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Transitions in Masculinity And

Hemingway's Developed "Code"

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The death of Ernest Hemingway was the passing away of a male icon, an icon that embodied what is often referred to as the "Hemingway Code." This "code" is extremely complex. From Romero to Nick Adams to Robert Jordan or Robert Wilson, there is scarcely a work of Hemingway's that does not have a heroic character very much in full comprehension of the "code." In the case of his characters, the "code" entails the mastery of conducting one's self properly in a given situation. It can be as physically demanding as holding tight when shot in the back (as is the case with a Nick Adams character), or as emotional as Jake Barnes' understanding that it is vain for him to pursue the spirited Brett, a revelation that the codeless Robert Cohn never has.

The "Hemingway Code" is much more than two words that fit nicely together for a scholar's usage; the words signify a much deeper championing of masculinity, almost a haunting presence. For Ernest Hemingway living life every day, every moment with its fullest masculine fervor, became an obsession, a never-ending quest to be at one with the attitude of never complaining, never crying out, (as Henry Fredric refused to do in surgery) panicking, thinking too much, or regretting. To live a manly life in a series of tactical victories, performed with steadfast ritualistic mannerisms, is to embody masculinity, and therefore the "Hemingway Code." The perfect sentence, perfectly prepared duck served with just the right aged red wine, a bullfight watched with the utmost clarity and understanding of the symbolic life-and-death struggle--all of these

fit into the very being of Hemingway and his never-ceasing routine of being a man.

In 1986 the country of Japan was home to the world's oldest living man, Shigechiyo Izumi. At the age of 120 he would drink a cup of tea in the morning, one beer with his noon meal, and tea before retiring to bed. Walks and naps were interspersed throughout the day. Shigechiyo Izumi was merely trying to live; the routine allowed him to do so. Hemingway too is merely attempting to live, living by his own routine. When Hemingway's mind and spirit refused to work as one, his routine/ "Code" was broken, a masculine soul destroyed, leaving only death for salvation.

Ernest Hemingway is not the first and surely will not be the last North American white male to live by values of an esteemed masculine identity. Historically he fits in as a brilliant chapter in white dominated United States masculinity. His love of nature, fishing, adventure, war, drinking, etc., are all solidly grounded historically in the previous pastimes of other remarkable male figures. Decades of presidents, generals, explorers, and writers have components subtle and obvious in their individual masculine demeanors, that subconsciously went into the "Hemingway Code."

Hemingway was born into a society and culture that gave him guidance and values that helped shape him into the masculine figure that he was to become. Many before him went through several series of events in order to become perceived by themselves, and by others, as men. In many ways pain, physical suffering, and perseverance are at the heart of American white masculinity, and therefore in Ernest Hemingway.

The founding of the United States was an act of courage and concerted discipline. Wilderness provided a never-ending need for vigor, on the part of both men and women. Legends of masculine traits dominating the wilds come first in the character of Daniel Boone. Conquering the frontier during the American colonial period took a masterful blend of male virtues, many of which seemed to be embodied in Boone.

Timothy Flint's biography of the Kentuckian, one of the most illuminating discussions of the ideal male character, and one widely read, highlighted the strength and power of Boone. He was decisive and courageous, never failing to do the manly thing. One biographer contended that Boone left North Carolina because he was incensed at the effeminacy of the slave owners there. The epitome of the non-intellectual, Boone was raised in the woods, where nature trained and governed his instincts. In 1868 Flint prefaced another of his Boone biographies with the remark that the frontiersman possessed the best virtues of true manhood: fearlessness, strength, energy, and sagacity (Dubbett 35).

Dubbett continues with following quotation, one that potentially shows a definite linkage of Boone to Hemingway.

That succeeding generations of Americans have seen in Boone a representative ideal man can be documented by claims such as the one in a 1912 Philadelphia newspaper that 'God never made a grander man than Daniel Boone and in every public school in the land the story of his life should be made a regular part of children's study (35).

Boone's ability to survive in nature through conditioning and learned confidence influenced many ambitious males (Hemingway

included) in their future desire to hone outdoor skills, and natural values. Around the same basic time period other male virtues were extolled by Thomas Jefferson. Because he was not a strict outdoorsman, many considered Jefferson to be less the male figure than Daniel Boone. However, men like himself and the well-rounded Benjamin Franklin too had their own influence on American masculine identity. Descriptions of Jefferson illustrate his self-control and discipline of a mental rather than physical working nature. One such quotation of his is "When angry count to ten; when very angry count to one-hundred." Advice such as this, along with values extolled in Franklin's Autobiography, feed a more intellectual foundation of manliness. This element of intellectual self-discipline no doubt is a functioning part of Hemingway's dedication to his writing.

George Washington as militiaman/outdoorsman and aristocrat perhaps best combines the qualities of the ideal Colonial man. "Bancroft said Washington went into the wilderness as a surveyor for three years and 'Nature revealed to him her obedience to serene and silent laws. From her he acquired a divine and animated virtue'(151 Green).

The aristocratic nature of the three historical figures in regards to their means of living and overseas diplomatic positions, as well as an appreciation of quality living, (Monticello, Mount Vernon, wines etc.), should also be duly noted in regard to Hemingway. These men were perhaps in search of adventure, but also seeking the fruits and benefits of what a cultivated worldly and urban self-discipline can

achieve, a world of cultivation Hemingway was later to explore in Paris.

As colonial living and the Revolutionary war period passed, the Louisiana Purchase of 1803 brought the reality of westward expansion into the picture, and with this expansion came masculine expansion. The opening of the West allowed men to have the hands-on experience of becoming their own Daniel Boone, in light of the overcrowded and restless East.

Coming to influence American masculinity strongly following the Louisiana Purchase was Andrew Jackson. Growing up in America's wilderness Jackson proved to be the quintessential model for many seeking an instinctive leader for the expanding, potentially dangerous world of scalp-hungry Native Americans and hard western terrain. In George Bancroft's words, Andrew Jackson was a 'nursling of the wilds' and grew to manhood 'little versed in books, unconnected by science with the tradition of the past' (Dubbert 30). Dubbert goes on to say.

Jackson experienced personal regeneration and subsequent popularity through his violence and celebrated independence. He was controlled more by the raging conflicts of civilization than by restraint, understanding, or compromise. He could not indulge mutuality, viewing life only in terms of domination or submission. Such a 'masculine' interpretation of his existence influenced all of his actions, whether with friends or adversaries, be they the Indians or the British. He embodied the half-alligator-half-man legend of the invincible, savage American Backwoodsman (30-31).

Jackson had his obvious impact on his followers, the Jacksonians. This group serving to represent the "real men" of politics; they charged John Quincy Adams, "with bringing effeminate luxuries and amusements into the White House" (Rotundo 270). Andrew Jackson had effectively influenced his followers into considering "aristocratic vice as a marker of unmanliness"(270) a formidable accomplishment, and one that neither John Quincy Adams nor Martin Van Buren could take lightly. This reference to Jackson could be seen as contradicting my earlier claim that the aristocratic tendencies from Franklin and Jefferson had influenced Hemingway, however as much as Hemingway is lauded for his knowledge of fine liquors and cuisine, he also frequented rougher dives with men of the Jackson variety (this is especially exemplified during his time spent in Cuba).

Jackson's effect on politics and class representation was immense; however, as a well-respected, hard-drinking, fighting adventurer, his permanent effect on American masculinity was greater. President Grover Cleveland was born into the Jacksonian era and had his masculine values infiltrated by the legend and tone that the dominant early nineteenth century figure Jackson represented.

Grover Cleveland, born in 1837, was raised in a home that was model of civilized morality. High standards of conduct and moral living based on a puritan ancestry were expected. Cleveland's father a minister, wielded a strong influence over his son by encouraging hard work and self-discipline. Yet Allen Nevins's research has found young Cleveland to have been a roistering young fellow who knew the inside of many saloons. Although he was brought up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, Cleveland wanted to be a 'man's man.' He avoided polite society as much as possible because it seemed

effeminate. He preferred the smoke-filled rooms, card-playing, and hunting, and generally avoided women altogether (Dubbett 18-19).

The quotation in reference to Cleveland's young adulthood, clearly demonstrates the historical influence of linking American male traits. Cleveland to a certain extent was influenced by Jackson's era, and no doubt Hemingway was directly influenced by Cleveland's generation.

Shortly after Andrew Jackson and his tremendous influence on masculinity, an even greater event would reshape and give roots to modern American manliness. The United States Civil War made masculine an entire generation of men virtually instantly and simultaneously. Battles with Native Americans and the elements in the West were nothing compared to the constant life and death bonding situations that men experienced and dealt with during the War on a daily basis. The first fully involved war since the American Revolution initiated a United States military revitalized in tradition, legend, along with the promotion of the enduring value of becoming a soldier and a man. Illustrating how the Civil War is a cornerstone of future masculinity, Charles Francis Adams' experience perhaps best delineates the overwhelming gain men experienced from the Civil War.

The war he [Adams] wrote, 'gave me just that robust, virile stimulus to be derived only from a close contact with nature and a roughing it among men and in the open air, which I especially needed. Raised in a home rigid in moral discipline but lax on physical experience, young Adams worried about being weak. 'So far as my physique is concerned, I from my

army experience got nothing but good.' Adams, who went on to a brilliant career as a historian, businessman, and lawyer, remembered the Civil War, as the greatest event in his life. In his autobiography, Adams did not confine the war's significance to himself personally. Antietam and Gettysburg were names common to a whole generation, and for those who had been there those names recalled vivid testing. There was carnage, attack, repulse, and breathless suspense, but through it all the men of those days, found their manhood in bravery and courage sufficient for ultimate victory (Dubbett 56).

This "ultimate victory" that Adams refers to is the victory of manliness and of a masculine "code," that can endure hardship, pain, and death. Regardless of who was actually triumphant, the American man who strove and struggled was victorious. Adams remarks on war and manhood would be similarly interpreted by a later Hemingway, in his experiences on both the Italian front during World War I, and as a compatriot of guerrilla soldiers in the Spanish Civil War.

