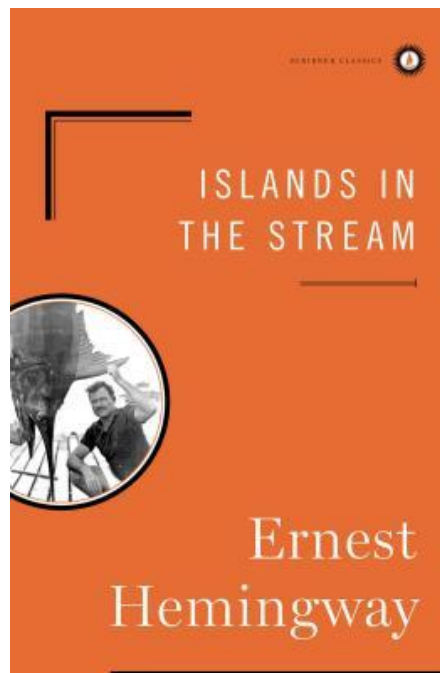




Islands in the Stream

Ernest Hemingway

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Islands in the Stream

Ernest Hemingway

Islands in the Stream Ernest Hemingway

First published in 1970, nine years after Ernest Hemingway's death, *Islands in the Stream* is the story of an artist and adventurer — a man much like Hemingway himself. Rich with the uncanny sense of life and action characteristic of his writing — from his earliest stories (*In Our Time*) to his last novella (*The Old Man and the Sea*) — this compelling novel contains both the warmth of recollection that inspired *A Moveable Feast* and a rare glimpse of Hemingway's rich and relaxed sense of humor, which enlivens scene after scene. Beginning in the 1930s, *Islands in the Stream* follows the fortunes of Thomas Hudson from his experiences as a painter on the Gulf Stream island of Bimini, where his loneliness is broken by the vacation visit of his three young sons, to his antisubmarine activities off the coast of Cuba during World War II. The greater part of the story takes place in a Havana bar, where a wildly diverse cast of characters — including an aging prostitute who stands out as one of Hemingway's most vivid creations — engages in incomparably rich dialogue. A brilliant portrait of the inner life of a complex and endlessly intriguing man, *Islands in the Stream* is Hemingway at his mature best.

Islands in the Stream Details

Date : Published July 22nd 2003 by Scribner (first published 1970)

ISBN : 9780743253420

Author : Ernest Hemingway

Format : Hardcover 448 pages

Genre : Fiction, Classics, Literature, American, Novels, Literary Fiction, Adventure, 20th Century, The United States Of America, Historical, Historical Fiction

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From Reader Review Islands in the Stream for online ebook

Cole Perry says

This may have been the most miserable slog through prose that I've ever endured. Highlights include the children's stilted dialogue in Bimini, long digressive stories told to a prostitute in Cuba, (Which she manages to point out are boring as all get out.) and then it finally gets interesting, though in need of serious edits about page 385. Please for the love of god, read any of EH's other books. There is a reason that this one wasn't published until after his death.

Read the last book, (At Sea) if you're going to read any of it. This was originally supposed to be part of "The Old Man and The Sea." That novella won a Pulitzer, and it did so because it wasn't dragging this 450 page anchor along with it.

Steve says

The Most Interesting Man in the World: The Novel(s). I removed *Islands in the Stream* from my "currently reading" shelf because I wasn't sure I would ever finish it. The first part, "Bimini," is the best part of the novel, and could probably have stood alone as a short novel. It tells the story of Thomas Hudson, a somewhat famous painter, and the visit of his three sons. It's fishing and drinking and eating and story telling, with a tragic ending. Pure Hemingway, with some wonderful passages to return to again and again. What doesn't work so well as far as this story goes, is the character Roger Davis, a writer friend of Hudson's. It seems like Hemingway is doing a bit of the Conradian "double" here. Hudson represents a more contemplative type, being a painter, while Roger is more of a two-fisted man of action. I could write a paper on this alone. Put the two of them together, you have the complete package – though Davis seems to have quit writing, or hasn't written anything worthwhile in some time. One can't help but feel that the ghost of the terrible novel, *Across the River and into the Trees* is being exorcised by Hemingway. To my mind, it is exorcised. The creaky sterility of that previous novel is gone, Hemingway is trying new stuff. Truly.

