ISLANDS IN THE STREAM:

STYLE AND EXPERIENCE IN HEMINGWAY
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by

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A KEY TO THE TEXTUAL REFERENCES

For ease of reading, all references to primary source materials (Scribner), have been incorporated directly into the text. The abbreviated titles are as follows:

IOT:  In Our Time
SAR:  The Sun Also Rises
FTA:  A Farewell to Arms
DA:  Death in the Afternoon
GHA:  Green Hills of Africa
SS:  The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway
FWBT:  For Whom the Bell Tolls
OMS:  The Old Man and the Sea
MF:  A Moveable Feast
IS:  Islands in the Stream
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INTRODUCTION

"Travaillons sans raisonner... c'est le seul moyen de rendre la vie supportable... il faut cultiver notre jardin."\(^1\)

Candide comes to learn at the end of Voltaire's novel of the same name that there is no explanation for the existence of evil in the universe. Speculation about the nature of the universe is an idle task and very time consuming, for it does not help man to get along in this world. The alternative to speculation lies in activity whereby man is able to achieve a state of well-being. He is able to obtain self-satisfaction in the process of cultivating and developing his creative ability to its maximum.

Speculation impedes man from truly doing his work. In Moby-Dick, for example, one of the harpooneers reprimands a lad assigned to the mast-head for his state of reverie and speculation. This condition prevents the rest of the crew from sighting any whales and getting any work done. Speculation, as well, catches man off guard and consequently may lead to his death:

"Why, thou monkey," said a harpooneer to one of these lads, "we've been cruising now hard upon three years, and thou hast not raised a whale yet. Whales are scarce as hen's teeth whenever thou art up here." Perhaps they were; or perhaps there might have been shoals of them in the far horizon; but lulled into such an opium-like listlessness of va-

Melville is in accordance with Voltaire on the nature of work. Since man cannot be sure of a metaphysical realm, both agree that he must learn to get along in the world, for that is the only thing of which he can be certain. Working well, of necessity, must replace idle speculation; the concrete must replace the abstract. In Camus' words, "I want to know whether I can live with what I know and with that alone."\(^3\)

Hemingway, as well, believes that one must not spend any time


confusing oneself with abstract words. He makes this point absolutely clear in *A Farewell to Arms* (1929):

> There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. Certain numbers were the same way and certain dates and these with the names of the places were all you could say and have them mean anything. Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates. (*FTA*, 185)

Abstractions and speculations lead nowhere. Hemingway's alternative to this stance is very similar to that of Voltaire, Melville, and Camus even though these four writers, in the main, are very different from each other. Nevertheless, each from his own point of view pursues the theme that only in work is man able to find himself. In work man is able to develop a style which serves as a defense against the meaninglessness and the absurdity (nada) inherent in the universe. Through work man is able to manage experience. In Hemingway's world, the bullfighters, Pedro Romero and Manuel Garcia, are able to control experience in their encounter with the bull, the fisherman, Santiago, in his encounter with the giant marlin, Wilson, the white hunter in his encounter with the lion, and Thomas Hudson in his encounter with the Gulf Stream, a metaphor for experience.

Activity or work is common to all the above examples. In the second chapter of the thesis I attempt to show how Thomas Hudson, of *Islands in the Stream* (1970), eventually fails only because he does not have access to that meaningful activity which once made his life worthwhile. His naval duties could possibly serve as a substitute
activity but he does not carry these out efficiently. In order to guard against the meaningless forces of the universe, it is not only essential to act, but to act well. The importance lies not so much in what one does but in the control and even ritual with which it is done. For Hemingway, style is an intrinsic aspect of this control.
CHAPTER I

STYLE AS A MEANS OF COPING WITH EXPERIENCE

Learning to write well was a way of learning defense ....He [Hemingway] could not live with it without controlling it, and the place where it could best be mastered was under the disciplined pen.1

In a world that is marked by uncertainty, indifference and meaninglessness, Hemingway feels that man cannot hope to find consolation and answers to his doubts by searching beyond to some metaphysical realm. The God of Christianity is no longer in existence and the world remains in obscurity. There are no longer any absolute, authoritarian mores, or standards of beliefs with which man can abide in order to structure his life in any meaningful way. For example, the Lord's Prayer or any other form of prayer, which once had meaning for man, has become obsolete and void of meaning. The nada or nothingness has replaced the Deity:

Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we nada our nodas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. (88, 383)

With the death of the God of Christianity, Hemingway feels that man cannot hope to be rewarded for his good deeds by sharing in an afterlife of happiness and immortality. In a world of confusion and doubt

the only thing man can be certain about is death which is final, absolute and all-encompassing. Death does not lead man to a reintegration of his soul with the Oversoul; instead, death plunges man into oblivion.

Since Hemingway cannot find external aid in coping with the apparent structureless, chaotic universe, then, of necessity, he relies upon his own resources to find structure, order or meaning in a world that denies such qualities possible. He tries to control the universe by being god-like, investing it with some semblance of recognizable order through the shaping powers of his imagination and thereby learn to live with it while at the same time remaining apart from it. The nature of the universe remains essentially the same. The only thing that changes is Hemingway's attitude to a world in which he refuses to be absorbed and thereby lose his identity, his only valuable possession.

Hemingway, the artist, seeks to control and come to terms with the meaningless nature of the universe with the only weapon he knows how to handle well. Through his craft he is able to give form and expression to personal experiences which would otherwise remain formless and buried in the depths of his being. Writing becomes a "soul-searing process", for Hemingway can no longer depend on an audience who shares his same ethical principles as, for example, Richardson and Fielding shared with their selected audiences. In the face of things that are not true Hemingway feels the urgent need to write "the truest sentence" (MF, 12) that he knows in order to obtain personal meaning. Hemingway

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hopes through his craft to construct a refuge against the meaningless forces in the universe just as the waiter in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place" (1933) seeks "light...and a certain cleanness and order" (SS, 383) in the face of darkness, a condition of the nada, inherent in the universe. In order for "A Clean Well-Lighted Place" of art to endure, Hemingway feels the need to write with honesty and integrity and present his material in the light of how he truly feels it. In Death in the Afternoon (1932), for example, Hemingway sums up the difficulties he encounters as a writer:

I was trying to write then and I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing truly what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced. (DA, 2)

Hemingway, in his art, feels the necessity of involving himself in a strenuous re-examination of the material at hand, to see and report it in an honest manner and by so doing make his art a lasting monument in the face of mutability. To an artist, this becomes the ultimate satisfaction when he knows that his craft will remain long after he is dead. Carlos Baker elaborates on the satisfaction Hemingway finds in his art:

Nothing could match a writer's satisfaction in making a new piece of the world and knowing that it would stand forever. Writing was what he [Hemingway] had come on earth to do. It was his true faith, his church, his politics, his command.3

By giving the world form in an imaginative way, the artist is

3Ibid., pp. 452-453.
able to live in the midst of the stream of life with its flux and disorder. Through his craft he can control the formless flux temporarily and thereby give structure and meaning to his experience. "A brush, [token for the artist] [becomes] the one dependable thing in a world of strife, ruin, chaos".\(^4\) André Maurois notes in his essay "Ernest Hemingway" that a

world is not wholly without values when it recognizes esthetic values. The writer, like the hunter and the soldier, respects his code; and, by his word magic, succeeds not in recapturing Time - which to Hemingway would mean recapturing horror - but in killing it. It may well be that the word of the universe is nada - nothingness; but in this nothingness, the writer's code and craft dimly outline the shadows of something.\(^5\)

It is the artist - the writer, the soldier, the fisherman, the big-game hunter, and the bullfighter - who succeeds in creating a refuge, a clean well-lighted place, through his ability to construct a personal set of rules or code by which he abides and keeps the powers of darkness at bay. All these people are essentially similar in one particular aspect. They are creators. Through discipline they are able to control their experiences and consequently find meaning by bringing order from formless chaos. It may be for this reason that Carlos Baker makes the following statement about the writer and sportsman:

Nothing but writing could give him [Hemingway] as much genuine pleasure as killing a bear, a buffalo,


a kudu, a black-maned lion, or fighting to its death a huge and lordly marlin, a giant tuna, even a sperm whale if he could sink the harpoon deep enough in its flesh. Was this a conflict? He did not think so.6

The writer and sportsman live by a code. If they do not construct a personal code they will be overwhelmed by the nothingness and lose their identity. The formless, chaotic energy inherent in their beings as well as in the world, will not be channelled into any constructive goal.

In The Sun Also Rises (1926) Pedro Romero, for example, is the ideal artist who is able to control and give meaning to his existence. He learns to cope with the flux and death inherent in the world and thereby achieves a temporal salvation in the midst of the chaos. Pedro Romero takes on the figure of a high priest who is engaged in a ritualistic performance whereby he draws people together to witness the confrontation of man beset with overpowering, chaotic forces as symbolized in the bull. In For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940), for example, this religious association is reflected upon by Pilar who is reminiscing about Finito her bullfighter-husband who "would not look up at the bull's head, which was shrouded in a purple cloth as the images of the saints are covered in church during the week of the passion of our former Lord" (FWBT, 185). The bullfighter's ability to subdue and control the bull causes ecstatic emotions that are shared by the audience. As in any religious ceremony, the priest and congregation

unite in a ritualistic manner to render meaning and significance to their feelings and emotions by raising themselves about their personal preoccupations to some common interest. Hemingway sums up the above ideas in *Death in the Afternoon* in his definition of the complete faena:

> the [complete] faena that takes a man out of himself and makes him feel immortal while it is proceeding, that gives him an ecstasy, that is, while momentary, as profound as any religious ecstasy; moving all the people in the ring together and increasing in emotional intensity as it proceeds, carrying the bullfighter with it, he playing on the crowd through the bull and being moved as it responds in a growing ecstasy of ordered, formal, passionate, increasing disregard for death that leaves you, when it is over, and the death administered to the animal that has made it possible, as empty, as changed and as sad as any major emotion will leave you. (DA, 206-207)

In an artistic or stylistic manner the bullfighter is able to come face to face with death and learn to control and live with it. In a world of dead gods he becomes temporarily a resurrected god who administers death and by so doing takes upon himself "one of the Godlike attributes" (DA, 233). Since he is constantly confronted with death in the arena, he becomes more sensitive and aware of the precious nature of life and accordingly lives his life to the full. In a world where death is the only absolute, Hemingway feels that man has to make the best of the present situation by trying to make his life as complete as possible by developing a personal code by which he may live. The matador, Hemingway feels, constructs this code in the bullring in his encounter with death.

