

The Old Man and the Sea —An Introduction

The Theme

The Old Man and the Sea has almost unanimously been regarded as a triumph. This very short novel, which some insist on calling rather a long short story, concerns an old Cuban fisherman. After eighty-four days without a fish, Santiago ventures far out to sea alone, and hooks a giant marlin in the Gulf Stream. For two days and two nights the old man holds on while he is towed farther out to sea; finally he brings the fish alongside, harpoons it, and lashes it to his skiff. Almost at once the sharks begin to attack the dead fish to eat its flesh. He fights the sharks, kills many of them, but is eventually left with his broken tiller as his only weapon. The sharks eat all the flesh of the marlin, leaving only the skeleton. Santiago returns to the shore with the skeleton and, being half-dead with fatigue, makes his way to his hut to sleep and dream of better days.

A Double Allegory

There is an abundance of meaning in this story. As always, Hemingway's code hero, who in this novel is Santiago, has a message for us. The message is that while a man may grow old and be wholly down on his luck, he can still dare, stick to the rules, persist when he is defeated and thwarted, and thus by the manner of his losing, win a moral victory. On another level the story can be read as an allegory entirely personal to its author, as an account of his own struggle, his determination, and his literary vicissitudes. Like Hemingway, Santiago is a master who sets out his lines with more care and precision than his competitors. But he has not had any luck for a long time. Once he was very strong, the champion; yet his whole reputation is imperilled now, and he is growing old. Still he feels that he has strength enough; he knows the devices and techniques of his trade; he is resolute, and he is still out for a really big success. He did prove his strength before, but he has got to prove it again, and he does so. After he has caught his prize, the sharks come and take it all away from him, as they will always try to do. But he caught it, he fought it well, he did all he could and it was a lot and at the end he is happy.

Different Approaches To The Novel

To take the broadest view, however, the novel is a representation of life as a struggle against unconquerable natural forces in which a kind of victory is possible. It is an epic metaphor for life, a contest in which even the

problem of right and wrong seems paltry before the great thing that is the struggle. It is also something like Greek tragedy, in that as the hero falls and fails, the audience gets a memorable glimpse of what stature a man may attain. And it is a Christian tragedy as well, especially in the several marked allusions to Christian symbolism, particularly of the crucifixion—a development in Hemingway's novels that begins, apparently without much importance, in the early ones, gathers strength in *Across the River and into the Trees*, and comes to a kind of climax in this book.

The Heroism Of A Simple Man

Although the view of life in this novel had a long evolution from the days of total despair, it represents nonetheless an extraordinary change in its author. A reverence for life's struggle, and for mankind, seems to have descended on Hemingway like a divine gift. The knowledge that a simple man is capable of the decency, dignity, and even heroism that Santiago possesses, and that his battle can be seen in heroic terms, is itself perhaps the greatest victory that Hemingway won. Very likely this is the sort of thing he had in mind when he told someone, particularly after finishing the book, that he had got finally what he had been working for all his life.

The Structure Of The Novel

The plot of *The Old Man and the Sea* is apparently simple but actually intricately-designed. Most critics agree that the theme of this book is man's capacity to withstand and transcend hardships of time and circumstance. The idea is conveyed through Santiago's adventures with the marlin and with the sharks. Hemingway depicts in circumstantial detail elemental tests of endurance (physical struggle, fatigue, solitude, old age, and impending death) to which Santiago is subjected, and also his courageous response, summoning both physical energy and imaginative vision to counter the forces testing him. When the marlin takes out line, Santiago pulls in. When he is surrounded by the darkness of night, Santiago dreams of golden and white beaches. When he is threatened by the weakness of old age, he summons visions of his own youthful strength. Hemingway presents the action not in abstract terms—gain and loss, strength and weakness, youth and age—but in vivid images such as the marlin and the shark, the right hand and the left hand, Manolin and Santiago.

The Central Action Reflected In Several Miniature Actions

Hemingway reflects the central action of the story (which is Santiago's adventures with the marlin and with the sharks) in a number of miniature actions. Some, incidents appropriate to the sea-setting, anticipate the pattern of the central chase. The episode of the man-of-war bird resolutely but unsuccessfully chasing flying fish suggests Santiago's coming effort to land his great marlin. The tired warbler threatened by hawks on his way homewards anticipates the tired Santiago's fight with the sharks. Other incidents show how man at his best can respond to natural stresses like those

of the chase. To keep his will strong and to inspire his best effort, Santiago recalls his morning victory after the difficult night of his twenty-four-hour hand-wrestling contest with the Negro from Cienfuegos. He emulates the great DiMaggio who plays like a champion despite the pain of a bone-spur. Hemingway also employs the crucifixion imagery to describe Santiago's suffering, this imagery surpassing the models of heroism visualized by Santiago himself.

13

Some Aspects of *The Old Man and the Sea*

I

The Need of Society

It has been suggested by a critic that from the first eight words of this novel we are squarely confronted with a world in which man's isolation is the most insistent truth. True as this is, we should not forget Santiago's profound awareness that "no man was ever alone on the sea.*" Similarly, it is not quite correct to say, as another critic has said, that this novel is the climax of Hemingway's long search for disengagement from the social world and total entry into the natural. If the Old Man leaves society to go far out and "beyond all people in the world," an awareness of society and of his relationship to it are never for long out of his thoughts and in the end he returns to his village where he finds it pleasant "to have someone to talk to instead of speaking only to himself and to the sea." To go no further than Santiago's isolation or to treat it as a theme in opposition to Hemingway's concern with society is to miss the deeper significance of the novel.

A Novel Of Affirmation

The true direction of Hemingway's thought and art from the beginning, and especially since 1937, had been a return to society, not in terms of any particular social or political doctrine, but in the broad sense of human solidarity and inter-dependence. No doubt he began by making a "separate peace" like Nick Adams in one of the short stories and like Lieutenant Henry in *A Farewell to Arms*, and by going, like Santiago in this novel, far out beyond society. But then he returned to society, through Harry Morgan's "no man alone," Robert Jordan's "no man is an island," and Santiago's "no man is ever alone on the sea." In the process, Hemingway came back from Lieutenant Henry's rejection of all abstract values to mankind's oldest and noblest moral principles—courage, love, humility, solidarity, and inter-dependence. Thus Hemingway shows himself as a significant moralist who, turning from an attitude of nihilism resulting from his experience of hostility, violence and destruction in the actual world, re-affirms certain precious moral principles. In this re-affirmation of man's most cherished values, lies the deepest and most enduring significance of *The Old Man and the Sea*.

*Page 52 of the novel (All page references are to the Penguin edition of the novel.)

II

The Old Man And The Boy

The story of *The Old Man and the Sea* begins eighty-four days after the old fisherman's last catch. The boy Manolin, the apprentice whom he has long regarded "with confident loving eyes," has been forced by his parents to another boat which caught three good fish in the very first week. In their mutual reminiscences concerning the past we discover that Manolin first accompanied Santiago when the former was five years old, that the boy is "already a man" in his knowledge of the things of the sea, and that the pupil remembers everything since he had first started going with Santiago on the latter's fishing trips. During his long ordeal with the marlin, Santiago wishes again and again for the boy's presence, as much for companionship as for assistance. Now he has only himself and the sea to talk to. Every new crisis reminds Santiago of Manolin's usefulness and worth. When his hand is cramped by the coil of rope, he wishes the boys were there to rub it or, later, to wet the coil. As he approaches the seashore with his catch already partially consumed by the sharks, the Old Man meditates upon the boy's feelings during his absence. "There is only the boy to worry of course. But I am sure he would have confidence."

The Boy's Devotion

The boy's devotion to the Old Man is deep and genuine. Deprived of the opportunity to accompany Santiago because the boy's parents have begun to regard Santiago as unlucky, the boy asserts his bond by bringing food for the Old Man to eat and some sardines to serve as baits. When the Old Man has returned from his unlucky expedition, the boy attends upon him with the devotion not only of a pupil but a son. Indeed, it is impossible to doubt or question the spiritual kinship between the Old Man and the young boy. The boy inherits the knowledge of the Old Man, though not his blood.

III

Santiago's Attitude Towards the Great Marlin

Santiago's attitude towards the great marlin he has hooked after eighty-four unlucky days is noteworthy. "I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends," says the Old Man to the marlin. He calls the marlin both "friend" and "brother", and regrets that he must live on the sea and kill his true brothers. How deplorable that those who will feed upon this marlin are not worthy of it: "There is no one worthy of eating him from the manner of his behaviour and his great dignity." The Old Man attributes to the marlin a capacity for thinking. For instance he imagines that the marlin is following its own plan as it circles the boat; he thinks that he must "convince" his prey; he imagines that the marlin may "decide to stay another night." The very desire to prove worthy of this creature's admiration provides additional strength to Santiago's weakening body. "Let him think I am more man than I am and I will be so," says Santiago. Killed and lashed to

his boat, the marlin appears to Santiago no less dignified. For instance, Santiago expresses the view that "with his mouth shut and his tail straight up and down we sail like brothers." When the marlin's body is first mutilated by the sharks, Santiago thinks "it was as though he himself were hit." And when the bad-smelling sharks, the scavengers as well as killers, devour the marlin, Santiago can only murmur: "I'm sorry, fish." Indeed, the marlin reflects the very qualities Santiago himself possesses, admires, and wishes to pass on to the boy: nobility, greatness, glory, beauty, dignity and endurance. And in its defeat, in its mutilation by the sharks, the marlin symbolises Santiago who is ridiculed by the younger fishermen, who is regarded as strange and unlucky, whose final triumph is destroyed by the sharks and who, broken in body and spirit, a skeleton of his former self, can only sleep and dream of the lions of his youth.