The United States Civil War indeed did go hand and hand with the verification and affirmation that the men surviving the War were indeed "men." Through a literary/historical perspective, authors Henry James and Stephen Crane both wrote about the Civil War. One brings Hemingway closer to his male ideals and origins, while the other showed the experienceless road that Hemingway was never to take. The "other" was Henry James; a quotation by him illustrates his troubled path.

"How could a man who claimed throughout his life to write about experience be authentic when he missed (or dodged) the experience that set apart a whole generation"(Dubbett 60).

Crane on the other hand gave Ernest a perspective that a young, impressionable, boy, who is eager to be a man, could definitely identify with.

Fleming--the main character in 'Red Badge' initially panics, then, 'Throwing himself into the next great battle, he demonstrates courage and self-assurance. 'He felt a quiet manhood, non-assertive but of a sturdy and strong blood. He was a man.' Crane had thrust Fleming into the total experience of war because only through such a totally consuming experience could one become disciplined and develop the character necessary for manhood(Dubbert 74).

It is through the authors Henry James' and Stephen Crane's thoughts and recordings (in James' case a lack of Civil War narration also affected Hemingway) that the Civil War was brought in part to Hemingway. Regardless of concrete history, literature, and the literary voice concerning the heroism or cowardice in regard to the Civil War had a large impact on Hemingway and the shaping of American masculinity.

Following the Civil War, began a failing followed by a resurgence of masculinity. Oddly enough, the failing and resurgence occurred very close in years to each other. The perceived failing of masculinity in the post-Civil War period centers on two major focal points. One was the ending of the Wilderness, with the ensuing rise of urban living, and the second was a family structure that increasingly emphasized female dominance.

In 1893 Frederick Jackson Turner declared that the frontier

had closed, terminating further westward expansion into new land. Gone was the wilderness of old with its glory days of Jackson and Boone; they were now settling into the past. The necessity to dominate the wilds, with the same masculine traits no longer existed, (Not to mention that the shrinking Native American population was no longer able to stand up against white males in search of masculinity through combat).

With the closing of the Territories a lessening of self-reliance ensued, with an increased emphasis on corporate industrialism.

Rapid industrialization in late nineteenth century America radically transformed men's relationship with their work. The independent artisan, the autonomous small farmer, the small shopkeeper were disappearing. Before the Civil War, 88% of American men were farmers or self-employed businessmen; by 1870, that figure had dropped to 2 out of 3 men; and by 1910, less than one third of all American men were so employed (Brod 138).

Brod goes on to restate what Henry George wrote in Social Problems (copyrighted 1883) to further explain the stresses and problems of a growing industrial United States.

That labor-saving devices result in 'positive ends' for the working man, 'degrading men into the position of mere feeders of machines.' Machines, he claimed, were 'absolutely injurious,' rendering the workman more dependent; depriving him of skill and of opportunities to acquire it; lessening his control over his own condition and his hope of improving it; cramping his mind, and in many cases distorting and enervating his body (Brod 138-139).

The movement to urban living and urban working conditions, dealt a serious blow to all of the previously built infrastructures of American male manliness. Men (not including very recently arrived immigrants) were increasingly not working their own land, shops, etc.; they were forced to forgo their previous form of livelihood and to compete in industrial job markets, leaving the home to free power-wielding women.

The separation of work and home, the privatization of family life and other changes meant that childhood socialization was increasing the work of women--as mothers, schoolteachers, and Sunday school teachers. By the late nineteenth century, 'women were teaching boys to be men' (Kimmel 141-142).

It was just this sort of domineering mother of this late nineteenth-century period, that Hemingway faced. His mother was a woman who had found strength in motherhood, along with countless others of her period.

Several social changes--the rise of women's college, increased literacy, delayed age of marriage, an ideology of upward mobility, and capitalist development--gave rise to the New Woman, a single, highly educated, economically autonomous woman who 'challenged existing gender relations and the distribution of power' (Kimmel 142).

Grace Hemingway, Ernest's mother, was by no means a excessively power-hungry woman; however, Hemingway biographer Kenneth Lynn portrays Grace in the context to the historical interaction of men and women during the late nineteenth century. He writes:

But at the outset of their life together she [Grace] was by a wide margin the principal breadwinner--a state of affairs which may not have come as a complete surprise to her; for the weak chin that Ed would soon cover with a Vandyke beard was a symbol of the weaknesses in his personality (33).

Lynn goes on to say: "In a way this easily overwhelmed man was exactly the sort of husband she had wanted; at the same time she was disappointed in him--endlessly disappointed"(33). Hemingway had no intention of following his father's model of being a weak spouse, lacking in masculine virtues in response to female aggression. In this manner history again affected Hemingway, in the form of an equally influential, dangerously, domineering female.

In the twenty-five years after the Civil War it had been established that a majority of women had a firm hold on their households, and in many cases their husbands and sons. Oddly enough, Darwinism, and its social impact, in many ways allowed women to usurp power. However, Darwinism ultimately put men in a biologically superior frame of mind, so as to regain previous dominance of their masculine virtues.

As the Industrial Revolution boomed, the cities began to fill with immigrants, and the closing of the frontier took place, men found it more necessary to compete in the business world. Charles Darwin's theory on "Survival of the Fittest" was accepted by new industrialists as a business principle to live by. Gone now from the minds of men was the world of nature that Darwin's theory was originally addressed to, as men left the open air for the roofed

factories in the growing urban sprawl. This initial interpretation of Darwinism emphasizing male competitiveness in the business sphere specifically allowed for women to have the previously mentioned feminine influence on the family in the United States.

As men began to notice a change in their once strong male nation, Darwinism was re-interpreted to signify male dominance of the two sexes. In this sociological and biological game, men were the "fittest," and they felt a renewed need to respond to their aggressive wives and reverse their feeling of fleeting masculinity. In many ways the new "fittest" associated, or defined themselves with the ideal, exceptionally superior animal--in this primal way a need for a revived appreciation of nature and its masculine making properties arose, thus challenging Darwinian urban male businessmen.

A flood of animal metaphors poured forth in the post-Darwin era. Man was now 'a brave animal,' and battle made 'the wolf rise in (his) heart.' Jack London's 1903 novel, Call of the Wild drew much of its immense popularity from its message that beneath the veneer of all human training lurks a wild animal. The mere fact that an animal could be the hero of a book so eagerly read by men was revealing in itself. Men spoke of their animal nature in phrases like 'animal instincts' and 'animal energy.' They believed that this nature was their male birthright and that it demanded expression (Rotundo 229).

Needless to say, the meaning of Darwinism was re-evaluated, leading men back on a path of constant reaffirmation of masculinity, in the form of dominance over women and nature. (It is important to note that this change in national white male sentiment is most likely the subconscious masculine urge that a young, adventure-

seeking Ernest Hemingway seized eagerly; yet it was a sentiment that his father's guidance did not emphasize). Micheal S. Kimmel describes an example of just such a pro-male national sentiment.

Men's anti suffrage organizations sprang up around the nation to rally men behind the masculine cause. Suffrage was seen as the 'ultimate invasion of the male domain by women in their drive to save the Republic.' To oppose women's suffrage was a patriotic act: 'The American Republic stands before the world as the supreme expression of masculine force,' claimed the Illinois Association Opposed to Women's Suffrage in 1910. And those who supported women's advance, or progressive reformism generally were less than American, hence less than real men (144).

Organizations and words like *suffrage* were fine for some to describe the changes that were needed and were being executed in revamping of American masculinity; however, in the West, many more grass-roots examples of Darwinism and revived manliness were taking place. The Wobbly movement (the Industrial Workers of the World) were a group that began among miners around the turn of the century. From Martin Green's book, The Adventurous Male comes the following quotation pertaining to the Wobblies.

A noted Wobbly Charles Ashleigh wrote: 'The striking feature of the Pacific country is that it is a man's country. Conditions render it impossible for the worker to marry [and] the arduous physical toil in the open air does not have the same deteriorating effect as does the mechanical, confined work of the Eastern slave, the wandering proletariat of the West. In health and in physical courage he is undoubtedly the superior of his Eastern brother. A mighty wave of fertility sweeps up through the various states in to British Columbia,

drawing in its wake the legions of harvest workers' (162 Green).

Once again men with a masculine code, striving for traditional North American adventure, have risen to leave the urban areas and hold on to the male virtues of old. Hemingway had no doubt read or heard of these men, and was perhaps in some way influenced by them as the following Ashleigh quotation suggests. Ashleigh's story, The Rambling Kid, is about a young Wobbly to be named Joe. The following could be compared to Hemingway's short story "The Battler," in which railroad trains also symbolize danger, adventure, and potential manhood for young Nick Adams.

'They fascinated Joe. They knew the Western states from British Columbia to the Mexican border, from Chicago to Portland, Oregon. in all the vast territory where great railroads are still being built, or giant reservoirsforests...(they) travel illegally, hiding upon freight or passenger trains.' They beat up or literally threw off the train anyone they found using a Wobbly card without being a Wobbly. Joe finally becomes 'a hobo and a Wobbly, one of the reckless rambling boys who despised the soft security and comfort of a dull-paced city existence (Green 163).

The Wobbly movement, and men's anti suffrage organizations were really just a portion of the increased masculine fervor that Theodore Roosevelt was to later champion. As a frail youth with asthma, Roosevelt later shaped himself into a formidable man with traits and customs that all "masculine" men could admire and seek to attain. He, like the Wobbly movement, found his masculinity in the West, where hard work was a must, and open skies and nature

abundant. After his personal success in converting himself into a robust man, Roosevelt took it upon himself to instill (through example and active leadership) a masculine code of virtues that all American men should live and breathe, for the betterment of a strong masculine-dominated nation and rising world power. Joe Dubbert describes Roosevelt's important impact on a generation of men:

Roosevelt argued that, because of modern developments in fields ranging from communications to transportation, it was possible for the aggressive men to do more than men before them had ever done. What a tonic Roosevelt's words must have been to a generation of men who felt that life had passed them by, that all the great wars had been fought and causes won. Theodore Roosevelt was able to revitalize institutions on a national level. Everything Roosevelt typified, his courage, human sympathy, and 'democratic interest in all sorts of men, when they were real men--attracted the attention of hundreds of Young Americans of his own age. They felt, somehow or other that he was a symbol of what young America could do if it tried'(Dubbert, 126, citing Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt, by Lawrence Abbott).