In his ability to engage the audience in a mutual "growing
ecstasy of ordered, formal, passionate, increasing disregard for death" (DA, 207), the matador is able to produce a cathartic effect in his audience. The bullfighter allows the audience to experience immortality which would otherwise be denied to them in a world of transience and mutability. Hemingway discusses this cathartic effect in *Death in the Afternoon*:

> Now the essence of the greatest emotional appeal of bullfighting is the feeling of immortality that the bullfighter feels in the middle of a great faena and that he gives to the spectators. He is performing a work of art and he is playing with death, bringing it closer, closer, closer, to himself, a death that you know is in the horns because you have the canvas-covered bodies of the horses on the sand to prove it. He gives the feeling of his immortality, and, as you watch it, it becomes yours. Then when it belongs to both of you, he proves it with the sword. (DA, 213)

The artist makes it possible for the spectator to transcend his limitations casting a cold eye on death. This feeling of immortality, however, does not last very long for after the faena is completed man must return to the trivialities and afflictions which constantly beset him in his everyday existence. In order for man to appreciate life fully and rise above mundane experiences, he must be directly exposed to death or he can witness death indirectly in the bullring by taking part in the complete faena. However, the appreciation of life through death can be found elsewhere. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, for example, El Sordo's final vision of life reflects one who is more appreciative of being alive when he is in danger of death. In extreme stress and danger he regards death indifferently and sees only the fine things in
Dying was nothing and he had no picture of it nor fear of it in his mind. But living was a field of grain blowing in the wind on the side of a hill. Living was a hawk in the sky. Living was an earthen jar of water in the dust of the threshing with the grain flailed out and the chaff blowing. Living was a horse between your legs and a carbine under one leg and a hill and a valley and a stream with trees along it and the far side of the valley and the hills beyond. (FWBT, 312-313)

In his study of the existential aspect of Hemingway's writing, John Killinger notes that "There is just one catch to the fact that life receives its real meaning when set over against death: for life to continue to have meaning, the death experience must be repeated again and again." On the basis of the above quotation, John Killinger would agree that it is in the continual exposure to death that the bullfighter becomes detached and learns to accept death as second nature.

Once the bullfighter becomes detached from death in this artistic manner he is able to dismiss or control his fears and anxieties which would otherwise constantly torment him. The bullfighter is a simple, sincere, almost primitive individual who is not given over to too much imagination, for the man with too much imagination dies a thousand deaths before the final encounter. In his constant pre-occupation with the fear of destruction the bullfighter performs badly in the arena and is in danger of losing his life. In short, the bullfighter must act and not think. In "The Undefeated", Manuel Garcia is

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such a man who is able to dismiss the thought of death by acting and not thinking:

He thought in bull-fight terms. Sometimes he had a thought and the particular piece of slang would not come into his mind and he could not realize the thought. His instincts and his knowledge worked automatically, and his brain worked slowly and in words. He knew all about bulls. He did not have to think about them. He just did the right thing. His eyes noted things and his body performed the necessary measures without thought. If he thought about it, he would be gone. (SS, 260)

Thinking and speculation are conducive to day-dreaming and, consequently, may lead to death. The threatening "they" forces in A Farewell to Arms (327) are waiting to catch man off base and eliminate him from existence. If the bullfighter is off his guard for a split second, death on the horns of the bull is immediate. In "The Undefeated", Manuel Garcia is well aware of the problems in thinking too much about the bull. He has learned through discipline to control the bull by taking one step at a time and not over-reaching himself. His sword, his red cloth, his limbs, his body, his mind function machine-like in a quick well-ordered manner to subdue the bull. As any man skilled in his occupation, efficiency comes when the tools of his trade are somehow skillfully integrated into himself and he performs with agility, certainty and integrity. Once the bullfighter functions as an organism he becomes worthy of Hemingway's definition of a great killer. He is a person like Manuel Garcia who

...must love to kill; unless he feels it is the best thing he can do, unless he is conscious of its dignity and feels that it is its own reward, he will be incapable of the abnegation that is necessary in real killing. The truly great killer
must have a sense of honor and a sense of glory far beyond that of the ordinary bullfighter. In other words he must be a simpler man. (DA, 232)

For Hemingway, the good bullfighter or "simpler man" seems to be one who is partially aloof from society. He does not marry, for in his constant encounter with death he, unlike some men of less perilous occupations, is not guaranteed a long life of happiness with his family. Hemingway makes this point clear in one of the dialogues with the old lady in Death in the Afternoon (1932):

Old lady: Would it not be better if these men all married and bedded only with their wives? For their souls' good, yes, and for their bodies, too. But as bullfighters many are ruined if they marry if they love their wives truly.

Old lady: And their wives? What of them? Of their wives who can speak who has not been one? If the husband has no contracts he does not make a living. But at each contract he risks death and no man can go into the ring and say that he will come out alive. It is not like being wife to a soldier, for your soldier earns his living when there is no war; nor your sailor for he is long gone, but his ship is his protection; nor your boxer for he does not face death. (DA, 103-104)

In the bullring the bullfighter is not able to regard death with indifference, for his death does not only affect him but also his family to whom he has obligations. His involvement with his family hinders his ability to act well and bravely in the bullring, and he may resort to fakery and cheating to avoid death.

It may be for this reason that Lady Brett's intrusion and attempt to ensnare Pedro Romero into marriage is not looked upon very favourably by Montoya and other aficionados. They see in such a union the destruction of Pedro Romero as an ideal bullfighter. Once married
the bullfighter loses his courage and integrity and becomes corrupted by the female. Brett takes on the legendary Circe figure who "turns men into swine" (SAR, 144), robbing them of their manhood. Such a union would plunge Pedro Romero into the meaningless existence of Jake Barnes and his companions, hollow men, engaged in useless tasks of buying stuffed dogs. As a bullfighter, Pedro Romero remains self-sufficient and capable of living in a world where meaning is obscure. To survive in this world of the lost generation he creates his own meaning and has no need, like Robert Cohn, to escape to South America to start life over again. Escape is time consuming and life is too short as it is. Robert Cohn lacks the honesty and self-scrutiny to realize that escape is not a cure for his ennui. A change of country is not the answer; the change must come from within, for although man can easily change and run away from his environment he can never run away from himself. Melvin Backman, in his essay entitled The Matador and the Crucified, sums up the role of Pedro Romero before he becomes entrapped by Lady Brett Ashley:

Pedro was exempt from the mal de siècle that beset the others, for his fighting with the bulls brought him into a fundamental relationship with life, which involved the pitting of his manliness against that of the bull. It is a life and death struggle that reveals not only the steel of his young manhood but a certain passion with which he met life — an intensity, a seriousness, a dedicated quality. Pedro had a place in the scheme of existence — and a role to fulfill. With the instinctive sureness of a primitive who need never question his reason for living, he pursued his natural course... There was an absolute center to him. He did not have to drink, he did not have to keep running away. His inner core was brought into a vital active
relationship with life. 8

Similarly, Manuel Garcia of "The Undefeated" is such a bullfighter that is "exempt from the mal de siècle" in his courage, integrity and "maleness". He is determined not to be overcome by the bull and asserts for himself "a place in the scheme of existence". He is no longer popular with the audience and must be happy to fight not during the daytime but at night. Such a time suggests the darkness that accosts the old man in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place", a darkness which will not allow him to sleep for at that time he is exposed through his dreams to the horrors in the universe. Manuel Garcia, artist, seeks, like the old man, "a clean well-lighted place" as refuge against the nada. Unlike the old man, Manuel Garcia is able to achieve the "clean well-lighted place" in the midst of darkness through an artistic manner. Garcia behaves well and, though he is physically defeated, he is victorious in spirit. Even though he is dying at the end of the story, he achieves personal satisfaction in the realization that he can subdue the powers of darkness.

As we have noted, Romero and Manuel Garcia are good bullfighters (artists) who show integrity and honesty in the bullring. The failure of Garcia does not necessarily mean that he is a bad bullfighter, for, as he admits himself, one has to have luck. ("I was going good," Manuel said. "I didn't have any luck. That was all." - SS, 265) It seems that discipline, important to the bullfighter for defense, must be coupled with luck, a quality which he cannot consciously obtain

through any merit of his own. Luck is necessary, for the bullfighter, along with other sportsmen, is defeated if luck is not in his favour. Hemingway feels that the writer, as well as the bullfighter, needs luck along with discipline if he is ever to be a success. A "disciplined pen" alone is not sufficient for the writer to control experience. Hemingway makes this point clear in *A Moveable Feast* (1964), where he is reminiscing about the 1920's in Paris when, in a flat in the same hotel where Verlaine died, he tries to write "one true sentence:"

> Up in that room I decided that I would write one story about each thing that I knew about. I was trying to do this all the time I was writing, and it was good and severe discipline. (MF, 12)

Along with the "good and severe discipline" Hemingway feels the need of "luck" in order to make his work successful. In this respect the bullfighter and writer are analogous, both striving for the same objectives. In *The Sun Also Rises*, a further analogy is made (chapter xv) concerning "The bullfight on the second day" (SAR, 167). The definition of a good bullfighter is in the description of Pedro "Romero [who] had the old thing, the holding of his purity of line through the maximum of exposure". The good bullfighter does not cheat by simulating "appearance of danger in order to give a fake emotional feeling" (SAR, 168). Similarly, the good writer does not cheat, and, like the bullfighter, he strives towards "a definite end" and avoids a "spectacle with unexplained horrors" (SAR, 167). In *A Moveable Feast*, for example, Hemingway recounts how he tried to eliminate the "scrollwork or ornament" he had written and only concern himself with the "true simple declarative sentence" (MF, 12). Elaborations and scrollwork, he felt, lead to
falsifications producing a "spectacle with unexplained horrors". In *Green Hills of Africa*, Hemingway praises Melville for his knowledge when stated simply and deplores his rhetoric which is pretentious and mysterious:

"We have had writers of rhetoric who had the good fortune to find a little, in a chronicle of another man and from voyaging, of how things, actual things, can be, whales for instance, and this knowledge is wrapped in the rhetoric like plums in a pudding. Occasionally it is there, alone, unwrapped in pudding, and it is good. This is Melville. But the people who praise it, praise it for the rhetoric which is not important. They put a mystery in which is not there." (GHA, 20)

While Hemingway is busy attacking writers of scrollwork and rhetoric, it does not seem to occur to him that simplicity and ornament are both rhetoric. Hemingway, it seems, is affecting a rhetoric in the form of artificial simplicity. Nevertheless, in *Death in the Afternoon*, Hemingway again discusses the honest writer as opposed to the mysterious writer of scrollwork and ornament:

If a man writes clearly enough any one can see if he fakes. If he mystifies to avoid a straight statement, which is very different from breaking so-called rules of syntax or grammar to make an effect which can be obtained in no other way, the writer takes a longer time to be known as a fake and other writers who are afflickted by the same necessity will praise him in their own defense. True mysticism should not be confused with incompetence in writing which seeks to mystify where there is no mystery but is really only the necessity to fake to cover lack of knowledge or the inability to state clearly. Mysticism implies a mystery and there are many mysteries; but incompetence is not one of them; nor is overwritten journalism made literature by the injection of a false epic quality. Remember this too: all bad writers are in love with the epic. (DA, 54)
The bad writer does not have complete knowledge of his material and consequently tries to hide his incompetence through pretentiousness and complexities. The good writer can learn from the example of Pedro Romero and apply the bullfighter’s style to literature:

Romero never made any contortions, always it was straight and pure and natural in line. The others twisted themselves like cork-screws, their elbows raised, and leaned against the flanks of the bull after his horns had passed, to give a faked look of danger. Afterward, all that was faked turned bad and gave an unpleasant feeling. Romero’s bull-fighting gave real emotion, because he kept the absolute purity of line in his movements and always quietly and calmly let the horns pass him close each time. (SAR, 167-168)

Similarly, Hemingway keeps the "purity of line" in the description of the fishing episode in *The Sun Also Rises*. An analysis of the following passage will show how Hemingway puts into practice theories he later writes in *Death in the Afternoon* and *Green Hills of Africa*:

I found the two wine-bottles in the pack, and carried them up the road to where the water of a spring flowed out of an iron pipe. There was a board over the spring and I lifted it and, knocking the corks firmly into the bottles, lowered them down into the water. It was so cold my hand and wrist felt numbed. I put back the slab of wood, and hoped nobody would find the wine.

