Death in the Afternoon may well challenge conventional esthetic ideas by asking how well they address a performing art whose stage is a sandy arena where blood spills. And Green Hills of Africa may also challenge such ideas by claiming space on gallery walls for the art objects a hunter’s rifle creates. Nevertheless, both books are about killing. That alone ought to suggest that Hemingway is preoccupied not with esthetics but with violence and death, topics that are a symptom of his “pathological state of mind,” evidence that “Hemingway can no longer manage his neurotic impulses.” Yet do critics’ aspersions of both books reflect Hemingway’s or their own neurotic tendencies?

An interest in death and violence is not necessarily a symptom of neurosis. After all, it extends from an interest in aggression, a drive in all people. We may, of course, prefer that Hemingway either suppress his interest in aggressive drives or displace it by writing of some more socially approved substitutes than death and violence. His apparent refusal to sublimate his interest in, and treatment of, death and killing so that they can conceal its secret allure for themselves. And projection causes them to allege excess aggression in him so that they can ignore it in themselves. Those defense mechanisms, I think, have contributed to critics’ failure to see that whether writing of peoples’ collective and vicarious involvement at the bullring or of their individual and participatory involvement in hunting, Hem-
ingway sublimates these aggressive activities by treating them esthetically. I doubt that a neurotic would treat them so.

Were Hemingway pathologically obsessed with death and killing, *Green Hills* should demonstrate that he attends exclusively to them. Perhaps the tally of no fewer than forty-one slain animals, not to mention the countless waterfowl, does. Yet he gives less space to killing and death than to pursuing and life. And he includes various aggressive acts, nudging us to see resemblances between matters venatic and matters domestic, occupational, even academic. Competing with Karl for better trophies translates easily as an aggressive act common in every family. And Hemingway’s anger at M‘Cola’s failure to oil the barrel of his Springfield and irritation at Garrick’s histrionics have their analogue in our being vexed at a spouse’s neglect or at an associate’s grandstanding. Even Hemingway’s pleasure in a well-placed distance shot that hits its target has an aggressive parallel in a well-fired verbal volley, an epigrammatical riposte.

Critics who “respect life,” however, regard as outrageous Hemingway’s deliberate killing of noble animals. And they find further proof of his “sickness” in his admission that as long as he killed cleanly he felt no guilt for interfering in such a minute way with the nocturnal and seasonal killing of animals that goes on daily (272). Rationalization, to be sure. But so is the assumption that the hands of those who find killing morally repugnant are immaculate. For although Hemingway manifests some of his aggressive drives by killing animals, nonhunters merely displace or sublimate theirs at the bridge table or on the tennis court, in the office or bedroom or stadium or shop or classroom. Hemingway’s psychic health, then, is partly demonstrable in that he acknowledges his aggressions rather than conceals their destructive impulses.

Perhaps the remarks of someone who has thought deeply on the nature of hunting can also put into perspective Hemingway’s behavior:

> Hunting is counterposed to all the morphology of death as something without equal, since it is the only normal case in which the killing of one creature constitutes the delight of another. This raises to the last paroxysm the difficulties of its ethics. I have indicated that a sport is the effort which is carried out for the pleasure that it gives in itself and not for the transitory result that the effort brings forth. It follows that when an activity becomes a sport, whatever that activity may be, the hierarchy of its values becomes inverted. In utilitarian hunting the true purpose of the hunter, what he seeks and values, is the
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deadth of the animal. Everything else that he does before that is merely a means for achieving that end, which is its formal purpose. But in hunting as a sport this order of means to end is reversed. To the sportsman the death of the game is not what interests him; that is not his purpose. What interests him is everything that he had to do to achieve that death—that is, the hunt. Therefore what was before only a means to an end is now an end in itself. Death is essential because without it there is not authentic hunting; the killing of the animal is the natural end of the hunt and that goal of hunting itself, not of the hunter. The hunter seeks this death because it is not less than the sign of reality for the whole hunting process. To sum up, one does not hunt in order to kill; on the contrary, one kills in order to have hunted.3

