer were come with his foot bloody in the snow. He said the police were right behind him and they gave him woollen socks and held the gendarmes talking until the tracks had drifted over.

In Schramn, on Christmas day, the snow was so bright it hurt your eyes when you looked out from the windows and saw every coming home from church. That was where they walked up the steep-smoothed, eerie-fallen road along the hill, on which they ran that great run down the glacier above the Madlener-house, the snow as smooth as a cake frosting and as light as powder and he remembered the noiseless, the speed made as you dropped down like a bird.

They were snowed-bound a week in the Madlener-house that time in the blizzard playing cards in the smoke by the eastern light and the stakes were higher all the time as Herr Leut lost more. Finally he lost it all. Everything, the skis, the money and all the season's profit and then his capital. He could see him with his long nose, picking up the cards and then opening, "Sons Voir." There you always gambling then. When there was no snow you gambled and when there was too much snow you gambled. He thought of all the time in his life he had spent gambling.

He had not written a line of that, nor of that cold, bright Christmas day with the mountains shrouding across the plain that Barker had flown across the lines to boom the Austrian officers leave train, machine-gunning them as they scattered and ran. He remembered Barker afterwards coming into the tent and starting to quit it and then somebody saying, "You bloody murderous bastard!"

There were the same Austrians they killed then that he shot with later. Not the same. Hams, that he shot with that year, had been in the Kaiserjagers and when they went hunting hares together up the little valley above the saw-mill they had talked of the fighting on Pasubio and of the attack on Pietrarc and Audone and he had never written a word of that. Nor of Monte Corono, nor the Sette Communi, nor of Ariseco.

How many winters had he lived in the Vorarlberg and the Arlberg? It was four and then he remembered the man who had the fox to sell when they had walked into Bludenz, that time to buy presents, and the chestnut-pie taste of good kirsch, the fast-slipper rush of running powder on crust, singing! "Hi! Hol's! Rolly!" as you run down the last stretch to the steep drop, taking it straight, then running the orchard in three turns and out across the ditch and onto the icy road behind the inn. Knocking your bindings loose, kicking the ski free and leaning them upright against the wooden wall of the inn, the lamplight coming from the window, where inside, in the smoky, new-woe smelling warmth, they were playing the accordion.

"Where did we stay in Paris?" he asked the woman who was sitting by him in a canvas chair, now, in Africa.

"At the Crillon. You know that?"
"Why do I know that?"
"That's where we always stayed."
"No, Not always."
"There and at the Pavillon Henri-Quatre in St. Germain. You said you loved it there."
"Love is a dahlie, said Harry. "And I'm the cock that gets on it to crow."
"If you have to go away," she said, "is it absolutely necessary to kill off everything you leave behind? I mean do you have to rob the steep pine hills, skis heavy on the shoulder, and where they ran that great run down the glacier above the Madlener-house, the snow as smooth as a cake frosting and as light as powder and he remembered the noiseless, the speed made as you dropped down like a bird."

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of the plain that he could see. She was always thoughtful, he thought. On anything she knew about, she had read, or that she had ever heard. It was not her fault that when he went to her he was already over. How could a woman know that meant nothing that you said; that you spoke only from habit, and so to be comfortable? After he no longer meant what he said, his liee were more successful with women than when he had told them the truth.

It was not so much that he lied as that there was no truth to tell. He had had his life and it was over and then he went on living it again with different people and more money, with the best of the same places, and some new ones.

You kept from thinking and it was all marvelous. You were equipped with good instincts so that you did not go to pieces that way, the way most of them did, and you made so that you cared nothing for the work you used to do now that you could no longer do it. But, in yourself, you said that you would write about these people; about the very rich; that you were really not of them but a spy in their country; that you would leave it and write of it as and for once it would be written by some one who knew what he was writing of. But he would never do it, because 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 people he knew were now all much more comfortable than when he did not work. Africa was where he had been happiest in the good time of his life, so he had come out here to start again. They had made this sailor with the minimum of comfort. There was no hardship; but there was no luxury and he had thought that he could get back into training that way. That in some way he could work the sin off his soul the way a fighter went into the mountains to work and train in order to burn it out of his body.

She had liked it. She said she loved it. She loved anything that was exciting, that involved a change of scene, where there were new people and where things were pleasant. And he had felt the illusion of earning money so will to work. Now if this was how it ended, and he knew it was, he must turn like some snake biting itself because its back was broken, wasn't this woman's fault. If he had not been she it would have been another. If he lived by a lie he should try to lie by it. He heard a shot beyond the hill.