I got my rod that was leaning against the tree, took the bait-can and landing-net, and walked out onto the dam. It was built to provide a head of water for driving logs. The gate was up, and I sat on one of the squared timbers and watched the smooth apron of water before the river tumbled into the falls. In the white water at the foot of the dam it was deep. As I baited up, a trout shot up out of the white water into the falls and was carried down. Before I could finish baiting, another trout jumped at the falls, making the same lovely arc and disappearing into the water that was thundering down.
I put on a good-sized sinker and dropped into the white water close to the edge of the timbers of the dam."

I did not feel the first trout strike. When I started to pull up I felt that I had one and brought him, fighting and bending the rod almost double, out of the boiling water at the foot of the falls, and swung him up and onto the dam.... In a little while I had six.... I laid them out, side by side, all their heads pointing the same way, and looked at them. They were beautifully colored and firm and hard from the cold water. It was a hot day, so I slit them all and shucked out the insides, gills and all, and tossed them over across the river. I took the trout ashore, washed them in the cold, smoothly heavy water above the dam, and then picked some ferns and packed them all in the bag, three trout on a layer of ferns, then another layer of ferns, then three more trout, and then covered them with ferns. They looked nice in the ferns, and now the bag was bulky, and I put it in the shade of the tree. (SAR, 118-120)

In the above passage Hemingway describes, through the voice of Jake Barnes, the fishing scene as it is. The description is free from emotional excitement with little emphasis on telling the reader how wonderful and exciting it is to catch trout. Instead, the sensitive reader senses the emotional appeal through the narrator's sincere reporting of the things that he sees. The natural description of this scene is exact and precise. For example, the narrator takes care in telling how many bottles of wine he had, how he sealed and placed them in the river, how many fish he caught and how he packed them in his bag on layers of ferns. The narrator is so absorbed in what he is describing, concentrating on one item at a time, that the overall effect is one of crispness and clarity. The sentence structure enhances that clarity since it is simple with hardly any subordinate clauses or adjectives. The words as well are simple and chosen very
carefully. For example, the use of the conjunction "and" as opposed to "but" creates an atmosphere of calm and tranquility matching the scene described. The use of "but" to join the sentences would create an effect of anticipation and anxiety, moods best avoided in this description of serenity. Avoiding complications in syntax and diction, Hemingway, through the voice of the narrator, is able to move clearly from one object to another achieving a style which is "straight and pure and natural in line". Harry Levin, in his critical essay entitled "Observations on the Style of Ernest Hemingway", elaborates on Hemingway's "purity of line" as he sees it working in "A Way You'll Never Be":

Yet if the subordinate clause and the complex sentence are the usual ways for writers to obtain a third dimension, Hemingway keeps his writing on a linear plane. He holds the purity of his line by moving in one direction, ignoring sidetracks and avoiding structural complications. By presenting a succession of images, each of which has its brief moment when it commands the reader's undivided attention, he achieves his special vividness and fluidity. For what he lacks in structure he makes up in sequence, carefully ordering visual impressions as he sets them down and ironically juxtaposing the various items on his lists and inventories. "A Way You'll Never Be" opens with a close-up showing the debris on a battlefield, variously specifying munitions, medicaments, and leftovers from a field kitchen, then closing in on the scattered papers with this striking montage effect: "...group postcards showing the machine-gun unit standing in ranked and ruddy cheerfulness as in a football picture for a college annual; now they were humped and swollen in the grass...."9

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Hemingway maintains a "purity of line" in *The Sun Also Rises* and "A Way You'll Never Be" in a similar manner that Pedro Romero keeps it in the bullring. Like the bullfighter, a writer must be able to dominate and control his material and at the same time remain "unattainable" (*SAR*, 168). In the twentieth century the world is in a state of chaos and uncertainty. No authoritarian set of rules or mores can define or give form to the nothingness and meaninglessness of existence. One man's set of rules, to sound a little Blackian, would be another man's misfortune, for his attempt at imposing them would trap the other person. In the light of this view, Hemingway would lose credibility and appear as a fake in attempting to impose a solution to the chaos in the universe. In his fiction a writer must remain "unattainable" or, to use Percy Lubbock's terminology, he must "show" and not "tell":

the art of fiction does not begin until the novelist thinks of his story as a matter to be shown, to be so exhibited that it will tell itself.10

Hemingway strives at remaining "unattainable". He does not tell us how to react towards his material but rather he presents the facts as objectively as possible and allows the reader to formulate his own opinions and responses to those given facts. Philip Young makes this point in his comment on the stories in *In Our Time* (1925):

The quality that most distinguished these sketches was a completely objective vividness,

an unemotional approach which concentrated on presenting objects, allowing the responses of feeling and mind to take care of themselves.\footnote{Young, Ernest Hemingway, p. 151.}

If one is given over to his emotions he will produce what Hemingway calls "erectile writing" (DA, 53) that falsifies reality. In the lion sequence of "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber", Hemingway attempts to present, through the voice of the narrator, the picture with sympathy, sensitivity, vividness and precision yet in an objective and detached manner. In describing a scene of violence and danger the narrator tries not to resort to "erectile writing" but to maintain calmness and collectivity:

The lion still stood looking majestically and coolly toward this object that his eyes only showed in silhouette, bulking like some super-rhino. There was no man smell carried toward him and he watched the object, moving his great head a little from side to side. Then watching the object, not afraid, but hesitating before going down the bank to drink with such a thing opposite him, he saw a man figure detach itself from it and he turned his heavy head and swung away toward the cover of the trees as he heard a cracking crash and felt the slam of a .30-06 220-grain solid bullet that bit his flank and ripped in sudden hot scalding nausea through his stomach. He trotted, heavy, big-footed, swinging wounded full-bellied, through the trees toward the tall grass and cover, and the crash came again to go past him ripping the air apart. Then it crashed again and he felt the blow as it hit his lower ribs and ripped on through, blood sudden hot and frothy in his mouth, and he galloped toward the high grass where he could crouch and not be seen and make them bring the crashing thing close enough so he could make a rush and get the man that held it. (SS, 15)
Since no one can really know what a lion feels like in the above situation, the episode remains an illusion of physical reality and Hemingway, ironically, becomes a little guilty of "erectile writing" himself. The fact that the lion is able to recognize the calibre of the bullet that hits him is dubious and purely subjective on Hemingway's part. In this respect the episode is not described totally from the lion's point of view. Nevertheless, in a partially objective manner, Hemingway makes us feel that the lion is the centre of importance. This is significant since the courage, majesty and realness of the lion are stressed in ironic contrast to the snivelling, terrified, unreal "hunter" who appears only as an unstable "object", a "silhouette". The narrator attempts to describe the scene truly and objectively and catch the feeling or attitude of how he thinks an animal without the power of reason must see objects. He partially succeeds. The rifle, therefore, appears as an "object", a "silhouette". (This type of description reminds one of how Neanderthal man sees his environment in William Golding's The Inheritors.) Although there is a partial failure in what he attempts, Hemingway comes close to being one of

The good writers [that] are not the creatures of their emotions; theirs is a sanity which helps them to see the world clearly and see it whole. 12

In Islands in the Stream (1970), Roger Davis is an artist capable of "erectile writing". He is so involved with his own personal griefs that he cannot objectify or externalize his inner problems to write a

novel encompassing the human condition. Thomas Hudson suggests that a novel can be written if he started with the death of David, Davis' brother, and expanded the novel accordingly. One is led to the conclusion that should the novel be written it would be full of profuse sentimentality, a quality Hemingway and Hudson desire to avoid.

Creation of any kind involves discipline be it either a sentimental or didactic work. However, as we have seen, Hemingway feels somewhat biased, perhaps, that objectivity and detachment in writing involve a greater discipline since these qualities allow the writer to cope with the unrealities and perplexities in the world. To use Carlos Baker's words once again, "theirs is a sanity which helps them to see the world clearly and see it whole". The ability of the writer to write well involves a discipline which makes him strong in the face of adversity. His defense comes about as a result of his mastered craft. Hemingway wrote as he lived and tried to turn his life into a work of art or produce a calculated image. His literary style becomes his way of life. Carlos Baker makes this point clear as he recounts in Hemingway: A Life Story what Ford Madox Ford thought of Hemingway in the 1920's:

Even in conversation, Ernest behaved like a true artist. He spoke hesitantly. His tendency was to "pause between words and then to speak gently but with great decision." His temperament, thought Ford, "was selecting the instances he should narrate, his mind selecting the words to employ. The impression was one of a person using restraint at the biddings of discipline."

13 Baker, A Life Story, p. 126.
Hemingway, then, attempts to instill in his own person that discipline and control that one finds in his prose. Whether he achieves these qualities consistently throughout his life is a subject of endless debate. He, nevertheless, feels that a writer like his work must remain self-sufficient. If he does not make himself responsible to himself, he no longer writes what he feels is true and good, but rather what is mysterious and sensational in order to make himself well-liked by "the lice who crawl on literature" (GHA, 109). (We shall see in Chapter II that Roger Davis of Islands in the Stream is such a writer who prostitutes his talent in order to please the general public.) In Green Hills of Africa (1935), Hemingway says that he feels the need of honesty and integrity in a writer for once a writer makes himself responsible only to himself he has an indescribable feeling of satisfaction:

That something I cannot yet define completely but the feeling comes when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake, yet you know its value absolutely; or when you do something which people do not consider a serious occupation and yet you know, truly, that it is as important and has always been as important as all the things that are in fashion. (GHA, 148-149)

In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro", Harry, the dying writer, loses this feeling of satisfaction because of his inability to write. His enemies are not the critics but rather rich people whom he feels have blunted his talent by taking him away from his work. Easy money takes away the hardships and it prevents the writer from writing well or from writing at all. He feels that
each day of not writing, of comfort, of being that which he despised, dulled his ability and softened his will to work so that, finally, he did no work at all. (SS, 59)

Without work and discipline, Harry leads an aimless existence of comfort and leisure with the rich. Good writers, Hemingway feels, do not spring from an atmosphere of ease and comfort but rather from an atmosphere of stress and tension. In Green Hills of Africa, for example, Hemingway tells us that great writers, such as Stendhal and Dostoevsky, are born in times of war and injustice:

Stendhal had seen a war and Napoleon taught him to write. He was teaching everybody then; but no one else learned. Dostoevsky was made by being sent to Siberia. Writers are forged in injustice as a sword is forged. (GHA, 71)

Harry is well aware that discipline is necessary and hopes that in a safari made "with the minimum of comfort" to "get back into training", to "work the fat off his soul the way a fighter went into the mountains to work and train in order to burn it out of his body" (SS, 60). In an atmosphere of ease and comfort his artistic ability becomes arrested. Having no purpose and satisfaction which he once found in his writing, he now becomes a hollow man, a shell, or a "dried and frozen carcass" (epigraph to "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" - SS, 52).

Hemingway feels that a writer must make personal sacrifices. He must realize that life consists of more pain than joy. Once man tries to dismiss pain, or its corollary, death, he falsifies reality. He cheats, he fakes both as an artist and a human being involved with people. Man's condition involves an attempt on his part to keep the tension alive and in control in his own being, to experience pain more
so than joy, to maintain a "purity of line through the maximum of exposure" (SAR, 168).

