

# The Old Man and the Sea

老人与海

插图注释全本 [美] 欧内斯特·海明威著 Ernest Hemingway



## THE OLD MANAND THE SEA 老人与海



∽ 四季经典书屋 ≈

by Ernest Hemingway

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### 前言

经典的英文名著因其历百世而不衰以及难以超越的特性,一直以来被一代又一代的读者传阅着。可是在这浩瀚无边的经典中徜徉,即便是如饥似渴地阅读,也很难将所有经典通读吸收。因此"四季经典书屋"系列通过调查研究,帮助读者从众多经典名著中精选出十二部经典中的经典。时光如白驹过隙,珍惜时光,把生命中宝贵的阅读时间用来阅读最值得品味、学习的作品,您的生命也将变得更加有价值!

与其说"四季经典书屋"系列将最经典的十二部原著贴上了"春夏秋冬"的标签,不如说文学本身是有灵魂的,就像四季——个性分明,没有好与坏,只是如"酸甜苦辣"般滋味万千,等待读者去体味,随着四季去畅想。

春,代表着清新的气息与温柔的力量,经历了一冬的压抑,终于将积聚的力量在春天绽放成各种美丽,仿佛一切都可以从头开始。爱情就好比是春天。无论是《简·爱》里那历经"严寒"的爱情,抑或是《傲慢与偏见》和《理智与情感》里那田园般的贵族爱情,都是让人无比期待与向往的,历经曲折与磨难也在所不惜。夏,代表着热情怒放,敢爱敢恨,轰轰烈烈。在这里有爱恨情仇、五味杂陈的《呼啸山庄》,有战火纷飞中的爱情故事《飘》,还有《双城记》——大革命中的为爱献身。秋,代表着恬静、喜悦与丰收。烈日骄阳渐渐减弱了自身的气势,万物又都重归平和。让我们跟随梭罗一起在《瓦尔登湖》湖畔体味湖光山色的美好,思索人生的真谛;从《欧·亨利短篇小说选》中阅尽小人物的生活,在平凡中发人深省;在《鲁滨逊漂流记》那"世外桃源"般的荒岛隐居,远离尘嚣,静观潮起潮落。冬,代表着凄凉,在凄凉中也蕴含着某种无法击倒的坚强和



坚韧不拔的毅力。像《老人与海》中的老人在恶劣环境下苦苦坚持,最后 用实际行动证明了"人可以被毁灭,但不可以被打败。";《了不起的盖茨 比》中描绘的梦想从璀璨走向幻灭;《1984》刻画的人类在集权主义下的 生存状态,为后世拉响了永世的警钟。

故事有读完的时候,但是感悟会随着四季更迭而愈加成熟,愈加深刻。 本系列丛书不会随时光流转而褪色,可以成为您品味一生的经典。我们除 了为您呈现上最原汁原味的内容,书内还附有精美的插图以及可能会辅助 您阅读的注释,力求将名著打造到极致,伴随您的成长。

四季更迭不停息,经典名著不厌品!

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e was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream¹ and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally salao², which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon³ and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt<sup>4</sup> with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent<sup>5</sup> skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Gulf Stream 指墨西哥湾暖流,向东穿过佛罗里达海峡,沿北美东海岸向东北流动。 这股暖流温度比两旁的海水高,最宽处达 80 公里,非常壮观,是鱼类群集的地方。

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> salao 〈adj.〉(西班牙语) 意为倒霉的、不吉利的。

³ harpoon (n.) 鱼叉

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> gaunt 〈adj.〉憔悴的

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> benevolent〈adj.〉仁慈的,这里意为良性的。

from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

"No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them."

"But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks."

"I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you doubted."

"It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him."

"I know," the old man said. "It is quite normal."

"He hasn't much faith."

"No," the old man said. "But we have. Haven't we?"

'Yes," the boy said. "Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace<sup>1</sup> and then we'll take the stuff home."

"Why not?" the old man said. "Between fishermen."

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin<sup>2</sup> out and carried them laid



<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Terrace (n) 露台酒吧,它的原型是哈瓦那柯希玛尔湾的 La Terraza 酒吧。这个地方如今已成为当地名胜,许多热爱《老人与海》的游客都喜欢去那里缅怀海明威。

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> marlin (n.) 马林鱼

full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle<sup>1</sup>, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

"Santiago," the boy said.

"Yes," the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.

"Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?"

"No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net."

"I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you. I would like to serve in some way."

"You bought me a beer," the old man said. "You are already a man."

"How old was I when you first took me in a boat?"

"Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?"

"I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart<sup>2</sup> 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."

<sup>1</sup> block and tackle 滑车设备

² thwart (n.) (划艇的) 横坐板

#### The Old Man and the Sea

"Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?"