IV

DiMaggio, A Source Of Inspiration To Santiago

Hemingway employs a number of symbols to reinforce his theme. Baseball and the lions are among these symbols. Santiago is well acquainted with the game of baseball and he loves it. He thinks and talks about it constantly. Baseball is a highly developed team-sport and, in this respect, offers a contrast to the more individualistic sports of bull-fighting, hunting, and fishing usually found in Hemingway's stories. Although Santiago tells himself that "now is no time to think of baseball," the game remains in his thoughts throughout his ordeal, and he wonders about each day's results in the grand matches. Even more significant is the Old Man's hero-worship of Joe DiMaggio, the great Yankee player of baseball. DiMaggio, like Santiago, was a champion, a master of his craft, and in baseball terms an old one, playing out the last years of his glorious career severely handicapped by the pain of a bone-spur in his heel. The image of DiMaggio is a constant source of inspiration to Santiago. With his strained back, and his injured and cramped left hand, Santiago too is an old champion who must endure the handicap of pain; and he tells himself that he must have confidence and be worthy of the great DiMaggio who does all things perfectly even with the pain of the bone-spur in his heel.

DiMaggio's Team Spirit

But DiMaggio had qualities at least as vital to the Yankees as his courage and individual brilliance. Even during his own time, and since then, there had been players equal to DiMaggio, or even superior, in terms of individual ability and achievement. But few men had ever earned the affection and the renown which DiMaggio won as a team-player—one who always displayed his individual greatness as part of his team, one to whom the team was always more important than himself. It used to be said of DiMaggio's value as a team-player that having him, even when he was handicapped by the pain in his heel, the Yankees were two runs ahead when they came out on the field.

From Santiago's love of baseball and his knowledge of it, it is clear that he would be aware of these qualities in DiMaggio. And when Manolin remarks that there are other men on the New York team, the Old Man replies: "Naturally. But he makes the difference."

The Lions

The lions which Santiago dreamed about and which are described by him in terms of Christ symbols further suggest solidarity and love and humility as opposed to isolated individualism and pride. The Old Man dreams not of a single lion, a king of the beasts, a lion proud and powerful and alone, but of several young lions who come down to the beach in the evening to play together. "He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach. They played like young cats in the dusk and he loved them as he loved the boy.*" It is also significant that he no longer dreams of storms, or of women, or of great events, or of great fights, or of his wife. In other words he no longer dreams of great individualistic deeds like the one which brings violence and destruction on him and on the marlin. Instead the lions are "the main thing that is left,**" and they suggest the solidarity and love and peace to which the Old Man returns after winning and losing his great fish.

Santiago, a Christ-like Figure

These qualities are further emphasised by the symbolic value of the old fisherman as he carries his mast cross-like up the hill to his shack and as he lies exhausted on his bed. His hands have been sorely wounded, and as he lies sleeping "face down with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up†," his figure is Christ-like. Hemingway here seems to be conveying the idea that, if the Old Man has been crucified by the forces of an arbitrary and violent universe, the meaning of his experience is the humility and love of Christ, and the inter-dependence which they imply.

V

The Theme Of "The Undefeated"

The Old Man and the Sea has almost the same theme as "The Undefeated", a story written twenty-five years before, and the old fisherman who has not made a catch for eighty-four days is in the same human situation as the ageing bull-fighter of that story. Compared with that and other stories, and with the best episodes in Hemingway's previous novels, there is a certain thinness of characterisation and situation here. Yet *The Old Man and the Sea* does give a new definition and meaning to Hemingway's work as a whole. It gives the reader a keener awareness of the fact that Hemingway regards moral stamina as the most important value in life.

*Page 20 of the novel.

**Page 58

†Page 110.

Santiago's Solitude

The solitude of Santiago has a certain significance. Apart from the brief appearances of the young boy at the outset and at the close, Santiago is the only human being in a narrative more than one hundred pages in length. The giant marlin is a sympathetic character for whom the Old Man develops a certain liking; and the sharks who almost destroy the marlin are villains whom he detests. The astonishing fact remains that one human being is enough to make a genuine narrative. Moreover, the Old Man is not only alone physically, but since he is old he will always be alone, cut off from youth, hope, friendship, love, and all the other relationships which sustain human beings. Hence, as the Old Man struggles with the sea (with time, nature, and death), he possesses a singular purity of will and emotion. The completeness of his solitude does much to relate the novel to all of Hemingway's work, making us more aware of how some form of solitude isolates every other leading character, giving a new clarity to Jake Barnes's mutilation, Frederic Henry's separate peace, the solitude which the shell-shocked Nick Adams seeks on a fishing trip in "Big Two-Hearted River," and the monologue of the dying writer in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro". Thus, in a way the old fisherman is the quintessential hero of Hemingway's fiction. Other human beings are simply absent now, and only the sharks are present to interfere with the naked confrontation of man and nature. It is solitude which requires absolute courage and complete self-reliance.

VI

The Lions, Both Like And Unlike The Marlin

The lions, traditionally, are the noblest of the great beasts in comparison with which man, according to Santiago, "is not much". They are the kings of the jungle which they dominate by their courage, their strength, their fierceness, and their pride. They are both like and unlike the great marlin. They are like the marlin in that they have the qualities that redeem life and are in this way the lords of life. They are unlike the marlin in that their beauty and nobility are mingled with fierceness and therefore inspire not only awe but fear. In Santiago's dream, however, the lions come out from the jungle and go to the beach to play on the sand; they put aside their majesty and become domestic and familiar. It is as if they gave themselves up to the Old Man, to his love, without the necessity of further trial or guilt or suffering.

The Harmony Between Santiago And The Lions

As the lions come out of the jungle and fill the Old Man's sleep, their cat-like playfulness suggests a harmony between the Old Man and the heroic qualities which the lions possess, which the giant marlin possessed, and which the Old Man fought to realise in himself. In a sense, the Old Man's final reward for having endured pain and suffering is the freedom which he ultimately gets to dream, uninterrupted, of the lions that he had once seen on the African beaches and that somehow are now "the main thing that is left."

VII

The Victor And The Victim

Santiago sees the victor and the victim as part of a natural and inevitable sequence of pursuing and being pursued. The dolphin pursues and catches the flying fish and is in turn caught by the Old Man, who is nourished by the victim fish so that he can catch a bigger fish. The victor is in his turn victimised by big fish and the sharks, while the sharks in their turn are destroyed by man for man's advantage.* First Santiago is the victor over the marlin; then he suffers vicariously the marlin's defeat as the sharks strip away its flesh. To live with one's mind at peace demands a recognition and an acceptance of the natural rhythms in which man participates. Santiago reflects, as the attack by the first shark threatens to turn his victory into a defeat, "everything kills everything else in some way."

The Heroic Ideal

For an individual to be the victim in this natural struggle is no disgrace if he fights well according to his abilities. To lose in the long run is inevitable. But the noble creatures in the story transcend defeat by displaying intense life at the moment of death. These noble creatures are the marlin, the Mako shark, the turtle, all of whom are identified in some way with Santiago. In this context, we can understand Santiago's statement: "A man can be destroyed but not defeated.†" Most critics find in this novel the basic action and timelessness of a parable conveying a meaningful image of moral heroism. In other words, the heroic ideal symbolised by Santiago can easily be generalised.

VIII

The Symbolic Norm

An examination of Romero in the bull-ring, Jordan on the war mission, and Santiago at deep-sea fishing reveals at least two points of significance. First, the symbolic norm of *The Sun Also Rises* is Romero, who separates the characters of awareness from those of unawareness, the initiate from the uninitiate, and the disciplined from the undisciplined. Jordan and Santiago are not descendants of Jake Barnes, but really descendants of Romero. If Romero is Hemingway's glimpse of the ideal norm, Jordan and Santiago are his most notable successes in the attempt to give a concrete shape to the ideal.

The Change In Narrative Technique

Secondly, in *The Sun Also Rises* Hemingway stands by Jake Barnes as an *aficionado*; but once through with his two technical books, *Death in the Afternoon* and *Green Hills of Africa*, he becomes convinced of the

*The references to the shark factory and to the fishermen's drinking shark liver oil for medicinal purposes are noteworthy. (Pages 7 and 31 of the novel respectively.)

†Page 93 of the novel.

authenticity and significance of his glimpse. This increasing awareness of the unitive nature of sports, and his confidence in handling it on a fuller scale, may account for a salient change in his narrative technique. Although *The Sun Also Rises* (and *A Farewell to Arms*) uses the first person narrative method, what we know of Romero is always second-hand through Jake Barnes. Although, on the other hand, both *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *The Old Man and the Sea*, ironically, use the third person narrative method, we are taken into the inner world of their heroes, a fact which indicates that the author himself is now within their worlds because he can be one with these heroes. His new intimacy naturally suggests and at the same time evolves from his increasing use of the stream-of-consciousness technique, which proves more effective than any other method of narration, and the confiding tone deepens as we move from Jordan to Santiago.

No False Line

Hemingway's best work, like that of any great creative artist, has the quality of permanence. The language, the subjects, the underlying symbolic structures all belong to that area of human thought and belief which survives virtually without change from age to age. "The first and final thing you have to do in this world," he once said, "is to last in it and not be smashed by it, and it is the same way with your work." This is at once a rule for the conduct of life and a rule for the conduct of art, to last and to do work that will last. In line with this conviction, Hemingway wrote every major book of his. He seized as his ruling idea the determination never to write a false line. And *The Old Man and the Sea* illustrates this determination.

costume, he will emphasize his decline in all its hopelessness by sprouting a white beard and generally acting the part of *senex*. We are going to get a lot of this inverted youth from him henceforth." (Quoted by Carlos Baer, *Hemingway and His Critics*, New York, 1961, p. 9.)

If the early Hemingway had been an almost legendary figure of youthful and virile adventure, the older Hemingway would take up the role of Grand Old Man, the battle-scarred veteran, the aging but still indomitable fighter. Hemingway "the Champ" would become "Papa" Hemingway—citizen of the world, still rough-edged and manfully poetic, but mellowed by experience and years, and come to full bloom as a connoisseur of life, bullfighters, women, fishing and war.

The Last Marriage

Hemingway had by no means retired from active working and living. Divorced from Martha in 1944, he immediately married Mary Walsh, a *Time Magazine* correspondent. *Across the River and Into the Trees* appeared, and met with much critical disapproval. Hemingway, it seemed clear, had entered too completely into the role of Grand Old Man of American literature. His style had become mannered, and his aging protagonist seemed to lack the intellectual equipment for the heavy burden of introspection with which Hemingway loaded his narrative.