In Hemingway's fiction not everyone is able to maintain a "purity of line through the maximum of exposure". It is a state or quality that is limited to what Earl Rovit calls the "tutor" figure or "code hero" and refused to the "tyro" figure or Nick Adams hero. The "tyro" or pupil-figure tries to learn from the "tutor" or teacher-figure how to achieve the rare quality the "tutor" possesses so that he, the "tyro" figure, may be able to cope with the world. The "tyro" figure, however, does not totally succeed for according to Earl Rovit,

The tyro, faced with the overwhelming confusion and hurt (nada) inherent in an attempt to live an active sensual life, admires the deliberate self-containment of the tutor (a much "simpler man") who is seemingly not beset with inner uncertainties. Accordingly, the tyro tries to model his behaviour on the pattern he discerns. However, the tyro is not a simple man; being in fact a very near projection of Hemingway himself, he is never able to attain the state of serene unselfconsciousness - what James once called nastily "the deep intellectual repose" - that seems to come naturally to the tutor. What he can learn, however, is the appearance of that self-containment. He can laboriously train himself in the conventions of the appearance which is "the code"; and he can so severely practice those external restraints as to be provided with a pragmatic defense against the horrors that never cease to assault him.14

In "Big Two-Hearted River", Nick Adams, who is psychologically disturbed by the atrocities of war, tries to maintain his mental and emotional

equilibrium. He tries to achieve the condition of the trout who keep "themselves steady in the current with wavering fins" (IOT, 177). In the midst of the flux of the stream he tries to contain his hurt from the violence and destruction of war, a condition of the nada in the universe. He is constantly in danger of reverting back to that state which tormented him during the war. In this case, the movement downstream of the trout, who at one point "hold steady in the fast water" (IOT, 177), is enough to bring back "all the old feeling" (IOT, 178). If Nick Adams does not resist and endure in a stoic manner and try to dismiss the tormenting memories of the war momentarily, he will be destroyed and lose his identity to the meaningless forces in the world.

In order to maintain his emotional and mental equilibrium, Nick Adams tries to cope with one object at a time. His actions are mechanical. Writing about the Nick Adams' stories in general, Earl Rovit says that Nick Adams

registers the events as though he were a slow-motion camera, but rarely if ever does he actively participate in these events. He never really gets into a fight; he does not argue; he does not retreat to protect his sensibilities. Like the camera, he has a curious masochistic quality of total acceptance and receptivity.15

Like the camera,16 Nick Adams is not so much interested in thinking as

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15 Ibid., p. 57.

16 The camera analogy is interesting as the story "Big Two-Hearted River" is objectively reported by the third person narrator. The narrator, like the camera, makes no overt moral evaluations and refrains from getting emotionally involved with Nick Adams. The narrator's relationship to his environment is one of total objectivity.
he is in closely observing his environment. In this respect he becomes akin to the bullfighter who acts and does not think. Nick Adams, for example, is able to wonder about the grasshoppers as he walks along, "without really thinking about them" (IOT, 181). Thinking leads to reflection and engages the memory to recall the horrors he is trying to forget. For the time being Nick Adams tries to forget his analytical capacity and maintain control by noticing "everything in such detail to keep it all straight so he would know just where he was" (SS, 409). Nick Adams tries not to allow things to get too complicated and unmanageable. In "A Way You'll Never Be", a story similar in theme to the "Big Two-Hearted River", Nick Adams appropriately rides a bicycle, a vehicle which demands balance and equilibrium, past scenes of decaying and dismembered bodies. The bicycle motif is appropriate since Nick Adams is in the process of losing his psychological equilibrium. However, he is determined to control his emotions and maintain good style so that he does not "lose the way to Fornaci" (SS, 414) and get absorbed into the nothingness. André Maurois sums up the predicament of the Nick Adams hero who is trying to learn to develop a personal code or style in order to live:

Man walks in the midst of ruins, always ready for the final explosion, trying to forget his nightmares and searching, among the casualties, for "passionate idyls." "Love, like hunting or war, or drinking, all acts of violence and excess, conceals from us the presence of nada—it is a moment, an all-too-brief moment."

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The Nick Adams hero is constantly in the process of learning, of educating himself in order to survive the onslaught of existence. He is unlike the "tutor" figure who, according to Rovit, has already achieved a self-containment or self-definition before he appears in the fiction; he already is, and the finality of his self-acceptance removes him from the disintegrating experience of becoming.  

Robert Jordan, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, for example, must come to the realization that the self is strong only in so far as the whole or the community is strong. His talk with Golz at the beginning of the novel reveals a serious man totally devoted to his duty with no time for the opposite sex. He is lonely, cold and practical, but his relationship with the group of guerrillas and his love for Maria changes all his earlier attitudes. His involvement with Maria leads to his total self-realization since he becomes a complete individual having both his cold practical duty along with true emotional fulfillment. He is one with Maria for, as he says later in the novel, "'As long as there is one of us there is both of us.'" (*FWBT*, 463) Along with the knowledge that no man is an island, Robert Jordan comes to learn that the only defense man has consists in his ability to endure and suffer and herein lies his heroism:

> You learned...how to endure and how to ignore suffering in the long time of cold and wetness, of mud and of digging and fortifying. (*FWBT*, 236)

Eventually, one will become "strong at the broken places" (*FTA*, 249) and find momentary comfort for

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One suffers little because all of us have been formed to resist suffering. (FWBT, 367)

In his fiction, Hemingway takes a fatalistic approach where man is pitted against deterministic forces which forever frustrate his aspirations. Essentially, Hemingway is not a fatalist for he respects man's will, nor is he a negative critic for he offers not solutions but rather suggestions to help man in his struggles. He sees that man is continually in the process of shaping himself and the world in an attempt simply to exist. For Hemingway, existence involves, among other things, adopting a personal set of rules in order to manage and control experience in a meaningful way. The writer, the soldier, the fisherman, the big-game hunter, and the bullfighter all have a set of rules by which they work. These rules, although personal, are open to the reader if he cares to adopt them. If not, he can create his own. Essentially, however, the emphasis for Hemingway is on how well one performs his craft in the midst of doubt and ambiguity. It is in his work whereby the hero develops a style (be it writing, fighting, fishing or hunting well) through which he is able to achieve self-defense. Ultimately, Hemingway's heroes must learn one of Camus' wishes in *The Myth of Sisyphus*:

I want to know whether I can live with what I know and with that alone. 19

CHAPTER II

THOMAS HUDSON AND THE GULF STREAM

A. SUMMARY OF ISLANDS IN THE STREAM (1970)

*Islands in the Stream* consists of three sections called "Bimini", "Cuba", and "At Sea" in which the central figure is Thomas Hudson. The first section has Thomas Hudson leading an ordered, normal life on the island of Bimini in the West Indies. His routine is disrupted by the visit of his sons David, Andrew, and Young Tom. Hudson reminisces about his days in Paris with Joyce, Pound, and Ford much in the same way as Hemingway does in *A Moveable Feast*. When he is not reminiscing about the past, Hudson paints or observes his sons and Roger Davis, unstable and escapist, as they swim or fish. One of the highlights of "Bimini" is David's ordeal with the broadbill, an episode as memorable as Santiago's struggle with the giant marlin. "Bimini" ends on a sad note as David, Andrew, and their mother are killed in an auto accident near Biarritz.

In "Cuba", a sense of loss and sadness replaces the happiness, comfort and security of the first section. "Cuba", unlike "Bimini", takes place during the war which is destructive and reduces the island to depravity and poverty. Thomas Hudson spends most of his time talking to his cats or is in the company of a whore, Honest Lil, in the Floridita. Toward the end of this section he is paid a surprise visit by his first wife to whom he tells the sad news of Tom's death.
"At Sea" describes Thomas Hudson and his crew looking for a German submarine, disabled by air attack, off the coast of Cuba. This section reveals Thomas Hudson to be pathetic, indifferent to war, and desperately clutching at the happiness of the past in his dreams. The war has disrupted his routine and well-ordered life on the island. Without work, he has time to ponder the absurdity and the nothingness in the universe. As a defense against these forces, he turns to drinking, nonthinking and dreams but soon comes to learn that these serve as poor substitutes in contrast to his work as a painter. One would expect that his activity in hunting German submarines off the Cuban Coast would serve as a fine substitute to keep the meaninglessness of the universe at bay. It does not, however. Thomas Hudson's mission is doomed because of miscalculations and faulty judgments. He is fatally wounded as he kills the only survivors of the German submarine.

B. THOMAS HUDSON'S ATTEMPT TO COPE WITH THE GULF STREAM, A METAPHOR FOR EXPERIENCE

The Gulf Stream in Islands in the Stream is treated much in the same way by Hemingway as Egdon Heath is treated by Thomas Hardy in the Return of the Native. In its permanence, neutrality, omnipresence, beauty and destruction, the Stream serves as a stage upon which man may act out his role to the best of his ability. The Stream, on one level, is a setting needed by the author since it is narratively and allegorically useful. On another level, the Stream serves as a barometer which is used to measure Man against his environment, often showing his insignificance against forces in the natural world which are much greater
than himself. Man is engaged in the game of life where the imposed conditions

"Unlike all other forms of lutte or combat ... are that the winner shall take nothing; neither his ease, nor his pleasure, nor any notions of glory; nor, if he win far enough, shall there be any reward within himself." (Epigraph from Winner Take Nothing)

With these conditions man can either despair and commit suicide because of the hopelessness of the situation or he may accept the conditions regardless of their absurdity and learn to cope with the Stream. It is the intention of the first part of this chapter to show how Hemingway suggests in Islands in the Stream that one may adapt to the world by creating a personal set of rules or a code. Hemingway's preoccupation with work as a means of overcoming the loneliness and the meaninglessness which confront man, is a central theme in his earlier novels and short stories and becomes his major concern in his last published novel, Islands in the Stream, which he finished writing in the early 1950's.¹

¹Hemingway, himself, felt the need for serious work in order for his life to have meaning. After a long absence from his work during the Second World War, Carlos Baker writes that Hemingway "felt useless" because he was "still unable to settle into the old patterns" which were disrupted by the war. Being unable to write, Hemingway felt a strong loneliness overcome him which he tried unsuccessfully to get rid of by meeting people in the Floridita and even by reading Thoreau "who always reveled in solitude". From Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, pp. 446-447.
Thomas Hudson, in the early section of the novel entitled "Bimini", tries to lead an ordered, well-disciplined life which is made possible through his painting. Through work and severe discipline, Thomas Hudson becomes a successful painter who is able to construct something on the island which is permanent and meaningful:

He had been able to replace almost everything...with work and the steady normal working life he had built on the island. He believed he had made something there that would last and that would hold him. (IS, 7)

As we have seen in the first chapter, the artist usually is able, through his craft, to make his life worthwhile. Through his art, he can cope with the nothingness in the universe and construct for himself "a clean well-lighted place". Thomas Hudson's house, which he would like to think of as a ship, is such a creation. The house with "the only fireplace on the island" (IS, 5) is like the bar-room in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place", a refuge, protecting man from the darkness and the elements without. On a metaphorical level, the house becomes the ship of poesy (art) constructed by the artist to cope with the Stream which constantly confronts man.