However, in the second part of the book, "Cuba," he stumbles. But magnificently! This is some of the best bad Hemingway – ever. There's something ridiculous about an artist (Hudson again) being driven by a chauffeur to a military station, where he is apparently viewed as The Man. (He's not in the military mind you, and this is World War II.) Hudson has found out that his last son, Tom, has been killed in action. Grieving, he proceeds to get blitzed at a bar, and most of the story is bar talk with friends, and a whore. At one point, while talking with a Cuban prostitute, Hudson recounts his sexual escapades with three Chinese prostitutes! This is before Viagra. Oh, and there's an earlier recounting of an affair with a princess that is quite romantic, and a bit kinky, as they do what they do while standing on a ship at night. This scene is a reworking of another "standing" moment from the earlier *Farewell to Arms*. I found this a little sad, probably because I felt Hemingway was basically cannibalizing himself. Whatever, it's still pretty cool.

Anyway, by the time of the Chinese prostitutes' adventure/story, an ocean of alcohol has been consumed, and it's still morning. Out of the blue, Hudson's first (ex)wife shows up (great noirish entry). She's evidently some beautiful actress, now serving in the USO. There's some fine snappy dialogue, for a while at least, but what punctures this encounter is that she doesn't even know her son is now dead (and he's been dead for a couple of weeks). Hudson, being The Man – and The Most Interesting Man in the World at that, is aware, due to his connections – and importance (and yet he couldn't call on contact her?). Anyway, they drink some wine (!!!), and make love (which would seem virtually impossible at this point). And then suddenly the Call to Action comes, and The Man is off to war. The jaw simply drops at the wonderful, stagey badness of this. Still, all of that said, there is some wonderful writing to admire in this part.

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Greg says

my favorite novel.

before i experienced a loss, i was drawn to stories of loss... this is the best of them.

the greatest love story ever written.

Cbarrett says

Hemingway at his sad best. And sad Hemingway is the best.

Bimini (Part 1) is the strength of the book.

Lukáš Palán says

Rok se s rokem sešel a Palivo se op?t usadil do záchodové komnaty s Hemingwajem v ruce. Nebyla to dobrá podívaná, a to v žádném slova smyslu. P?íšť? bych šel rad?ji do války nebo na lekci tanga.

Thomas Hudson je malí?, který žije na ostrov?, kam za ním p?ijedou t?i synové. Je tu ještě n?kolik dalších postav, ale to je naprosto jedno, protože celá tato pasáž se to?í kolem polodementních, naprosto neuv?žitelných dialog?, které nikdy žádné lidské bytosti na sv?t? nevedly. Do toho Hemingway neustále vypisuje jméno hlavní postavy v celé délce, takže jestli n?kdy potkám "muže, jehož jméno je Thomas Hudson," tak p?ísahám b?h, že mu bez varování utrhnu hlavu holýma rukama.

Že Hemingwajovi šplouchalo na maják pak už není vidno jen v dialozích, ale i mali?kostech, pá? já nevím, jestli je ok titulovat sedmnáctiletého syna "pucku," a heterosexuálnímu kamarádovi ?íkat "nep?jdeme do hajan?"

Vít?z je u m? ovšem p?iírovnání hodno mistra literárního smyku Kav?iaka, a to tato následující perla:

"Postavu t?la m?l jako boxer st?ední váhy, který trochu ztloustl, ale jak tam tak pohodln? ležel, v pozici, v níž ?lov?k, který není v dobré kondici, nevypadá dob?e, vypadal jako ?lov?k v dobré pozici."

Tyhle v?ci samoz?ejm? nejsou moc d?ležitý, ale když práv? toto tvo?í výpl? mezi dialogy, pak je to blbý. To v?d?l i Hemingway, tak knihu p?esunul na Kubu, kde se Thomas Hudson nalejvá znovu - hned prvních dvacet stran si povídá s ko?kama na lodi, tak to jsem už otá?el o?i navrch hlavy, ale ?íkal jsem si, tak t?eba už kone?n? s tím debilem nechce nikdo mluvit, ale ono ne, jen co p?ijde do baru, sedne si za šlapkou a dialogové peklo za?íná nanovo, kdy ani vzpomínky na t?žbu wolframu v Hong-Kongu nejsou na škodu. Záv?rečný hon na ponorku už ani nehodnotím, protože jsem kv?li krvi v o?ích po?ádn? nevid?l na stránky.