The "Old Man" and the Nobel Prize

This negative critical response infuriated Hemingway. *The Old Man and the Sea*, which appeared in 1952, was seen by some readers as an attack on the critical "sharks" themselves. One might note that there was some justification for Hemingway's resentment. Any writer with his force of personality must expect to make literary enemies, and Hemingway had created perhaps more than his share of personal resentment. Too many critics, at any rate, had seemed to get a kind of satisfaction from the failure of *Across the River and Into the Trees*, and Hemingway, as usual, was not very hesitant about expressing his scorn for gentlemen who seemed so willing to serve as mourners at the burial of a literary career still very much alive.

After the publication of *The Old Man and the Sea*, Hemingway travelled once again, and in 1954 narrowly escaped death in an airplane crash. This event occurred the same year he received the Nobel Prize for literature. Hemingway's health was failing. After a period of illness, he met his death as the victim of a "self-inflicted gunshot wound" in 1961, at Ketchum, Idaho, in the rugged country he loved so well. He had been working until the end, leaving many unpublished manuscripts in the care of Mary. In 1963, there appeared his posthumous, and best-selling, memoir of Paris in the twenties: *A Moveable Feast*.

Critical Analysis of the Novel

NOTE: The novel is not divided into chapters. The sections in this summary are suggested by the editors of these Notes simply for the convenience of the reader.

PART ONE: PROLOGUE TO THE VOYAGE

Santiago, the "thin and gaunt" old man, had fished for eighty-four days without success. His former companion, a boy who had been ordered by his parents to join a luckier boat, was sad at the old man's failure, for even the sail of his boat "looked like the flag of permanent defeat."

Having made some money with the other boat, the boy offered to accompany the old man again. He had left, he explained, only because he was ordered to do so by his father, who had little faith. Santiago insisted that the boy stay with the lucky boat.

As they sat, the boy reminisced fondly about the first time they had gone fishing together. He insisted that he would obtain bait for the old man for tomorrow's fishing. The old man, whose "hope and confidence had never gone," accepted the offer reluctantly. The boy further declared that he would try to persuade his new master to work as far out as the old man, in case help was needed.

When they returned to the old man's poor shack, the boy said that he would take the cast net and obtain some bait. Santiago said that he would eat a bowl of rice while the boy was gone, although they both knew that there was no bowl of rice and that the cast net had been sold. While the boy was gone, Santiago would read about the American baseball games in yesterday's newspaper. Though the old man declared that the Yankees could not lose, the boy expressed his fears of other teams. Santiago urged him to have faith in the Yankees. As the boy left, they agreed that he should buy a share in the lottery, choosing the number eighty-five.

The boy returned with a meal and two beers given to him by Martin, the owner of the Terrace. As the old man ate, the boy thought that he must obtain clothes, a blanket and soap and a towel for him. While eating, they talked of baseball and of the players and managers who had visited Cuba. In their conversation, the boy declared that the old man was the best fisherman. Santiago disagreed, but did say that he did know many tricks and had resolve. The boy left, making the old man promise to wake him in the morning.

In sleep, the old man dreamed only of the places he had known in his youth. He dreamed of Africa, with its "long golden beaches," and of the lions which "played like young cats in the dusk."

PART TWO: THE VOYAGE BEGINS

Santiago rowed out of the harbor, hearing in the darkness only an

occasional voice from other fishing boats. He also heard the trembling sound of flying fish, which he loved. However, he felt sorry for the delicate swallows, who seemed to be no match for the ocean, which, though kind and beautiful, could be cruel.

He always thought of the sea as *la mar*, and thought of her capricious moods as those proper to a woman. Some of the younger fishermen spoke of the sea as *el mar*, a masculine term which reflected their view of the sea as an adversary.

Before it was light, Santiago had his baits out and was drifting with the current. His preparations were precise. Each part of his hook was "sweet smelling and good tasting," and his lines were submerged at exactly the right depth. He would rather, he thought, be exact than lucky.

When the sun was two hours higher, he saw a man-of-war bird circling. The bird, he realized, must have discovered fish, and he rowed gently towards it. Flying fish broke the surface of the water, and Santiago concluded that they were being pursued by a dolphin. The bird would have little chance, for the flying fish were too swift and large for it, but the dolphin would be successful.

The dolphin moved out too fast and too far for the old man, but he contented himself with the thought that he might pick up a stray dolphin for bait and that his big fish might be somewhere near.

The shore was now far off, "a long green line with the blue hills behind it." Santiago observed the water leisurely, watching his straight lines contentedly and happy to see so much plankton, which was a sign of the presence of fish. With disgust, he saw a deadly Portuguese man-of-war, recalling the welts and sores its poison had inflicted on him in the past. He regarded the beauty of its iridescent bubbles as "the falsest thing in the sea," and loved to see the big sea turtles eating the poisonous fish. He had affection for the elegance and speed of the turtles, though he was contemptuous of their stupidity.

When the old man looked up, he saw that the bird was circling again. As he watched, a small tuna broke the surface. Others appeared, chasing the bait fish, which were trapped in panic between the tuna and the bird. A bite tightened the line under Santiago's foot, and he hauled a ten-pound albacore aboard. It would make, he said aloud, "a beautiful bait."

Now, he reflected, it was no time to think of baseball, but only of that for which he had been born. There might be a big fish with the school of tuna. In the hot sun, he was tempted simply to drift and to sleep, but he resolved to "fish the day well."

PART THREE: SUCCESS

At that moment, one of his lines jerked. He knew that one hundred fathoms down a marlin was eating the sardines from the hook. Twice, the fish nibbled at the bait. The third time, the fish took the bait

securely, and the old man knew that he had hooked his fish. He prayed that the marlin would swallow the hook so that it would pierce his heart.

Santiago pulled on the line in order to lodge the hook firmly, but he could not move the fish, which began to pull the boat off slowly towards the north-west. Easing the tension on the line by bracing it against his back, Santiago was towed slowly and steadily by the fish. He thought that the strain would kill his prey, but four hours later the fish was still pulling the boat out to sea.

Land was no longer in sight. Santiago, the line still braced around his shoulders, "tried not to think but only to endure." All that night, the fish did not change direction. Santiago made himself a little more comfortable by squeezing a sack between his shoulders and the line. A stalemate had been reached: he could do nothing with the fish, and the fish could do nothing with him. He wished that he had the boy, Manolin, to help him.

During the night, he began to pity the great fish. He had never before hooked one that was so strong or behaved so strangely. The fish did not jump or rush suddenly; his fight had no panic in it. It had taken the bait like a male and it pulled like a male. He was reminded of the time he had hooked one of a pair of marlin. The female, feeding first, had been caught and pulled aboard. The male had stayed during his companion's struggles, leaping finally above the water, as though to see what had happened to his mate, before plunging into the depths. The experience had saddened both Manolin and himself.

The great fish and he, Santiago reflected, were united by their choice. The fish's choice had been to stay in deep water, "beyond all snares and traps and treacheries." Santiago's choice had been to go and find him "beyond all people." Now, no one could help either of them.

Some time before daylight, he decided to cut his bait lines and join them to his reserve coils. It was difficult work in the dark, and once the great fish gave a sudden lurch which pulled Santiago down and caused him to cut his face. He wondered why the fish had lurched so suddenly. Certainly, he reflected, the fish's back could not feel so bad as his own. He expressed his resolution aloud: "I'll stay with you until I am dead."

At daylight, Santiago realized that the fish was not tiring. The only favorable sign was that he seemed to be swimming less deeply, but the old man still could not increase the tension on the line. He was comforted temporarily by the presence of a small bird which perched on the line. He talked to the bird in order to take his mind off the pain in his back, which was stiffening with the strain of holding the line.

Suddenly, the great fish lurched again, and the bird flew off. Santiago was pulled down into the bow, and he cut his right hand on the rope. The fish, he concluded, was also feeling pain. Still longing for

the company of the boy, he was annoyed at his own carelessness in injuring his working hand. He resolved to pay attention to his work and to keep up his strength by eating some of the tuna he had caught earlier. He prepared his food with difficulty, noticing that his left hand had suffered cramp. As he ate, he wished that he could feed the great fish. It was his brother. But he must kill it.

As he tried to work out the cramp in his left hand, Santiago looked across the sea and now understood his solitude. He thought of how some men feared being out of sight of land in a small boat. They were right to feel so in months of sudden bad weather, but in these months the weather was good. "Better weather for me than for you, fish," he observed.

Suddenly, the line slanted slowly upwards as the fish came to the surface. The old man then knew the extent of his plight. Without help and far from land, he had hooked a fish that was bigger than any he had ever seen or heard of, and his left hand was still gripped by cramp. As smoothly as it had appeared, the fish re-entered the water. The old man was thankful that it began again to pull on the line without panic, and did not undertake desperate measures for escape. Thank God, he thought, that fish are not as intelligent as the men who kill them.

At noon, his left hand was uncramped. Although not religious, he began to say his prayers. With his prayers said, he felt a little better, though he was suffering as much, and perhaps a little more.

He was determined to kill the fish, in spite of its greatness and glory, to show it "what a man can do and what a man endures." Besides, he must prove to Manolin that he was indeed a "strange old man," for the "thousand times he had proved it meant nothing."

As the afternoon wore on, Santiago felt very tired. He thought of the baseball games, and determined to be worthy of the great DiMaggio, "who does all things perfectly even with the pain of the bone spur in his heel."

As the sun set, he recalled, to give himself more confidence, the time in Casablanca that he had arm-wrestled with a great black man from Cienfuegos. The match had lasted from Sunday morning until Monday morning, causing blood to come from under the fingernails of both men. Santiago had triumphed, but afterwards he had had few matches and then no more, for he decided that "he could beat anyone if he wanted to badly enough" and "it was bad for his right hand for fishing."

As an airplane passed overhead, he wished that he could see the sea from that height. Then he would truly be able to see the purple backs and purple stripes or spots of the dolphin.