As a leader, Roosevelt significantly viewed the military and its "real men"-producing ability, as a way to make American males unified behind the cause of manhood. He assembled the Rough Riders and eagerly participated in the Spanish American War in Cuba. He was one hundred percent in favor of the "strenuous life" for young males. Roosevelt perceived sports and military as working hand and hand to condition men, while making them virile for the coming century that unknowing to him, was to generate four wars involving the United States: the first and second World Wars, and

two in Asia. He once stated "The nation that cannot fight, the people that have lost the fighting edge, that have lost the virile virtues, occupy a position as dangerous as it is ignoble"(Dubbert 128).

Roosevelt's attitude and encouragement to men to go beyond the pure money-making activities of the industrial boom and become men in touch with the nature of their past while wanting to dominate the future was one of Theodore Roosevelt's greatest accomplishments. That he revived the American military tradition of the Civil War era was another.

Theodore Roosevelt was a major contributor to the masculine turn- of-the-century revival; however, other factors indicate the growing and evolving world that Hemingway was born into. The rise of sports, the Boy Scouts, and the Olympics were all other examples of a change to new traditions in masculine expression in the United States.

We have very little reason to doubt that Ernest Hemingway was a definitive product of the United States historical and sociological masculine past. Hemingway allowed American masculine inspiration to guide him, initially towards developing a distinctly American code of masculinity, but as his life progresses and experiences transpire, his own branded "Hemingway Code" became dominant.

Hemingway's adopting of an American masculine code began in childhood. Hemingway's early experiences with both parents and siblings directly led him in the direction of a higher masculine calling. Growing up in Oak Park, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, Ernest was the second oldest of four children, (the other three were girls, a

brother was born after Hemingway's youth). Grace, Hemingway's mother, took it upon herself to bring immediate confusion to young Ernest's understanding of his gender, as the following quotation by Kenneth Lynn points out.

In the photographic record of Ernest Hemingway's early childhood, he shows up repeatedly in hair-and-dress combinations that served to set him apart to some degree from the majority of boys of comparable age. Moreover, the photographs reveal a shifting between getups that was unusual. Not many boys of his generation, it is safe to say, were compelled to alter their appearance as many times as he was. For that oddity too, his mother was responsible. Yet odder was her elaborate pretense that little Ernest and his sister were twins of the same sex (40).

It appears through the detailed accounts by biographers Kenneth Lynn, Carlos Baker, and Anthony Burgess that Hemingway, his mother, and his father were all involved in some sort of tug-a-war over sex and gender roles. Grace enjoyed teaching Ernest to sew while at the same time encouraging him to demonstrate masculine qualities of rebellion. He occasionally slapped his mother, an act that she deplored, but also invited, in that it showed courage on Ernest's part. Simultaneously Dr. Hemingway:

seemed to be constantly on the lookout for ways to strengthen his son's sense of himself as a boy. One way was to start taking him along on hunting and fishing trips, even though Ernest was not even three years old. Yet instead of resisting her husband's stratagems by saying that the child was too young to handle a fishing rod, let alone a gun, Grace encouraged these expeditions as opportunities for him to demonstrate what a "little man" he was(45).

The tug-a-war was between Grace and Ed Hemingway. Grace had dominated Dr. Hemingway in the past and had carved out a life for herself independent of male superiority. Dr. Hemingway, it seems, had fallen victim to a similar fate that a large group of men in his generation suffered. The tug-a-war began with Grace, as she attempted to shape her male offspring to her liking, as she did her husband. Dressing Ernest as a girl represents a form of feminism and backlash; she refused to make him into the arrogant, extremely masculine, American leader as was a woman's responsibility earlier in the 1800s. The symbolic measure of dressing Marcelline (his sister) and Ernest as twins had to give Grace a satisfying feeling of equality. Grace's acceptance of her husband's male guidance was no doubt an attempt on her part to encourage Ernest to become a better "man" than his father. On the other side of the rope, Dr., Hemingway was not so much waging a gender war as he was providing a male outlet in his understanding of nature and how to live and interact with it. Eventually Ernest sided with nature, and his father's side, as his later short story, "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," suggests.

This alliance to his father's "code," weak in some ways as it may be, meant that Hemingway was firmly on the road to forming a American masculine identity. With the passing of years, the influence of women, mainly his mother and older sister, fell by the wayside. Ernest was now ready to join his father, with the seeds of surpassing him already in place, a surpassing that Grace might privately later enjoy.

By high school, Hemingway had already to a great extent honed his outdoor skills; he now ventured to the American masculine institution of sports, to prove himself, and further his understanding of a male "code." The tough, violent game of football came first for Hemingway; he demonstrated some courage, but never excelled. Boxing became the sport that would best fit into Hemingway's image of the masculine, as he learned to take and inflict pain, in a ritualistic manner.

Boxing was a case in point. Ernest first saw a professional prizefight in Chicago in 1916 and at once fell in love with the sport. Aided by an introduction from a friend of his father's, he gained access to a downtown gym where boxers trained. A decade later he would boast that he had learned to fight by sparring with such legendary figures as Sam Langford, Jack Blackburn, Tommy Gibbons, and Harry Greb. But in all probability he never even climbed into the ring with the little known club fighters who trained at the gym, let alone with any luminaries. The sparring partners on whose hides he honed his skills were his pals in Oak Park, most of whom knew considerably less about the manly art of self-defense than he did (Lynn 59).

Boxing was only to suffice as a suburban pastime for a short while, before Hemingway would desire a departure from tranquil Oak Park to the more masculine night-life of Kansas City. "Action was what Ernest craved, and action was what Kansas City offered in bloody abundance"(Lynn 69). Beyond the mere excitement of the place, Hemingway was able to encounter a male figure other than his father by whom to a certain degree model himself after, and incorporate into his own future masculine code.

From his vantage point on the Star's sports desk, Russel Crouse, the future playwright, was interested to observe that Ernie Hemingway seemed to be modeling himself on Moise (Lionel Moise, a fellow reporter). In Crouse's opinion, 'Moise was the guy Ernie eventually used as the basis for his character.' 'The two of them were rough and tough but the only erudite rough and tough guys I ever knew. They could clean out a bar then quote Shakespeare to the bartender'. By his own admission, Ernest knew Moise 'only slightly,' but he observed him from afar with such attentiveness that some years later he wrote a sketch of him. (Lynn 69)

Kansas City made its mark on Hemingway and did provide a masculine role model in the personage of Lionel Moise; however, World War I was to provide much more experience to shape Hemingway's development of his own code of being a man.

Instrumental in aspects of Hemingway's life is death as a subject, as a part of reality, and as a symbolic beginning and end. World War I lent to Hemingway a great deal of experience on how to view and take death. "One becomes so accustomed to all the dead, he wrote"(Baker 57). How a man accepts the death of others and the possibility of his own death became something that Hemingway began to ponder. When a man is facing death or dying, he is stripped of all his years of experience, wisdom, wealth, medals, etc., and is left to face the grim reaper. How does this man react? With high-pitched sobs, or with a quiet acceptance that death is a natural part of living. It is this obsession with death, and its man-making quality, that Hemingway comes to understand during the first World War.

The very atmosphere of the war forced him to cope with the natural reality of his situation which was embedded with the dying.

Much later he said that he was surrounded by so many dead and dying that to die seemed more natural and normal than to go on living; for a time he even thought seriously of shooting himself with his officer's pistol (Baker 63).

Death and interpreting death, did indeed cause a significant tugging and torment inside of young Ernest Hemingway. However, at the age of nineteen, an almost too wise and cocky Hemingway wrote the following in a letter to his father.

It does give you an awfully satisfactory feeling to be wounded. There are no heroes in this war. All the heroes are dead. . . . Dying is a very simple thing. I've looked at death and really I know. If I should have died, it would have been. . . . quite the easiest thing I ever did. . . . And how much better to die in all the happy period of undisillusioned youth, to go out in a blaze of light, then to have your body worn out and old and illusions shattered (Baker 72).

In his new-found acuteness about the simplicity of death, Hemingway had found the origins to a part of his masculine "code" that he would carry with him for the duration of his life--the reality of the daily potential for death, and the brevity of life for himself and others. It is in his understanding of the shortness of life that will emerge a later part of his masculine "code" in the form of rituals, rituals to help him deal with his understanding.

Other, more specific individuals during World War I lent to Hemingway's understanding of what it means to be a man. He always sought to be a leader, however:

Among the actual warriors, Ernest's behavior was both modest and bellicose. His position as director of the still non-existent emergency canteen made him, as he later said, 'a very minor sort of camp follower.' But he gloried in his proximity to the field of battle (Baker 66).

Clearly, Hemingway was a human emotional sponge during the First World War, placing himself in the best location to undergo the true experience; in doing so he soaked up and put together what later would be incorporated into the "Hemingway Code."

Carlos Baker gives one such example of Hemingway's learning process.

There was a white-headed man in a dirty gray-green uniform, sitting with his back to the wall and looking at the blood-stained emergency dressing which covered the shattered stump of his wrist. Ernest spoke to him. He came from the Abruzzi (part of Italy) and he said that he would be fifty-five years old in August. 'You're too old, Dad for this war,' said Ernest. The soldier looked at him 'Corpo di Bacco,' he said. 'I can die as well as any man' (Baker 63).

This is only one of the insights on death that Hemingway learned well and adopted for his own.

In particular, Major Edward Dorman-Smith was to provide Hemingway with another ingredient for his "Hemingway Code," as well as serving as a role model.