S p?ehledem v TOP 10 nejhorších v?cí co jsem kdy v život? ?etl.

Chris Messner says

Ernest Hemingway first discovered Cuba in 1928. He spent a good portion of his life in Cuba. His fondness for the island is evident in his life and in some of his writings. Most of Hemingway's time in Cuba was spent in Havana. From 1932 to about 1939, Hemingway took up residence in Room 511 of Havana's Hotel Ambos Mundos. In 1939, Hemingway became a permanent resident of Cuba with his purchase of the Finca La Vigía, a villa in the suburbs of Havana. Finca La Vigía was built in 1886 and was Hemingway's home from 1939 to 1960. Hemingway wrote many books while living at Finca La Vigía including - Islands in the Stream.

Along the north side of Cuba there are many strings of small island keys. These are home to a wilderness of coral in bright turquoise waters. Thousands of flamingos live in these untamed, verdant sanctuaries. Ernest Hemingway spent a lot of time in the waters of these island chains during World War II - hunting German Nazi U-boats in his thirty-eight foot boat, named -The Pilar. The secrete code name for Hemingway's covert operations was "Friendless," which he had coincidentally named after one of his favorite, big, black, sassy cats. Hemingway's adventures and the time he spent here were the inspiration for his classic novel, Islands in the Stream. Like Hemingway, the main character of Islands in the Stream spends time tracking German U-boats in the north side of Cuba.

Hemingway was known to frequently haunt two of old Havana's bars in particular. One of his favorites was the El Floridita which was originally founded in 1817 under the name of La Piña de Plata, meaning "The Silver Pineapple." Over time, the name eventually changed to El Floridita. Hemingway liked to order his modified version of a daiquiri, a drink with white rum, grapefruit juice, lemon juice, cane syrup, maraschino syrup, and crushed ice, all well shaken. The other bars weren't interested in accommodating Hemingway's daiquiri request. Because the El Floridita was the only bar that would, this became the place that Hemingway continually patronized for his modified daiquiris. Today, at El Floridita, there is a statue at one end of the bar honoring the exact spot where Hemingway always sat.

Islands in the Stream has been described as a quasi autobiography of Hemingway. A good portion of the book involves ordering daiquiris in a bar called El Floridita. The spot where Hemingway sat in the actual El Floridita is also described in the novel: "He took his seat on a tall bar stool at the extreme far left of the bar. His back was against the wall toward the street and his left was covered by the wall behind the bar."

Hemingway started writing this novel in the early 1950's. He mysteriously set it aside, and it was not found until after his death. Mary Welsh Hemingway, his fourth wife and widow, discovered it. Islands of the Stream was posthumously published in 1970.

Bluehaired Granny says

Falling in love at an advanced age you would think would be a little bit different. But I am like a school girl. I'm not writing Me and Ernie 4 Eva on my notebooks but I might as well be the way I am mooning around about Papa Hemingway these days. Without a doubt I'm head over heels and "Islands in the Stream" only confirms it.

Even though this book was never highly praised by his critics and is one of his later works it is, to me, one of the finest literary works to pass before these tired eyes. His use of literary devices makes any wanna be author sit up and cry.

Speaking of crying, there was more than once when I had to shut this stunning piece when I was reading it on a public bus because of the tears rolling down my face.

It is a clearly wrought piece of brilliance that takes the reader deeply into each scene and weaves you delicately into the mind of Tom Hudson (Papa?) and leaves you breathless for the journey and thirsty for a drink of coconut water, gin and bitters.

Thank you Papa for showing me that great writing does exist and that I am capable of falling in love again.

bup says

The book is good. It's good but it's sad. It's a good, sad book about a good, sad man, and that's what Hemingway intended. He knew that writing a good book is a fine thing, because people will enjoy reading it.