Just before dark, the small line that he had passed over the stern for food hooked a dolphin. He pulled the golden mammal into the boat and decided to gut it later in order to save the blood in the meat. Santiago perceived that the movement of the great fish had

slowed perceptibly. He felt he had gained on it. Though the pain in his back "had almost passed pain and gone into a dullness that he mistrusted," his right hand was only slightly cut, his left hand was no longer cramped and, unlike the fish, he had been able to eat.

In the darkness, he felt sorry for the great fish, though that did not lessen his determination to kill it. Yet, he thought, because of its dignity there was no one worthy of eating it.

Santiago knew that he must sleep if he was to keep a clear head, but he was reluctant to do so, in case the fish made a sudden movement. He inched his way towards the stern and gutted the dolphin he had caught. Returning to the bow, he ate the unappealing raw meat and decided to sleep.

His dreams were interrupted by the sudden jumping of the fish, whose movement pulled the old man heavily against the bow. The pulling on the line cut his left hand. In the first light before sunrise, Santiago saw that the fish had changed direction and was now heading eastwards with the current. He concluded that it was beginning to tire, and he began to wait for it to circle.

Then the great fish began to circle, thrusting now and then with its spear at the wire leader on the line. With each turn, Santiago was able to pull in more line. At last he saw the fish turn a little on its side in response to a pull on the line. Exhausted, Santiago struggled to turn the fish over. Time and again he failed. Finally, taking "all his pain and what was left of his strength and his long-gone pride," he was able to turn the fish on its side as it glided close to the boat. Quickly, the old man stood on the line, lifted his harpoon as high as he could, and drove the iron into the fish. It lurched into the air, "showing all his great length and width and all his power and his beauty," and crashed on its back into the ocean. With his head in his hands, Santiago reflected on the work he must do to bring his catch to shore.

PART FOUR: TRAGEDY IN TRIUMPH

Santiago knew that the fish was too big to bring into the boat. Therefore, he lashed it securely to the side and prepared to return to the harbor. To give himself strength, he ate small shrimps from the yellow Gulf weed that floated by, and drank half of one of the two drinks of water he still had left in his bottle.

The skiff sailed well, in spite of the attached weight. Towards the end of his battle, when he had been feeling so badly, it had all seemed like a dream. Now, by looking at the fish and at his cut hands and by the feel of his back, he knew it had truly happened.

As he sailed, his head started to become a little unclear. With the fish alongside the boat, he was not sure whether he was bringing the fish in, or whether it was bringing him in. Of one thing he was sure: "I am only better than him through trickery and he meant me no harm."

The first shark struck an hour later, attracted by the spilled blood

of the fish. Feeling helpless, Santiago prepared his harpoon to battle the marauder. As the shark tore into the dead fish, the old man pierced the attacker's brain with the harpoon. The shark was killed, but not before it had torn forty pounds of meat from the great fish. Santiago felt as though he himself had been hit.

It had, he thought, been too good to last. He wished that he were at home and had never hooked the fish, but he comforted himself with the thought that "man is not made for defeat."

His own thoughts and baseball were all he had left. He knew now that his task was hopeless. When he reached the inner currents, there would be other sharks. However, he decided, it was a sin to be without hope, though he did not really understand sin. Perhaps he had committed a sin in killing the fish. Yet, it seemed to be part of his destiny and the destiny of the fish. Moreover, he had loved, and still loved, the fish. Perhaps that meant that his act was not a sin. Nevertheless, he reflected, he had enjoyed killing the shark, for he had killed it well.

After two hours, he saw two more sharks. He prepared for the coming battle by taking up an oar to which he had lashed his knife, for the shark he had killed had disappeared into the sea with his harpoon. The struggle with these sharks proved more difficult than his encounter with the first. One of them attacked from under the skiff, forcing Santiago to bring the boat around in order to reach the attacker. The old man killed both of them, but not before they had ripped away one quarter of the great fish. Everything now felt wrong, and he wished that it had all been a dream. "I shouldn't have gone out so far, fish," he observed.

There was nothing left to do but rest and try to get his bleeding hands ready for the next battle. The next attacker was a single shovel-nose. Santiago killed it, but snapped his knife in the process. His only remaining weapons were the gaff, the two oars, the tiller and a short club. He knew that the sharks had beaten him, but he decided to fight as long as he had weapons. Two more sharks appeared to attack the fish. They were successful in tearing at its flesh, and Santiago was only able to drive them off. Now, he did not want to look at the great fish, for he knew that half of it had been destroyed. He expressed his feelings aloud to the fish: "Fish that you were. I am sorry that I went out too far. I ruined us both."

Around ten o'clock at night, he saw the reflected glare of the lights of Havana. By midnight, he was fighting again, and this time the struggle was truly hopeless. Sharks appeared in a pack and left only when nothing remained of the great fish.

Santiago knew then that he was truly beaten. He settled back, without thoughts or feelings, to bring the boat to the harbor. "It is easy," he thought, "when you are beaten. I never knew how easy it was." Nothing had really beaten him, he concluded; he had simply gone out too far.

PART FIVE: EPILOGUE

When the old man sailed into the harbor, everyone was in bed. He dragged the boat on shore and shouldered the mast. With deep tiredness he began his climb home. He climbed and fell under the weight and rested until he reached his shack. Once there, he took a drink of water and threw himself down to sleep, "his arms straight out and the palms of his hands up."

Manolin came next morning before Santiago was awake and wept at the sight of the fisherman's injured hands. He left to bring coffee.

At the harbor, many fishermen were examining the remains of the old man's catch. One of them declared that it was eighteen feet long. Crying, the boy went for coffee. The proprietor of the Terrace stated that there had never been such a fish. Manolin's only concern was that they should not bother Santiago.

When Santiago awoke, the boy forbade him to sit up and gave him coffee. The old man declared he had been beaten, but Manolin hastened to point out that the fish had not beaten him. The boy began to make plans for future fishing and announced that, in spite of his family, he would sail with Santiago. As Manolin left to obtain food and newspapers, he was crying again.

That afternoon, a woman from a party of tourists stared without comprehension at the spine of the great fish, and asked a waiter what it was. "Sharks," he replied, meaning to explain what had happened. Her response was that she did not know that sharks had such handsome tails.

At the shack, Santiago slept, dreaming about lions, while the boy sat by him.

Character Sketches

The Old Man and the Sea is an unusual book for a number of reasons. To begin with, the spare style has a cadence and rhythm which is distinctly recognizable as Hemingway's. Further, the nature of the narrative itself is distinctive, for what is essentially a simple story of a fisherman confronted by a formidable adversary, the sea, becomes a tale of universal significance, in which the opponents are Man and Life. However, the book is unusual too in the characterizations which it offers. There are few characters in the novel. The old man, Santiago, is the central figure. Beyond him, only the boy, Manolin, emerges with any clarity or detail. Apart from those two, the other people in the novel stand in the shadows—vague, insubstantial figures who do not share in the dominant conflict. There is, for example, Martin, the compassionate and charitable owner of the Terrace who responds sympathetically to the boy's pleas for the old man; a fisherman, Pedrico, known only by his name and the fact that he is to get the head of the great marlin; a waiter at the Terrace; and a male and female tourist

who are only idly interested in what has happened. As a result, the focus upon Manolin and, to an even greater extent, upon Santiago is of crucial importance in understanding the novel.

Santiago

On the surface, the portrait of Santiago, the old man of the title, is simple and straightforward. Santiago is a poor peasant fisherman, "thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck." His body bears the marks of his trade. For example, the skin of his face bears brown blotches, caused by the burning reflection of the sun's rays upon the tropical sea. In addition, his hands reveal "deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords." Everything about him, except his eyes, testifies to his age. His poverty is equally evident. He lives in a shack made from palms and furnished with only three items of furniture—a bed, a table and a chair. At night, he rolls up his trousers to form a pillow, spreads old newspapers over the bedsprings, and covers himself with the only blanket he possesses. So poor is he that his shirt has been patched and re-patched, so that it was "like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun." Not only is he too poor to afford a newspaper, he is too poor to buy food for himself or to purchase sardines for bait. It is little wonder, then, that the sail of his boat, "patched with flour sacks," resembled "the flag of permanent defeat." Such details, of course, arouse feelings of pathos for the old man. They enable us to enter sympathetically into his struggle, for that struggle is crucial for him. He does not fish for sport or amusement; fishing is his livelihood. Upon that work depends even the poverty-stricken existence that he leads. Furthermore, his age, too, makes the struggle a crucial one. He must engage in his desperate battle, not at the height of his physical powers, but at a time when the weaknesses of his body are acutely evident to him and at a time when physical ease and sleep are seductive attractions. However, though age and poverty are two aspects of Santiago which stimulate our sympathy for him in his experience, there is more, much more, in Santiago which is worthy of close examination. The simplicity, then, is deceptive, and the portrait is both complex and intriguing.

Suggestions of more complex significance emerge early in *The Old Man and the Sea*. They are subtly suggested by the opening words of the novel—"He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream . . ." There, the narrative focus is cinematic in technique. All of the details—the omission of the old man's name, the mention of fishing alone in a tiny boat, the connotations of the vastness of nature in the name of the Gulf Stream—give a picture as seen by a camera at long-distance. The focus creates the mood, in which the solitude, the smallness of man and the vastness of Nature are emphasized. Consequently, there are clues immediately that this story is, in a sense, not the story of one man and his struggle, but of Man and his struggle.

Other details emphasize in a similar fashion the universal significance of Santiago. For example, the scars on his hands are said to be "as old erosions in a fishless desert." Again, with this detail, the focus is important. When first mentioned, the scars are simply the marks left by years of handling heavy fish on the lines. With the addition of the desert simile, they become more than a detail adding to the believability of the portrait of a fisherman: they are linked with Nature and the timeless movements of its landscape. In a similar vein, the eyes of the old man suggest the epic proportions of his character. We are told that everything about the old man was old—except his eyes. His eyes are "the same color as the sea" and are "cheerful and undefeated." The first detail emphasizes once more the link between Santiago and Nature, extending further suggestions of a significance beyond the particular. The second detail adds heroic qualities to the portrait. In spite of failure, the old man is undefeated. He possesses, it is suggested, courage and resolution. These qualities are emphasized again before the old man sets out on his remarkable expedition, for we are told that "His hope and his confidence had never gone."