Hudson realizes that man cannot escape the Stream; it is omnipresent and timeless. Throughout Islands in the Stream one is constantly reminded of the presence of the Stream either in direct description or by implication and suggestion that the Stream is present at the periphery of the action. In "Bimini" Thomas Hudson is constantly exposed to the Stream for his house which is like a ship is "on the highest part of the narrow tongue of land between the harbor and the open sea" (IS, 3), and can be "seen from a long way out in the Gulf Stream" (IS, 4). Even in
his house, Thomas Hudson can feel, while he is lying on the floor, "the pounding of the 'surf'" (IS, 5) which reminds him of the feeling of "the firing of heavy guns when he had lain on the earth close by some battery a long time ago when he had been a boy" (IS, 5). There is no escape from the Stream, but Hudson is able to make himself comfortable in a house constructed by art and "ride out storms" (IS, 4) to the best of his ability.

Even Hemingway sees in the timelessness of permanence of the Stream a condition in life which stresses man's mutability, insignificance and fragility. In an earlier work, the _Green Hills of Africa_ (1935), for example, Hemingway discusses in a rather rhythmic and climactic piece of prose the permanence of the Gulf Stream and man's insignificance in relation to it. In this passage, a complex grammatical structure replaces the simple declarative sentence Hemingway normally uses:

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...this Gulf Stream...has moved, as it moves, since before man, and...has gone by the shore-line of that long, beautiful, unhappy island since before Columbus sighted it and that the things you find out about it, and those that have always lived in it are permanent and of value because the stream will flow, as it has flowed, after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after the British, after the Americans and after all the Cubans and all the systems of governments, the richness, the poverty, the martyrdom, the sacrifice and the venality and the cruelty are all gone as the high-piled scow of garbage, bright-colored, white-flecked, ill-smelling, now tilted on its side, spills off its load into the blue water, turning it a pale green to a depth of four or five fathoms as the load spreads across the surface, the sinkable part going down and the flotsam of palm fronds, corks, bottles, and used electric light globes,
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seasoned with an occasional condom or a deep floating corset, the torn leaves of a student's exercise book, a well-inflated dog, the occasional rat, the no-longer-distinguished cat; all this well shepherded by the boats of the garbage pickers who pluck their prizes with long poles, as interested, as intelligent, and as accurate as historians; they have the viewpoint; the stream, with no visible flow, takes five loads of this a day when things are going well in La Habana and in ten miles along the coast it is as clear and blue and unimpressed as it was ever before the tug hauled out the scow; and the palm fronds of our victories, the worn light bulbs of our discoveries and the empty condoms of our great loves float with no significance against one single, lasting thing—the stream. (GHA, 149-150)

It its permanence the Stream remains indifferent to man's activities for they do not effect it in the least. It is self-regenerating, dynamic, and powerful and in his insignificance man can only view it with awe and respect.

In *Islands in the Stream*, Thomas Hudson, like Hemingway, is very much aware of man's transience in the face of the Gulf Stream. For example, when he is talking to his first wife about the death of Tommy in the "Cuba" section (IS, 320-321), Hudson is primarily concerned with the finality of his death because "now there'll never be any visible evidence" to be perpetuated in time. Hudson's name, for example, will not pass on to posterity because of a meaningless accident over which he has no control. As a painter, however, he hopes to have more control and create a permanent piece of work that will endure and not be consumed by the Stream. For example, when David's ordeal with the giant marlin ends in his loss of the fish, Thomas Hudson hopes to freeze, in a work of art, David's struggle by painting it "'truer than a photograph'"
David's aspirations and desires as he engages in the struggle would in the course of time be dissipated, for memory cannot be trusted to keep the details in their proper context. It is up to Hudson, the artist, to capture this spot of time not through a non-artistic, one dimensional photograph but through something that is "'truer than a photograph'". That something lies in his ability as an artist to capture the atmosphere, and the mood of the occasion along with the suffering and aspirations of the people involved, in order to produce a lasting monument in the face of mutability.

In this respect Hudson the painter is similar to Hemingway the writer in the ability to capture this moment in time. In writing about David's ordeal with the broadbill, Hemingway, through the voice of the narrator, is careful to "put down...the actual things...the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion..." (DA, 2). As he does in the fishing episode in The Sun Also Rises, Hemingway reports David's struggle as it truly is, allowing the reader's emotions to stir only with the reported facts. There are no vague generalities in this sequence. Hemingway writes "the actual things" in a clear, simple prose taking the reader one step at a time from when David hooks the fish to when he loses it. Along with the clarity and simplicity in his prose, Hemingway uses words with great economy and precision. For example, in one simple and concise sentence he is able to capture the essential facts of the fishing scene:

The boy's brown back was arched, the rod bent, the line moved slowly through the water, and the boat moved slowly on the surface, and a quarter of a mile below the great fish was swimming. (IS, 113)
Through the reported facts the reader may feel pity and fear for David. He may feel sorry for the boy because of the pain he senses from the arched back. The reader may experience fear since the boy may be pulled into the water by a fish so powerful that it is capable of towing the boat. Hemingway allows the reader's emotions to take care of themselves. However, in a style which avoids complexities both in diction and in structure, Hemingway in his prose, as Hudson in his painting, is able to capture well David's struggle and invest it with permanence.

By painting a picture of David's ordeal, Thomas Hudson is able to produce a lasting monument. By the same token he is able to assert his own identity for he cannot hope to claim affirmation and recognition of his hopes from the threatening, hostile and indifferent world without. Similarly, Hemingway feels that the artist must "make [himself] responsible only to [himself]" (GHA, 148), for in the face of adversity he can only hope, in his self-sufficiency, to console and comfort himself. For example, when Thomas Hudson learns of the death of his sons David and Andrew and his second wife in an auto accident near Biarritz, the impersonal Stream that he is looking at remains neutral and indifferent. Here the Stream does not appear in any Romantic manner whereby it houses the Deity who is guiding and blessing man, but rather it appears in terms of cold scientific phenomena existing independent of man. In the following sequence, which is reported in a colloquial manner, Hemingway subtly moves from an observation of the Stream as phenomenon to a consideration of its metaphorical implication:
Thomas Hudson looked out at the flatness of the blue sea and the darker blue of the Gulf. The sun was low and soon it would be behind the clouds....

The sun was going down and there were clouds in front of it....

...Thomas Hudson...for the first time...looked straight down the long and perfect perspective of the blankness ahead...

"Shit," said Eddy. "What the fuck they kill that Davy for?"

"Let's leave it alone, Eddy," Thomas Hudson said. "It's way past things we know about."

"Fuck everything," Eddy said and pushed his hat back on his head.

"We'll play it out the way we can," Thomas Hudson told him. But now he know he did not have much interest in the game. (IS, 195-196)

The movement in the above sequence is a movement from the Stream as a specific recognizable object to the Stream as general unrecognizable "blankness" to a further consideration that the nature of the universe is a puzzle and a game. Hemingway does not tell us that the neutrality or "the flatness of the blue sea and the darker blue of the Gulf" changes to the "perfect perspective of the blankness ahead". Rather, he shows us or suggests this transformation subtly. Hemingway filters through Thomas Hudson, who serves as the centre of consciousness, the above sequence involving nature, the blankness, and the game metaphor to give the reader the impression that these items are interchangeable.

Thomas Hudson looks out to the Stream to find consolation in his new-born grief, but the consolation and sympathy do not come from without. If they are to come at all they must come from within his own being for that is the only thing of which he can be certain. All else is darkness and obscurity. ("The sun was low and soon it would be
behind the clouds....The sun was going down and there were clouds in front of it.") The universe at large is not affected by the mere death of three people. It blinks an unsympathetic eye and leaves Thomas Hudson in a narrowing corridor of the "long and perfect perspective of the blankness ahead" to play a game in which he no longer has any interest. Thomas Hudson's lack of interest in the game of life reflects a morbid pessimism on his part for he comes to an awareness that man is ignorant and helpless in the face of the Stream and eventually must succumb to it. The irony here is very suggestive and possibly connected with the imagined painting of the End of the World (IS, 19-20). In this instance, Hudson is not detached in the cool centre but involved in spite of his efforts at disengagement from the anti-human "they" forces. His pessimism is analogous to Captain Henry's in A Farewell to Arms (1929) who is confronted by the same meaningless forces existing in the universe:

You died. You did not know what it was about.
You never had time to learn. They threw you in
and told you the rules and the first time they
caught you off base they killed you. (FTA, 327)

Early in "Bimini", Hemingway has in mind Captain Henry's predicament when he suggests that man has no true home, no place of comfort, in the Stream or in the world. Man is constantly at the mercy of forces greater than himself which persistently threaten and make happiness an illogical and meaningless word. This idea is suggested during the swimming scene where Hudson's boys at first appear to be in control and at home in the Gulf Stream and later encounter difficulties and lose their control on their return to shore:
Swimming slowly, the four of them swam out in the green water, their bodies making shadows over the clear white sand, bodies forging along, shadows projected on the sand by the slight angle of the sun, the brown arms lifting and pushing forward, the hands slicing in, taking hold of the water and pulling it back, legs beating along steadily, heads turning for air, breathing easily and smoothly. (IS, 69)

Later one notes that

The illusion of them being four sea animals was gone. They had gone out so smoothly and handsomely but now the two younger boys were having difficulty against the wind and the sea. It was not real difficulty. It was just enough to take away any illusion of being at home in the water as they had looked going out. They made two different pictures and perhaps the second was the better one. (IS, 70)

In the first passage, Hemingway, through the voice of the narrator, gives a clear, vivid description of the swimming scene. The attention on minute details enhances that clarity, establishing a sense of place as well. The passage is poetic. The emphasis on the "s" sound to describe the movement of the boys reinforces the image of the sea animals moving swiftly and smoothly in the water. Verbs such as "forging", "lifting", "pushing", "slicing", "pulling", "beating", and "turning", are both energetic and rhythmic paralleling the energy, vitality and rhythm of the swimmers. In the second passage the narrator does not state why it is a better picture and therefore leaves the last sentence provocative or suggestive. The narrator leads the reader to a conclusion or seeming answer but does not state it and therefore leaves it up to the reader to figure out his own answer. The suggestiveness of the language changes the Stream as object and gives it metaphorical implications to suggest that man cannot be completely
comfortable and at home in the Stream or the World. He is constantly confronted with hardships and dangers against which he must endure and prevail. For a time, man can manage himself in the Stream, as the first picture suggests, but eventually he must succumb to forces which are greater than himself and thereby lose control.

Hudson is able to manage the nature of the Stream because of a disposition with which he has been instilled through his art. As an artist, Thomas Hudson is able to see the world in an objective or detached manner, for he knows that participation leads eventually to suffering and loss. He is an observer in life. Unlike Santiago, who is cast in the same mould as Manuel Garcia and Pedro Romero, he is not an active participant who engages in a death struggle with the Stream, or the creatures of the Stream, in order to control or live with the forces which beset man. Man's involvement or obsession with an object, in Santiago's case the giant marlin, leads to pain, for in the scheme of Hemingway's universe it is a certainty that man must eventually part with the object that he loves. For this reason, Thomas Hudson is able to burn the driftwood of which he is so fond, for he knows that he will eventually have to part with it. Hudson could see the line of the flame when it left the wood and it made him both sad and happy. All wood that burned affected him in this way. But burning driftwood did something to him that he could not define. He thought that it was probably wrong to burn it when he was so fond of it; but he felt no guilt about it. (15, 5)

Hudson views the driftwood with a bitter-sweet attitude. This manner of viewing an object or person is one of Hemingway's favourite themes and it underlies the short stories included in Winner Take Nothing.
(1933). The theme occurs as early as *A Farewell to Arms* (1929) in which Captain Henry loses Catherine to the meaningless forces in the universe. He loves her but has to give her up. In *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), Santiago's admiration for the fish and the determination to kill it again reveal this bitter-sweet attitude. ("'Fish,...I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends.'"