I tell myself that he's right: reading a good book is a good thing. You can be glad that the book is good, and you can be glad that you are not a character in the book, because Hemingway books are sad books, and characters in Hemingway books do not have an easy time of it. But it's a good, fine thing to enjoy as a good read.

Lots of books you are not reading, because you are reading this one right now, may be better - hell, some must be - but do not dwell on that. No, do not dwell on that, but read the good book you have, because you know it is good and is nothing to complain about. You've got a good book and it's a pleasure to read, and it's a damned sight better to read than it is to be one of the characters in the book.

If you are a character in a Hemingway book you will probably get shot. You'll get shot and it will hurt like hell and there will be blood and you might die. If you do not die, you may get shot again, later in the book. That will hurt like hell, too, and if you get shot a second time you might as well die because Hemingway has it in for you.

So be glad that you are reading the book, you bastard, and that you aren't one of the bastards in the book.

Gearóid says

Only giving 4 stars as its not my favourite Hemingway book.

But it's still classic Hemingway writing.

It's amazing how he writes such clear simple sentences and still leaves such vivid images in your mind.

You would never need a dictionary reading Hemingway.

He just captures so easily some of the beauty of life just casually(or so it seems) as he tells his story.

He is not everyone's cup of tea but for me one of my favourite authors.

Daniel Villines says

As a Hemingway fan, there is a lot to like and enjoy about this book. For instance, we're lucky that it is here in the first place. Being the first of the posthumously published works, Hemingway had no intention of publishing it himself, but here it is. *Islands in the Stream* is filled with lines that could only come from Hemingway. Filled with his crisp style of writing that leaves so much to the imagination that the story transforms into truth in the minds of his readers.

The problem with *Islands in the Stream* is that Hemingway, presumably, had no intention of publishing it, at least in its present form. There is simply too much between the covers. Consider that *Islands in the Stream* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* both have about 450 pages. Now consider that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* addresses virtually every aspect of the Spanish Civil War, from its effects on the Spanish people to the war's meaning on an international stage. At best, *Islands in the Stream* covers the tragic relationship that Hemingway had with his sons and supports this tragedy with page after page of symbolic depictions of his failings as a father. As it presently sits, this book is Hemingway's iceberg, still attached to the glacier, and waiting for a Hemingway that will never exist to carve it into the story that it was intended to be.

Jeff says

For anyone who would venture upon this novel as their first trip into Hemingway, I'd presume a rating of far less celestial body. The reality is, this posthumously published, three-part story is not Hemingway's best. In fact, the novel has some pretty uncharacteristic flaws. It is full of the very traditional Hemingway: startling one-liners, little plot with heavy emotion and warmth, intense scene recognition and spatial consideration, machismo oozing out the ears. You name it.

But, for the Hemingway aficionado, this book is a keen look not into the end of a great's bibliography, but into the great himself. It is a Roman a clef, like all of his other novels, essentially. Hemingway only ever wrote about himself, which I don't think was an effort of egoism as much as it was an effort to write honestly; and how does one write completely honestly?, by writing about what one knows the best (presumably): himself.

And no one loves Hemingway's plots. I mean, how could you? 500 pages to blow up one bridge? Liver psoriasis bullfight? Old man fishing? Quitting the army with a nurse? Plots are nothing to Hemingway. What we love is the coursing energy of honesty flowing directly and forcibly through the text. We breathe truth and cringe at its brutality. Joy at its beauty.

Then you get *Islands in the Stream*: a lie.

The first section, Bimini, is the best, far and away (ignore the 100 page fish fight). Here we have classic and dependable Hemingway, now typified through a painter, Thomas Hudson, while his sons visit from their jilted mothers, Hem's wake. The story is nostalgic, poignant, and laced with morosity, which, if you know anything about Hemingway the man, was also the end of his life. He lamented Hadley, his failed fatherhood, and a writing career that was less and less appreciated. Thomas Hudson in Bimini was this: truthfully and honestly.

Then, between the end of Bimini and the beginning of Cuba, all three of his sons die, which is not true to life. Rather, it sort of sets the reader to feel more sorry for Hudson (nee Hemingway), who is now a sad alcoholic creature. He really wants us to pity him! Never before have I felt the need to pity Hemingway's

amorphisms, not even while dying, or not getting Brett, or having your lady die during childbirth. Was sad, but never pitied. Hudson is pitiful.