As we should expect to find, Hemingway's two books provide the most persuasive refutation to the charge that he exhibits a "pathological state of mind" and "can no longer manage his neurotic impulses." Consider one criterion of authorial control, structure. The manual-like sequence of Afternoon testifies to a coherent structure. And even a crude viewer of Green Hills must concede that in Horatian terms it begins well, "in the midst of things." In Aristotelean terms its clear beginning, middle, and end also show that it is "an imitation of an action that is complete and entire." Other critics commend Green Hills for more sophisticated structural excellences: for Hemingway's craft in unifying the book "by inculcating a journey or quest design" and in manipulating the time scheme so as to "add a level of suspense and density not intrinsic to the material itself"; for his "careful planning" of "contrasting emotional atmospheres" that leads both to the "crown of the book," the killing of the kudu, and to the "structural anti-climax" of pursuing the gut-shot bull sable; and for his sustained focus on diminishing competitive and magnifying fraternal feelings.4 These interpretations of coherence, both in the materials and in the shape given them, show that Hemingway "manages" his impulses.

If Hemingway's mind were in a "pathological state," the narrative of Green Hills should also offer proof. Its narrator should be blind to an imbalance or pattern of aberrations caused by his lack of detachment. Or his preoccupation with violence should reveal abnormality, perhaps some erotic leers or obsessively minute recordings of the last spasms of just-slain animals. I have already tried to discount the charge of "mental imbalance" in my earlier discussion of Hemingway's alleged belligerence and boastfulness. So here I look at the second charge. Watch how Hemingway repeats the word feel in the following quotation. I think the repeti-
tion and all of the tactile words show that he is more concerned with having readers vicariously share a tactile experience than that he is indulging an abnormal preoccupation with violence. Hunting with Droopy, a native tracker, Hemingway has brought down a reedbuck with a shot he thinks has killed it, only to find that its heart beats strongly when they reach the animal. Lacking a skinning knife, Hemingway has to use his penknife to kill it:

I felt for the heart behind the foreleg with my fingers and feeling it beating under the hide slipped the knife in but it was short and pushed the heart away. I could feel it, hot and rubbery against my fingers, and feel the knife push it, but I felt around and cut the big artery and the blood came hot against my fingers. Once bled, I started to open him, with the little knife, still showing off to Droopy, and emptying him neatly took out the liver, cut away the gall, and laying the liver on a hummock of grass, put the kidneys beside it. [53–54; italics added]

Not only is this the one time in *Green Hills* that a bullet does not administer a necessary coup de grace, but I see little here that is pathological or even nauseating. Hemingway admits that he is “still showing off to Droopy.” But this does not entirely explain his not killing the reedbuck with a rifle shot and his extracting the internal organs. What does explain his behavior is the context. Just before this episode he has told of his difficulties in gaining the trust of his other tracker, M’Cola. Seen in this context, then, Hemingway is also trying to earn Droopy’s respect as a hunter, showing Droopy that he knows precisely where to stick the reedbuck and how important it is to remove internal organs. As he does in all the killings in the book, Hemingway also minimizes the gore. From “the blood came hot against my fingers” he omits the details of bleeding out the reedbuck. Tastefully he shifts to several minutes later: “Once bled, I started . . .”

Hemingway’s pathological abnormality should also surface when he finally kills his kudu. Yet rather than gloat over the death of the noble beast, he walks away from the skinning-out, thinking that he could better remember his first sighting of the bull (235). But he quickly rejects such delicacy, not because it tarnishes a he-man image, much less because the skinning-out is voyeuristically alluring. Instead he returns to watch M’Cola skin it because that act is integral to the reality of the kudu’s beauty, asserting that not watching the skinning out was laziness, like stacking “dishes in the sink until morning” (236). Holding the flashlight while M’Cola skins the second bull, Hemingway enjoys “his fast, clean, delicate scalpeling with the knife” and records the several steps that are necessary for M’Cola to do before the kudu’s
cape hangs "heavy and wet in the light of the electric torch that shone on his red hands and on the dirty khaki of his tunic" (236). Rather than a gruesome, unnecessarily detailed scene, Hemingway's summary omits grisly specifics and even mention of blood, noting only M'Cola's "red hands." Also, this account is necessary since it climaxes many days' patience, frustration, and hope. Its deletion would imply that only killing the animal was important. And its value as the only skinning-out scene of any length in *Green Hills* comes through the audible rhythms of the entire 230-word sentence. Finally, the scene acknowledges M'Cola's "scalpelng," done swiftly, cleanly, and delicately, the trademarks in Hemingway's work of an action deserving esthetic status. (To better appreciate Hemingway's restraint in this scene, compare it with that work of high chivalric art, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. Its three splendidly gruesome, fully itemized skinning-out scenes of deer, boar, and fox are as necessary to that poem as the above scene is to *Green Hills.*)