"I remember everything from when we first went together."

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

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

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

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

"Let me get four fresh ones."

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

"Two," the boy said.

"Two," the old man agreed. "You didn't steal them?"

"I would," the boy said. "But I bought these."

"Thank you," the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride.

"Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current," he said.

"Where are you going?" the boy asked.

"Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light."

"I'll try to get him to work far out," the boy said. "Then if you hook something truly big we can come to your aid."

"He does not like to work too far out."

"No," the boy said. "But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working and get him to come out after dolphin."

"Are his eyes that bad?"

"He is almost blind."

"It is strange," the old man said. "He never went turtle-ing. That is what

kills the eyes."

"But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast<sup>1</sup> and your eyes are good."

"I am a strange old man"

"But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?"

"I think so. And there are many tricks."

"Let us take the stuff home," the boy said. "So I can get the cast net and go after the sardines."

They picked up the gear from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried the wooden box with the coiled, hard-braided brown lines, the gaff and the harpoon with its shaft. The box with the baits was under the stern of the skiff along with the club that was used to subdue the big fish when they were brought alongside. No one would steal from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as the dew was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon were needless temptations to leave in a boat.

They walked up the road together to the old man's shack and went in through its open door. The old man leaned the mast with its wrapped sail against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The mast was nearly as long as the one room of the shack. The shack was made of the tough budshields of the royal palm which are called *guano*<sup>2</sup> and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal. On the brown walls of the flattened, overlapping leaves of the sturdy fibered *guano* there was a picture in color of the Sacred Heart of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mosquito Coast 莫斯基托海岸,位于中美洲尼加拉瓜的东部,是滨墨西哥湾的低洼的海岸地带,长满了灌木林,为印第安人中的莫斯基托族居住的地方,因此命名为莫斯基托海岸。

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> guano (n.) 海鸟粪

Jesus<sup>1</sup> and another of the Virgin of Cobre<sup>2</sup>. These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a tinted photograph of his wife on the wall but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.

"What do you have to eat?" the boy asked.

"A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?"

"No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?"

"No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold."

"May I take the cast net?"

"Of course."

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they went through this fiction every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

"Eighty-five is a lucky number," the old man said. "How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?"

"I'll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the doorway?"

"Yes. I have yesterday's paper and I will read the baseball."

The boy did not know whether yesterday's paper was a fiction too. But the old man brought it out from under the bed.

"Perico gave it to me at the bodega," he explained.

"I'll be back when I have the sardines. I'll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball."

"The Yankees cannot lose."

"But I fear the Indians of Cleveland."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sacred Heart of Jesus 耶稣圣心图,法国修女玛格丽特·玛丽·阿拉科克倡议崇拜耶稣基督的圣心,在信奉天主教的国家中传播甚广。

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Virgin of Cobre 科布莱圣母图,科布莱为古巴东南部一小镇,镇南小山上有科布莱圣母祠,每年9月8日为朝圣日。

"Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio<sup>1</sup>."

"I fear both the Tigers of Detroit<sup>2</sup> and the Indians of Cleveland."

"Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati<sup>3</sup> and the White Sox of Chicago<sup>4</sup>."

"You study it and tell me when I come back."

"Do you think we should buy a terminal of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eighty-fifth day."

"We can do that," the boy said. "But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?"

"It could not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?" "I can order one."

"One sheet. That's two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?"

"That's easy. I can always borrow two dollars and a half."

"I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg."

"Keep warm old man," the boy said. "Remember we are in September."

"The month when the great fish come," the old man said. "Anyone can be a fisherman in May."

"I go now for the sardines," the boy said.

When the boy came back the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the back of the chair and over the old man's shoulders. They were

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> DiMaggio (n.) 乔•迪马吉奥, 1936 年到 1951 年之间效力于纽约扬基队,以善于击球得分著称。

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Tigers of Detroit 底特律老虎,是美国职棒大联盟中隶属于美国联盟的棒球队之一。

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Reds of Cincinnati 辛辛那提红人,是一支位于俄亥俄州辛辛那提的美国职棒大联盟 球队,隶属国家联盟中区。1970 年至 1979 年是红人队史最强盛的时期。

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> White Sox of Chicago 芝加哥白袜队,美联元老球队和传统强队之一,20 世纪初曾有过一段强盛时期,但因球员涉嫌赌博而名声一落千丈,战绩也一直不佳,直到50年代末才又开始抬头。

strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was asleep and his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening breeze. He was barefooted.

The boy left him there and when he came back the old man was still asleep.

"Wake up old man," the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees.

The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled.

"What have you got?" he asked.