Then, out of nowhere, Hadley Hemingway comes along. Now, we all know that Hadley remarried after Hem and happily lived out the rest of her days. We also know that she was a homely, not flashy sorta gal (read *A Paris Wife* for a good depiction). In this novel, she makes an appearance in Havana and is a ... wait for it ... movie starlet!?, who can't resist Hudson and makes love to him while blaming HERSELF for the dissolution of their marriage (a plot problem because earlier Hudson claimed he left her). I mean, the audacity of Hemingway to make Hadley into a sluttish starlet to vindicate his own evils.

So of course, in good conscience, he kills Hudson.

Very flawed and very dishonest. It gets four from me because I loved how much it showed me about Hemingway's personal instability at the end of his life. And I don't fault him anything; after all, he never tried to publish this book: that was for the vultures post-mortem. Vultures I'm thankful for.

Kang-Chun Cheng says

his characters are such pitiable assholes

Carla says

Este livro divide-se em três partes, das quais gostei da primeira, não gostei da segunda e gostei mesmo muito da terceira.

A primeira passa-se numa ilha das Caraíbas, na qual o pintor Thomas Hudson (o protagonista da história) vive e trabalha, pintando quadros cujos temas principais são cenas marítimas, e decorre durante umas férias onde este é visitado pelos seus três filhos, o mais velho, um adolescente fruto do seu primeiro casamento e da única mulher que amou na vida, e os dois mais novos do seu segundo casamento, um de nove anos e outro de doze anos, se a minha memória não me falha.

O melhor desta parte são as descrições da ilha, do relacionamento entre o pai e os seus três filhos, do trabalho feito pelo pintor, e das memórias da vida deste em Paris quando vivia com a sua primeira mulher e com o seu filho primogénito, ainda pequeno, altura em que eram pobres, mas felizes, porque sabiam aproveitar tudo o que de bom lhes acontecia.

Os diálogos estão muito bem construídos, pois revelam autenticidade, simplicidade e naturalidade. E eu gosto muito de bons diálogos nos livros e sou da opinião que, atualmente, os livros têm poucos diálogos e os que existem são demasiado elaborados e artificiais.

Mas há um senão: as personagens adultas passam demasiado tempo a beber em casa, na rua, nos barcos, em bares e há referências a uma quantidade infindável de bebidas alcoólicas, à sua preparação e ao prazer que elas proporcionam, que, às vezes, pensava que estava a ler um guia sobre bebidas e sobre a forma de as preparar e servir.

A segunda parte passa-se em Havana, depois do pintor deixar de ser pintor e passar a trabalhar, durante a segunda guerra mundial, em missões marítimas para os americanos.

A ação decorre basicamente na casa do ex-pintor e no bar "Floridita", onde, de facto, o autor Ernest

Hemingway passava muito tempo, como pude constatar na única vez que estive em Havana, e durante a qual este passa uma noite e um dia a embriagar-se e a conversar com empregados de bar e com as mais variadas personagens, quase todas elas em estados etílicos de graduação distinta.

Confesso que não tive a capacidade de entender e apreciar as conversas e os pensamentos filosóficos do escritor, tendo-me perdido no meio da leitura.

Salva-se o reencontro de Thomas Hudson com a sua primeira mulher e grande amor da sua vida, após terem tido conhecimento da morte do seu filho, o qual foi comovente sem nunca ceder ao sentimentalismo fácil.

A terceira, e para mim a melhor parte do livro, descreve a viagem de barco que Thomas Hudson faz entre as diversas ilhas e ilhéus das Caraíbas e os seus canais, com uma tripulação de homens interessantes, mas cuja personalidade é pouco explorada pelo escritor, em perseguição de um barco com soldados alemães. Uma viagem com muitos riscos e peripécias, num cenário simultaneamente idílico e perigoso, entre calmarias e tempestades, também durante a segunda guerra mundial, onde Ernest Hemingway demonstra que foi um homem aventureiro, experiente marinheiro e também guerreiro, fruto da sua vida em que desfrutou do mar, participou em guerras, o que faz transparecer que o que lemos está realmente a acontecer.