These suggestions of the significance of Santiago's personality are given early in the novel, and they are basic to an understanding of what follows. Yet, at that stage, they are little more than suggestions, the author's fragmentary hints of significance. The truly heroic proportions of the portrait emerge fully in the novel as a whole. These more complex aspects of Santiago are the subject of the analysis which follows.

Most obvious is Santiago's *pride in his craft*. To him, fishing is not simply a job, an unpleasant task which he must perform in order to exist. His fishing is his vocation. By his own confession, fishing is "the thing that I was born for." Thus, though a champion at arm-wrestling, he has given up this idle amusement because "it was bad for his right hand for fishing." His lot as a fisherman is a destiny he has accepted with pride, as he makes clear on his perilous journey back to the harbor with his great catch:

. . . Perhaps it was a sin to kill the fish. I suppose it was even though I did it to keep me alive and feed many people. But then everything is a sin. Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it. *You were born to be a fisherman as the fish was born to be a fish.* San Pedro was a fisherman as was the father of the great DiMaggio.

But he liked to think about all things that he was involved in and since there was nothing to read and he did not have a radio, he thought much and he kept on thinking about sin. You did not kill the fish only to keep alive and to sell for

food, he thought. *You killed him for pride and because you are a fisherman. . . .* [Italics added]

That is not to say that Santiago is supreme at his craft. He refuses to accept Manolin's praise that he is "the best fisherman." However, significantly, he does happily accept the boy's amended judgment: "There are many good fishermen and some great ones. But there is only you." The distinction is important to an understanding of Santiago. He does possess skill and expertise. He knows many tricks. Indeed, as he thinks of the marlin he has caught, he declares, "I am only better than him through trickery. . . ." What distinguishes Santiago is his pride in the ritual of his craft. His work must be performed according to a certain form. Thus, not only is the result of his activity important, but also the manner of its accomplishment. This concept helps to explain Santiago's pride in the precise, ritualistic way in which he sets his lines:

. . . He looked down into the water and watched the lines that went straight down into the dark of the water. He kept them straighter than anyone did, so that at each level in the darkness of the stream there would be a bait waiting at exactly where he wished it to be for any fish that swam there. Others let them drift with the current and sometimes they were at sixty fathoms when the fishermen thought they were at a hundred.

But, he thought, I keep them with precision. Only I have no luck anymore. But who knows? Maybe today. Every day is a new day. It is better to be lucky. But I would rather be exact. Then when luck comes you are ready.

The precision is the expression of Santiago's integrity as a fisherman. It is a ritual to which he must adhere. It is a code of conduct which is the deepest expression of his manhood. Faced with a capricious ocean and creatures of the deep that are more powerful than he, man can only bring to bear all the resources of his intelligence and artistry. This helps to explain Santiago's preoccupation with the concept of dignity. He is impatient, for example, with the cramp in his left hand, not because it hampers him in his struggle, but because it is "unworthy of it to be cramped." Further, he admires the great marlin as an adversary. The marlin's power and endurance are not the only qualities which evoke that admiration. More important is the manner in which the marlin has fought. It proved its own worth as a creature in the way in which it performed its appointed task. It, too, had observed the ritual; it, too, had expressed the dignity of the expected code in action. From that sprang Santiago's admiration:

Then he was sorry for the great fish that had nothing to eat and his determination to kill him never relaxed in his sorrow for him. How many people will he feed, he thought. But are they worthy to eat him? No, of course not. There is no one worthy of eating him from the manner of his behavior and his great dignity.

This sense of the dignity of the ritual also illuminates Santiago's sorrow after the sharks had torn the body of the great marlin. He is not sorrowed by the loss of his catch so much as he is sorrowed by the indignity inflicted upon a once noble creature. The sharks had made "everything wrong." Such is his sorrow at the affront suffered by his former opponent that he "did not want to look at the fish," because "He knew that half of him had been destroyed." His only consolation lies in the thought of the magnificent battle the marlin might have waged with the sharks, had it been alive:

He could not talk to the fish anymore because the fish had been ruined too badly. Then something came into his head.

'Half fish,' he said. 'Fish that you were. I am sorry that I went too far out. I ruined us both. But we have killed many sharks, you and I, and ruined many others. How many did you ever kill, old fish? You do not have that spear on your head for nothing.'

He liked to think of the fish and what he could do to a shark if he were swimming free. I should have chopped the bill off to fight them with, he thought. But there was no hatchet and then there was no knife.

But if I had, and could have lashed it to an oar butt, what a weapon. Then we might have fought them together.

Precision and dignity, then, are important elements in Santiago's pride. Consequently, that pride must not be confused with empty vanity. The old man is not vain. He does not regard himself as "the best fisherman." For example, pulled helplessly by the marlin, he admits frankly his "lack of preparation." Indeed, not only does he lack vanity, but he recognizes, without self-consciousness, that he possesses humility: "He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride." The "true pride" in his craft is more than a recognition of his own skill; it is the expression of what he is, the expression of his manhood. He is what he is, "a strange old man," and his pride in his craft moves him to demonstrate, through his craft, his uniqueness:

... But I will show him what a man can do and what a man endures.

"I told the boy I was a strange old man" he said. "Now is when I must prove it."

The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it.

In the light of this concept of pride, Santiago's admiration for the baseball player, Joe DiMaggio, becomes comprehensible. In his own way, Santiago sees a bond, a kinship, between himself and DiMaggio. Just as the old man was not "the best fisherman," so DiMaggio was not the best baseball player. But he was a champion and, like the old man, took pride in his craft. He was a team player whose presence "made the difference." The old man acknowledges that Dick Sisler could hit great drives, and Manolin agrees that there was "nothing ever like them," but DiMaggio was DiMaggio, and could be counted upon to contribute all that he had to the game. So, too, the old fisherman expresses in his craft all of the qualities that make him what he is as an old man. He is not "the best"—but he is Santiago. Consequently, Santiago wishes to emulate DiMaggio, not in his accomplishments or his fame, but in his integrity in what he does. Thus, in his encounter with the marlin, the old man declares that he "must be worthy of the great DiMaggio who does all things perfectly even with the pain of the bone spur in his heel." Later, when he has triumphed over the marlin, his thought is that "the great DiMaggio would be proud of me today." Finally, after the first shark has struck the marlin and Santiago has killed the marauder, he is content that he has done what he could and done it well. No more could be expected. The ritual has been performed as it should be; his expertise has expressed his manhood. At that point, his thoughts turn once more to DiMaggio:

But I must think, he thought. Because it is all I have left. That and baseball. I wonder how the great DiMaggio would have liked the way I hit him in the brain? It was no great thing, he thought. Any man could do it. But do you think my hands were as great a handicap as the bone spurs?

DiMaggio, then, is an image for all the rightful pride that belongs to a man as a man. The pride is the sense of integrity and wholeness gained from doing things well and in a manner appropriate to the craft. This pride is one of the most important characteristics which distinguishes Santiago. It transforms him, so that he is not simply a poor Cuban fisherman facing adversity; he becomes all men who, with dignity and integrity, do what they must in the face of life's ironies.

A second aspect of Santiago's personality is his *compassion*. The

quality of that compassion is seen almost as soon as the old man begins his voyage. As he rows in the darkness, he reflects on the birds which fly over the ocean:

... He was sorry for the birds, especially the small delicate dark terns that were always flying and looking and almost never finding, and he thought, the birds have a harder life than we do except for the robber birds and the heavy strong ones. 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.

The compassion is evidently not mere emotionalism; it is not a naïve sentimentality. It is based upon a genuine sense of brotherhood, in which it is seen clearly and vividly that all creatures, both man and beast, are placed in a universe in which triumphs are won only with difficulty and in which the best one can do is to struggle with the handicaps that are an integral part of one's being. That is why Santiago is able to reflect upon the nature of the ocean without feeling hostility. The sea is what it was created to be. Its capriciousness is simply the fulfilment of its nature and is not to be resented or regarded negatively. Thus, while some of the fishermen spoke of the sea as *el mar*, with the use of the masculine article expressing their view of it as "a contestant or a place or even an enemy," Santiago always thought of the sea as *la mar*, "which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her." He is thus able to accept the sea for what she is, without bitterness or hostility:

... But the old man always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favors, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them. The moon affects her as it does a woman, he thought.

The universe is as it was meant to be, and all that creatures can do is to fulfil their ordained function. At its best, this realization results in a compassionate sense of brotherhood, seen very clearly in the old man's talk to a small bird which visits his skiff:

A small bird came towards the skiff from the north. He was a warbler and flying very low over the water. The old man could see that he was very tired.

The bird made the stern of the boat and rested there. Then he flew around the old man's head and rested on the

where he was more comfortable. "How old are you?" the old man asked the bird. "Is this your first trip?"

The bird looked at him when he spoke. He was too tired even to examine the line and he teetered on it as his delicate feet gripped it fast.

"It's steady," the old man told him. "It's too steady. You shouldn't be that tired after a windless night. What are birds coming to?"

The hawks, he thought, that come out to sea to meet them. But he said nothing of this to the bird who could not understand him anyway and who would learn about the hawks soon enough.

"Take a good rest, small bird," he said. "Then go in and take your chance like any man or bird or fish."

It encouraged him to talk because his back had stiffened in the night and it hurt truly now.

"Stay at my house if you like, bird," he said. "I am sorry that I cannot hoist the sail and take you in with the small breeze that is rising. But I am with a friend."

Here, Santiago accepts the small bird as part of the universe, viewing its struggle for survival as being no less significant than his own. Man, bird and fish are alike in having to take their chances. Hence, there is no scorn for the bird in its fragility, nor is there unfeeling indifference. Santiago and the bird are part of the brotherhood of all creation, and the fisherman accepts that bond with naturalness, kindness and grace.