She shot very well this good, this rich bitch, this kindly caretaker and destroyer of his talent. Nonsense. He had destroyed his talent himself. Why should he blame this woman because she kept him well? He had destroyed his talent by not living it, by betraying of himself and what he believed in, by drinking so much that he blunted the edge of his perceptions, by laziness, by sloth, and by sodomy by pride and by prostration, by hash and by crook. And what was this? A catalogue of old books? What was his talent anyway? It was a talent all right but instead of using it, he had traded on it. It was never what he had done, but always what he could do. And he had chosen to make his living with something instead of a pen or a pencil. It was stranger, too, wasn't it, that when he fell in love with another woman, that woman should always have more money than the last one? But when he no longer was in love, when he was still living, as to this woman, now, who had the most money of all, who had all the money there was, who had a husband and children, who had taken lovers and been dissatisfied with them, and who loved him dearly as a writer, as a man, a companion and a proud possessor, it was strange that when he did not love any one at all and was always hungry that he should be able to give her more when he loved her really badly. We must all be cut for what we do, he thought. However you make your living is where your talent lies. He had sold vitality, in one form or another, all his life and when your affections are not too involved you give much better for the money. He had found that out but he would never write that, not either. No, he would not write that, although it was well worth writing.

Now she came in sight, walking across the open toward the camp. She was wearing oldkhakis and carrying her rifle. The two boys had a Tommy slung and they were coming along behind her. She was still a good-looking woman, he thought, and she had a pleasant body. She had a great talent and appreciation for the bed, she was not pretty, but he liked her face, she read enormous, liked to ride and shoot and smoke, certainly, she drank too much. Her husband had died when she was still a comparatively young woman and for a while she had devoted herself to her two just-grown children, who did not need her and were embarrassed at having her about, to her stable of horses, to books, and to bottles. She liked to ride in the evening before dinner and she drank Scotch and soda while she read. By dinner she was fairly drunk and after a bottle of wine at dinner she was usually drunk enough to sleep. That was before the lovers. After he had the lovers she did not drink much because she did not have to be drunk to sleep. But the lovers bored her. She had been married to a man who had never bored her and these people bored her very much.

There one of her two children was killed in a plane crash and after that was over she did not want the lovers, and drink was not anesthetic she had to make another life. Suddenly, she had been acutely frightened of being alone. But she wanted some one that she respected with her.

She had been very simple. She liked what he wrote and she had always envied the life she led. She thought he did exactly what he wanted to. The steps by which she had acquired him and the way in which she had finally love with him were all part of a regular progression in which she had built toward a new life and he had traded over what remained of his old life. He had traded it for security, for comfort too, there was no denying that, and for what else? He did not know. She would have bought him anything he wanted. He knew it. She was a class apart and she was not a commoner. She would own him in his contempt for her, with her, anywhere with her, because she was richer, because she was very pleasant and appreciative and because she never made scenes. And now this life that she had built again was in a sense to a time because he had not used indio two weeks ago when a thorn had scratched his nose as they moved forward trying to photograph a herd of waterbuck standing, their heads up, prancing while their mouths reached the air, then spread wide to hear the first noise that would rush them rushing into the bush. They had bullied, too, before he got the picture.

Here she came now.

He turned his head on the cot to look toward her. "Hello," he said.
The Snows of Kilimanjaro / 1911

a fine woman, marvellous really. And just then it occurred to him that he was going to die.

It came with a rush; not as a rush of water nor of wind; but of a sudden evil-smelling emptiness and the odd thing was that the hyena slipped lightly along the edge of it.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked him.

"Nothing," he said. "You had better move over to the other side. To windward."

"Did Molo change the dressing?"

"Yes. I'm just using the borne now."

"How do you feel?"

"A little wobbly."

"I'm going in to bathe," she said. "I'll be right out. I'll eat with you and then we'll put the cot in."

So, he said to himself, we did well to stop the quarrelling. He had never quarrelled much with this woman, while with the women that he loved he had quarrelled so much that they had always, with the corruption of the quarrelling, killed what they had together. He had loved too much, demanded too much, and he wore it all out.