There is still the matter of Hemingway's "perverse" delight in watching hyenas' various death agonies, his "foul jokes of mortality." Anyone who looks closely at the three paragraphs on shooting hyenas will find that Hemingway is not a participant in the hilarity. He gives several pictures of hyenas shot in different places. But he does not usually identify who finds them "highly humorous," "mirth-provoking," and "jolly." Or when he does, he specifies that it is M'Cola who finds them funny, that the intestine-devouring hyena was the joke to make M'Cola flutter his hands about his face, turn away, shake his head, and laugh (37). The paragraphs on the hyenas, in short, describe M'Cola's sense of the comic, not Hemingway's. To M'Cola a dirty joke is the hyena, a clean joke is bird shooting and Hemingway's whiskey, and any religion was a joke (38). I do not discount the likelihood that in Hemingway's mind hyenas have their eponymous counterparts, probably critics. But the paragraphs contrast Kandisky's conventional notion of "studying the natives"—learning their songs and dances—and Hemingway's intimate study and report of one native's sense of humor.

To turn back briefly to *Death in the Afternoon*, I find even less evidence to buttress the notion that Hemingway exploits bullfighting to indulge a personal fixation with violent death. Were he a sadist rather than an aficionado, we would see him at novilladas, the amateur bullfights where one goes to see tossings and gorings, not to see bulls dominated (17). Or else we would notice that he spends a good share of his time at, or annually attends, the
ferias of Bilbao instead of Pamplona. Bilbao is the town that terrifies bullfighters: when Bilbaoans like a bullfighter, they continue to buy bigger and still bigger bulls to pit against him so that eventually he will have either a moral or a physical disaster. That will then justify Bilbaoans' scorn for matadors as the cowards and fakes that big bulls will prove them to be (38). Or again, we would see Hemingway participating in capeas, town-square bullfights whose used bulls provide a spectator simply with "great excitement" (23). But they too have little appeal for Hemingway, as he records in an eighty-word sentence, adding that such amateur killing makes for a barbaric mess that has little in common with "the ritual of the formal bullfight" (24).

Were Hemingway obsessed with the violence of bullfighting, I do not think he would devote so much time to so many different kinds of nonviolent details: the pedestrian details of a glossary of terms, a calendar of bullfights, and advice on where to sit and how to buy tickets; the technical details explaining the use of cape, muleta, pic, and banderilla; the esthetic details of beautifully executed suertes; the comparative details required by the numerous cameos of matadors; and the catalogued details of his last chapter. A catalogue that Walt Whitman would envy, that chapter is a tribute to Spain's plenitude, a country whose many experiences resist Hemingway's attempts to organize or repress them.6

Perhaps Hemingway's idiosyncratic analysis of the Spanish people—singling out for praise their pride, common sense, and impracticality—betrays some neurotic impulse. After all, it is curious that all three traits derive from Spanish appreciation of death: their pride enables them to not mind killing, to feel themselves "worthy to give this gift." Likewise, their common sense enables them to take an interest in, not to avoid thoughts of, death (264). And their impracticality, concludes Hemingway, enables them to respect death as a "mystery to be sought and meditated on" (265).