- *OMS*, 54)

Thomas Hudson's bitter-sweet attitude allows him, as an artist, to view the world in a detached or objective manner. Consequently, he is able to cope with experience. If one learns to look at life as a painting, Hudson feels that one will not suffer for one can see it in a distanced and objective perspective. For example, when Hudson's wife first looks at Paul Klee's *Monument in Arbeit* she is disturbed by the colour until she learns to look at it in the same manner as Hudson:

The color was as indecent as the plates in his father's medical books that showed the different types of chancres and venereal ulcers, and how frightened of it his wife had been until she had learned to accept its corruption and only see it as a painting.

That was the great thing about pictures; you could love them with no hopelessness at all. You could love them without sorrow and the good ones made you happy because they had done what you always tried to do. So it was done and it was all right, even if you failed to do it.

(*IS*, 238)

Since he is capable of the above attitude, Thomas Hudson, as an artist, accepts both the beautiful and the destructive elements inherent in the painting simply because they exist. To overlook the destructive element because one is frightened of it results in a falsification or
distortion of that painting. Similarly, it is implied, the same notion holds true for life. Thomas Hudson learns to look at life as if it were a painting to be analysed and appreciated but not fully understood.

There is a certain amount of discipline and self-abnegation needed by the artist, however, if he is to see the world in its entirety. As we have seen in the first chapter, Carlos Baker states that

The good writers are not the creatures of their emotions; theirs is a sanity which helps them to see the world clearly and see it whole.²

Through his work, Thomas Hudson is capable of this discipline and self-abnegation and, like Nick Adams, he is able to function in the manner of a camera seeing things with total objectivity. Unlike Nick Adams, however, Thomas Hudson seems to achieve that state of containment peculiar to the "tutor" figure. He is capable of seeing the beautiful and the ugly nature of objects and appreciating both. In the last section of Islands in the Stream, for example, Hudson views, from his position on the flying bridge, "a flight of flamingoes" (IS, 418) which appear to him "ugly in detail and yet perversely beautiful" (IS, 420). Paradoxically, it is the ugly aspect which enhances the beautiful and, in his acceptance of both qualities, Thomas Hudson is able all the more to appreciate life fully.

Thomas Hudson has this same attitude when he views the Gulf Stream for he sees in it a potential for beauty as well as destruction. He is unlike those people in The Old Man and the Sea who refer to the

Stream in the masculine gender, *el mar*, and see it only as "a contestant or a place or even an enemy" *(OMS, 30).* Similarly, in *Islands in the Stream*, Bobby, who suggests to Thomas Hudson what he should paint, sees the Stream in terms of destruction and chaos. The paintings of the waterspout, the hurricane, the sinking of the *Titanic* and the End of the World *(IS, 17-20)* all involve the Stream as destroyer and an enemy to the well-being of mankind.

Thomas Hudson's attitude towards the Stream is not one-sided like Bobby's, but rather like Santiago's. In *The Old Man and the Sea*, Santiago looks at the Stream much in the same way one may look at William Blake's tiger. The problem centres around the question of how is one to justify the tiger's existence in a world where the lamb is easy prey. In Santiago's words,

> Why did they make birds so delicate and fine as those sea swallows when the ocean can be so cruel? She is kind and very beautiful. But she can be so cruel and it comes so suddenly and such birds that fly, dipping and hunting, with their small sad voices are made too delicately for the sea. *(OMS, 29)*

Santiago's vision, like that of Thomas Hudson, is not myopic, for he is able to see the Stream's potential for beauty. To Santiago, the Stream is *la mer* or the irrational female embodying beauty whose "wild or wicked" actions derive from the moon which "affects her as it does a woman" *(OMS, 29-30).* Similarly, Thomas Hudson recognizes the essential beauty inherent in the Stream, even though at times he calls her *puta* *(IS, 235).* For Hudson, the Stream, despite its inherent chaos and destruction, takes on the role of the artist who is capable of sculpting driftwood that "looked as though it were in an exhibition... [that] should be in
the Salon d'Automne" (IS, 337).

In spite of the many shapes and attributes that are imposed on the Stream by man it remains essentially an object. It is only man's relationship to the Stream that changes the meaning of the Stream, but that meaning remains a personal one. Man changes but the Stream remains the same. To further elaborate, an incident from "Cuba" of Islands in the Stream may be helpful in illustrating Hemingway's treatment of the Stream as object. The incident occurs when Thomas Hudson is in the bar-room recounting to Honest Lil an episode in his past when he was trapped under the logs in the river he was trying to cross. Here the river, not the Stream, but nevertheless an object, comes across as a trap which can ensnare man if he is not careful. The river, however, remains an object. If it becomes some metaphorical monster causing willful destruction it is only so in the mind of the individual experiencing the disaster. Eventually, it is in his ability and resources upon which he must rely. For this reason Hemingway defended himself against "the notion that he had set out to portray the malignity of nature" in The Old Man and the Sea. Carlos Baker adds that

It was of course true that the ocean could trap you by seeming so fair and attractive; but a man was a fool who allowed himself to be trapped.³

In this respect there is a relationship between Hemingway and Hudson who see the Stream in the same manner.

You know you love the sea and would not be anywhere else. Go on out to the porch and look at her. She is not cruel or callous nor any of that Quatsch. She is just there and the wind moves her and the current moves her and they fight on her surface... (IS, 239-240)

³Baker, A Life Story, p. 504.
In the above discussion I have tried to show how Thomas Hudson's ability to see the world in a detached and objective manner allows him to see it in its entirety and appreciate the dualities more fully. Simultaneously, by engaging himself in a meaningful activity, he is able to construct a defense against the nothingness inherent in the universe and keep it under control. It is a control which Hudson feels is necessary and which he feels he possesses. For example, he, by silence, approves of Bobby's description of the End of the World where Hudson and Bobby are in control and aloof from the Dantesque scene of confusion, chaos and destruction:

"... We can paint the End of the World," he paused. "Full size."
"Hell," Thomas Hudson said.
"No. Before hell. Hell is just opening. The Rollers are rolling in their church up on the ridge and all speaking in unknown tongues. There's a devil forking them up with his pitchfork and loading them into a cart. They're yelling and moaning and calling on Jehovah. Negroes are prostrated everywhere and morays and crawfish and spider crabs are moving around and over their bodies. There's a big sort of hatch open and devils are carrying Negroes and church people and rollers and everyone into it and they go out of sight. Water's rising all around the island and hammerheads and mackerel sharks and tiger sharks and shovel-nose sharks are swimming round and round and feeding on those who try to swim away to keep from being forked down the big open hatch that has steam rising out of it. Rummies are taking their last swigs and beating on the devils with bottles. But the devils keep forking them down, or else they are engulfed by the rising sea where now there are whale sharks, great white sharks, and killer whales and other outsized fish circling outside of where the big sharks are tearing at those people in the water. The top of the island is covered with dogs and cats and the devils are forking them in, too, and the dogs are cowering and howling and the cats run off and claw the
devils and their hair stands on end and finally they go into the sea swimming as good as you want to see. Sometimes a shark will hit one and you'll see the cat go under. But mostly they swim right off through it.

"Bad heat begins to come out of the hatch and the devils are having to drag the people toward the hatch because they've broken their pitching forks trying to fork in some of the church people. You and me are standing in the center of the picture observing all this with calm (my italics)."

(IS, 19-20)

As an artist, then, Thomas Hudson, who to a great extent is self-sufficient, is able to lead an ordered and disciplined life. He creates his own meaning in a world where meaning is obscure. However, the same qualities which make him a success as an artist make him a failure as a husband and father. As much as he loves his sons and Tom's mother (IS, 96), he is not able to understand and live in harmony with them. Perhaps he is too self-sufficient an individual who has constructed a protective shield to prevent himself from revealing his true emotions. Involvement and participation, as we have seen, are conducive to pain. Whatever the reason, the fact remains clear that Thomas Hudson is not quite involved with the lives of his sons. For example, when David loses the broadbill after his great ordeal, Hudson seems to be detached from the action. Eddy, on the other hand, is so involved that when the fish breaks the line he desperately jumps in after it. Later we learn that he gets into fights because people will not believe his fish story. During the ordeal, Hudson, calm and collected, is up on the flying bridge and has everything under control. When he comes down from the flying bridge he notes that

It was strange to be on the same level as the action after having looked down on it for so
many hours,...It was like moving down from a box seat onto the stage or to the ringside or close against the railing of the track. Everyone looked bigger and closer and they were all taller and not foreshortened. (IS, 136)

Most of the time, the picture we get of Thomas Hudson is one of solidarity. He always manages to be perched up on some platform away from the people he loves. For example, the day after David's ordeal, while Roger, Eddy and the boys go swimming on the beach, Thomas Hudson is "on the upper porch working....[and looks] down and [watches] them from time to time while he [paints]" (IS, 176). Because of his solidarity, Hudson is not able to understand his children and consequently "it [seems] as though all of his children except Tom had gone a long way from him or he had gone away from them" (IS, 143). Thomas Hudson, for instance, does not see David in terms of his flesh-and-blood son, but instead as "a well-loved mystery" (IS, 143) whom he cannot fully understand. Further, Hudson mistrusts Andrew because he had not acted well during David's fight with the fish.

Perhaps Hudson's failure in his relationship with his sons stems from the fact that he sees them as he sees his paintings, that is, in a critical and objective manner. In reviewing Andrew's behaviour during the fight, Hudson honestly notes something seriously wrong with his own behaviour and consequently reprimands himself:

What a miserable, selfish way to be thinking about people that you love, he thought. Why don't you remember the day and not analyze it and tear it to pieces? (IS, 144)

Hudson cannot seem to separate the artist and the man element in his own being. His sons are treated too much like objects, to be analyzed,
rather than human beings. Hudson's solidarity is not only limited to his sons but also includes his wife. His first wife complains of his independence and his unwillingness to share his life with her. ("'Couldn't you be more needing and make me necessary and not be so damned give it and take it and take it away I'm not hungry.'" - IS, 317) Perhaps Hudson and his first wife are too much alike in that both are artists who have their own careers to lead and consider anything and anyone that gets in their way an obstacle.

In spite of his failure in marriage, Thomas Hudson makes himself responsible to himself as an artist and is able to cope with experience in a reasonable fashion. As has been already noted, he bears a close relationship to Hemingway in this respect. He has as well that honesty, integrity and self-confidence that Hemingway feels an artist must have if he is to be a success.