That same compassionate sense of brotherhood dominates Santiago's relationship with the great marlin which he pursues. As he remarks to the small bird, in his contest with the marlin he feels that he is "with a friend." That does not mean that he can forsake his stalking of the fish. Both must fulfil their destiny. The fisherman must pursue and the fish must evade his pursuer. Santiago will kill the marlin, but that does not diminish his love or his respect for it: "Fish," he said, "I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends." This love and respect is evident throughout the hunt, and the bond between the hunter and the hunted, between the fisherman and the fish, is remarkable and moving. For this reason, Santiago sees them as being united in their suffering: "You're feeling it now, fish," he said. "And so, God knows, am I." Later, when the first shark tears forty pounds of flesh from the marlin, Santiago deeply feels the outrage visited upon his fish: "it . . . was as though he himself were hit." When the incident is over, the fisherman reaches over the side of the skiff, cuts a piece of meat from the marlin and eats it. The act is not without meaning, for it expresses in the deepest possible way his communion with the fish. They are one, just as Jesus of Nazareth expres-

sed his oneness with his disciples by offering them, before his death, bread and wine as the symbols of his body and his blood.

In part, this compassionate feeling of the unity of all creatures is an expression of Santiago's *reverence*. He is not, in a formal sense, a religious man. The religious pictures in his shack are "relics of his wife." He is forthright in his statement of the truth: "I am not religious." When Santiago mentions God, as he does frequently, the references are little more than uses of the name: "Thank God he is travelling and not going down;" "God let him jump;" "You're feeling it now, fish," he said. "And so, God knows, am I;" "If sharks come, God pity him and me;" "But God knows he has had enough chances to learn;" "God knows how much that last one took." His attitude towards formal religion is best understood in a passage which occurs in the midst of his trial:

"I am not religious," he said. "But I will say ten Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys that I should catch this fish, and I promise to make a pilgrimage to the Virgin of Cobre if I catch him. That is a promise."

He commenced to say his prayers mechanically. Sometimes he would be so tired that he could not remember the prayer and then he would say them fast so that they would come automatically. Hail Marys are easier to say than Our Fathers, he thought.

"Hail Mary full of Grace the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen." Then he added, "Blessed Virgin, pray for the death of this fish. Wonderful though he is."

With his prayers said, and feeling much better, but suffering exactly as much, and perhaps a little more, he leaned against the wood of the bow and began, mechanically, to work the fingers of his left hand.

The attitude illustrated here is assuredly not that of a man who is religious in a formal sense. The prayers are said "mechanically" and quickly, "so that they would come automatically." Further, in the midst of his religious feeling, Santiago does not lose sight of the practical. He finds Hail Marys easier to say than Our Fathers. When his prayers are finished, he recognizes his situation as being unchanged; he is suffering "exactly as much, and perhaps a little more." At the close of the incident, he does not omit practical activity, for he begins to work the fingers of his left hand. Moreover, the bargain he makes with God, should he get the fish, is no more than a conventional response to acute need; it does not necessarily denote any special kind of religious

feeling. Thus, while Santiago certainly does not deny God, equally certainly, he cannot be regarded as pious in an orthodox fashion.

For this reason, "reverence" has been chosen as the word which might best describe his response to the universe. In fact, his attitude is, startlingly, reminiscent of the attitude of Jesus of Nazareth in some respects. There is, of course, a large measure of difference between the two. To Santiago, God seems to be little more than a name, whereas to Jesus, God was Father. In addition, to Jesus, man's paramount duty was to the service of God, whereas Santiago seems to view his duty as a commitment to the true expression of his own being. However, in their response to the life around them, Santiago and Jesus of Nazareth would seem to be like spirits. Both expressed a deep reverence for life. With both Jesus and Santiago, that reverence expresses itself most often in the word 'love'. Thus, Santiago loves the ocean, in spite of its moods. To Santiago, the sea is *la mar*, "which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her." His thoughts of the turtles reflect the same love:

He had no mysticism about turtles although he had gone in turtle boats for many years. He was sorry for them all, even the great trunk-backs that were as long as the skiff and weighed a ton. Most people are heartless about turtles because a turtle's heart will beat for hours after he has been cut up and butchered. But the old man thought, I have such a heart too and my feet and hands are like theirs.

In a similar vein, he regards the great marlin as a brother, and not as an enemy. Even his love for Manolin is deepened by the contest he endures. After the first shark has made its assault upon the marlin, Santiago's thoughts turn once more to the boy: "The boy keeps me alive, he thought. I must not deceive myself too much." The love which Santiago feels is actually the same love of which Coleridge's ancient mariner learned only after an experience in which he came close to death. Coleridge's mariner expressed his lesson simply:

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

When the mariner began his fateful voyage, this wisdom was not part of his experience. He revealed his egotism in the thoughtless, senseless and unjustified act of killing the harmless albatross which followed their ship. As a man, he had asserted an arrogant supremacy which was not rightfully his. Only when he was surrounded by death, with the ship becalmed on a stagnant, tropical ocean, could he find within himself the impulse to give thanks for all life. From that experience came the wisdom of love. In contrast, Santiago embodies the

wisdom of love from the beginning. That love dominated his hunt of the marlin, a hunt that was undertaken with a reverential respect for the pursued creature. The same reverence is evident in all aspects of the old man's life—in his attitude towards his craft, in his respect for the great DiMaggio, and in his communion with the other creatures he encounters on his voyage.

Santiago is a memorable figure, possessing admirable qualities. He bears his poverty nobly and with dignity, even though he seems to be unaware of the irony in his advice to the young boy—" . . . I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg."—and allows the young boy to provide for him. He does not lose his integrity. He is a figure the reader can trust, for he is honest and spontaneous in his responses. It is thus fitting that the only creature which disgusts him is the Portuguese man-of-war. He is sensitive to the fish's beauty as he observes its iridescent bubbles, but he knows its true nature. It is "the falsest thing in the sea." Its very nature is deceptive. That quality is obviously one which the old fisherman detests. For his own nature is whole. He is what he is, and his actions express his being. Above all, he does not want to "fail himself." He may fail in his task, but he must not fail himself as a man. With this integrity, he may be beaten and he may be destroyed, but he will not be defeated. To the last, he will express his manhood, not in a physical sense only, but also spiritually.

For this reason, other aspects of Santiago are secondary to the heroic proportions of his integrity. His simplicity, his honesty, his humility, his skill at his craft, his joy in simple pleasures, his loyalty—all of these admirable qualities serve only to highlight the central integrity of the man. That integrity is made up of pride, compassion and love. As a result, the figure which emerges has heroic proportions and his struggle becomes epic in dimensions. As Clinton S. Burhans Jr. observed, ". . . Santiago represents a noble and tragic individualism revealing what man can do in an indifferent universe which defeats him, and the love he can feel for such a universe and his humility before it."

In part, the epic quality of the portrait of Santiago finds substance in the religious imagery associated with the old man. His name is derived from the Spanish form for St. James, who was one of the twelve disciples chosen by Jesus of Nazareth. Like Santiago, James was also a fisherman, born to his calling, for his father was also a fisherman. In addition, St. James seems to have been, with Peter and John, one of the apostles who were on terms of special intimacy with Jesus. The religious connotations do not stop there, however. There are even suggestions in the portrait of Santiago of a parallel between the old man and Jesus Himself. For example, like Jesus, Santiago is a fisherman and a teacher, with Manolin as his faithful disciple. Like Jesus, the old man embodies the quality of humility. Like Jesus, he knows the pain of torn hands and a back lashed by suffering. Again, like Jesus, in the

hour of his greatest suffering he feels a pain akin to that experienced when nails are driven through hands. Like Jesus, Santiago's hour of testing begins on noon of the first day and ends on noon of the third day. Santiago is further reminiscent of Jesus towards the end of the novel, when he wearily shoulders the cross-like mast and stumbles agonizingly home to his shack. Finally, as the old man flings himself upon his bed in exhaustion, he lies in a crucifixion attitude, his arms stretched out and the palms of his hands facing up. The parallels are striking.

That is not to say, of course, that there is an exact identification of Santiago with Jesus, or that the old man is meant to present the definitive portrait of a religious man. Rather, the religious parallels add to the epic dimensions of the characterization. On the one hand, the parallels underline the significance of what happens, setting the events against a background of larger, crucial meaning. On the other hand, the parallels emphasize the allegorical aspects of Santiago. He becomes more than an old fisherman gambling desperately on a grand venture. He becomes all men who, with dedication, nobility and courage, meet life frankly and steadily and impressively.

Manolin

The reader learns little of the boy, Manolin, in terms of concrete detail. We know that he has customarily been Santiago's companion in fishing. Their association began very early, when Manolin was only five years of age. In spite of the old man's months of bad luck, the bond between them has not been weakened. True, Manolin no longer sails with the old man, but the boy has not deserted his master willingly. Manolin's father, who does not share his son's faith in Santiago, has forced the boy to fish with a luckier boat. But the bond between the two is still strong and close. Thus, Manolin felt Santiago's lack of success keenly: "It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast." Further, Manolin tends constantly to the old man's needs. When Santiago returns from fishing, the boy brings him a supper of stew, black beans, rice and fried bananas, which he has obtained from Martin, the owner of the Terrace. He also obtains sardines for bait. His respectful care of Santiago is plainly evident:

Where did you wash? the boy thought. The village water supply was two streets down the road. I must have water here for him, the boy thought, and soap and a good towel. Why am I so thoughtless? I must get him another shirt and a jacket for the winter and some sort of shoes and another blanket.

His care does not weaken. When Santiago is to set out on his fate-

ful expedition, Manolin insists that the old man should wake him in the morning, so that he can assist in carrying the fishing gear to the boat. In the end, when Santiago returns home, exhausted after his harrowing experience on the ocean, beaten once more though not defeated, the boy's regard for the old man is not diminished. He attends to Santiago's needs at once. He brings hot coffee and borrows wood for a fire. At that point, he shares enthusiastically in the fisherman's plans for the future and, typically, runs off for food, a clean shirt and the newspapers.

In his relationship with Santiago, Manolin proves himself to be a boy of unusual and striking qualities for one his age. His sensitivity, his compassion and his practical thoughtfulness are characteristics which make his personality both charming and attractive for the reader.

However, the relationship does more than simply add aspects of tenderness and selflessness to the novel. The character of Manolin makes two major contributions to the novel.