He thought about being in Constantineople at that time, having quarrelled in Paris before he had gone out. He had whored the whole time and then, when that was over, and he had failed to kill his loneliness, but only made it worse, he had written her, the first one, the one who left him, a letter telling her how he had never been able to kill it. . . . How when he thought he saw her outside the Regence one time it made him go all faint and sick inside, and what he would do to a woman who looked like her in some way, along the Bondi, afraid to see it was not she, afraid to lose the feeling it gave him. How every one he had slept with had only made him miss her more. How what she had done could never matter since he knew he could not care herself of loving her. He wrote this letter at the Club, cold sober, and mailed it to New York asking her to write him at the office in Paris. That seemed safe. And that night missing her so much it made him feel hollow sick inside, he wandered up past Taxim, picked a girl up and took her out to supper. He had gone to a place to dance with her afterward, she danced badly, and left her for a hot Armenian slut, that snarved her belly against him so it almost scalped. He took her away from a British garnier sabotier after a row. The garnier asked him outside and they fought in the street on the cobbles in the dark. He'd hit him twice, hard, on the side of the jaw and when he didn't go down he knew he was in for a fight. The garnier hit him in the body, then beside his eye. He was with his left again and handed and the garnier fell on him and grabbed his coat and tore the sleeve off and he clubbed him twice behind the ear and then smashed him with his right as he pushed him away. Where the garnier went down his head hit first and he ran with the girl because they heard the M. P.'s coming. They got into a taxi and drove out to Rümmli Hissa along the Rapunzel, and around, and back in the cool night and went to bed and she fell over-repose as she looked but

1. Brandied milk or milk substitute.
2. Fine meal or a dense smoke, to guide the plank to a landing place.
3. Now vanished, capital of Turkey. In the rest of the paragraph there are references to streets and places in and around the city.
"You ought to take some broth to keep your strength up,"
"I'm going to die tonight," he said. "I don't need my strength up."
"Don't be melodramatic, Harry please," she said.
"Why don't you use your nose? I'm rotted half way up my thigh now. What the hell should I feel with broth for? Molo bring whiskey-soda."

"Please take the broth," she said gently.

"All right." The broth was too hot. He had to hold it in the cup until it cooled enough to take it and then he just got it down without gagging.

"You're a fine woman," he said to her.

She looked at him with her well-known, well-loved face from Spur and Town and Country, still a little the worse for drink, only a little the worse for bed, but Town and Country never showed those good breasts and those useful thighs and those lightly small-of-back-swaying hands, and as he looked and saw her well known pleasant smile, he felt death come to him again. This time there was no rush. It was a puff, as of a wind that makes a candle flicker and the flame go toll.

"They can bring my net out later and hang it from the tree and build the fire up. I'm not going in the tent tonight. It's not worth moving. It's a clear night. There won't be any rain."

So this was how you died, in whispers that you did not hear. Well, there would be no more quarrelling. If he could promise that. The one experience that he had never had was not going to spoil now. He probably would. You spoiled everything. But perhaps he wouldn't.

"You can't take dictation, can you?"

"I never learned," she told him.

"That's all right."

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 right a little."

There was a log house, chinked white with mortar, on a hill above the lake. There was a bell on a pole by the door to call the people in to meals. Behind the house were fields and behind the fields was the timber. A line of hombury poplars ran from the house to the road. Other poplars ran along the point. A road went up to the hills along the edge of the timber and along that road he picked blackberries. Then that log house was burned down and all the guns that had been on deer foot tracks above it. Then that same place was burned and afterwards burnt, with the lead melted in the magazines, and the stocks burned away, and in the heap of ashes that were used to make for the big iron soap bracelets, and you asked Grandfather if you could have them to play with, and he said no. You saw the guns still and he never bought any others. No. He hunted any more. The house was rebuilt in the same place out of lumber now and painted white and from its porch you saw the poplars and the lake beyond; but there were never any more guns. The barrels of the guns that had hung on the deer feet — the wall of the log house lay there out on the heap of ashes and no one ever touched them.

4. An international movement in painting, sculpture, and literature that flourished between 1916 and 1922, striving for fantasy, surrealism, and non-

5. Magazines designed for a wealthy audience.
In the Black Forest, after the war, we rented a trout stream and there were two ways to walk to it. One was down the valley from Tréburg and around the valley road in the shade of the trees that bordered the white road, and then up a side road that went up through the hills past many small farms, with the big Schauswald houses, until that road crossed the stream. That was where our fishing began.

The other way was to climb steeply up to the edge of the woods and then go across the top of the hills through the pine woods, and then out to the edge of a meadow and down across this meadow to the bridge. There were birches along the stream and it was not big, but narrow, and fast and deep, with pools where it had cut under the roots of the birches. At the Hotel in Tréburg the proprietor had a fine season. It was very pleasant and we were all great friends. The next year came the inflation and the money he had made the year before was not enough to buy supplies to open the hotel and he bailed himself.

