THE ANTITHETICAL PHASE
The four works of this phase, products of Hemingway's last decade, are deeply flawed. Their intended meanings and designs are at odds with repressed but discoverable wishes and anxieties, causing me to read each work antithetically. My readings intend to show, then, that Hemingway loses artistic control of his materials during this decade, that the effects he seeks clash against the effects he causes. But my readings also intend to show that the works are richer documents because of their esthetic defects than had they been more artistic, for they let us glimpse more clearly the fixations and obsessions, the daimon, that made Hemingway a writer who speaks deeply to us. Because each work's antithetical reading is quickly discoverable in the process of analyzing it, I suspend my use of afterwords and incorporate in each chapter the psychological interpretations that I have been reserving for those sections.
A Not-So-Strange Old Man:  
*The Old Man and the Sea*

Of *The Old Man and the Sea* Hemingway said, "I tried to make a real old man, a real boy, a real sea and a real fish and real sharks."¹ Try though he did, no critic commends this novella for its realistic writing, subject, or hero.² And understandably so, for especially when the sharks mutilate his gigantic marlin, Santiago's philosophic resignation is not realistic. It is certainly not when set next to the behavior of the anonymous man in the anecdote that grew into the novella: "He was crying in the boat when the fishermen picked him up, half crazy from his loss, and the sharks were still circling the boat" (By-Line, 240).

A symbolic character, Santiago embodies only virtues that ask for moral approval of him as an idealized Papa. He is selfless, thoughtful, courageous, durable, reliable, and, above all else, gentle. Ever thoughtful of his "brother" the marlin, at one point he wishes he "could feed the fish" (59), at another is "sorry for the fish that had nothing to eat" (75), and still later deeply grieves when the first shark mutilates the fish's beautiful body (103). He shows no anger toward the fishermen who make fun of him (11). And he respects Manolin's father's decision that the boy fish with someone else after forty fishless days with Santiago. Even his dreams are innocuous, filled with mating porpoises and frolicsome, not fierce, lions. He is violent only when killing the attacking sharks. But such actions, in defense of his "brother," sanctify hostility. Finally, Manolin's adoration shows the absence of any punitiveness in Santiago's role as his substitute father.

To do other than approve and admire the old man would be unseemly, if not blasphemous. Yet Hemingway is excessively protective of his "saint," does everything artistically possible to im-
munize the "strange old man" against adverse criticism. Even Santiago’s "sin" of "going out too far" we are to hallow for its noble effort and the moral truths the old fisherman learns from it. But I keep hearing Santiago’s refrain: "'I wish I had the boy... I wish I had the boy... I wish the boy was here... I wish I had the boy... I wish the boy were here'" (45, 48, 50, 51, 56). Santiago utters these wishes, of course, because he needs help with the huge marlin. And Hemingway asks us to hear them as prayers. With one ear I do. But with the other I hear their resentment and anger: that the boy, Manolin, is not with him, that Manolin obeyed his parents’ orders to fish in another boat, that Manolin has not vowed discipleship to Santiago. The malice in Santiago’s wishes makes me ask, is he truly a "strange old man" (14), as he calls himself; or is he quite ordinary, as much a hypocrite as the next person, as deficient in self-awareness as the rest of us? And do Santiago’s actions, like ours, harbor unconscious wishes that are incongruent with the phosphorescent nimbus that circles, like a halo, his skiff? Can he be read antithetically?

If Santiago loves the marlin as much as he declares, must he kill it? An ordinary fisherman would, of course. But neither hunger, poverty, his identity as fisherman, his reputation of being "sailor," nor the marlin’s condition requires him to kill it. A truly "strange old man" or even an extraordinary fisherman might have released the marlin once it rolled over on its side next to the skiff, for that would have proved the fisherman’s domination of it. Santiago’s killing it questions the sincerity of his declared love and his benevolence. And it shows a sizeable lack of intelligence. Surely a wise, old, experienced fisherman would know that he would have to harpoon the huge marlin, that he would not be able to boat the fish but would have to lash it to the side of his skiff, that, consequently, the blood from the wound would quickly lure hungry sharks, and that he would have to fight them off or let them feed.