In the first place, Manolin underlines the religious imagery of *The Old Man and the Sea*. He is not simply a boy who happens to be fond of an old man and, in the unselfishness of youth, provides for his companion's needs. The relationship between the two is presented in clearly religious terms. Santiago is the master, and Manolin is his disciple. The bond between them, apart from the obvious affection, is that of teacher and student. For example, Santiago is the one who initiated the boy into the mystery of the craft of fishing. Neither word, "initiated" or "mystery," is too strong to use in this context. When Manolin recalls his first expedition with the old man, his words become almost a chant, in which the sights, sounds and smells of that first time are experienced again:

I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me.

There is more here than the picture of a boy learning the routine of a job. It is a picture of a spirit captured in its totality. Manolin speaks with the conviction and vigor of the convert. Like the convert, he has experienced his moment of joyous revelation and can re-live it at will. In that moment, he gained more than information, more than knowledge; he became a fisherman, with all that that means in relation to Santiago. Thus, when the old man asks him, "Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?" Manolin is able to speak from personal knowledge: "I remember everything from when we

first went together." For what they share is much more than a particular skill. It is—significantly—a faith. In contrast, Manolin's father, we are told, "hasn't much faith;" he has ordered his son to fish with a luckier boat. In this regard, Manolin's insight is remarkable. He is able to share an experience that many who are older can not. This is true even of other fishermen, who are seemingly of two kinds. There are those who would appear to be familiar with fishing as a craft which involves not only skill but also a man's destiny, and those who, like Manolin's father, are insensitive to the mystery. This suggestion reveals itself when Manolin and Santiago go to the Terrace to sit with the other fishermen:

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen.

The contrast between the two groups of fishermen is vivid, and seems to suggest that the more compassionate fishermen are older and—no less important—wiser. It is as though for some, fishing has brought not only initiation into a skill, but also initiation into a view of life. Like Santiago, they have become aware, perhaps, of "The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." (*Hamlet*) In pitting their resources against Nature, they have, perhaps, heard what Wordsworth described as "the still sad music of humanity." As a result, they are not prepared to mock another's misfortune; their awareness of life's ups and downs prevents such behavior. Remarkably, Manolin appears, at a tender age, to share that knowledge. That is part of his bond with Santiago. That is perhaps why he weeps at the old man's misfortune. He sees in what has happened more than just one more example of bad luck. He sees more than torn hands and a body racked by torturing exhaustion. He sees a parable of the human predicament unfolded before him and knows, with Santiago, that a man can only do what he must. He weeps, then, for joy at the glory of human tenacity, and he weeps for sorrow at the suffering a man must endure in the universe which is his home.

That is not simply the knowledge of the apprentice. It is the faith of the disciple whose master has initiated him into the mystery. Manolin's role is an integral part of the religious imagery of *The Old Man and the Sea*.

In the second place, the figure of Manolin makes an important contribution to the structure of the novel. Though he actually appears only in the prologue and the epilogue to the main story, he is never really absent from the narrative. During the time of Santiago's solitude

upon the ocean, Manolin is referred to seven times. The references, of course, are not accidental. Examination of them helps in assessing the boy's contribution in structural terms.

1. The boy had given him two fresh small tunas, or albacores, which hung on the two deepest lines like plummets and, on the others, he had a big blue runner and a yellow jack that had been used before; but they were in good condition and had the excellent sardines to give them scent and attractiveness.

This passage, occurring at the beginning of the old man's voyage, is acknowledgement of the boy's contribution to the expedition. He has provided the important bait. Santiago does have some bait of his own—the blue runner and the yellow jack—but that bait is refreshed, as it were, by the boy's sardines. Moreover, the important bait, hung on the deepest lines, is the tuna, again given by Manolin. It is important bait because it is fresh.

There may be metaphorical implications in this passage, in that the boy's contribution to the voyage may be symbolic of his contribution to the life of the old man. Just as Manolin's bait brings the important quality of freshness to what the old man possesses, so he freshens the life of the old man. His youth feeds and revitalizes the old man's age. That is something which has happened already in the novel, as we can see from the conversation between the two. As they discuss the next day's voyage, Manolin offers practical help: he will obtain sardines for bait. However, equally interesting is the effect which his youthful enthusiasm has upon Santiago:

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

"If you were my boy I'd take you out and gamble," he said. "But you are your father's and your mother's and you are in a lucky boat."

"May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too."

"I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box."

"Let me get four fresh ones."

"One," the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises.

Under the influence of the boy, Santiago's hope and confidence were "freshening." That is part of Manolin's function in the novel—the "freshening" of Santiago's age. Standing as it does at the

threshold of the great adventure, the passage quoted above is probably indicative of that role.

2. The fish moved steadily and they travelled slowly on the calm water. The other baits were still in the water but there was nothing to be done.

"I wish I had the boy," the old man said aloud. "I'm being towed by a fish and I'm the towing bitt . . ."

This reference to Manolin, as other passages will make clear, becomes characteristic of Santiago's struggle with the great fish. His statement, "I wish I had the boy," is, on one level, a practical and straightforward expression of his desire for help. Were the boy with him, the other bait lines could be severed and thus nothing would interfere with the contest at hand. But another element, beyond that of mere practical function, appears in this scene. After his mention of the boy, the passage seems to move in a more positive direction. Santiago's thoughts become more positive as he abandons the negative aspects of what is happening to him. He thinks of what he must do: "I must hold him all I can and give him line when he must have it." He recognizes fortunate circumstances: "Thank God he is travelling and not going down." He abandons thought of unfortunate things that might happen and concentrates on what he is able to do: "But I'll do something. There are plenty of things I can do." As though mirroring his new frame of mind, he settles the line solidly against his back and watches the fish.

Thoughts of the boy have obviously accomplished something. The old man has received "freshening." His resolution has been renewed. Thus, mention of the boy has been more than an act of wishful thinking. It has been a kind of invocation which has found a response.

3. . . . Then he thought, think of it always. Think of what you are doing. You must do nothing stupid.

Then he said aloud, "I wish I had the boy. To help me and to see this."

No one should be alone in their old age, he thought. But it is unavoidable. I must remember to eat the tuna before he spoils in order to keep strong. Remember, no matter how little you want to, that you must eat him in the morning. Remember, he said to himself.

This reference to Manolin occurs at a time when the old man's thoughts are beginning to wander. He had concluded, moments earlier, that the fish and he had reached an impasse in their struggle: "I can do nothing with him and he can do nothing with me, he thought." Then he begins to think of baseball and wishes he had a radio in order

to hear the latest scores. He becomes aware of his lack of concentration immediately. Thus, as though to revitalize himself once more, he invokes thoughts of Manolin. The effect is apparent at once. He becomes conscious of the problems of his age, and turns his mind to the practical consideration of eating in order to maintain his strength. Again, it would seem that an invocation has been uttered successfully, rather than mere wishful thinking being expressed with melancholy.

4. "I wish the boy was here," he said aloud and settled himself against the rounded planks of the bow and felt the strength of the great fish through the line he held across his shoulders moving steadily toward whatever he had chosen.

Again the placement of this remark is interesting. Santiago has just recalled an incident from the past in which Manolin and he had hooked the female of a pair of marlin. Both he and the boy had been moved by the faithfulness of the marlin's mate, which had lingered with the boat and finally "jumped high into the air beside the boat to see where the female fish was." The moment had brought sadness to both the man and the boy. Thus, Santiago's expression of his desire to have the boy with him is again more than a plea for help. It is an expression of the communion of feeling they share. Significantly, once the communion has been expressed, the old man settles once more to the task at hand, and the qualities of the great marlin seem to flow into the fisherman. He feels the strength of the fish through the line across his shoulders and he feels the steadiness of the creature in its movements. Santiago's strength would appear to be revived, and he is able to settle to his work with renewed steadiness.

Once more, it would seem, thoughts of Manolin have worked their magic. The invocation has succeeded again.

5. . . . How did I let the fish cut me with that one quick pull he made? I must be getting very stupid. Or perhaps I was looking at the small bird and thinking of him. Now I will pay attention to my work and then I must eat the tuna so that I will not have a failure of strength.

"I wish the boy were here and that I had some salt," he said aloud.

This moment occurs after Santiago's dialogue with the small bird. Reflecting on the bird's fragility in a hostile universe, in which danger and death are ever-present threats, he has again failed to concentrate on his contest with the marlin. Consequently, when the fish gives a sudden lurch, the fisherman is unprepared and cuts his hand on the line. The experience turns his mind to practical concerns. He must, he realizes, maintain his strength. He must eat. But in the same instant he

thinks of Manolin. The association of the boy with strength is inescapable. Manolin and strength are one. The association is confirmed by the words which follow: "I wish the boy were here and that I had some salt." The salt is needed to preserve and make more palatable the fish that the old man must eat to preserve his strength. It is, then, no accident that the boy and the salt are mentioned in the same breath. The salt takes on metaphorical connotations, indicative of the role which the boy plays. He is the source of strength, the seasoning for the old man's age, the means whereby Santiago is able to revive his flagging spirits and muster the resources of his weakening body.

Again, the reference to the boy is no vain utterance. It is the means by which Santiago is able to communicate with his source of strength and resolution.

6. If the boy were here he could rub it for me and loosen it down from the forearm, he thought. But it will loosen up.

This passage is probably best considered in conjunction with one which comes slightly later:

. . . But I will show him what a man can do and what a man endures.

"I told the boy I was a strange old man," he said. "Now is when I must prove it."

The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it.

The passages are alike in that neither is a direct invocation to the boy, as the foregoing passages were. Their effect, however, is similar to the incidents previously examined. In the first passage, Santiago is concerned about his cramped left hand. Were the boy in the boat, he could offer practical assistance; he could massage it and revive the circulation. The boy, of course, is not there, but the thought of him is effective enough. The old man is not dismayed. He is confident that his hand will loosen up and, later, warmed by the sun, his hand does lose its rigidity. Later still, when he needs to give consideration to his failing strength, it is thought of Manolin which brings him renewed resolve. He will prove himself for the boy. Each time, he declares, is a new time, and he is resolved to prove all that he has said to the boy.