Biographical determinants suggest private, perhaps unconscious, but not neurotic reasons Hemingway values those three Spanish traits. The household he was raised in did not encourage him to develop a strong or secure sense of pride. If anything, pride in himself was at least triply subdued, raised as he was under the shadow of three successful "fathers": grandfather Ernest Hall, granduncle Tyley Hancock, and Dr. Hemingway. Respectively men of wealth, adventure, and medicine, their competencies, coupled with Mrs. Hemingway's renowned operatic talent,
formed a constellation that would make any child feel the inadequacy of his own orbit. We may think that Hemingway’s pride had been nurtured, particularly since he was the only male child in the Hemingway house for fifteen years. But both parents were devoted to professions of serving or teaching others besides their own children. And they were almost the opposites that D. H. Lawrence’s parents were. I cannot exaggerate their actual oppositeness any more than Hemingway does, as his fiction, especially “Now I Lay Me” and “The Doctor and the Doctor’s Wife,” shows. From such contrasting types a child would have a hard time getting the unified parental approval needed to develop a secure sense of pride that would begin to compare to the pride Hemingway attributes to the Spanish. Indeed, had his pride been properly nurtured, then neither his insecurity and diffidence (masked as both are by defensiveness) nor his pugnacious (because compensatory) competitiveness nor his compulsiveness would have been so marked.

Biographical factors may also explain Hemingway’s reason for valuing Spaniards’ common sense. The trauma Hemingway suffered from that Fossalta shelling, his subsequent insomnia, and his alleged obsessions with death and violence might have been less severe had he not grown up in a country whose religious traditions and cultural taboos fed the illusion of personal immortality, a country that scorned familiarity with death, with seeing “it being given, avoided, refused and accepted in the afternoon for a nominal price of admission” (266). Surely Hemingway’s boyhood hunting and fishing experiences acquainted him with death. Yet his father hunted only small game or fowl, caught only small fish. And so Hemingway’s early familiarity with death was relatively sheltered, for nothing seriously threatened his own life. As the son of a hunter-doctor Hemingway must have indulged in the childhood illusion that his own life was doubly protected. If his father’s marksmanship could not protect him from threatening situations, then his father’s medicinal or surgical skills could deal with them. Perhaps reaction to that precise fantasy partly motivated Hemingway to write of Nick Adam’s first encounter with death in “Indian Camp,” for the story mocks Nick’s naive confidence when he and his father return to their camp: “He felt quite sure that he would never die” (Stories, 95). Little in Hemingway’s background encouraged him to think of “morbid” ideas or to develop a common sense that could take “an intelligent interest in death.” Dr. Hemingway’s interests as a naturalist, his postdoc-
Hemingway appreciates Spanish impracticality in reaction to the domestic environment that nurtured him. His parents led busy lives. When not giving voice lessons or practicing medicine, they were charitably training church choirs or serving the needs of others, suggesting that impracticality had little value in the Hemingway household. Marcelline Hemingway poignantly records the severity of Dr. Hemingway’s work ethic, recalling his habitual reaction to finding his children reading or idly daydreaming: “‘Haven’t you children got anything to do? Haven’t you any studying or mending?’” Surely many things contributed to Hemingway’s becoming a writer. But would he have pursued his profession had Dr. Hemingway been tolerant of his children’s indolence? After all, Hemingway’s impractical career partly reacts against his father’s insistence upon being pragmatic, doing something useful.8

His reaction against his father puts Hemingway on terrain where psychoanalytic critics find him most vulnerable. For them his aggressive drives clearly indicate that his fascination with the bullfight and with big-game hunting expresses his latent urge to slay his father.9 To them such Oedipal hostilities illuminate his neurosis, his “pathological state of mind.” I agree that dangerous animals figure in our minds as father surrogates. And not only do they appear as the frightening beasts that visit a child’s dreams, but they are also Little Red Riding Hood’s wolf and Odysseus’s Cyclops, Polyphemus; that beastly troublemaker Grendel, whom Beowulf dispatches by wrenching off its “arm,” and the leering little gnome squatting atop the swooning woman-in-white in Fuseli’s painting “The Nightmare.” This equation makes it easy to interpret bullfighting and big-game hunting as thinly disguised parricidal acts.