To a nineteen year-old Middle Western American boy who had grown up on Kipling's stories of India, Dorman-Smith seemed to incarnate all the virtues of the pukka sahib. In an age of democracy, he stood for a nineteenth-century aristocratic ideal,

as did his bemonocled Prussian adversaries, whose legendarily fine conduct under fire was also admired by Hemingway (Lynn 90).

In the form of a tangible quotation, Dorman-Smith wrote out some lines to Hemingway from Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth*. "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"(Lynn 91). Once again Hemingway has more material by which to understand death and masculinity, Dorman-Smith had helped produce another part of the blueprint that Hemingway was gradually assembling.

A final insight that was to be later used/incorporated by Hemingway was communicated to him by his nurse, Elsie MacDonald. "She kept smiling and patting Ernest while they lowered him into the bed, and told him, laughing, that he was her 'broken doll, who had come all the way from Piave to be glued together again' (Baker 64). Indirectly this would later become Hemingway's philosophy on being broken, and healing so as to have the broken area be stronger, in regards to mental toughness. Suffering in the form of "being broken," is one of the first steps in Hemingway's developing of a code.

Overall World War I produced a sound base for Hemingway's masculine "code" and in some ways a variation on the American code of masculinity. As evidence of Hemingway's understanding of and influence by American masculinity we have an excerpt from a letter to his mother that echoes of the same military devotion present during the United States Civil War.

When a mother brings a son into the world, she must know that some day the son will die, and the mother of the a man that has died for his country should be the proudest woman in the world, and the happiest (Lynn 92).

It is the content of the previous quotation that marks Ernest Hemingway as an American man; however, it is the following quotation by Carlos Baker that truly shows Hemingway's separation from a purely traditional code of masculinity, to his evolving and distinct "Hemingway Code":

Now that he was older, with more experience, he communicated a new sense of fortitude, tenacity of purpose, stamina, and independence: perhaps above all, the willed determination to be a free soul, untrapped by tradition, living his life in accordance with pragmatic principles. He gave the impression of having discovered them for himself, without apparent indebtedness to models or examples. From childhood he had enjoyed the company of men who could do things; in high school he had surrounded himself with a coterie of like-minded contemporaries. Now that he was nineteen, men several years older than he were ready to accept him as a coeval to be looked up to (Baker 68).

Back in the United States after the War, Hemingway spent time cleansing his mind of combat in the land of his youth--in the woods surrounding Horton Bay, Michigan. In 1920 he married Hadley Richardson the first of his wives who hailed from St. Louis. Shortly after the marriage Hemingway landed a job with the Toronto Star as a foreign correspondent in Paris. In Chicago Sherwood Anderson a

noted author, had met and taken a liking to Ernest. Anderson gave him

letters of introduction--to Gertrude Stein the great expatriate American prose innovatrix, to Sylvia Beach who part owns Shakespeare and Co., the bookshop in the rue de l'Odeon, to Ezra Pound the poet and writer's friend, to Lewis Galantieri of the International Chamber of Commerce (Burgess 28).

As his writing began to flourish so did his masculine "code." Writing was indeed a ritual of Hemingway's; however, he had many more that all surfaced during his time in Europe from 1921-1928.

As scholar Phillip Young has dutifully brought to light, Hemingway's wound both physically and mentally never left him. Hemingway throughout his life was called by many a bully; however, he had the sensitivity of a writer. His exposure to the extreme visions of death and violence during the first World War haunted him, as much of his fiction tends to suggest. In being a thinking man, Ernest Hemingway was left to the task of out-thinking his own wounded mental condition. He began in Michigan ("The Big-Two Hearted River"), after the war and rigorously continued in Europe, a series of rituals that aided him in staying one step ahead of his mind. These rituals would later be used to counteract not just the scars of World War I, but also of his betrayals to friends, family, and lovers. Perhaps slightly shell-shocked or perhaps just paranoid, Ernest Hemingway used these rituals to keep one step ahead of his mind, until his ability to perform the rituals disappeared.

Boxing, his high school obsession, became a frequently used Hemingway ritual. The constant motion made thinking difficult. The

very nature of counter-attacking someone who is attacking you makes instinct take over reason. For the writer, or artist, precision fulfills the need for style rather than pure aggression. Hemingway used the "precision" of boxing at times to directly get problems out of his mind as Lynn demonstrates in Hemingway's treatment of Ezra Pound's friend, Lewis Galantieri.

In addition to being generous, the twenty-six-year old Galantieri was a man of exquisite taste and mimetic wit who spoke perfect French and knew Paris intimately. At the outset of the meal Hemingway found him delightful, but as it became clear that Hadley felt the same way, Hemingway's competitive fire was aroused (Lynn150).

Lynn then goes on to describe Hemingway's challenging Galantieri to spar.

After a minute or two, during which time neither man threw a single punch. Galantieri straightened up and laughingly said he had had enough. After removing one glove he put on his glasses and began to unlace the other glove. In the meantime, Hemingway had been shadow boxing throwing lefts and rights and dancing about. Suddenly, he lunged at Galantieri and hit him in the face, breaking his glasses. Luckily, no fragments flew into the victims eyes or cut his face. Hemingway was obviously relieved about this, but he felt no contrition, in Hadley's opinion. He had effectively demonstrated his masculine superiority (Lynn 150).

Hemingway's desire in many respects to act and not think, led him to discover and attempt to master other rituals. Horses, and betting on racing, was another diversion that helped to keep

Hemingway's mind occupied, while potentially offering financial pay-offs that would aid him in struggling times.

In order to master the ins and outs of any sport he felt that he had to study the opinions of the critics. Of the various sports journals that he regularly read in the spring of 1922, the ones to which he paid the most careful attention were devoted to horseracing. Arising at dawn, he would sit by an open window in the dining room and write something while Hadley still slept. After a while, if he knew that the horses were running that day at Enghien or Antenil, he would go down and buy a racing paper. Then around noon he and Hadley would set out for the track, carrying their lunch, a bottle of wine, and a form chart (Lynn 159).

Horseracing, like boxing, and another of his rituals, drinking, was not always a positive influence. He would never give up the rituals of boxing or drinking, however interestingly enough, he did give up betting on horses.

As he himself phrased it many years later, he was betting on horses rather than his work and his life with Hadley. Just how he managed to stop gambling he never satisfactorily explained, but it took him three or four years to put the addiction behind him. And while he felt glad at having finally done so, his achievement 'left an emptiness,' which was his way of saying that he sank into a depression--as he always did, he added whenever he lost anything, whether good or bad (Lynn pg. 160).

Giving up his horse racing ritual depressed Hemingway because it made him have to think. Why had I gambled in the first place? Why did I stop? Am I second guessing myself? If I had a gambling problem, do I have other problems? Giving up his gambling ritual

allowed his wounded mind to catch up with him, even if just for a short depression.

Drinking and dining were other pastimes that Ernest readily attended to and controlled; at least during his earlier years. Carlos Baker describes a scene in which Hemingway and old friend Dorman-Smith share in northern Italy, a setting made to drink in.

Across from the station at Aigle stood a cafe with a galloping golden horse on the roof and a 'great wisteria vine, as thick through as a small tree,' where bees hummed in the purple blossoms. They sat at the green tables under the arbor, drinking strong dark beer in quart-sized mugs. One evening Ernest and Chink [Dorman-Smith] entered a beer drinking contest in a nearby mountain village and came home drunkenly singing through fields of narcissus silver in the moonlight (121).

This was a time when things were new and alcohol mixed with a beautiful environment and an old friend all came together to form a perfectly executed ritual, a tactical victory, as Colby College Professor Charles Bassett once said.

Food and cuisine were the other hedonistic ritualistic areas that during his European years never failed Hemingway. Europe provided some of the most delectable, affordable, and edible enticers that any troubled man would gladly lose himself to. Baker probably puts it best.

'Every meal time was a great event' he said afterwards. Fran Nels kept to the kitchen, supervising the preparations of great roasts of beef, with potatoes browned in gravy, jugged hare with wine sauce, venison chops, a special omelette soufflé, and homemade plum pudding. There was an abundance of red

wine and an immense variety of beer. Ernest liked the local kirsch and a kind of schnapps distilled from mountain gentians (181).

An added ritual in skiing most likely provoked his appetite. Similar to boxing, skiing allowed Hemingway to be physically active, while also concentrating on perfect form. These two aspects-combined with the visual sense of snow, pine trees, and wild life,-provided Hemingway with the perfect tactical victory in the form of a sporting ritual. Baker describes one of Hemingway's ski experiences in Austria.

On the way up the long valley to the frozen Vermunt-Stausee, Ernest saw deer and chamois, many ptarmigan, two martens, and once a fox. The Madlenerhaus was built into the flank of the Kreperspitz at 1,986 meters. All around it lay a vast acreage of virgin snow. They skied all day and bedded down early in the bunks like feeding troughs, while the high winds howled at the corners of the building and blew great clouds of snow off the surrounding peaks in the moonlight (182).

Baker's description of purity and nature no doubt made skiing a favorite for the wounded Hemingway.

Another outdoor activity that Hemingway loved to engage in was fishing. It was his oldest hobby, one that he had participated in since he was three years old. Now in his adult years of potential inner torment, what better way to make sense of the world, than to turn back to an old and long-enjoyed ritual. Fishing became a way for Hemingway to remember the purity of mind that he had had before witnessing bodies being blown apart on non-anatomical lines. With every cast, tug, and reel, Hemingway's mind and body were

engaged in not just the water and the fish, but the glimmer of memory, of a time before he knew he was wounded. The entire act of fishing had the effect of keeping Hemingway's mind and morals together, even if only for the duration of the fishing trip.

As a sportsman, Hemingway had been schooled by an excellent teacher. In fishing and hunting there proper ways to do things, his father had repeatedly told him, there were rules by which one must abide. While Hemingway as a boy had illegally killed a blue heron, Hemingway the man rigorously adhered to his father's philosophy. He was disgusted by fishermen who used types of lines and hooks that didn't give the fish a fighting chance, by hunters who shot from cars, bullfighters who shaved the horns of bulls. The idea that he would have been interested in fishing out of season at Cortina is therefore not plausible (Lynn 201).