You could almost see that, but you could not dictate the Place Contrescarpe where the flower sellers dried their flowers in the street and the dye ran over the paving where the autograph was taken and in the street the women, always drunk on wine and had marriages, and the children with their noses running in the cold; the smell of dirty sweat and poverty and drunkenness at the Café des Amateurs and the whore at the Bal Masqué they lived above. The Conjuror who entertained the troops of the Garde Républicaine in her lorgnettes, his horserhair-plumed helmet on a chair. The locataire across the hall whose husband was a bicycle racer and her joy that morning at the Ceremonie when she had opened L'Auto and seen where he placed third in Paris- Tours, his first big race. She had blushed and laughed and then gone upstairs crying with the yellow sporting paper in her hand. The husband of the woman who ran the Bal Masqué drew a taxi and when he, Harry, had to take an early plane the husband knocked upon the door to wake him and they each drank a glass of white wine at the zinc of the bar before they started. He knew his neighbors in that quarter then because they all were poor.

Around that Place there were two kinds, the drunkards and the sportifs. The drunkards killed their poverty that way, the sportifs took it out on exercise. They were the descendants of the Communards and it was no struggle for them to know their politics. They knew who had shot their fathers, their relatives, their brothers, and their friends when the Versaillese troops came in and took the town after the Commune and executed any one they could catch withellung hands, or who were a cap, or carried any other sign he was a working man. And in that poverty, and in that quarter across the street from a Bal Masqué Chevaline and a wine co-operative he had written the start of all he was to do. There was never another part of Paris that he loved like that, the sprawling veins, the old white plastered houses painted brown below, the long green of the suddenly droped down rose the rue Cardinal Lemoine to the River, and the other way the narrow crowded world of the rue Moufettard. The street that ran up toward the Pantheon and the other that he always took with the bicycle, the only asphalted street in all that quarter, smooth under the tires, with the high narrow houses and the cheap tall hotel where Paul Verlaine had died. There were only two apartments in the apartments where they lived and he had a room on the top floor of that hotel that cost him sixty francs a month where he did his writing, and from it he could see the roofs and chimney pots and all the hills of Paris.

From the apartment you could only see the wood and coal man's place. He sold wine too, bad wine. The golden horse's head outside the Bouchere Chevaline where the carcases hung yellow gold and red in the open window, and the green painted co-operative where they brought their wine; good wine and cheap. The rest was plaster walls and windows of the neighbors. The neighbors who, at night, when some one lay drunk in the street, moaning and groaning in that typical French reverse that you were propagated to believe did exist, would open their windows and then the murmur of talk.

"Where is the policeman? When you don't want him the bailiff is always there sleeping with some concierge. Get the Agent. Tiss one night threw a bucket of water from a window and the moaning stopped. "What's that? Water. Ah, that's intelligent. And the wind is whistling. Marie, her femme de menage, goes against the eight-hour day today. "If a husband and works until six he gets only a little drunk on the way home and does not waste too much. If he works only until five he is drunk every night and on one has no money. It is the wife of the working man who suffers from this shortening of hours."

"Wouldn't you like some more broth?" the woman asked him now.

"No, thank you very much. It is awfully good."

"Try just a little."

"I would like a whiskey-soda."

"It's not good for you."

"No. It's bad for me. Cole Porter's wrote the words and the music. This knowledge that you're going mad for me."

"You know I like you to drink."

"Oh yes. Only it's bad for me."

When she goes, he thought. I'll have all I want. Not all I want but all there is. Aye he was tired. Too tired. He was going to sleep a little more, he lay still and death was not there. It must have gone another street. It went in pairs, on bicycles, and moved absolutely silent on the pavements.

No, he had never written about Paris. Not the Paris that he cared about. But what about the rest that he had never written?

What about the ranch and the silvered sage of the upland, the quick, clear water in the irrigation ditches, and the hearty green of the alfalfa. The trail went up into the hills and the cattle in the pasture turned to the river as doer. The bawling and the steady noise and slow moving mass raising a dust as you brought them down in the fall. And behind the mountains, the clear sharpness of the peaks in the evening light and, riding down along the trail in the moonlight, bright across
had an argument one time about our Lord never sending you anything you could not bear and some one's theory had been that meant that at a certain time the pain passed you out automatically. But he had always remembered Williamson, that night. Nothing passed out Williamson until he gave him all his morphine tablets that he had always saved to use himself and then they did not work right away.