Must Santiago return with the mutilated carcass? If he genuinely loves the marlin, he should be loath to let it suffer the ignominy of becoming either "garbage waiting to go out with the tide" (126) or a spectacle to stupid tourists: "'I didn’t know sharks had such handsome, beautifully formed tails’" (127). Were Santiago really selfless, strange, he would have unleashed the marlin at sea, for a saint has no need to vaunt his achievement before his
fellow men. Or does he stand to gain something by bringing home the carcass? Naturally he regains community regard. But he also gains what he has wished for in five of the nineteen wishes that flood the novella—Manolin: “‘I told the boy I was a strange old man... Now is when I must prove it’” (66). Unquestionably the boy can best continue to learn the skills of fishing from Santiago. So Santiago’s wish merely extends Manolin’s. But two other men have legitimate claim to Manolin—his father and the fisherman he has been fishing with the past forty-odd days. Santiago brings home the mutilated carcass, then, because without proof of his exploit he can not show his superiority to such lesser men. Nor can he wrest Manolin from their parental authority without confronting them. Nor can he compel Manolin’s pledge of discipleship: “‘We will fish together now for I still have much to learn’” (125).

I also question why brother dominates Santiago’s word-hoard. He confers brotherly status on the marlin (59), on porpoises and flying fishes (48), even on the stars (77). His fraternity should also enroll the man-of-war bird, the lions on the beaches of his dreams, the “negro of Cienfuegos,” and bone-spurred Joe DiMaggio. Although Manolin is a boy, Santiago treats him as a brother, an equal, and acknowledges their interdependency. In contrast, the other fisherman whom Manolin’s parents ordered him to fish with treats him as an “inferior” (24) and “‘never wants anyone to carry anything’” (27). Manolin’s concern for Santiago portrays him as a good brother, too: “I must have water here for him, the boy thought, and soap and a good towel. Why am I so thoughtless? I must get him another shirt and a jacket for the winter and some sort of shoes and another blanket” (21). Indeed, despite some local fishermen who laugh at Santiago, brotherhood is the dominant chord of the novella, reiterated in the generosity of Martin, the proprietor of the Terrace, and of Pedrico, who cares for Santiago’s skiff after his return. The story’s very emphasis upon Santiago’s two hands—in contrast to his one-armed predecessor, Harry Morgan—underlines with synecdoche the importance of brotherhood: “There are three things that are brothers,” thinks Santiago, “the fish and my two hands” (64). This implies that Santiago’s wishes for Manolin to be with him are wishes for a brother, since a mano(lin) is literally a little hand, figuratively a small brother.

By taking Santiago at his word, we should see brotherhood in its ideal form, agape, and should realize that the archetype that Hemingway assigns him is brother’s keeper. Santiago’s attitude
toward Manolin, the marlin, and la mar vouches for his wish to be brother’s keeper to virtually all creation.

An antithetical reading of Santiago’s fraternal ethic finds it self-serving. It grants Santiago and any who embrace that brotherly ideal a measure of irresponsibility not available to people who must fulfill the role of parent, spouse, or child. Quite simply, a brother’s responsibilities have only the force of religious commandment; psychologically self-imposed, they are not obligatory. A brother can honor fraternal responsibilities and bask, modestly or immodestly, in the self-satisfaction of his supererogation. Or a brother can ignore those responsibilities without feeling guilty. But children and spouses lay legitimate claims and responsibilities at parents’ and mates’ feet; and guilt pursues them, frequently whether they honor or dishonor those claims. Children feel guilt too. They are plagued by the compulsion to measure up to parental values and by the virtual impossibility of doing so—because of the contradictions in those values, of the tortuous ways of their own experiences, and of the rebelliousness of their own impulses.

These considerations explain why Santiago is a widower, has begotten no children, and in neither dream, memory, nor statement traces his lineage to father or mother. The absence of parents, wife, and children eliminates filial, conjugal, or parental obligations. That absence also frees Santiago from compulsory duties to his fellow man. And that absence tells me that self-serving ingredients foul the air of his apparent altruism and show that he is “one of us,” someone who wants to be thought better of than he deserves. He is our ordinary, not our strange, brother, even though we indulge ourselves in Hemingway’s fantasy of Santiago’s nobleness.