I agree too that parricide plays a leading role in both Afternoon and Green Hills. In the former, for instance, by devoting so much time and energy to studying and writing about the bullfight, Hemingway shows hostility against the “fathers” of Western civilization who fastidiously coached their sons to disparage the vital, rich, and healthy experience of the bullfight.10 Hemingway’s attitudes toward art and death also assault his culture’s paternally approved values. But his parricidal impulse is most easily seen in
the displaced Oedipal drama of the bullfight itself. The matador-as-son—youthful, gorgeously arrayed, accompanied and encouraged by his brothers—dominates and slays the bull-as-father to receive the enamored approval of the spectator-as-mother. In *Green Hills* the impulse is equally transparent, since Hemingway hunts male animals whose protruding horns are phallic. And he is openly hostile to those proxies of the father’s different roles: the angry, competitive Karl; the intellectually condescending, insensitive, and intolerant Kandisky; even the ignorant, pompous Garrick. Offset though they are by the benevolent, passive Pop, Hemingway is unconsciously hostile even to him. For though Hemingway assigns Pop the status of big-game guide, he dramatizes him as the stay-at-home, ineffectual, grandfather type; from him the active son easily wrests Poor Old Mama.

Several things show that Hemingway’s parricidal tendencies are not abnormal. Since the Oedipal complex means that parricidal wishes are universal, then they will get expressed in various forms of aggression. But the aggression will rarely be pure. An erotic wish may accompany it, as in the son’s incestuous desire to “rescue” the mother whose well-being the father endangers or, in a homoerotic version, the son’s desire to “struggle” with his male opponent. As in any violent act, then, parricide will complexly mingle love and hate, demonstrating the ambivalence in all strong behaviors.

This ambivalence partly explains and shows the normality of Hemingway’s attitudes toward matadors in *Afternoon*. He commends those who are genuine valor artists, who exhibit esthetically that ethic of “grace under pressure.” Besides representing an ego ideal of his own deeper fantasies, a wishful double of himself, from one angle they act out his normal parricidal wish in a sublime way by killing those bull-fathers. Yet *Afternoon* apotheosizes no matador. Take Maera, the Manuel of “The Undefeated.” Often touted as the archetypal Hemingway hero, he does not get Hemingway’s imprimatur in either the story or *Afternoon*. He is courageous and persevering while trying to kill the bull “‘made out of cement.’ ” But Maera’s performance is no esthetic treat: *pundonor* without grace is cuisine without wine. Besides, Maera usually had wrist trouble (80). Hemingway professes to regard highly another matador, Gallo. But he undercuts him, too: he would refuse to kill a bull if the bull gave him a certain look (157), for when looked at that way, Gallo will leap the barrera and refuse to fight. Hemingway even looks askance at the great Belmonte—a
practitioner of "the decadent, impossible, the almost depraved style" (69). He even finds a grave fault in the matador who receives his highest marks, Joselito: he did everything so easily that he could not convey the emotion that the physically inferior Bel­monte always managed to convey (212). Hemingway discusses these and other individual matadors to imply that modern mata­dors, the "sons," are no match for their predecessors, their "fa­thers," the matadors of old, who "had served a real apprentice­ship, knew bullfighting, performed as skillfully as their ability and courage permitted with cape, muleta, banderilla, and they killed the bulls." Modern matadors are specialists, "good with the cape and useless at anything else" (85).