It is interesting to note that during a fishing trip, the ritual brings out the humane side of Hemingway, a side that is often lost in his otherwise defensive, vengeful world.

During Ernest Hemingway's time before 1928 in Europe, no other ritual more engaged his masculine code than bullfighting. As a spectator he craved the drama of life and death; it made the real life drama of life and death that he had witnessed during World War I seem more sensical.

When they went to see a novillada at one of the lesser bullrings of Madrid, he could talk of nothing but the courage of the bulls and men. He said repeatedly that foreigners were wrong in thinking that bullfights were brutal. Every corrida was a great tragedy! Watching one was like having a ringside seat at a war (Baker pg. 145).

The drama and routine of man versus beast, man versus death, with the undoubted death of one or the other, fits in perfectly with Hemingway's favorite quotation about man owing God a death. A good matador, like a good soldier, displays "grace under pressure." In bullfights, the matadors were poised for their potential death, or for the infliction of death upon their adversary bull. Hemingway made comparisons of the matadors to boxers in their similar masculine toughness.

When the victorious matador came to the side of the barrera below the Hemingways' seats, Hemingway saw that his wrist was swollen to twice the normal size. 'I thought of prize fighters I had seen quit,' Hemingway said later, because they had hurt their hands. Maera was one tough man. 'Era muy hombre' (Lynn 210).

Aside from watching the drama of life and death, and the masculine model that bullfighters practiced, Hemingway also used bullfighting to promote his own image of virile masculinity, while also putting friends through bullfight experiences to test them by his masculine standard. Kenneth Lynn explains Hemingway's own comfort with the bulls.

On entering the ring--as he did every morning for five straight days--Hemingway would entice a bull to charge by waving a red cape and shouting 'Huh, toro, toro!' As the animal was about to slam into him, Hemingway would grab his horns, twist his neck and wrestle him to the ground (Lynn 261).

Lynn later describes how Hemingway put his friend Don Stewart in a position to be tested by the bulls and the result of this act.

When I got to him I held the cape once more in front of me, yelling 'Come on, you stupid son of a bitch! The bull again tossed me triumphantly in the air and galloped away. Ernest clapped me on the back and I felt as though I had scored a winning touchdown. After we left the arena I discovered that a couple of my ribs had been fractured, but that couldn't spoil the last frenzied night of drinking and dancing. It had been a memorable week, a MALE festival, a gloried college reunion (Lynn 261).

Bullfighting indeed was an all-in-one ritual. Hemingway's past of meaningless death could be replaced and explained by the purposeful ceremony of the bullfight. He could admire men (the matadors), be around danger (the bulls), show that he himself was indeed a man, while also lending his expert guidance in imposing his male standard for conduct, both in watching and with the bulls, as his non-fiction narrative "Death in the Afternoon" shows us.

By 1928, Ernest Hemingway was twenty-nine and residing in Key West, Florida. The Hemingway "code" was firmly established during his years in Europe. Although Hemingway the "man" has been firmly established by 1928, there are some notable middle-aged experiences in relation to Hemingway's personal code of conduct.

While in Key West, Hemingway for the most part was incredibly sharp and on top of things in his life. He was working very diligently in a beautiful part of the world, a world that brought him warmth, the ocean, and great marlin fishing. This atmosphere

allowed him to truly relax and get into his own rhythm away from Europe.

Ernest fell quickly into a work-and-fishing schedule precisely suited for his temperament. Except for an occasional night on the town, followed by what he always referred to as 'gastric remorse,' he rose and retired early. He liked to write in the mornings while he and the day were both fresh, spending most of the rest of his time in the open air, talking with anyone whose face or occupation interested him, questioning them closely about their backgrounds, their families and their professions. He was a stickler for detailed information, watching them narrowly through half-veiled brown eyes, listening to their gossip and their yarns, and replying in kind with profane rough humor and the air of a man of the world. With the scar on his forehead, he said everyone took him for a Big Northern Bootlegger or Dope Peddler, and nobody would believe that he had written books (Baker 247).

Hemingway's relatively non-alcoholic lifestyle of boxing and fishing in a comfortable environment was not to continue forever; his vacation, in a sense, from himself had to end. His constant drive for masculine achievements and a reacquaintance with the drama of life and death situations, provoked him to go on safari in Africa. Like Maera and other matadors that he idolized, Africa game expert Phillip Percival became a model that fit ideally into Hemingway's "code." "Percival, who had served Theodore Roosevelt as a white hunter a generation earlier, would be willing to act in a similar capacity for the Hemingways" (Lynn 412). Lynn goes on to say.

this gray haired hunter impressed him as being the complete professional. Percival, for his part, felt that Hemingway, with his big grin and amazing energy, was remarkably like ex-President Roosevelt (pg.413).

It is with Lynn's quotations that we recognize that the American masculine code of Teddy Roosevelt has some commonalty with Hemingway and his code. Roosevelt was a role-model to countless men. In going on safari, Hemingway is directly following in Teddy's footsteps. However, Hemingway's past experience and his mental wound make him very different from Roosevelt. Hemingway's "code" was not just a basis for his masculine identity, but also his inner torment.

In a later trip to Africa in 1953, it became very apparent that Hemingway's "code," especially in the ritual of drinking, was failing him. The older he got, the harder it became for him to perform his rituals properly. Alcohol no longer provided the same "killing effect" as it had previously; so his need for it intensified.

The risk of cirrhosis, that deadly ailment that alters liver architecture and impairs liver function, increases in anyone who consumes four ounces or more of 86 proof liquor a day. During the late summer of 1953, which Hemingway spent in East Africa, he was drinking two or three bottles of liquor a day, as well as wine with meals. Denis Zaphiro, a ranger with the Kenya Game Department, has testified that 'he was drunk the whole time,' although he seldom showed it. 'Just merrier, more lovable, more bull-shitty. Without drink he was morose, silent and depressed' (Lynn 529).

Just as he would later attempt to do in his "dangerous summer" of 1959 in Spain, Hemingway in Africa tried in vain to duplicate previous ritualistic experiences that had worked in the past to ease his mind, but were now unsuccessful.

As Hemingway's life progressed past Key West, his "code" and rituals were gradually being destroyed by his wound/mental illness/ alcoholism. At thirty-six years of age a crucial mental turning point is noted in a letter to Hemingway's second wife, Pauline's mother.

To Pauline's mother, whom he liked very much and addressed as 'Dear Mother', he admitted on January 26, 1936, that for most of the past month he had been getting up at two or so every morning and working until daylight because his mind was racing and he couldn't sleep. After deciding that more exercise would help him to relax, he had started going out in the Pilar in any kind of weather, so now he was all right, he assured Mrs. Pfeiffer (Lynn 427).

It is at this turning point, that we find the Hemingway "code" to be slipping, as he finds tackling life at times almost impossible.

To fully understand and recognize Hemingway and his code for what it truly is, his "code" must be qualified. Running throughout his life and through his esteemed code of conduct is also his myth; and his code of being a celebrity. As great as Hemingway may or may not be, to fully appreciate his "code" of masculinity, one must realize that he lies, exaggerates, and belittles others in order to put himself in a more prominent position. Even though in his life, pain and anguish are both in most ways very real and tangible, it his shortcomings that I wish to expose, in order to view the complete "charlatan included" Hemingway "code."

In World War I Hemingway was wounded. That he was wounded while being a hero, as he later states, is up for interpretation. Biographer Kenneth Lynn asserts that it was Hemingway and Hemingway alone who painted himself as a hero.

It was their son, however, who was responsible for the mention of the bullets, as he was for the assertion that after being wounded he had carried an Italian soldier on his back to a first-aid dugout. The astonishing details of this tale would only gradually emerge (pg.82).

Or as was the case with most of Hemingway's exploits, the real tale never emerged. Carlos Baker, Hemingway's most notable biographer tells the tale of the wounding heroism, vividly, as Hemingway did. Baker however did let it be known that Hemingway was not modest.

He wanted all his friends at home to know the full details of his woundings, his behavior, and his rank. Someone sent a letter addressed to Private Ernest Hemingway. 'What I am, he wrote firmly, 'is. . . . Soto Tenente Ernest Hemingway. This is my rank and it means 2nd Lieut. I hope to be a Tenente or 1st Lieut. soon' (67).

Exaggerating and lying about war time deeds was only one of the ways in which Hemingway went about blowing up his own persona. Early on in his literary career he almost made the mistake of openly denouncing the established poet Ezra Pound; with hopes of bringing fame to himself. Had Hemingway gone through with a literary diatribe against Pound, he would have lost the artistic advice of a genius, advice that Hemingway later benefitted greatly from. Lynn shows Hemingway's decision-making process in regards to Pound.

A day or so later, a biting satirical characterization of the poet's artsy way of life emerged from Hemingway's typewriter.

It was his intention to submit the price to Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap at the 'Little Review'--until Lewis Galantieri explained to him that both women felt deeply indebted to Pound for his years of service without pay as a talent scout for their magazine. At which point Hemingway began to realize that Pound was a more complicated piece of machinery than he had assumed (163).

Hemingway the man just was not always comfortable with himself; he constantly would bring writing onto the battlefield. He believed that writing was similar to the art form of bullfighting, in which there was style, drama, but also a winner and a loser. Many other writers, "Hemingway's Competitors," were not the literary "steakhead" that he was; however, that did not stop him from bringing them into his macho code.

When Joseph Conrad died and Ford got together a special Conrad supplement for the transatlantic, Ernest went out of his way to remark in print that if he could bring Conrad back to life, 'by grinding Mr. Elliot into a fine powder and sprinkling that powder over Conrad's grave in Canterbury,' he would 'leave London early tomorrow morning with a sausage-grinder.' He continued to admire Pound and was merely quizzical about his eccentricities. But when the Pounds gave up their studio down the street and moved permanently to Rapallo, Ernest gleefully noted that Ezra had contrived a small nervous breakdown (Baker 175).