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.

He thought a little about the company that he would like to have.

No, he thought, when everything you do, you do too long, and do too late, you can't expect to find the people still there. The people all are gone. The party's over and you are with your hostess now.

I'm getting as bored with dying as with everything else, he thought.

"It's a bore," he said out loud.

"What is, my dear?"

"Anything you do too bloody long."

He looked at her face between him and the fire. She was leaning back to the chair and the fireplace shone on her pleasantly lined face and he could see that she was sleepy. He heard the hyena make a noise just outside the range of the fire.

"I've been writing," he said, "but I got tired."

"Do you think you will be able to sleep?"

"Pretty sure. Why don't you turn in?"

"I like to sit here with you."

"Do you feel anything strange?" he asked her.

"No. Just a little sleepy."

"I do," he said.

He had just felt death come by again.

"You know the only thing I've never lost is curiosity," he said to her.

"You've never lost anything. You're the most complete man I've ever known."

"Christ," he said. "How little a woman knows. What is that? Your intuition?"

Because, just then, death had come and rested its head on the foot of the cot and he could smell its breath.

"Never believe any of that about a scythe and a skull," he told her. "It can be two bicycle policemen as easily, or be a bird. Or it can have a wide snout like a hyena."

It had moved up on him now, but it had no shape any more. It simply occupied space.

"Tell it to go away."

It did not go away but moved a little closer.

"You've got a bell of a breath," he told her. "You stinking bastard."

It moved up closer to him still and he could not speak to it, and when it saw he could not speak it came a little closer, and now he tried to send it away.

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8. There are the opening words of "The Rich Boy" by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Hemingway originally said Fitzgerald's name instead of "Jack," but was persuaded to make the change by his editor, Maxwell Perkins.

9. In medieval tragedy death is often represented as a skeleton draped in a toga so that only the head shows. He carries a scythe.
heat and Compie looking back to see how he was riding. Then there were other mountains dark ahead.

And then instead of going on to Arusha they turned left, evidently figured that they had the gas, and looking down before a pink stinging cloud, moving over the ground, and in the air, like the first snow in a blizzard, that comes from nowhere, and he knew the locusts were coming up from the South. Then they began to climb and they were going to The East it seemed, and then it darkened and they were in a storm, the rain so thick it seemed like flying through a waterfall, and then they were out and Compie turned his head and grinned and pointed and there, ahead, all he could see, as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievably white in the sun, was the square top of Kilimanjaro. And then he knew that there was where he was going.

Just then the hyena stopped whimpering in the night and started to make a strange,human, almost crying sound. The woman heard it and stirred uneasily. She did not wake. In her dream she was at the house on Long Island and it was the night before her daughter’s début. Somehow her father was there and he had been very rude. Then the noise the hyena made was so loud she woke and for a moment she did not know where she was and she was very afraid. Then she took the flashlight and shone it on the other cot that they had carried in after Harry had gone to sleep. She could see his bed under the mosquito bar but somehow he had gotten his leg out and it hung down alongside the cot. The dressings had all come down and she could not look at it.

"Molo," she called, "Molo! Molo!"

Then she said, "Harry, Harry!" Then her voice rising, "Harry! Please, Oh Harry!"

There was no answer and she could not hear him breathing. Outside the tent the hyena made the same strange noise that had awakened her. But she did not hear him for the beating of her heart.

1936, 1938

THOMAS WOLFE 1900–1938

Thomas Wolfe’s writing was diametrically opposed to the suggestive conciseness of such modernist prose writers as F Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. He wanted to write about America, he said, "not the government, or the Revolutionary War, or the Monroe Doctrine," but rather "the ten million seconds and moments of your life." Elsewhere he said, "I want to write about everything and say it all about each particular." As a result his manuscripts were vast and raw that had to be shaped into books by his editors and agents.

Wolfe was born in Asheville, North Carolina, the seventh and youngest child of O.W. and Julia Weitsel Wolfe. His father, who had been married before, was a stonecutter. His mother came from a Carolina mountain family. When Wolfe was about six years old, she opened a boardinghouse a few blocks from the family home. Thereafter, the family divided its time between these two residences. Later, Wolfe began to invest in real estate and between the earnings of the two parents, the family was financially comfortable. About Wolfe see www.delphi原材料}.emotional and off