Since matadors can be seen as Hemingway's doubles, then his criticism of them must be self-criticism. To interpret the matador­bull relationship this way suggests that a good share of Heming­way's latent sympathies are with the bull. From this angle, then, his wish is not parricidal but affiliative, to ally himself with the bull-father whom the matadors symbolically try to slay. Indeed, still another reading of the matador-bull-spectator relationship supports this view. When looked at as symbolic of the sexual act, with the matador as an exquisitely frocked woman who lethally flirts with the bull-as-male, three conclusions suggest Heming­way's unconscious wish to ally himself with his father. First, if the bull is father, then the spectator is son, privy to a scene that symbolically shows the encounter in the arena to be, at the very least, castrative. And though Hemingway would be unable to believe that his father had ever been an awesomely aggressive "bull," unconsciously he would sense that Clarence's submis­siveness to Grace resulted from her castration of him. Since the bullfight would then represent the violent encounter of sexual mating, Hemingway would also unconsciously feel grateful for his father's willing participation in that encounter: that noble sacrifice had begotten Hemingway. Second, if the bull is son, then the spectator is father, witness not only to the incestuous implica­tions of the son's actions but also to his sacrifice. Hemingway's unconscious wish for alliance with his father would be evident in the bull-as-son's confrontation with, and acceptance of, death at the hands of the matador-as-mother. Here Hemingway would unconsciously identify with the bull-as-son's ability and intent to preserve his father by slaking his mother's aggressive thirst. Third, whether the bull be father or son, Hemingway's criticism of matadors-as-women would conceal his wish to curry approval from the real object of his affection, his father.
There is, of course, yet another way to interpret the dynamics of the richly ambiguous bullfight. Besides the earliest formulation I cited—which sees matador-as-son, bull-as-father, and spectator-as-desired-woman or -mother—and the formulation I have just discussed—which sees matador-as-mother and either bull-as-father, and spectator-as-son or vice versa—we can also formulate the bull-as-mother. To so equate the bull as mother still confirms Hemingway’s unconscious wish for alliance with his father. For matador and spectator share antagonism, however sublimated, for the bull. Grace Hemingway’s size and domination in the Hemingway household could surely trigger Hemingway’s unconscious to make that equation, as could, for that matter, his marriage to an aggressive woman who “unrelentingly” (Feast, 209) stalked him—Pauline Pfeiffer.

Hemingway’s attitude toward the antelope in Green Hills should modify the tidy conclusion that his hunting big game expresses only parricidal aggression. For one thing he shows no “Oedipal fury,”13 no Ahab-like rancor or obsessive enmity toward any antelope he kills. For another, he does not treat those antelope-as-fathers as objects to slay and either eat, extract profit from, or cast aside to rot. Nor does he present them as the animals that besiege his fictional Francis Macomber, vicious beasts that, as they rush angrily at him from dense undergrowth, he must annihilate to prove his manhood. Exotic rather than threatening, Hemingway’s surrogate fathers poeticize rather than melodramatize his parricidal wish. And by memorializing in trophies and prose the beauty of those bull antelope, Hemingway expresses filial guilt, thereby compensating for having acted out parricidal wishes.

If Green Hills truly revealed Hemingway’s “pathological state of mind,” the book would manifest some singular obsession like parricide. Yet other latent wishes overlap parricide. Consider the striking femininity of those hooved herbivores. Their large eyes, deer-shaped faces, and graceful movements link better to female than to male traits. Hunting such bovine creatures suggests matricidal tendencies, a suggestion that Hemingway’s commonly known attitude toward his mother supports. And the value Hemingway places on his Springfield rifle—its “sweet clean pull . . . with the smooth, unhesitant release at the end” (101)—invites, of course, the view that it is phallic. That correspondence between the pleasures of shooting and ejaculating expresses as strong an erotic as a parricidal wish in any killing he does. And Hemingway’s descriptions of numerous landscapes call for the
standard identification in dream interpretation of landscapes and female anatomy. The safari's movements into increasingly "new country" buttress that identification of land and body contours: the "grassy hills" (48) where Hemingway and Droopy first hunt rhino, the "steep grassy ridges" (75) of the "new country" where Hemingway shoots a buffalo, the lake Manyara terrain where each shot at game birds pinks the entire horizon of the lake with the sudden rising and languid settling (133) of flamingoes, the "new miraculous country" where Hemingway hunts kudu at the salt lick, and the "deer park," "virgin country" (218) where he shoots kudu and sable. By carefully recording the sequence of terrains he and his Springfield move into, Hemingway reveals a wish for sexual penetration that is at least as pronounced as his parricidal wish. Even the association between "green hills" and the fertile Mounts of Venus adds to his erotic wish.