It is with his interpersonal circle of relations that Hemingway was often the cruelest. Whatever insecurities he was personally having could be made better, by finding, exposing, or manifesting a soft spot in those around him, therefore causing him to appear inherently

tougher. On the semi-established Hemingway, Anthony Burgess had the following opinion.

Hemingway was creating a tough guy persona, that of a poor kid who'd had to battle his way to the top and, with a few books behind him, was already a scarred literary veteran well qualified to deliver sound advice to the literary tyro (Scott Fitzgerald, for example). The uncharitable might say that Hemingway the bully and liar was now in full flower; the more uncharitable that all this was nothing compared with what was to come; and the least uncharitable that he was a fine writer and was entitled to his fits and tantrums (pg. 57).

Ernest Hemingway in his early years as a writer and soldier personally filled in some of his own gaps, while tearing into the weaknesses of others. As far as Hemingway pronouncing himself a pure hero, we go back to one of his famous rituals, bullfighting. In a lengthy quotation by Lynn, the biographer tells us how Hemingway filed a story with the *Chicago Tribune*, writing of himself in the third person, describing Hemingway as a hero. The story from 1926 marked the take-off point of the general public's awareness of Hemingway the man. Lynn went on to explain that in the idol-worshipping era of the twenties, with Babe Ruth, Red Grange, Jack Dempsey, and others, the public was quick to glorify the 200-pound, often-times dangerously daring Hemingway. Like his problems with his ritual alcohol, Hemingway's code of being a celebrity dragged him down, tearing at the fabric that had made him such a steadfast writer and artist.

His confidence that he could manipulate the engines of mass publicity without any cost to himself in any way was sublime.

This confidence, alas, was hubris. His work would soon become subject to interpretations that he didn't care for. In his daily life he would feel impelled to live up to his public image in order to sustain its credibility. And from the early thirties onward the pitiless glare of the spotlight and the endless clamor of the crowd would interfere with the free working of his creative imagination (Lynn 263).

It is evident that Hemingway's code of being a celebrity did get in his way of his work. Originally against selling the rights of stories to Hollywood, he later gave in selling the rights to "Snows of Kilimanjaro," "Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," To Have and Have Not, A Farewell To Arms, For Whom the Bell Tolls, The Old Man and the Sea, and The Sun Also Rises. These movies not only completely lacked the intricate depth of Hemingway's original writing, but interaction with such big stars as Gary Cooper and being present on production sites were no doubt enormous distractions for Hemingway, the artist and the man.

The following quotation about D-Day, truly shows just how thick the cherry tree grew, and just how far the silver dollar flew, in terms of Hemingway, the self-proclaimed celebrity.

Thus, True, the self-styled 'Man's Magazine,' ran an article in the early sixties entitled 'Hemingway's Longest Day,' in which an unidentified veteran of D-Day was quoted as saying that 'this Hemingway guy' had assumed command of a combat team that was pinned down on the sand by murderous enfilade from German pillboxes and had led it to safety in the lee of a hill, whereupon he had crawled back toward the water in order to convey his estimate of the battle to the beach commander. The men whose lives he had just saved were convinced he was going to be killed and could not understand why he wasn't. The author of this gripping tale was a former officer, William Van Dusen, but the source of the story was not

an unidentified veteran, as he implied, it was Hemingway himself (Lynn 510).

Throughout his life Hemingway very often adhered to a code of living that was necessary for surviving in his pain-ridden world, while other aspects of his personality and his code of being a celebrity were far-fetched and detrimental. The one area where Hemingway's "code" can be judged to a certain extent outside of his personal life is in his fictional characters and his stories.

Hemingway's art allows various characters to practice their Hemingway created "code." It is from Hemingway's own rich personal life experience, that he is able to give characters in his stories a "code," or leave them bare of it, allowing the reader to fully visualize what the "codeless" ones do or do not do correctly.

In Hemingway's novel, For Whom the Bell Tolls, a great deal of Hemingway and his code emerge with the various characters of the novel. The novel focuses to a large degree on rituals. The overall task for Robert Jordan is to blow the bridge, thus accomplishing a perfect action against the fascists. That the bridge must be destroyed with exactness at a particular time means that it is a ritualistic endeavor, reflecting the Hemingway code.

'To blow the bridge is nothing,' Golz had said, the lamplight on his scarred, shaved head, pointing with a pencil on the big map. 'You understand?' 'Yes, I understand.' 'Absolutely nothing. Merely to blow the bridge at a stated hour based on the time set for the attack is how it should be done. You see that naturally. That is your right and it should be done' (4,5).

The previous quotation demonstrates how Hemingway immediately sets out to explain that the book is going to involve rituals, Jordan has to accomplish a task absolutely correctly in order for everything to work. The blowing of the bridge becomes an all-encompassing endeavor that engages Jordan so that he has no reason to think. Jordan states, "I never think. Do not try to trap me into thinking" (8).

At the outset of the novel Hemingway paints the characters of Jordan and Pablo as distinctly different, yet with some similarities. Pablo represents an older hero whose "code" of conduct has since failed him; he brings sadness and death to the forefront of the book. Jordan too is aware of life's hardships, but he is better prepared, and "cold in the head", with a more able resolve in his code of conduct. That Pablo has been crushed by life, and the reality of death, becomes evident:

'I will carry the pack,' Robert Jordan said. 'Nay,' said the old man. 'Leave it to this other strong man.' 'I will take it,' Pablo told him, and in his sullenness there was a sadness and to see it here worried him (12).

'That sadness is bad. That's the sadness that comes before they quit or before they betray. That is the sadness that comes before they sell out' (12).

Jordan is obviously intimately aware of "the sadness." That Jordan can conquer it where Pablo cannot is a recurring theme in the novel.

'Kashkin,' Robert Jordan said. 'That would be Kashkin.' 'Yes,' said Pablo. 'It was a very strange name. Something like that. What became of him?' 'He is dead since April.' 'That is what

happens to everybody,' Pablo said, gloomily. 'That is the way we will all finish' (14).

Pablo becomes an ever-present force of gloom and doom, a force that affects Robert Jordan but does not control him.

The Hemingway code is constantly surfacing in the book and its characters; however, Hemingway's personal rituals involving bullfights are also very prominent. Hemingway uses bullfighting in two ways. One is to show how a good, strong-willed man with a "code" can go bad. In For Whom the Bell Tolls Hemingway brings in a story with a character named Finito, a matador who had always performed successfully, but who now had lost it, in a similar fashion to the demise of Pablo.

Every one shouted and applauded and Finito sunk further back in the chair and then every one was quiet and looking at him and he said, 'No,No,' and looked at the bull and pulled further back and then he said, 'No!' very loudly and a big blob of blood came out and he didn't even put up the napkin and it slid down his chin and he was still looking at the bull and he said, 'All season, yes. To make money, yes. To eat, yes. But I can't eat. Hear me? My stomach's bad. But now with the season finished! No! No! No!' He looked around at the table and then he put his head down and he put his napkin up to his mouth and then he just sat there like that and said nothing and the banquet, which had started so well, and promised to mark an epoch in hilarity and good fellowship was not a success (188).

Here Hemingway uses bullfighting to show how those with a code can be devastated when that very life-giving way of living vanishes and is replaced by fear and the power of the tormented mind. Later on Jordan sends Andres with a message to be delivered behind enemy lines. Hemingway equates the bullfight to the excitement of war.

But when the Ingles had spoken to him of the message he had felt the way he used to feel when he was a boy and he had wakened in the morning of the festival of his village and heard it raining hard so that he knew that it would be too wet and that the bullbaiting in the square would be cancelled. He loved the bullbaiting when he was a boy and he looked forward to it and to the moment when he would be in the square in the hot sun and the dust with the carts ranged all around to close the exists and to make a closed place into which the bull would come, sliding down out of his box, braking with all four feet, when they pulled the end gate up. He looked forward with excitement, delight and sweating fear to the moment when, in the square, he would hear the clatter of the bull's horn's knocking against the wood (364).

In For Whom the Bell Tolls, a sketch of the overall Hemingway hero with a code is effectively demonstrated. Robert Jordan and Pablo have the same roots of bravery, but it is apparent that Jordan is in full possession of a successful code of conduct and the ability to not think about death that Pablo has long since lost. The ritual of bullfighting is used as a means for Hemingway to illustrate the wounds that courage can inflict, while also connecting it to the war, thus making war a more understandable institution.

In In Our Time, Hemingway's first book, the rituals of fishing and alcohol are revealed. In various stories Hemingway shows the contrast in purity between his two rituals of fishing and drinking. Alcohol is very prominent in In Our Time. It provides an antithesis to fishing as a detrimental ritual that brings not clarity of mind, but a distorted escape. It emerges innocently enough in "The Three-Day Blow," but quickly deteriorates into an abusive ritual, providing the prevention of thought, at the expense of drowning internal truths. It

is the "giant killer," as Hemingway himself termed it, but in In Our Time, it becomes an impure barrier of reality that hinders relationships and destroys characters. In his stories, Hemingway gradually allows his awareness of alcohol's double-edged nature to come forth.

In "The Three-Day Blow" alcohol appears first as a male-bonding lubricate that brings Nick and Bill closer together. Throughout the piece three different alcohol-centered themes emerge. The following quotation brings to light a feeling of innocence and hearty indulgence in a time-honored tradition.

On his way back from the living room he passed a mirror in the dining room and looked in it. His face looked strange. He smiled at the face in the mirror and it grinned back at him. He winked at it and went on. It was not his face but it didn't make any difference. Bill had poured out the drinks. 'That's an awfully big shot,' Nick said. 'Not for us, wemedge,' Bill said. 'What'll we drink to?' Nick asked, holding up the glass. Let's drink to fishing,' Bill said. 'All right,' Nick said. 'Gentlemen, I give you fishing.' 'All fishing,' Bill said. 'Everywhere.' 'Fishing,' Nick said. 'That's what we drink to' (45).