Jim says

I have often thought that there should be a reluctance on the part of the estate of a deceased writer to publish any of an author's works posthumously. Seriously, if the book was finished and the writer hadn't bothered to take it to the publisher, what would you assume his motives to be? An aversion to money, perhaps? This book is one of several that was published after Hemingway's suicide, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if he hadn't published it simply because he felt that it wasn't good enough. If that was the case, I agree with him completely.

There are some parts of the book that I found engaging; Hemingway knew fishing and firearms and draws the reader in when he writes on those topics. Regrettably, there is far too little of that in this book. When he is not writing about physical action, he bogs down in unlikely and tedious dialogue and improbable thought processes. His protagonist, Thomas Hudson, seems detached and dispassionate, almost to the point of being uninvolved in the whole story. And that, incidentally, is a name I will never forget...because Hemingway uses the full name each and every time he refers to the protagonist; Thomas Hudson did this and Thomas Hudson did that. I got heartily sick of the name by the time I toiled through the book.

Overall, the book has a dark and brooding tone, more in keeping with Conrad than Hemingway although Hemingway is never exactly a ray of sunshine in any of his works. I don't think Hemingway ever intended it to be printed. In any event, I feel that I have been robbed of some of my reading time.

Petra says

Look at me, reading Hemingway! :D

It's off to a great start. I'm really enjoying this book so far.

Not sure if I got lucky or if Hemingway truly is a good writer. I no longer, though, have an aversion to Hemingway's works and will gladly read more in the future.

This story of Thomas Hudson had me glued to the pages. Hemingway has a way of blending his personal life

with his fiction. He brings elements of his life into this story and builds around them. It's not all autobiographical but enough so that Hemingway is interwoven into his story in a real and lasting way. The first part of this story is awesome. It's life at its best: family, love, good times. The story of David and his fish was so well told....I could picture the scene, feel the pain and determination of David, see the waters and the fish.....Hemingway painted a picture.

At times this story is gritty, at times its light. Hemingway did a great job of balancing all the elements of a man finding his way through some good and some terrible personal times.

Hemingway could bring strong emotions to the page in few concise words, he manages to get right to the point of what he's trying to say.

After a bad Hemingway experience in high school, its taken me years to try again. I'm glad I did and I look forward to more Hemingway in my reading future.

Candice says

Disclaimer: this was the first Hemingway book I've read. I wish I'd started off with something else, like one of his "masterpieces", because this one left me frustrated, exhausted, and disappointed, even a bit disgusted. I started out thinking I was really going to enjoy it, and liked the affectionate tones and his style of writing. By the end of the novel I felt like I was stuck in a room with a drunk man that was making me listen to a drawn out, glorified, story of his life and all the indulgences and machismo and booze-fueled sentimentality that is unbearable when you're the sober one listening. I really had to muscle through the third part of the novel and did not enjoy anything about that part. I will try Hemingway again but I think I'll have less patience for the paternal arrogance.

Francesco Scarlata says

Pochi scrittori sanno stritolare la vita come Hemingway. La stritolano con le proprie mani, la vivono con un'intensità senza pari, ne muoiono soprafatti e ce la riconsegnano rimettendone insieme i pezzi attraverso le loro storie.

"Isole nella corrente" non è una lettura semplice: è scritto da un autore in palese difficoltà non solo col suo mestiere ma anche con la sua vita, e nonostante questo riesco a perfettamente a sentire ancora l'odore del mare quando leggo le sue pagine. Hemingway ha la straordinaria capacità di condensare in poche parole il senso di un suo disagio, o di un suo pensiero in generale... e lo fa senza metafore, chiama le cose con il loro nome, anche se a volte il nome della cosa è "dolore", "sconfitta", "morte".

Le vicende raccontate nel testo forse non hanno un gran mordente, ma i personaggi sono gente viva, che buca la pagina, ti afferra per mano e ti trascina con sé dandoti l'onore di diventare tu stesso un personaggio. Se si conosce la vita dello scrittore, si sa quanto la sue esperienze abbiano influenzato il suo lavoro... è tutta un'autobiografia la produzione di Ernest.