Roger Davis, in Islands in the Stream, has lost this honesty and integrity by writing fiction that does not necessarily please him but which is commercially successful. When Thomas Hudson suggests to Davis that a good work of fiction could stem from "'the canoe, and the cold lake and [his] kid brother -'" (IS, 77), Roger Davis instead would like to insert cheap tricks of sensationalism in order to please his audience:

"I'm so corrupted that if I put in a canoe it would have a beautiful Indian girl in it that young Jones, who is on his way to warn the settlers that Cecil B. de Mille is coming, would drop into, hanging by one hand to a tangle of vines that covers the river while he holds his trusty flintlock, 'Old Betsy,' in the other hand, and the beautiful Indian girl says, 'Jones, it ees you. Now we can make love as our frail craft moves towards the falls that some day weel be Niagara.'" (IS, 77)
Roger Davis has "blunted and perverted and cheapened" his talent "by writing to order and following a formula that made money" (Is, 103). At one time it seems that he was successful but now he seems to be a pawn of the masses in that he prostitutes his talent for money.

The downfall of the artist has been a major concern for Hemingway. In Green Hills of Africa he writes about the prostitution of good talent because of money:

Then our writers when they have made some money increase their standard of living and they are caught. They have to write to keep up their establishments, their wives, and so on, and they write slop. It is slop not on purpose but because it is hurried. Because they write when there is nothing to say or no water in the well. (GHA, 23)

Roger Davis, in Islands in the Stream, serves as a fine example to illustrate this point. His "formula" to make easy money consists, for example, in using a dead heroine from a previous novel. Young Tom sees that having "'that same girl in it [the novel] that [he] had die in that other book'" (Is, 167) may confuse people. Either Davis is seriously romantically involved with his first creation so that he feels the need to resurrect her, or his heroine may have been such a hit with the critics that he feels he must keep her alive in a ready made "formula" to please them.

It seems that Roger Davis is a weak individual who needs confirmation of his identity in other people. He has an inferiority complex. Consequently, he reads the critics and seems to be influenced to a great extent by their opinions and evaluations of his works. Again, in Green Hills of Africa, Hemingway stresses the danger in reading critics for they render writers like Roger Davis impotent:
If they [writers] believe the critics when they say they are great then they must believe them when they say they are rotten and they lose confidence. At present we have two good writers who cannot write because they have lost confidence through reading critics. If they wrote, sometimes it would be good and sometimes not so good and sometimes it would be quite bad, but the good would get out. But they have read the critics and they must write masterpieces. The masterpieces the critics said they wrote. They weren't masterpieces, of course. They were just quite good books. So now they cannot write at all. The critics have made them impotent. (GHA, 23-24)

Unlike Thomas Hudson, Roger Davis lacks confidence and independence to lead a well-disciplined life made possible through his art. His experiences with women are not fruitful and they further sap the strength of his artistic achievements and dissipate his talent into non-productive meaningless activities. The women in Davis' life are all Delilah figures who seek to weaken the man by destroying his talent. For example, after Davis ends a relationship with a girl in Paris, he drinks rather heavily and is angry with himself for having ignored his talent:

...he was very angry inside for having made such a profound fool of himself and he took his talent for being faithful to people, which was the best one he had, next to the ones for painting and writing and his various good human and animal traits, and beat and belabored that talent miserably. He was no good to anyone when he was on the town, especially to himself, and he knew it and hated it and he took pleasure in pulling down the pillars of the temple. It was a very good and strongly built temple and when it is constructed inside yourself it is not so easy to pull down. But he did as good a job as he could. (IS, 100)

The Samson and Delilah analogy is obvious. The woman-figure in Davis' life does not cut his hair or have his eyes blinded by a hot poker.
Instead, the Delilah figure performs the sadistic action of covering the back of Davis' hand "with cigarette burns" (IS, 102), surely a symbolic gesture on Hemingway's part to show the possible destruction of Davis' ability to write.

The destruction of a writer is one of Hemingway's favourite themes. His preoccupation with this theme stems from his awareness that he, too, is vulnerable and capable of reverting to the level of Roger Davis in *Islands in the Stream* and Harry in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro". By writing about people like Roger Davis and Harry, Hemingway forces himself to be aware of their predicament and, consequently, he tries to guard himself against being included in their midst. Without work, Roger Davis and Harry lead an aimless existence without purpose and satisfaction. They are unlike Thomas Hudson who is able to work and consequently finds satisfaction and meaning. In this respect, he becomes a projection of Hemingway, who, as we have seen, places much emphasis on the ability of the artist to perform well. Thomas Hudson possesses that "animal strength and detached intelligence" (IS, 103) that Roger Davis may have lost. The "animal strength" lies in Hudson's firm conviction that an artist must have confidence in his own talent and ability to produce a good work realizing its merit in spite of adverse popular opinion. Again, Hemingway shares this firm conviction. It is a confidence that makes Hudson, as well as Hemingway, feel that talent is "inside" the artist. "It is in [his] heart and in [his] head and in every part of [him]" (IS, 103). The "detached intelligence", on the other hand, lies in Thomas Hudson's ability to see the world objectively and in its entirety and to portray it in his art to
the best of his ability. As we have seen, it is an ability that Carlos Baker feels Hemingway possesses.

C. THOMAS HUDSON'S FAILURE IN COPING WITH THE GULF STREAM, A METAPHOR FOR EXPERIENCE

This chapter has so far been limited to the first section of Islands in the Stream entitled "Bimini". It is the intention of the remainder of the chapter to show how Thomas Hudson progressively loses the ability to cope with experience, for he is unable, because of war, to engage in a craft that once gave him meaning and security.

In "Bimini", Thomas Hudson is content to have his work. Even though at times it is disrupted by his sons' visits to the island, it becomes for Hudson a welcome disruption and he is able to reconstruct a "protective routine of life" (IS, 95) around the boys. For the time being, he is content to have both his work, which he enjoys, and his sons, whom he loves:

He had been happy before they came and for a long time he had learned how to live and do his work without ever being more lonely that he could bear; but the boys' coming had broken up all the protective routine of life he had built and now he was used to its being broken. It had been a pleasant routine of working hard; of hours for doing things; places where things were kept and well-cared for; of meals and drinks to look forward to and new books to read and many old books to reread. It was a routine where the daily paper was an event when it arrived, but where it did not come so regularly that its nonarrival was a disappointment...he had made the rules and kept the customs and used them consciously and unconsciously. But since the boys were here it had come as a great relief not to have to use them. (IS, 95)
By involving himself in a routine which revolves around his work, his sons, his meals, his drinks, Thomas Hudson has been able to keep himself pleasantly occupied and active. Consequently, he does not allow himself to ponder or daydream about the inexplicable forces in the universe which are constantly threatening man.

With the deaths of David, Andrew, his wife and Tommy, however, Thomas Hudson is left virtually alone. In his grief and melancholy, he steadily gets away from the "protective routine of life" he has constructed on the island and continues his life without much purpose and direction by taking a ride "on one of those bicycles [or mechanical horses] that goes nowhere" (IS, 199). He is content to return to his earlier undisciplined life and thinks nothing of breaking habits:

he found that he enjoyed drinking in the night.
For years he had kept an absolute rule about not drinking in the night and never drinking before he had done his work except on non-working days. But now, as he woke in the night, he felt the simple happiness of breaking training. (IS, 199-200)

It is pretty normal for a man, who has lost his family, to attempt to bury his sorrow by drinking heavily. Thomas Hudson is no exception.
As an artist, however, Thomas Hudson is in danger of reverting to the state of Roger Davis who is unable to cope with experience simply because he has destroyed his talent. Thomas Hudson is fully aware of the importance of work which gives meaning to man. He also knows that the drinking would destroy the capacity for producing satisfying work and he had built his life on work for so long now that he kept that as the one thing that he must not lose. (IS, 197)
In spite of this knowledge, he turns to the bottle which serves as a crutch to allow him to maintain his balance in the midst of seeming unmanageable confusion. On his way to see the Colonel at the Embassy, for example, Thomas Hudson is directly exposed to a common condition of poverty, depravity and ugliness in the world over which he has no control. His only defense, which ironically drains his energies as an artist, is an anaesthetic which drugs his senses and prevents him from getting the direct exposure:

I drink against poverty, dirt, four-hundred-year-old dust, the nose-snot of children, cracked palm fronds, roofs made from hammered tins, the shuffle of untreated syphilis, sewage in the old beds of brooks, lice on the bare necks of infested poultry, scale on the backs of old men's necks, the smell of old women, and the full-blast radio, he thought. It is a hell of a thing to do. I ought to look at it closely and do something about it. Instead you have your drink the way they carried smelling salts in the old days....You're drinking against going in to see the Colonel, too, he thought. You're always drinking against something or for something now, he thought. The hell you are. Lots of times you are just drinking. (IS, 246)

Thomas Hudson has to drink and keep himself sufficiently drugged so that he will not have to remember the emptiness in his soul, an emptiness which reflects the nature of existence. If Thomas Hudson is not drinking he is engaged in another activity or inactivity of not thinking whereby he tries to dismiss his problems simply by allowing his mind to go blank. He hopes through this process to gain a certain amount of relaxation in his being. For example, before Thomas Hudson goes to the Embassy in "Cuba", he is content to remain in his house playing with Boise and reminiscing about various experiences in the past. He desires to think only about enjoyable experiences and keep
the more excruciating ones buried very deep in his subconscious. For the time being, it is the sea or the Gulf Stream with its hardships and demands that he desires to forget simply by not thinking about them.

It certainly had been fun not to think about the sea for the last few hours. Let's keep it up, he thought. Let's not think about the sea nor what is on it or under it, or anything connected with it. Let's not even make a list of what we will not think of about it. Let's not think of it at all. Let's just have the sea in being and leave it at that. And the other things, he thought. We won't think about them either. (IS, 235)

Thomas Hudson comes to adopt somewhat of a Berkeleian stance whereby he is able to dismiss tormenting and excruciating reality simply by not thinking about it. In desperation he clutches at the process of non-thinking even though he knows its serious inherent faults which prevent it from being successful:

All right now. Don't think about that either. If you don't think about it, it doesn't exist. The hell it doesn't. But that's the system I'm going on, he thought. (IS, 258)

At this point in the novel, Thomas Hudson is trying to contain his grief resulting from the death of his son, Tom, in a plane crash. He attempts to control his emotions by not thinking about the death, much in the same way that Nick Adams in "The Big Two-Hearted River" tries to forget about the past and maintain a balanced disposition. However, Thomas Hudson and Nick Adams cannot be constantly on guard in their activity of non-thinking. In Nick Adam's case, for example, the movement of the fish unresisting downstream is enough to suggest and bring back the old feeling. In Thomas Hudson's case, Ignacio Natera Revello's
toast to Young Tom brings back the grief and emptiness Hudson is trying to forget:

He could feel it all coming up; everything he had not thought about; all the grief he had put away and walled out and never even thought of on the trip nor all this morning. (IS, 263)

The slightest suggestion of the existence of the emptiness is enough to precipitate Thomas Hudson, body and soul, to its tormenting depths.

We have seen that Thomas Hudson hopes to escape the horrors in the universe simply by not thinking about them. In part, he can achieve this and thus he is akin to Manuel Garcia and Pedro Romero who are able to escape death, an ingredient of the horrors in the universe, by not thinking about it. As we have seen in the first chapter, the bull-fighter can be gored if he is too preoccupied with thinking. What makes Pedro Romero and Manuel Garcia different from Thomas Hudson, however, lies in their style or in their ability to perform a job well. In "Bimini", Thomas Hudson finds personal meaning in the world, for like other Hemingway heroes he has a personal set of rules or code with which he governs his life. His personal set of rules centres around his ability to paint well. In the latter part of the novel, however, Thomas Hudson is engaged in what appears to be a useless task of hunting German submarines. Right from the start it is a bankrupt mission. Granted, victory is not important for the scheme of Hemingway's world does not foster it. However, what is important lies in the ability to act well. Thomas Hudson by no means acts well, for his total mission is full of miscalculations, wrong timing, and poor planning.