Hemingway is communicating a fair amount of information here. In the early section of the passage Nick encounters a mirror with an image that doesn't look like him. But in his age of innocence, that the ritual of alcohol is distorting him doesn't matter; he is young, enjoying himself, intoxicated with his bonding experience. In the second part of the passage, Nick and Bill make the correlation of drinking to fishing, with a toast. Here in the story both of the boys

see the rituals as interrelated: to them it is merely a happy time when baseball, fishing, and drinking are all one and the same.

However careful examination, shows that alcohol is a ritual with repercussions.

'Got any more?' Nick asked. 'There's plenty more but dad only likes me to drink what's open.' 'Sure,' said Nick. 'He says opening bottles is what makes drunkards,' Bill explained. 'That's right,' said Nick. He was impressed. He had never thought of that before. He had always thought it was solitary drinking that made drunkards (44).

Here Nick has an introduction to what it means to be an alcoholic. It is not meant to be an overwhelming realization, but nevertheless one that Hemingway chooses to include. Its inclusion shows that alcohol at this point is not a dangerous ritual, but if continued on to the age of Bill's father, a careful moderating process must ensue or the ritual could get ugly.

Later a third theme concerning alcohol surfaces in "The Three-Day Blow."

Nick said nothing. The liquor had all died out of him and left him alone. Bill wasn't there. He wasn't sitting in front of the fire or going fishing tomorrow with Bill and his dad or anything. He wasn't drunk. It was all gone. All he knew was that he had once had Marjorie and that he had lost her. She was gone and he had sent her away. That was all that mattered. He might never see her again. Probably he never would. It was all gone, finished. 'Let's have another drink,' Nick said. Bill poured it out. Nick splashed in a little water. 'If you'd gone on that way we wouldn't be here now,' Bill said.'

It is here that we find liquor to have become a substitute for a genuine relationship of the past. Nick Adams wishes to forget the pain of leaving Marjorie; he hopes this psychological wound will be aided by the ritual of drinking with Bill. It is clear from the quotation that liquor is not an adequate replacement for the girl he once had, and that alcohol is further alienating him from happiness. But with alcohol as his medium for non-thought, he feels compelled to drink until the pain is temporarily killed. It is especially interesting to note that alcohol acts as the ultimate instrument for buffering a man's emotions of feeling responsible and caring towards a woman. (Hemingway personally had four wives during his lifetime. I wonder how many bottles of liquor disappeared into his stomach, with the vanishing of every previous loved one.)

Although not a Nick Adams story, "Mr. and Mrs. Elliot" once again portrays alcohol as being ritualistically used to bring a barrier between a man and woman. Hemingway paints a satiric, not-so-ideal existence of a man (Mr. Elliot), who is devotedly married to his Cornelia.

In reality she was forty years old. Her years had been precipitated suddenly when she started travelling. She had seemed much younger, in fact she had seemed not to have any age at all, when Elliot had married her after several weeks of making love to her after knowing her for a long time in her tea shop before he had kissed her one evening. Hubert Elliot was taking postgraduate work in law at Harvard when he was married. He was a poet with an income of nearly ten thousand dollars a year. He wrote very long poems very rapidly. He was twenty-five years old and had never gone to bed with a woman until he married Mrs. Elliot. He wanted to keep himself pure so that he could bring to his wife the same purity of mind

and body that he expected of her. He called it to himself living straight (85).

In order to fully understand the previous passage one must recognize the contempt that Hemingway has for this couple. Biographers Carlos Baker and Kenneth Lynn both suggest that Hemingway had always resented Ivy Leaguers and their soft lifestyles (not to mention Hemingway's feeling of masculine superiority in light of Mr. Elliot's ineptness in baby-making). This resentment is most likely due to his own lack of a college education and class status. With this in mind, Mr. Elliot is a polar opposite to the Nick Adams we saw in "The Three-Day Blow." Mr. Elliot is giving in to having a "straight" life, as Nick would have done, had he stayed with Marjorie. However, Hemingway is quick to point out Nick and Mr. Elliot are both swallowed by the same ritual of drinking.

Elliot had taken to drinking white wine and lived apart in his own room. He wrote a great deal of poetry during the night and in the morning looked very exhausted. Mrs. Elliot and the girl friend now slept together in the garden under a plane tree and the evening wind blew and Elliot drank white wine and Mrs. Elliot and the girl friend made conversation and they were all quite happy (88).

Hemingway indeed makes it clear that both Nick and Mr. Elliot will end their romances with alcohol. That the ritual promotes unhappiness and causes a barrier between man and woman is also very evident.

The theme of man, woman, and alcohol, reoccurs in "Cross-Country Snow." Alcohol is once again used as a means by which to cushion a problem with a woman. In the story, Nick had been using another of his rituals, skiing. However, with the pregnancy of Helen, Nick can no longer enjoy skiing and must turn again to wine in order to cope with Helen and the necessary return to the United States. Nick explains his dilemma to George:

'Is Helen going to have a baby?' George said, coming down to the table from the wall. 'Yes.' 'When?' 'Late next summer.' 'Are you glad?' 'Yes. Now.' 'Will you go back to the States?' 'I guess so.' 'Do you want to?' 'No' (pg. 111).

The solution to the problem came in some earlier sentences:

They ate the strudel and drank the rest of the wine. George leaned back against the wall and shut his eyes. 'Wine always makes me feel this way,' he said. 'Feel bad?' Nick asked. 'No I feel good, but funny.' 'I know,' Nick said. 'Sure,' said George. 'Should we have another bottle?' Nick asked (pg. 111).

Similar to "The Three-Day Blow," Nick must find salvation in a bottle rather than accepting the reality of his situation. He must leave skiing and his male friend to own up to responsibilities. Physically he may be moving back state-side, but mentally he is merely moving from skiing to drinking, a move that puts him in worse health, while leaving him farther removed from his wife and soon-to-be child; "the two loved ones" are that Adams most wants to stifle the reality of with liquor.

In "Out of Season" we have a return to the idea of ritual. It is with this story that Hemingway draws a definite distinction between the two rituals of alcohol and fishing. Previously they were unified with the toast in "Three-Day Blow," while also alcohol was also put in the same paragraph with skiing in "Cross-Country Snow." The coupling of alcohol to the non-self-destructive rituals like fishing and skiing ceases in "Out of Season." It is with this story that Hemingway decides that although alcohol prevents thought, it is indeed evil. A letter written to F. Scott Fitzgerald in 1925 lends some insight into the nature of the plastered guide Peduzzi.

When I came in from the unproductive fishing trip I wrote that story right off on the typewriter without punctuation. I meant it to be a tragic [sic] about the drunk of the guide because I reported him to the hotel owner--the one who appears in 'Cat in the Rain'--and he fired him and as that was the last job he had in town and he was quite drunk and very desperate, hanged himself in the stable. At that time I was writing the In Our Time chapters and I wanted to write a tragic story without violence. So I didn't put in the hanging. Maybe that sounds silly. I didn't think the story needed it (Adair 342).

Whether this anecdote is true or not, (1925 was two years after Hemingway wrote the story), I have no doubt that the drunkard in a sense dies. He dies because he is attempting to combine the pure mind-clearing ritual of fishing with the abusive one of drinking. Peduzzi is making two mistakes with alcohol: one, he is not drinking in moderation, as Nick Adams previously learned through Bill's father in "Three-Day Blow." Second, he is drinking with hopes of

fishing, two activities that ritualistically should never be combined. A quotation displays Peduzzi's shortcomings.

The young gentleman took a a drink of it and passed it to Peduzzi again. Peduzzi passed it back again. 'Drink,' he said, 'drink. It's your marsala.' After another short drink the young gentleman handed the bottle over. Peduzzi had been watching it closely. He took the bottle very hurriedly and tipped it up. The gray hairs in the folds of his neck oscillated as he drank it all (102).

Here the Nick-like character is showing moderation, while the drunk is showing his oscillating neck. Regardless of the truth in the letter to Fitzgerald, Hemingway is obviously making a reference to Peduzzi hanging himself by drinking.

A more intricate interpretation by William Adair gives perspective into Peduzzi's symbolic death by alcohol.

In the story of course, it means the lead used to hang at the of a fishing line (a small sinker). And it seems likely that the repetition of the word--like a splash of red paint on a gray canvas or a Stein-like repetition that calls for readerly attention--implies the hanging: Peduzzi hanging from a rope, as a lead sinker hangs from the end of a fishing line (345).

From "Three-Day Blow," to "Mr. and Mrs. Elliot," to "Cross Country Snow" and "Out of Season," alcohol's purpose and usage changes in a variety of ways. There is, however a consistent underlying but prevalent evil that comes closest to the surface in "Out of Season." By the end of "Out of Season" the ritual of drinking

has been partitioned from fishing by showing the pathetic Peduzzi crossing ritual lines.

Hemingway leaves the reader at the end of In Our Time with a hopeful view of the ritual of fishing, freed from alcohol, pure in intention, in "Big-Two-Hearted River." Phillip Young contributes this a quick psychoanalytic overview of the story.

Clearly, 'Big Two Hearted River' presents a picture of a sick man, and of a man who is in escape from whatever it is that made him sick. And Nick apparently knows what is the matter and what he must do about it, and must not do. He must not think or he will be unable to sleep, he must not get too excited or he will get sick, and he must not go into the swamp, which unlike the tent, 'the good place,' is the bad place for him. It is as though he were on a doctor's prescription, and indeed he is on the strictest sort of emotional diet, but is his own nutritionist (19).

This diet does not consist of booze. Adams knows this, Hemingway knows this. That Hemingway creates a pure-form of fishing in the "Big Two-Hearted River" corrects the abuse of ritual by Peduzzi. Adams uses the ritual not as a drunken swan-song or failure; rather, he removes alcohol from the trip and makes the experience honest, undistorted, in a sense perfect. The following quotation represents the ordered quality of a non-alcoholic ritual.

He took the ax out of the pack and chopped out two projecting roots. That leveled a piece of ground. He smoothed out the sandy soil with his hand and pulled all the sweet fern bushes by their roots. His hands smelled good from the sweet fern. He smoothed the uprooted earth. He did not want anything making lumps under the blankets. When he had the ground smooth, he spread his three blankets. One he folded double,

next to the ground. The other two he spread on top (138).