In "Isole nella corrente" siamo agli sgoccioli: Hemingway traccia una sorta di bilancio, e ciò che ne viene fuori è estremamente velato di tristezza e dolore. In una narrazione, che soprattutto nella prima parte, ci regala colori e sapori esotici (con anche uno splendido racconto di pesca), lo scrittore ci prende a schiaffi non poche volte, ci mette di fronte ad uno specchio, mette nei nostri occhi il coraggio che lo ha condotto a scrivere quella determinata frase in quel preciso momento con esattamente quelle parole e non altre... Ecco alcune perle che tolgono il fiato e fanno perdere la volata al lettore:

“Ovunque tu sia, è dentro di te che devi farcela.”

“ - Potrei mettermi a pensare al romanzo. Tommy, perché dipingere bene è divertente e scrivere bene un inferno? ... Se fossi un uomo abbastanza buono forse avrei potuto essere un buon pittore. Forse sono solo abbastanza figlio di puttana per essere un buon scrittore.

- E' la peggiore semplificazione che abbia mai sentito.

- Semplifico sempre troppo io - confermò Roger - Ecco una delle ragioni per cui non valgo niente.”

“Spesso si presenta la felicità come qualcosa di molto noioso ma, pensava, giacendo ben desto nel suo letto, ciò dipende dal fatto che la gente noiosa a volte è molto felice mentre le persone intelligenti fanno di tutto per rendere infelici se stesse e tutti gli altri. Lui la felicità non l'aveva mai trovata noiosa. Gli era sempre parsa più emozionante di ogni altra cosa e capace di un'intensità pari a quella del dolore, per le persone che erano capaci di provarlo.”

Ma c'è un periodo che mi ha fatto paura, che mi ha fatto tremare le mani:

"Dal dolore si può guarire con la morte, oppure lo si può attutire o anestetizzare in vari modi. Anche il tempo dovrebbe guarire il dolore. Ma se per guarire dal dolore basta qualcosa di meno della morte, è molto probabile che non fosse un vero dolore."

Se fate una ricerca per immagini su Google, sicuramente vi imatterete in una fotografia: lui che imbraccia un fucile e guarda verso l'obiettivo della macchina fotografica: guardate bene quello sguardo. Quello sguardo è ciò che io ho visto leggendo la frase che vi ho riportato sopra... è triste, lo so. Ma è anche sincero, è un pensiero che viene da chi aveva già visto lontano, e da chi ha deciso ad un tratto di consegnarci la sua vita per sempre.

Mary says

Oh how I wish Hemingway had lived to revise and compile this book. Published posthumously and with only minor attention given to copy editing by Papa's publisher and last wife, the book limns its main character in three parts: as an artist living in the Gulf before WWII, as a grief-stricken u-boat hunter in Cuba following the loss of his sons, and in a final hunt for German fugitives. The unifying theme is in line with the Hemingway code: man is powerless before the abyss, but can behave with grace and courage anyway. When I began reading, I was surprised how delighted I was by his prose, but I'd admittedly probably be happy reading one of the man's grocery lists. Chapter X, after a significant passage on suicide, ends, "'Fuck Oblivion,' said Roger." Chapter XI begins, "Lunch was excellent. The steak was browned outside and striped by the grill. A knife slipped through the outer part and inside the meat was tender and juicy. They all dipped up juice from their plates and put it on the mashed potatoes and the juice made a lake in their creamy whiteness." Now how can you not love that? The first part of the book is the best for classic Hemingway people-, men-, land-, sea- and food-writing, complete with a fishing struggle that surely inspired *The Old Man and the Sea*. Part two will test readers who don't love reading about cats and drinking. Part three is all action unless your literature professors have hammered the Hemingway-Code Hero into your head so indelibly that you can only see it as man struggling to perform duty and maintain "ideals" in the face of great personal loss, the chaos of world at war, and imminent death. If you are already on the Hemingway train, read it. If you're a reader who still needs some convincing, the three parts can seem indulgent and disconnected, so stick to his best short stories until he's convinced you.

Wanda says

If the author of this was an unknown it would never have gotten out of the slush pile.