During his naval duties, however, Thomas Hudson is momentarily
successful in his "job at not thinking" (IS, 384) and while it lasts he feels good and strong. Consequently, he is able to relax in the face of strain and adversity:

He thought that he would lie down and think about nothing. Sometimes he could do this. Sometimes he could think about the stars without wondering about them and the ocean without problems and the sunrise without what it would bring.

He felt clean from his scalp to his feet from the soaping in the rain that had beaten down on the stern and he thought, I will just lie here and feel clean. He knew there was no use thinking of the girl who had been Tom's mother nor all the things they had done and the places they had been nor how they had broken up. There was no use thinking about Tom. He had stopped that as soon as he had heard.

There was no use thinking about the others. He had lost them, too, and there was no use thinking about them. He had traded in remorse for another horse that he was riding now. So lie here now and feel clean from the soap and the rain and do a good job at nonthinking. You learned to do it quite well for a while. (IS, 383-384)

Too much thinking is dangerous and may lead to death. Pedro Romero and Manuel Garcia, as we have seen, can be assured a quick death on the horns of the bull if they are caught unawares by thinking too much. Similarly, the soldier is in danger of losing his life if he becomes too preoccupied with thinking and not acting. For this reason, Robert Jordan notes in For Whom the Bell Tolls that it is the man of action who is successful during war, not the thinker:

All the best ones, when you thought it over, were gay. It was much better to be gay and it was a sign of something too. It was like having immortality while you were still alive. That was a complicated one. There were not many of them left though. No, there were not many of the gay ones
left. There were very damned few of them left. And if you keep on thinking like that, my boy, you won't be left either. Turn off the thinking now, old timer, old comrade. You're a bridge-blower now. Not a thinker. (FWBT, 17)

Similarly, Santiago in The Old Man and the Sea is aware that too much thinking may lead to day-dreaming and consequently result in the loss of the fish. With this awareness he acts and tries "not to think but only to endure" (OMS, 46). Likewise, Thomas Hudson is aware that thinking too much will impede the carrying out of his naval duties. In "At Sea", while he is checking the beach for hints of the enemy and waiting to pick up Ara, Hudson tries rather unsuccessfully to do his duty and not think:

He walked on down the beach and he tried not to think at all but only to notice things. He knew his duty very well and he had tried never to shirk it. But today he had come ashore when someone else could have done it just as well, but when he stayed aboard and they found nothing, he felt guilty. He watched everything. But he could not keep from thinking. (IS, 378)

Since drinking and non-thinking do not fully render Thomas Hudson drugged to the point of forgetfulness, he turns to his third alternative which proves just as unsuccessful. In dreams Thomas Hudson desires to escape the sordid reality in which he finds himself but learns that there is no true escape unless it is made possible through death. In dreams, Thomas Hudson cannot escape the onslaught of time with its carnage and destruction. As we have already seen in the beginning of this chapter, Thomas Hudson is constantly reminded of the timelessness and the omnipresence of the Stream. In "At Sea", for example, he tries to catch a temporary respite from his activities in hunting German
submarines. Consequently, he sleeps and dreams that his sons are still alive and that he is sleeping with Tom's mother. The dream is prefaced with "the roaring of the surf on the reef" (IS, 343) and is concluded with "the white pounding of the surf on the reef" (IS, 345).

Dreams are not the answer to Hudson's predicament for their salutary powers fade with his return to consciousness and leave him more distressed than ever before. For example, his lovemaking, with its concreteness and tangibility, is in the end frustrating and illusory:

When he woke he touched the blanket and he did not know, for an instant, that it was a dream. Then he lay on his side and felt the pistol holster between his legs and how it was really and all the hollownesses in him were twice as hollow and there was a new one from the dream. (IS, 345)

The hollowness in Hudson's soul is further aggravated by "the horrors" which he further experiences in dreams:

You will never have good dreams any more so you might as well not sleep... when you go to sleep, expect to have the horrors. The horrors were what you won in that big crap game that they run.... You're sleepy now. So sleep and figure to wake up sweating. (IS, 384-385)

It is a horror of which he cannot rid himself, for it is deep seated in his soul as well as in the very nature of the universe. It is probably the same horror in the universe that Kurtz experiences in the *Heart of Darkness* (1910) and that keeps awake the old waiter in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place".

One would expect that Thomas Hudson's duty in hunting German submarines would be a sufficient activity to dismiss the nightmares from which he cannot seem to awaken. Even he himself admits that this
activity has given him a purpose for living after he learned about Tom's death. ("Duty is a wonderful thing. I do not know what I would have done without duty since young Tom died." - IS, 418) As we have seen, however, it is only an empty duty in which he is not totally engaged. Thomas Hudson behaves badly and becomes dangerous both to himself and his crew. He is reminded of his deteriorating condition by his subordinate, Ara, who seems to be more conscientious in his duty even though he is lower in rank:

"All a man has is pride. Sometimes you have it so much it is a sin. We have all done things for pride that we knew were impossible. We didn't care. But a man must implement his pride with intelligence and care. Now that you have ceased to be careful of yourself I must ask you to be, please. For us and for the ship." (IS, 358)

In spite of the advice, Thomas Hudson continues to act badly and consequently endangers the lives of the crew. Like the ancient mariner in Coleridge's poem, Hudson even violates "the east wind", a good omen, that is sacred to sea voyagers:

"The hell with the east wind," Thomas Hudson said. As he said the words, they sounded like a basic and older blasphemy than any that could have to do with the Christian religion. He knew that he was speaking against one of the great friends of all people who go to sea. So since he had made the blasphemy he did not apologize. He repeated it. (IS, 413)

Thomas Hudson's naval duties fail to give him purpose and meaning because he does not totally engage himself. Dying at the end of the novel, he places his trust in painting well because it is "the true thing" which gives his life meaning and purpose. Ultimately it is only in his work that he develops a style and learns
defense:

Think about after the war and when you will paint again. There are so many good ones to paint and if you paint as well as you really can and keep out of all other things and do that, it is the true thing. You can paint the sea better than anyone now if you will do it and not get mixed up in other things. Hang on good now to how you truly want to do it. You must hold hard to life to do it. But life is a cheap thing beside a man's work. The only thing is that you need it. Hold it tight. Now is the true time you make your play. Make it now without hope of anything. You always coagulated well and you can make one more real play. (IS, 464)

The dying Thomas Hudson resembles Harry in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro". At the end of their lives, both make an attempt to reassert themselves and prove that they still possess a talent which they seem to have lost. In the midst of meaninglessness and absurdity which they confront (in Hudson's case, the war with its "three chicken shit bullets" fired by German "fanatics" (IS, 464) and in Harry's case, his gangrenous leg), both artists desperately clutch at a craft that once gave them meaning and value. In both cases, their condition reflects that of Hemingway who felt the importance of work and the constant need to reassert his ability to write, a skill he thought he was in danger of losing. Carlos Baker stresses this similarity between Hemingway and his creation, Harry, in Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story:

The dying writer in the story was an image of himself [Hemingway] as he might have been. Might have been, that is, if the temptation to lead the aimless life of the very rich had overcome his integrity as an artist.4

4Ibid., p. 289.
One of the morbid aspects of Ernest's mind was the recurrent conviction that he might soon die without having completed his work or fulfilled his unwritten promise to his talents. At the time when he wrote the story of the dying writer on the plains of Africa, he knew very well that he had climbed no farther than the lower slopes of his personal Kilimanjaro.5

As far as Thomas Hudson is concerned, one can surmise that the artist in the end of Islands in the Stream bears close resemblance to Hemingway, the artist, who felt the urgent need to reassert himself since his novel, Across the River and into the Trees (1950), "was received that September with boredom and dismay."6 Thomas Hudson's wish to "paint the sea better than anyone" is comparable to Hemingway's desire to prove himself an able writer in the face of growing unpopularity. It is a wish that is taken up and fulfilled by Hemingway through his artistic creation, Santiago, who proves himself worthy by going far out into the Gulf Stream to catch a giant marlin (or in Hemingway's case by writing a successful novel) and doing it better than anyone.

5 Ibid., p. 291.

6 Ibid., p. 486.
CONCLUSION

Lean, disciplined style is important to Hemingway. Through it man comes to learn defense in a world that is threatening and indifferent to his well-being. Work well done enables man to gain self-satisfaction and confidence, allowing him to assert his identity and keep the tension between self and world alive. Consequently, his identity, his only valuable possession, is not absorbed into the meaninglessness and absurdity of the universe. Absorption into the world, as we have seen, leads to madness and death.

When Thomas Hudson's discipline collapses as a result of the war, the means of producing satisfying art declines as well. Consequently, he becomes death-oriented, and careless of both himself and his crew. The death-wish, implicit in his making "one more real play", seems on the surface to be an optimistic and valiant attempt to recover his lost talent. However, it remains only a wish - a safe wish, since he does not have to make it a reality. This death-wish implies Hudson's loss of interest in his role. Consequently, Hudson becomes boring to himself and increasingly flat for the reader. He resembles failed writer Harry in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro": each of them dies "without having completed his work or fulfilled his...promise to his talents." ¹ While it is essential in criticism to maintain a firm

¹Baker, A Life Story, p. 291.
distinction between author and persona, that distinction is readily blurred in Hemingway's case. Between his genuine fiction and his autobiography in \textit{A Moveable Feast}, stand works like \textit{Green Hills of Africa} and \textit{Death in the Afternoon} which are partially fictional and partially autobiographical. Even in novels like \textit{The Sun Also Rises} we are constantly aware that detail after detail is drawn from the author's own experience. As a result, we are constantly tempted in reading Hemingway's fiction, to sense the author, himself, behind his personae. In Thomas Hudson we seem to sense, not far behind the persona, an author terrified by the idea that he, too, is no longer interested in his art. The episodes at the Floridita, the house full of cats, are details drawn from Hemingway's own life in the Florida Keys. They tend to fuse the persona Hudson to the author and suggest that Hemingway, like Hudson, has an image of himself as a failing artist. As the novel develops it seems to disintegrate in its effect as fiction. Later sections do not have the qualities of crispness, precision, terseness and control that are peculiar to the fishing scene of \textit{The Sun Also Rises} and the fishing and swimming scenes of \textit{Islands in the Stream}.

One curious fact about \textit{Islands in the Stream} is that, although it was written at the same time as \textit{The Old Man and the Sea}, Hemingway did not publish it. Perhaps he was dissatisfied with it and hoped to revise it. Another possibility would be that Hemingway was indeed losing that control and self-discipline which he, himself, felt essential to the artist's success. This possibility tends to be a little dubious in the light of \textit{The Old Man and the Sea}, a successful novel, written roughly at the same time, for the story of Santiago bears testimony to
its author's continuing ability to write with discipline and control.
A. PRIMARY SOURCES


__________ . *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. New York: Scribner's, 1940.


B. SECONDARY SOURCES


C. PERIODICALS