The mood of this quotation and of the whole "Big-Two-Hearted River" is very much different from the frenzied, confused tone of Peduzzi as he nervously explains how everyone likes him because he sells frogs. If even only for a short time, Hemingway with "The Big-Two-Hearted River" is able to convince himself and his readers that fishing is fishing, and alcohol, a "controllable killer."

Hemingway's integral and most convincing ritual was his literature and writing. His style, description, balance, and never-ceasing intelligence on the subjects of war, romance, and the overall human experience make Hemingway's writing his most treasured of rituals.

Hemingway began writing in Oak Park for his school newspaper the *Tabula*. During these younger years before the *Kansas City Star*, Hemingway looked toward columnist Ring Lardner of the *Chicago Tribune* as a mentor. In the *Trapeze*, (the second paper Hemingway wrote for), he imitated Lardner.

The basic structure of the entire treatment, in fact, indicated a comprehensive grasp of Lardner's principal effects, confirming Mr. Bobbit's (the paper's supervisor) subsequent statement that Hemingway 'took articles from the Chicago papers and studied them carefully.' The young satirist completed the seven hundred word column--it was called 'Ring Lardner Returns' (Fenton 24).

In the fall of 1917, Hemingway left the writing world of Ring Lardner, the *Tabula*, and *Trapeze*, to join the high-paced writing

team of the *Kansas City Star*. At the *Star* he tightened up his style, adhering to the rules of its style sheet. This sheet of rules emphasizing short sentences and short first paragraphs became a hallmark of Hemingway's writing. Description, in an honest straightforward fashion was another skill Hemingway developed at the *Star*.

Hemingway-who worked there for only seven months-could recall in 1952 that 'you were never to say a man was seriously injured. All injuries are serious. He was, as I recall, slightly injured or dangerously injured (Fenton 32).

While at the *Star*, Hemingway has constantly seeking danger and violence. Not only did he jump into police squad cars, but in the words of novelist and editor John Selby, he was "forever disappearing into the receiving ward of the city hospital or on the tail of an ambulance" (Fenton 35).

Something of death and violence must have intensely provoked Hemingway to record such dismal occurrences. With this in mind he turned to World War I to bring new experience and emotion to his writing.

War, said he, was the best subject of all. It offered maximum material combined with maximum action. Everything was speeded up and the writer who had participated in a war gained such a mass of experience as he would normally have to wait a lifetime to get (Baker 209).

War was for Hemingway an emotional rollercoaster, from which he could pull any variety or combination of drama in order to best depict love, fear, friendship, violence, or death. His whirl-wind

exposure to World War I gave him subject matter to add to his previously developed style.

Boxing, one of Hemingway's rituals, also contributed to his developed and emerging writing style. Hemingway learned from the sport, both in regards to language and description. While at the boxing gym, much like during the war, Hemingway was acutely aware of the sensations that surrounded him. In the boxing ring he would focus in on smells, sounds, along with the psychological and physical conditions, such as fatigue, pain, etc. "When I would get back from the gym,' Hemingway remembered, 'I would write [the sensations] down.' Clearly Hemingway was not merely indulging in comforting talk when he told Don Wright that a writer must see it, feel it, smell it, hear it" (Fenton 103).

When not actually sparring in the ring, Hemingway was still able to add to his writing acumen as an observant fan. Carlos Baker describes Hemingway taking journalist Janet Flanner to a match.

Once he took her to a boxing match at a small old-fashioned ring near the Place de la Republique. She listened with admiration while Ernest and the French fans yelled advice and insults in the argot of the town. He was, she thought, 'a natural quick linguist who learned a language first through his ears because of his constant necessity for understanding people and for communicating' (178/179).

After a great deal of emotional description that had become embedded in Hemingway through his thorough studies of the precarious nature of life; he now found a need to express to the literary public his emotions in a distinct Hemingway manner. When

conveying a deeper significance, especially in his short stories, Hemingway would employ a below the surface style. Rather than explain to the reader how a particular character was feeling with deep psychological details, Hemingway would use language describing actions, and the weather, to create a deeper mood. The earlier mentioned short story "Out of Season" does not state that Peduzzi hanged himself. This quotation exemplifies the technique Hemingway was aiming for:

He [the real life Peduzzi] hanged himself in a stable after Ernest complained to the hotel manager and got him sacked. Ernest did not use the suicide as part of his story. He was evolving 'a new theory that you could omit anything if you knew that you omitted, and the omitted part would strengthen the story and make people feel something more than they understood' (Baker 143).

The "Big-Two Hearted River," as we noted earlier, is another clear example of Hemingway's theory on omission. "He came back wounded from the war, but the story contained no allusion to his wounds from the war. Ernest was trying his theory of omission once again" (Baker 165). Carlos Baker saw Hemingway's omission as merely another technique, but perhaps Hemingway was not ready psychologically to go painfully deeper than the surface.

Poignant words by Hemingway further explain his fervent need to write. "Any experience of war," he said in 1952, "is invaluable to a writer. But it is destructive if he has too much" (Fenton 67). Very often Hemingway would use writing as a cleansing ritual for times when he had had too much. He used writing to

justify feelings he was having towards women, while also using it to ward off violent experiences. By writing about a violent experience, he allowed his psyche an escape that was much less temporary than practicing skiing, drinking, or boxing. By fully engaging his cognitive processes, his writing ritual best allowed Hemingway to make sense of his not-so-peaceful world.

Kenneth Lynn cites an event that Hemingway had to write about carefully in order to keep it from disturbing the equilibrium of his mental health.

Of all the events he witnessed on the Karagatch road, the sight that he lingered longest over in his dispatches was of a man holding up a blanket to keep the driving rain off a woman in labor in one of the ox carts. She was the only person in the entire procession who was making a sound, Hemingway reported, until her little daughter began to cry. The vignette about the evacuation that he would include a year later in *in our time* would tell the story slightly differently. 'There was a woman having a kid with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying (182).

In "Cross-Country Snow," another story from In Our Time, Hemingway uses his writing not to put a violent problem out of his mind, but rather to justify feelings that he was having. The story is about the equal responsibility of pregnancy to husband and wife. Hemingway uses his writing to justify feelings of unhappiness at having to own up to the duties of a good husband. Rather than focusing the story on his wife's desire and right to have a child in the United States, Hemingway focuses on nature, skiing, and drinking. By explaining in writing how beautiful things are without the baby, he has officially made sense of his emotions: proving through

literature that neglect of wife and child is understandable, given the manner in which the story is told.

As much as "Cross-Country Snow" might mirror Hemingway's real life, Carlos Baker cites a direct sample of Hemingway using letter writing to get problems out of mind.

Pauline's letter about her severe depression evoked a long reply in which he said frankly that he was writing it to get rid of the poisonous acids that were circulating through his system. He described it as a lousy, terribly cheap, self-pitying letter, wallowing in bathos and completely contemptible in every way. But Pauline's account of her melancholy seizure had left him absolutely done for and gone to pieces (pg.227).

Here it is obvious on some level his writing ritual did indeed lend itself to make Hemingway feel better; however, on another level the letter did nothing to ease his own terror of the great sadness.

As Hemingway's life progressed, and the melancholy, depression, and alcohol steadily crept into his sanity, he tried to hold on to his last positive ritual. By the 1950's his writing, fishing, and drinking were the only rituals Hemingway had left to utilize. He was too old to enjoy boxing or skiing as he had in the past; while in 1959 (the *Dangerous Summer*) his renewed attempt to appreciate the bullfights was invaded and overwhelmed by his destructive drinking ritual. Hemingway clung dearly to writing with its beauty as an act and artform. The beauty of his past peaceful writing ritual is captured in this Lynn quotation:

A special workroom would ultimately be prepared for Hemingway, but he always preferred to write in his capacious

bedroom, with its white walls, yellow-tiled floor, and windows facing south and east that let in oceans of light and lovely breezes. In these pleasant surroundings the words poured out of him (478-1939).

By 1949, ten years later, Hemingway was attempting to maintain the tranquility of his writing ritual, as alcoholism and mental illness steadily advanced.

Buck Lanhem's impression during a visit to the Finca in 1949 was that he was drinking 'gallons of hard liquor--mostly Martinis mixed at a rate of fifteen-to-one. Although he takes handfuls of sleeping pills, he always wakes up around four-thirty o'clock in the morning. He usually starts drinking right away and writes standing up, with a pencil in one hand and a drink in the other' (Lynn 527).

The battle between writing and drinking was on, time being on the side of alcohol.

Ernest Hemingway was in many respects a product and also a victim of American Masculinity. He fought through the domesticating obstacles of his mother and Oak Park and was able to charge out into the world. Hemingway was tested like his forefathers. He was exposed to violence and death in the tough Western barrooms of Kansas City, and on the Italian battlefields of World War I. With his developed "code," Hemingway became one of the last white American males to go through a traditional ritual of manhood, a ritual as old as Huck Finn or George Washington.

Hemingway's adherence to the ritual of traditional American masculinity, however, took its dire toll on his psyche, for, unlike

Theodore Roosevelt, or Andrew Jackson, Ernest Hemingway was at the core an artist-an artist so skilled as to paint himself as soldier, bullfighter, fisherman, safari hunter, boxer, and media figure. As an artist with sensitivity and full comprehension of death, life, and the instability of the two, Hemingway had a extremely heavy mental burden to carry as he participated in the esteemed and often dangerous ritual of American Masculinity. The older he became, the more Hemingway and his intelligent, artistic mind armed himself with his own series of rituals to solidify himself against the much more terrifying ritual of living up to the great American male.

Eventually the stress became too much and Hemingway gave in to the years of fear and sadness that he had for so long been able to cover up. Hemingway was a writer. Was he a brilliant chapter in American masculinity? Indeed he was; through his struggle to live his life as close to the front lines as possible, he brought to thousands of readers many brilliant chapters; that his suicide indicates his failure at the historical ritual of American masculinity is a testament to the immortality of his artistic achievement in literature.

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