As with most hunts, aspects of this one suggest homoerotic impulses that vouch for another unconscious wish, Hemingway's wish for his father's approval. Hemingway enjoys, for instance, the male camaraderie of not only Pop, M'Cola, and Droopy, but also of his competitor, Karl. And late in the book he withdraws from the domestic society of Pop and P.O.M., the parental pair, to find the ecstatic feeling of brotherhood the book climaxes with. He enjoys the friendliness shown by the Masai village men who race alongside his car. And he exults in the unusual thumb-shaking ritual accorded him after he shoots the kudu, Pop telling him that it is like an act of "'blood brotherhood'" (293).

The crown of affiliative feelings, however, occurs during the sable hunt, showing that these feelings speak to Hemingway's wish for father-son accord. That is, old M'Cola's loyalty to Hemingway through the rigors and disappointments of tracking the gut-shot sable demonstrates that Hemingway has finally earned the approval of the father who has withheld it. Hemingway had acknowledged early that M'Cola was initially indifferent toward him (40). And when they pursued the wounded buffalo, it was out of disregard for Hemingway that M'Cola carried his Springfield cocked, endangering Hemingway's life. When they stalked the lion, M'Cola deeply disapproved of the adventure and expressed relief when Hemingway gave it up. M'Cola began to approve of Hemingway when Hemingway shot fowl and hyenas to delight M'Cola and when he showed the patience and persistence of a good hunter while hunting the kudu. M'Cola's failure to oil the
Springfield on the penultimate eve of the hunt for kudu, though, expressed refusal to sponsor him. Only after Hemingway shot the pair of kudu does M'Cola confer his approval, borne out in his unflagging efforts to track the bull sable with Hemingway the next day. M'Cola’s paternal benediction is seconded by the devotion of the nameless old man who participates in the last hunt and who resists parting from Hemingway during the return to camp.

I believe that Hemingway’s dominant wish in both Afternoon and Green Hills is ultimately to gratify his father. I infer this principally from his having written two such works of nonfiction. Even though Dr. Hemingway took pride in his son’s writing, he did not find it significant. Part of what would have prompted Hemingway to suspend his efforts as a novelist and to write these two books, then, would have been a desire to address the memory of his father and to show allegiance to his values. Dr. Hemingway might have faulted his son’s choice of subjects in Afternoon. But he would not have failed to see the discipline, study, and discernment that went into a book about the historically real art of bull-fighting. Nor would he have failed to feel his son’s tacit agreement that a man fares better if he involves himself in activities that exclude or minimize women’s importance than if he does not. He would also have enjoyed the antifeminism tucked into his son’s colloquies with that veiled caricature of his wife, Grace, Old Lady. And “an absolutely true book” about hunting would have appealed to the doctor’s moralistic and scientific pledge to truth. Hemingway’s selective trophy hunting defers to yet another of his father’s values: “Father had the greatest contempt,” Marcelline recalls, “for so-called sportsmen who killed ruthlessly for the fun of killing or to boast about the size of the bag.” And Hemingway would have further pleased the doctor by fulfilling his—and probably every hunter’s—dream of seeing and stalking Africa’s big game. But to know that Hemingway prized and commemorated the hunting skills first learned from him would have especially gratified the doctor.

Hemingway’s wish to gratify his father is also evident in the different unconscious implications in the works of this and the previous phase. The two novels of the thesis phase express filial aggression toward paternal values and, through their love stories, standard erotic drives. But the male camaraderie of aficionados and hunters as well as the conscious striving to subdue his competitiveness in Green Hills suggest that these two nonfiction works try to overcome filial aggression. To this end Hemingway subli-
mates erotic drives, partly visible in the homoerotic tendencies of these two books but more so in their preoccupation with esthetics. Relinquishing his interest in direct erotic pleasure, he forfeits his claim as the father’s rightful rival for the favors of their mutually desired woman, he declares that he has found a substitute beauty in bullfighting and hunting antelope, and he solicits the father to be his ally. Emancipated from carnal bondage to women, the books wishfully murmur, father and son can discover refined pleasures, pursue esthetic ecstasies.