"Supper," said the boy. "We're going to have supper."

"I'm not very hungry."

"Come on and eat. You can't fish and not eat."

"I have," the old man said getting up and taking the newspaper and folding it. Then he started to fold the blanket.

"Keep the blanket around you," the boy said. "You'll not fish without eating while I'm alive."

"Then live a long time and take care of yourself," the old man said. "What are we eating?"

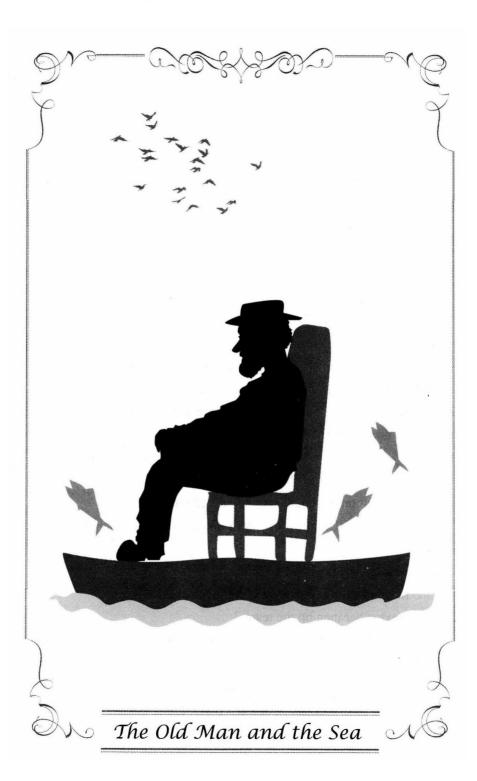
"Black beans and rice, fried bananas, and some stew."

The boy had brought them in a two-decker metal container from the Terrace. The two sets of knives and forks and spoons were in his pocket with a paper napkin wrapped around each set.

"Who gave this to you?"

"Martin. The owner.





"I must thank him."

"I thanked him already," the boy said. "You don't need to thank him."

"I'll give him the belly meat of a big fish," the old man said. "Has he done this for us more than once?"

"I think so."

"I must give him something more than the belly meat then. He is very thoughtful for us."

"He sent two beers."

"I like the beer in cans best."

"I know. But this is in bottles, Hatuey beer, and I take back the bottles."

"That's very kind of you," the old man said. "Should we eat?"

"I've been asking you to," the boy told him gently. "I have not wished to open the container until you were ready."

"I'm ready now," the old man said. "I only needed time to wash."

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.

"Your stew is excellent," the old man said.

"Tell me about the baseball," the boy asked him.

"In the American League<sup>1</sup> it is the Yankees as I said," the old man said happily.

"They lost today," the boy told him.

"That means nothing. The great DiMaggio is himself again."

"They have other men on the team."

"Naturally. But he makes the difference. In the other league2, between

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> American League 美国联赛,美国职业棒球界按水平高低分大联赛及小联赛两种组织,美国联赛是两大联赛之一,扬基队是其中的佼佼者。

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> the other league 指另一大联赛,全国联赛。这两大联赛每年各通过比赛选出一个胜队,于十月上半月在双方的场地轮流比赛,一决雌雄,名为"世界大赛"。

Brooklyn and Philadelphia I must take Brooklyn. But then I think of Dick Sisler and those great drives in the old park."

"There was nothing ever like them. He hits the longest ball I have ever seen."

"Do you remember when he used to come to the Terrace? I wanted to take him fishing but I was too timid to ask him. Then I asked you to ask him and you were too timid."

"I know. It was a great mistake. He might have gone with us. Then we would have that for all of our lives."

"I would like to take the great DiMaggio fishing," the old man said. "They say his father was a fisherman. Maybe he was as poor as we are and would understand."

"The great Sisler's father was never poor and he, the father, was playing in the Big Leagues when he was my age."

"When I was your age I was before the mast on a square rigged ship that ran to Africa and I have seen lions on the beaches in the evening."

"I know. You told me."

"Should we talk about Africa or about baseball?"

"Baseball I think," the boy said. "Tell me about the great John J. McGraw<sup>1</sup>." He said Jota for J.

"He used to come to the Terrace sometimes too in the older days. But he was rough and harsh-spoken and difficult when he was drinking. His mind was on horses as well as baseball. At least he carried lists of horses at all times in his pocket and frequently spoke the names of horses on the telephone."

"He was a great manager," the boy said. "My father thinks he was the greatest."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> John J. McGraw 约翰•J. 麦格劳,于 1890 年开始当职业棒球运动员,1902 年参加纽约巨人队,担任该队经理,至 1932 年,使该队成为著名的强队。他于 1906 年后就不再上场参加比赛。