Far below the conscious surface of the novella, like the marlin beneath Santiago’s skiff, are other proofs of an antithetical reading of Santiago as not so strange, as a man with normal, sublimated, aggressive, and erotic drives. For example, Santiago acts out, and so shares, parricidal wishes. Notwithstanding his age or his scars, “as old as erosions in a fishless desert” (10), Santiago is an interesting version of the parricidal son. By defeating at arm wrestling “the great negro from Cienfuegos who was the strongest man on the docks” and whose “shadow was huge” (64), Santiago defines early the parricidal nature and purpose of his actions. His deep regard for the marlin before and after he kills him, his lack of aggression toward him, and his failure to show delight in
conquering him, though, all reveal a sympathy and concern uncom-

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common in the Oedipal clash. But parricide is parricide. Santiago

obliquely admits this when he equates hooking the marlin with

"treachery" (50) and when he recalls the time he bereft a male mar-

lin of his mate by catching and killing her, calling it "the saddest

thing I ever saw" (50). The love and respect Santiago professes for

the marlin, then, are insidious because he disguises them with

piety. Like the pretense of the cast net and the pot of yellow rice

with fish (16), Santiago's regard for the marlin is also a pretense

that conceals antithetical feelings of filial hostility. Similarly the

ordeal, the suffering, and the wounds he must endure conceal his

motives for killing it.

Santiago seems without a motive for killing the marlin, merely

trying to survive as a Gulf Stream fisherman. His ordeal and suf-

fering, as the story's chronology of events indicates, are simple

results of catching such a large fish. But psychologically the or-

deal antedates hooking the marlin, as Santiago's old, "deep-

creased scars" (10) indicate. One motive for catching and killing

this surrogate father, then, is to avenge the suffering it has pre-

viously inflicted upon him. And any prospect of reconciliation

with it is nullified by what happens to (what Santiago wishes to

happen to?) that once-noble marlin. Repeatedly mutilated, when

beached it is a mere skeleton, making highly visible to Santiago's

community his literal—and to a psychoanalytic community his

symbolic—achievement. And his exaggerated defense of the mar-

lin's carcass, just one of many instances of reaction formation,

makes evident his guilt and the wish underlying that guilt. The

sham of Santiago's brotherliness, then, is again confirmed when

he kills the marlin. That act shows that his exaggerated fraternal

feelings screen an unconscious fratricidal wish. And since such a

wish displaces more primary father-son hostilities, it partly rep-

resents parricide. Moreover, by slaying the gigantic marlin San-

tiago figuratively executes the fathers who have demanded Mano-

lin's obedience and who have impugned his own abilities. Another

version of Saint George's dragon, Jack and the Beanstalk's giant,

or Tom Thumb's ogre, Santiago's marlin shows once again that

whether heroically defeated, fiercely slaughtered, gruesomely

butchered, or piously slain, a dead father is a dead father.

One thing that dignifies Hemingway's novella is its refusal to

celebrate the victory with a happy ending. And one thing that

secures its identity as adult literature is that parricide is not its

only wish. Because Santiago performs his deed in full view of the
third person expected in all Oedipal triangles—in this case la mar—an erotic fantasy accompanies its aggressive one. In its simplest, if perhaps crudest, form, the erotic wish is for an epic sexual orgy. Whereas the giant marlin is the father in the parricidal fantasy, in an incestuous one it is the phallus. Once hooked, the huge marlin’s sustained underwater voyage disguises an episode of gigantic penetration in those warm currents of la mar, “which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. Sometimes those who love her say bad things of her but they are always said as though she were a woman.” The old man always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favours, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them” (29–30). In the parricidal fantasy Santiago’s esteem for the marlin is reaction formation that conceals hostility. In the erotic fantasy it is self-admiration: “Never have I seen a greater, or more beautiful, or a calmer or more noble thing than you, brother” (92), Santiago immodestly admits. Climaxing the erotic fantasy, Santiago drives in the harpoon, “leaned on it and drove it further and then pushed all his weight after it” (94), whereupon the marlin “came alive,” “rose high out of the water showing all his great length and width and all his power and his beauty,” then “sent spray over the old man and over all of the skiff” (94).

Such gargantuan, libidinous pleasures belong to a god. Half-gods and mortals who seize them must pay, be they Prometheus, Adam, or Santiago. When the son, however disguised, desecrates the “mother” and the taboo forbidding sexual knowledge of her, he sets into motion the inevitable anxiety that accompanies the Oedipal complex: castration. The first to react to the desecration should be the father who, tyrannical and vindictive by nature, can mutilate the son in the name of justice. True to form, the first to hit the marlin is the mako shark, “the biggest dentuso that I have ever seen” (103), says Santiago. And it strikes “in the meat just above [i.e., forward of] the tail” (101), the marlin’s genital area. Its inward-slanted, eight rows of teeth are “shaped like a man’s fingers when they are crisped like claws” (100–101), Santiago tells, vivifying the mako’s castrating instruments in imagery reminiscent of the sharp talons of that eagle that fed, circumspectly, upon Prometheus’s liver. As the mako approaches Santiago’s now-quiscent marlin, properly lashed in place alongside his skiff, Santiago thinks, “I cannot keep him from hitting me but maybe I can get him” (101). I italicize the pronoun because it unequivo-
cally identifies the marlin as a part of Santiago. So does Santia-
go's subsequent thought that "when the fish had been hit it was as
though he himself were hit" (103). Consistent with the castration
fantasy are the later attacks by the various galanos. If the father
is unable or unwilling to avenge fully the sexual outrage, then the
brothers assume the task, also punishing under the aegis of jus-
tice the brother who has performed the very act they themselves
only dreamed of doing.

Whether father or brother figures, the mutilating sharks avenge
the wrongs committed in both the parricidal and incestuous fan-
tasies. But the sharks disguise another principal who directs their
castrating forays. La mar's agents, they act on her behalf to deny
her willing participation in incest. Killing the second galano,
Santiago tells it, "'slide down a mile deep. Go see your friend, or
maybe it's your mother.' " (109). Just as the superego, seeking to
preserve the mother's immaculate image, denies the id's hunger
for incest with her carnal image, these ambivalent attitudes to-
ward the mother as angel and whore, as gratifying lover and ca-
strating bitch, also show up in the incestuous fantasy. The vision
of a three-day orgy with mother is, to the fantasizing conscious,
beatific, especially when it glorifies the huge organ whose strength
contributes to such colossal delights. But the reality is brutal.
Santiago hopes for a quick conquest: "Eat it so that the point of
the hook goes into your heart and kills you, he thought. Come up
easy and let me put the harpoon into you" (44). But he gets a gruel-
ing ordeal, not a suppliant female but a fierce antagonist. Just as
Santiago asks whether he has hooked the marlin or it him, the
narrative asks whether Santiago's antagonist is the marlin or a
female power that uses the marlin to disguise her sadistic designs;
for once coupled, Santiago must submit to her dominance, to his
partner's ruthless impulses. In the dark of the first night she
makes a lurch "that pulled him down on his face and made a cut
below his eye" (52). Her second lurch, cued at the moment he calls
her "a friend," nearly pulls him overboard and cuts the flesh of his
hand (55-57). She enjoys humiliating him by making his hand cramp:"A cramp, he thought of it as a calambre, humiliates one-
self . . . " (62). She even delights in trying to nauseate him: with
her third lurch and nocturnal leaps "he had been pulled down
tight onto the bow and his face was in the cut slice of dolphin and
he could not move" (82). Back bent in agony, hands lacerated to
mush, body exhausted so that he grows faint and sees "black spots
before his eyes" (87), Santiago's orgy is a sadomasochistic night-
mare. And his only escape from it and from subsequent sexual torture is self-mutilation. This he inflicts with his harpoon. Wrathful at his act, the dentuso’s subsequent mutilation represents the male dread that a women’s genital orifice conceals castrating teeth: the vagina dentata. I truly hope that “the old man looked carefully in the glimpse of vision that he had” (94)!

Unlike Santiago, tenaciously holding one taut line, my reading must seem to dart to and fro, like the sucking fish that lash about, eel-fashion, around the great fish (90). One moment I hold onto a father figure, the next to a phallus, then to la belle dame sans merci. One moment I see the mako as father and the galanos as brothers. And then I see both kinds of sharks as finny versions of the Erinyes, those avenging Furies who sprang into being when, as goddesses of guilt, the blood of Ouranos, castrated by his son Kronos, fell upon Gaia-earth. But in fiction and dreams, of course, identities and relationships are neither static nor single. Dynamic and multiple, they not only tolerate but invite interchangeable readings. To do less is to shortchange the complexity of a writer’s psyche and creative imagination. Call it condensation, Freud’s term for a dream’s superimposition of different, even contrary, components or ideas onto one composite structure or image. Or call it ambiguity, New Criticism’s derivative catchword for a literary work’s multiple meanings, a symbol’s several referents. Either way, the critic’s and analyst’s task is to see things in both-and ways, to find what is latent in what is manifest, to trust the tale and not the teller.

Despite what may seem like psychoanalytic prestidigitation in my reading, then, it follows the Oedipal constellation of parricide, incest, and castration and so is internally consistent. And by arguing repeatedly that Santiago is not strange, I intend for my antithetical reading to enrich Hemingway’s novella, not to impoverish it. After all, Santiago is a richer character for having complex motives, however much his simplicity appeals to us.