Once more, the newness of strength that Manolin can bring to the old man's mind and body is vividly displayed. The refrain has been uttered again, if only in thought, and the energy of communion has flowed vigorously once more.

7. "I killed him in self-defense," the old man said aloud. "And I killed him well."

Besides, he thought, everything kills everything else in some way. Fishing kills me exactly as it keeps me alive. The boy keeps me alive, he thought. I must not deceive myself too much.

This passage is different in nature from the others. There is no incantation, no invocation of the spirit of the boy. It is a passage of direct and explicit acknowledgement. The boy, Santiago recognizes and admits, keeps him alive. There is no similar tribute elsewhere in the novel. This is the only occasion on which all that is unspoken between the man and the boy is uttered aloud. Their relationship, as we have seen, was built upon faith, and needed no words to express its quality. Now, alone upon the ocean, with his catch already torn by a shark, clearly aware of the hopelessness of encounters yet to come, Santiago utters the truth: "The boy keeps me alive."

The words surely express more than gratitude for Manolin's gifts of food and clothing and bait. They are an acknowledgement of all the strength that Manolin has contributed. His youth has fed the old man's age. His vigor—the splendid confidence and resolution of youth—has infused Santiago's body and spirit, warming the fires of his courage and his strength.

The invocations had done their work, and this final passage is Santiago's acknowledgement of that work.

Thus, it is clear that the relationship between Santiago and Manolin is an important aspect of the structure of *The Old Man and the Sea*. Manolin's role seems almost to create a small play in itself, which might be expressed schematically as follows:

ACT ONE: The Role Defined

ACT TWO: The Role in Action

ACT THREE: The Role Acknowledged

The figure of Manolin, then, is an important element in *The Old Man and the Sea*. It is true that the portrait is not particularized to any great extent. We learn little of Manolin as Manolin. There is an absence of those details which might make him a particular Cuban boy. His function would seem to be the significant thing about him. That function may be analyzed, according to the foregoing discussion, in the following way:

1. Manolin acts as a youthful reflection of the qualities of Santiago. He seems to share the same faith, the same humility, the same selflessness that are so strikingly portrayed in Santiago himself. Thus, the 'mirror image' helps Hemingway to emphasize the quality of life which the author is trying to portray in the old fisherman.

2. Manolin acts as a metaphor for all that is best in youth. The vigor and confidence and hopefulness shown by the boy are qualities which the old man knows to be important and which he seeks to revive in himself.

3. Manolin acts as an important ingredient in the religious context of the novel. As the earlier discussion of the character of Santiago has tried to make clear, that religious ingredient embodies more than orthodox concepts of religion. The old man is religious in the sense that he acts in accordance with a code of conduct which is clear and satisfying to him.

4. Manolin acts as an important element in the structural unity and tempo of the narrative. As the discussion has made clear, the boy is present—in spirit—at crucial moments in the narrative, and his 'presence' influences the action which ensues.

The Tourists

The tourists appear only briefly in the novel, and that appearance comes almost at the close of the book:

That afternoon there was a party of tourists at the Terrace and looking down in the water among the empty beer cans and dead barracudas a woman saw a great long white spine with a huge tail at the end that lifted and swung with the tide while the east wind blew a heavy steady sea outside the entrance to the harbor.

"What's that?" she asked a waiter and pointed to the long backbone of the great fish that was now just garbage waiting to go out with the tide.

"Tiburón," the waiter said. "Eshark." He was meaning to explain what had happened.

"I didn't know sharks had such handsome, beautifully formed tails."

"I didn't either," her male companion said.

Brief though it is, this scene involving the tourists holds significant interest. They are obviously of little interest in themselves. The man and the woman who speak are hardly differentiated from the group to which they belong. It is their attitude which holds significance. They are only casually interested in the spine of the great fish, and their curiosity is simply a fleeting impulse. They ask the waiter for an explanation, yet they give him little chance to explain his brief reply. Thus, they are left with faulty information and no understanding of the magnitude of what has happened.

The tourists are evidently symbolic figures. They symbolize the attitude of all men who are spectators of the human scene rather than participants in its activity. They see, but they see without understand-

ing. Only faintly curious, only passingly interested, only superficially observing, they have not been initiated into the mysteries that Santiago, Manolin and some of the older fisherman have apprehended. Tourists on vacation, they no doubt live life in tourist fashion, pecking at the surface of things without resolution, and never penetrating to the depths where mysteries are revealed.

Perhaps their attitude reflects the attitude of all people who live their lives ashore, who do not dare to grapple with the mysteries of life and death on the solitude of the ocean. The sea in literature is an ancient symbol for life, and men who launch out into the deep have frequently been portrayed as willing to grapple with the hidden meaning of human life. Hemingway seems to hint at this distinction between seafaring folk and the people of the shore in another passage in the novel, when Santiago, reflecting on the weather, says, "If there is a hurricane you always see the signs of it in the sky for days ahead, if you are at sea. They do not see it ashore because they do not know what to look for." The people ashore *do not know what to look for*. They are the blind; the seers are out upon the ocean.

Interestingly, Herman Melville, in *Moby Dick*, makes the same distinction between people of the shore and people of the sea. The sea, he suggests, does attract all men because of the lure of meaning, but only few dare to venture forth upon its waters:

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landsmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster—tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here? (Chapter I)

The picture is at once haunting and moving, for the people of the town represent all landsmen who vaguely discern possibilities of meaning, without being able to do anything to clutch it. Tied to the land, "pent up in lath and plaster," they can only yearn.

However, the plight of Hemingway's tourists is probably even worse. They do not yearn. They are blind, but are unconscious of their blindness. The mysteries are closed to them.

There are other characters in *The Old Man and the Sea*. However, they make no contribution in terms of meaning. Little more than names, and in some cases names only, they are on the periphery of

Santiago's life. For that reason, it is unnecessary to include them in this discussion of characters.

Structure

Commenting on the structure of *The Old Man and the Sea*, Dr. T. Goethals (*The Old Man and the Sea: A Critical Commentary*. New York: American R. D. M. Corp., 1965, p. 22) declares that the novel "contains a story—a story, note, not a plot. For, as E.M. Forster defined the difference many years ago, a plot requires an emphasis on causality, but a story is simply a 'narrative of events arranged in their time sequence.'" This judgment surely reflects a misreading of both E.M. Forster and *The Old Man and the Sea*.

Forster's distinction between narrative and plot is, of course, both useful and worthy. The distinction helps us to distinguish between the factual report and the artist's rendering of an event. There are stories in which the facts of events, the step-by-step unfolding of what happens, is the major interest. Most detective stories would fall into this category. They are intellectual puzzles, marvels of deductive logic, and the major interest focusses upon putting clues together successfully in order to discover the person responsible for a particular crime. Detective stories which have plot as well as narrative fall into a different category. For example, many of the books of Georges Simenon, with their emphasis upon human character and psychology, are more than detective stories; with plot, they become novels. They are not, then, merely a "narrative of events arranged in their time sequence." Thus, whenever bare narrative becomes only one element and the writer begins to occupy himself and his readers in deeper concerns—the irony of human existence, the complexity of human emotions, the resources of strength and weakness in human nature—what Forster calls "plot" is born.

Hence, to dismiss *The Old Man and the Sea* as story rather than plot is to do serious injustice to Hemingway's work. *The Old Man and the Sea* has a very carefully fashioned plot structure which helps to illuminate what Hemingway is endeavoring to say.

Dramatic Structure

The most obvious structural element in the novel is the dramatic structure. The narrative is carefully designed as a kind of drama in three acts.

The opening act is really a prologue, which sets forth the character of the central figure. Thus, there are only two characters in this section, Manolin and Santiago. The boy is used as a mirror to reflect the important qualities in the old man. Through their relationship, we gain insight into the qualities of character and the habits of mind of Santiago.

The second 'act' forms the bulk of Hemingway's drama. In this section, the main elements of the narrative are the hooking of the marlin, the chase, the capture, and the attacks by the sharks. Careful reading will reveal that this part of the drama has a skilfully woven texture. The narrative has rhythms which are created by a subtle weaving of action, meditation and recollection. Its dramatic unity is derived from a number of minor structural elements: Santiago's overriding determination to bring the fish home to port; the careful fixing of the time at each stage; the description of the old man's precise manoeuvres at critical moments in the battle; the shrewdly calculated appearances of various ocean 'characters'; and the ebb and flow of the old man's strength and resolution. The total effect is dramatic.

The last section of the novel is markedly cinematic in technique. It is composed of several short scenes and the eye of the camera, as it were, shifts its focus swiftly as one short 'scene' follows another. Thus, there is, first of all, the old man's arrival at the harbor, and the camera follows him steadily as he makes his way agonizingly to his shack. The 'scene' ends with an unmoving focus upon Santiago slumped on the bed, his arms out-stretched and the palms of his hands facing up. In the following incident, the time has changed to the next morning, as Manolin visits his friend. Quickly, the setting moves to the harbor. Equally swiftly, the narrative returns to the shack, and there is talk of the future. Following this, the time changes to afternoon, and the focus is fixed upon a group of tourists. When that brief movement is over, we are transported to the shack once more, where the final 'scene' is a tableau with the old man asleep and the boy sitting silently by him. Clearly, this last 'act' of the drama is a vivid illustration of the power of economy in Hemingway's work. Seven short scenes follow one another rapidly, each making its contribution to our insight and understanding. The details are sparse, but the impact is great. The dramatic quality of the narrative is clearly evident.

Plainly, *The Old Man and the Sea* is, in structural terms, a drama. The events which make up the story are composed in a manner which is based solidly upon chronology, but which also reveal a shrewd shifting of focus and a subtle alternation of rhythms. The result is much more than a story. Rather, it is drama that is complex and sophisticated.

Structure through Tempo

In discussing the role played in the narrative by Manolin and the references to young lions, Carlos Baker discerns a basic rhythm in *The Old Man and the Sea*, a rhythm which he describes as "the constant wavelike operation of bracing and relaxation." Thus, in his view, thoughts of the boy brace Santiago, firming his resolution, while the lions relax him, calming his anxieties. Consequently, Baker affirms, a characteristic rhythm can be identified in the novel: