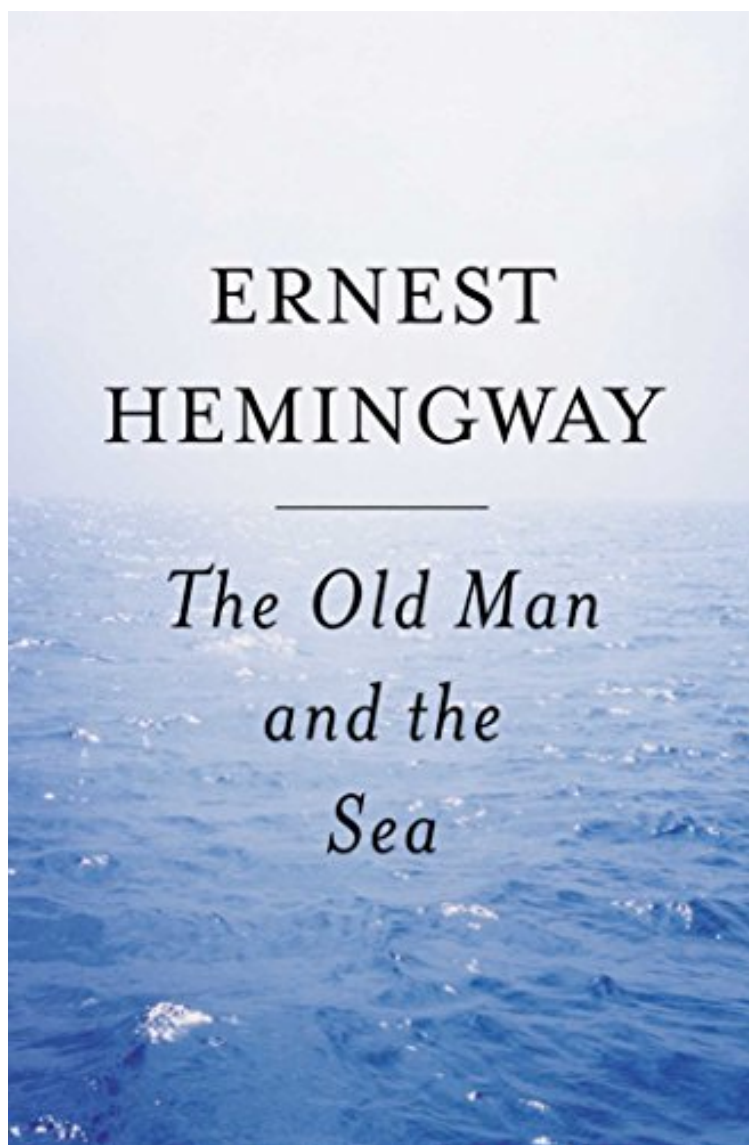


[Ebook free] File size: 52.Mb

The Old Man and the Sea (English Edition)



Par Ernest Hemingway
*ePub | *DOC | audiobook | ebooks |*
Download PDF

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #45471 dans eBooksPubli le: 2002-07-25Sorti le: 2002-07-25Format: Ebook Kindle

[Ebook free] The Old Man and the Sea (English Edition)

Par Ernest Hemingway : The Old Man and the Sea (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Old Man and the Sea (English Edition):

 [Download](#)

 [Read Online](#)

Description : Description du produitUpon completing the novel The Old Man and the Sea, Ernest Hemmingway stated that the manuscript was as good as he could write at the time. This edition of Bloom's Notes studies the novel on various fronts, including examining the novel as a fable, its unoriginality, style, symbolism, and more. Take another look at this widely-read novel. This series is edited by Harold Bloom, Sterling Professor of the Humanities, Yale University; Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Professor of English, New York University Graduate School. These texts are the ideal aid for all students of literature, presenting concise, easy-to-understand biographical, critical, and bibliographical information on a specific literary work. Also provided are multiple sources for book reports and term papers with a wealth of information on literary works, authors, and major characters.

Prsentation de l'diteurThe last novel Ernest Hemingway saw published, The Old Man and the Sea has proved

itself to be one of the enduring works of American fiction. It is the story of an old Cuban fisherman and his supreme ordeal: a relentless, agonizing battle with a giant marlin far out in the Gulf Stream. Using the simple, powerful language of a fable, Hemingway takes the timeless themes of courage in the face of defeat and personal triumph won from loss and transforms them into a magnificent twentieth-century classic..frHere, for a change, is a fish tale that actually does honour to the author. In fact *The Old Man and the Sea* revived Ernest Hemingway's career, which was foundering under the weight of such post-war stinkers as *Across the River and into the Trees*. It also led directly to his receipt of the Nobel Prize in 1954 (an award Hemingway gladly accepted, despite his earlier observation that "no son of a bitch that ever won the Nobel Prize ever wrote anything worth reading afterwards"). A half century later, it's still easy to see why. This tale of an aged Cuban fisherman going head-to-head (or hand-to-fin) with a magnificent marlin encapsulates Hemingway's favourite motifs of physical and moral challenge. Yet Santiago is too old and infirm to partake of the gun-toting machismo that disfigured much of the author's later work: "The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks.

The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords." Hemingway's style, too, reverts to those superb snapshots of perception that won him his initial fame: Just before it was dark, as they passed a great island of Sargasso weed that heaved and swung in the light sea as though the ocean were making love with something under a yellow blanket, his small line was taken by a dolphin. He saw it first when it jumped in the air, true gold in the last of the sun and bending and flapping wildly in the air. If a younger Hemingway had written this novella, Santiago most likely would have towed the enormous fish back to port and posed for a triumphal photograph--just as the author delighted in doing, circa 1935. Instead his prize gets devoured by a school of sharks. Returning with little more than a skeleton, he takes to his bed and, in the very last line, cements his identification with his creator: "The old man was dreaming about the lions." Perhaps there's some allegory of art and experience floating around in there somewhere--but *The Old Man and the Sea* was, in any case, the last great catch of Hemingway's career. --James Marcus

Extrait from *The Old Man and the Sea* He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert. Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated. "Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money." The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him. "No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them." "But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks." "I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you doubted." "It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him." "I know," the old man said. "It is quite normal." "He hasn't much faith." "No," the old man said. "But we have. Haven't we?" "Yes," the boy said. "Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we'll take the stuff home." "Why not?" the old man said. "Between fishermen." They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting. When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and

then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace. "Santiago," the boy said. "Yes," the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago. "Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?" "No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net." "I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you, I would like to serve in some way." "You bought me a beer," the old man said. "You are already a man." "How old was I when you first took me in a boat?" "Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?" "I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me." "Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?" "I remember everything from when we first went together." The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes. "If you were my boy I'd take you out and gamble," he said. "But you are your father's and your mother's and you are in a lucky boat." "May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too." "I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box." "Let me get four fresh ones." "One," the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises. "Two," the boy said. "Two," the old man agreed. "You didn't steal them?" "I would," the boy said. "But I bought these." "Thank you," the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride. "Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current," he said. "Where are you going?" the boy asked. "Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light." "I'll try to get him to work far out," the boy said. "Then if you hook something truly big we can come to your aid." "He does not like to work too far out." "No," the boy said. "But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working and get him to come out after dolphin." "Are his eyes that bad?" "He is almost blind." "It is strange," the old man said. "He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes." "But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good." "I am a strange old man." "But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?" "I think so. And there are many tricks." Copyright 1952 by Ernest Hemingway Copyright renewed 1980 by Mary Hemingway