My reading does impoverish Hemingway, though, for there is psychological imbalance in Old Man. Hemingway reveals it partly by sentimentalizing Santiago. Spurred by his own affectionate wish, Hemingway insists that his old fisherman be acknowledged as strange, be well liked, and be seen as brother to all creation. And contrary to Hemingway’s usual technique of letting readers infer their own conclusions on the basis of what he shows or dramatizes, here Hemingway pushes his conclusions by tell-
ing, by assertions. He tells us that Santiago has "confident loving eyes" (13) that are "cheerful and undefeated" (10). He tells us that Santiago had "attained humility" even though "he was too simple to wonder when he had" done so (13). He tells us that Santiago has "strange shoulders" (18), that his cramped "left hand was still as tight as the gripped claws of an eagle" (63), and that he looks "carefully into the glimpse of vision that he had" (94). And he tells us that the novel should tell us something about going "too far out." This lack of subtlety, this excess of statement, unusual in Hemingway, exposes Hemingway's imbalance because it shows him struggling to repress anxieties that conflict with his wishes.

Among the reasons for Hemingway's excess here is a wish to idealize himself. Long accustomed to the role of "Papa"—as all intimates, regardless of age, sex, race, or blood, called him—he seeks through Santiago to portray his best self. And the novella's insistence upon fraternal relationships expresses Hemingway's affiliative wish and his wish to escape the guilts that plague, as I mentioned, fathers, husbands, and sons. Of course, Jake Barnes, Frederic Henry, Harry Morgan, and Robert Jordan are men whose actions are well flanked with fraternal motives. But Santiago is archetype to their prototypes. And since Santiago's fraternal ethic is self-serving, then Hemingway's valuation of it is too. Confident that his creation of Santiago is without irony, I also suspect that Hemingway identifies with Santiago's sense of mission because it lets him again dodge, Christ-fashion, any familial wrongs he is culpable of. I allude to Jesus' response when told that his mother and brothers are waiting to speak with him: "Who is my mother? Who are my brothers? . . . Whoever does the will of my heavenly Father is my brother, my sister, my mother." Surely Hemingway would identify with Santiago, able to justify any conduct by invoking his life's mission, declaring, "Now is the time to think of only one thing. That which I was born for" (40). Santiago's statement may be nobly appropriate to the occasion, but it also insinuates that he—and an author whose primary allegiance is to the Muse—be pardoned for any domestic neglects.

The neglect that ignites Hemingway's anxiety is his neglect of his own three sons. He can be deservedly proud of his resourcefulness and devotion during both Patrick's concussion and recovery in the spring of 1947 and Gregory's emergency appendectomy in June of 1949. But a father is more than handyman in a medical crisis. More typical of Hemingway's relationship to his sons is the Christmas of 1950 at the Finca, just before he began writing Old
Man: "Patrick was there with his new wife Henny; Gigi appeared with a girl whom Ernest did not like. There was a constant stream of visitors, including Winston Guest, Tom Shevlin, Gary Cooper, and Patricia Neal. . . ."9 There is nothing unusual about this instance of Hemingway domesticity. Filial visits crowded by notables and intimates was the perennial pattern for the Hemingway sons. And so their relationship with him was seldom more than a holiday one.

Although Hemingway’s guilt for neglecting his sons is partly shown in his creation of a man whose excessively fraternal duties excuse his irresponsibilities, it is also shown by his preoccupation in the other two works he composed during the winter and spring months of 1950-51.10 Like the second and third sections of Islands in the Stream, drafted on either side of the novella, Old Man is deeply preoccupied with the loss of a son.11 That preoccupation stems partly from Hemingway’s loss of influence over his three sons at precisely the time he was writing these three works. His oldest son, John, was still soldiering, "the only trade he knows."12 His middle son, Patrick, had just married and was preparing to leave the States for Kenya. His youngest, Gregory, was growing more difficult and rebellious than before. Only he was bold or naive enough to challenge his father’s parental and marital behavior. And the death of his mother, Pauline, in October of 1951 gave him the occasion to bear a long grudge against his father’s treatment of her—and of himself.13

It takes no large leap of imagination to see that Manolin’s separation from Santiago after forty fishless days expresses Hemingway’s anxiety over his loss of influence on his departing or defecting sons, whatever his neglect of them had been. That anxiety also explains Santiago’s perseverance with the marlin and his willingness to go “out too far” for it. Both behaviors are projections of Hemingway’s wishes: to compensate for his shortcomings, his “salao” as a father, and to believe that he would go far out to regain his sons or his influence over them. Indeed, as Wylder notes, Santiago’s conflict is with Manolin’s "parents for control of the life of the boy," partly showing that Santiago’s motives are aimed at regaining Manolin’s discipleship.14 Hemingway heightens this parental conflict by having Santiago wrest Manolin from two fathers, his legitimate one and the fisherman he had been “ordered” to fish with.15

Finally, because excessive behavior always signals antithetical wishes, Santiago’s excessive benevolence reveals the most re-
pressed wish in *Old Man*, the wish common to all the work of Hemingway’s last decade, filicide, the wish to kill or have killed his sons. The marlin is brother, father, and phallus. But it is also son, as the fish and the boy’s nearly identical names suggest. Manolin’s forced separation from Santiago is mirrored in the marlin’s attempted separation from Santiago’s skiff, line, hook, and harpoon. The fish, then, is Manolin’s virile double, and Santiago’s ordeal, killing and returning home with its mutilated carcass, reveals his perseverance in acting out his filicidal wish.

Old though he is, through “trickery” (14, 23, 99), intelligence, and experience Santiago can subjugate any male, regardless of strength or disguise, who challenges his supremacy. And what of a son who entertains thoughts either of freeing himself of his father’s influence or of finding a replacement for his father? Since both thoughts are latent in Manolin’s departure after forty days of luckless fishing, that son would be well advised, if fiction were prophetic, to recognize the alternatives of acting out such thoughts of defection. He must escape altogether or return, vowing discipleship. Otherwise, he may end up dead, a skeleton “among the empty beer cans,” “garbage waiting to go out with the tide” (126). Santiago’s act of killing the marlin, then, is ultimately an act of fratricide, parricide, and now, filicide. And Santiago should stand revealed as a not-so-strange old man, one who expresses in sublimated ways those deeply submerged wishes all humans share but suppress.

Perhaps I present the idea of filicide too abruptly and assign to Hemingway an utterly alien wish. But it is felt in his hostility toward his youngest son, the complications and difficulties of whose person were, and continued to be, a problem to Hemingway, according to his wife. And it is invariably present in the makeup of the human psyche. As dramatized in that “most meaningful synthesis of the essential conflicts of the human condition,” Sophocles’ *Oedipus Rex*, filicide is a central, precipitating factor in the character and destiny of Oedipus and so of all humans. Responding to the dire prophecy that their child would slay his father and commit incest with his mother, Laius and Jocasta pierce their child’s feet and order him to be killed or abandoned when only three days old. Oedipus’s subsequent parricidal and incestuous acts, then, issue directly from his parents’ attempted filicide and his unconscious wish to avenge their wrong to him. The circular blame of this situation acknowledges reciprocal anxieties that all parents and children have of being rejected,
harmed, or abandoned. And it follows that every family situation of a father, mother, and child will contain the repressed wishes of filicide, incest, and either matricide or patricide or both. There is nothing intrinsically hideous or abnormal about filicidal wishes in Santiago, Hemingway, or anyone else. They become abnormal only when they are strongly denied or when there is an undue if not compulsive need to express only benevolent wishes, as Santiago’s case nearly shows.

Although I emphasize that Hemingway’s filicidal wishes are unconsciously aimed at his three sons, they are also self-directed. More precisely, as the works of the fifties will show, Hemingway feels increasingly responsible—and so increasingly guilty—for his father’s suicide. Because suicides always act out upon themselves the homicidal feelings they have for others, Dr. Hemingway’s suicide expresses a filicidal wish toward his neglectful son. And Hemingway unconsciously owns that his father’s wish is just. For as I mentioned in the previous afterword, Hemingway was absent during the ordeals of his father’s last years. In one formulation Hemingway’s guilt for his absence issues in the fantasy that Santiago-as-father—old, luckless, alone, and struggling against great odds—can overcome vicissitudes, be they of la mar, the sea as terrible mother, or of life with Grace Hemingway. In a second formulation Hemingway’s guilt for his absence issues in Santiago’s indictment of Manolin: “‘I missed you’” (124). A bland indictment? I think not. After all, the tears and grief of Manolin-as-Hemingway already show the mental mutilation caused by his guilt for having been absent during Santiago’s ordeal. The old man’s words will surely reverberate deeply in Manolin’s conscience. And should Santiago die because of his ordeal? The already lachrymose Manolin will flagellate himself for not having vowed discipleship earlier to Santiago. All his life he will feel responsible for Santiago’s death and will feel remorse for not having responded to the old man’s affiliative needs.18