

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

# THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

## 老人与海



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# *The Old Man and The Sea*

**ERNEST HEMINGWAY**



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## 老人与海(英文版)

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## 写在前面

海明威是一位在国际文坛上有一定地位的现代美国作家。《老人与海》是他晚年的一部杰作。海明威自称这是他“一辈子所能写的最好的一部作品”<sup>①</sup>。此书曾获1953年美国普利策奖并导致他于1954年获诺贝尔文学奖。

《老人与海》的故事相当简单。老渔民桑提亚哥出海捕鱼，84天一无所获。然而他并不因此丧失信心，继续出海，经过两天两夜的苦战终于捕到一条罕见的大鱼。返航时他不幸遇上鲨鱼群，虽全力拼搏仍寡不敌众，等抵岸时大鱼只剩下了一副骨架。但这个并不复杂的故事却意义深邃，是海明威的人生哲学和创作技巧的集中表现，也是一部可以从不同侧面或层次去阅读的小说。

如果我们从学习英语出发，那末，《老人与海》便是一部十分出色的语言教材。海明威的英语十分浅显易懂、简洁明了，但又准确生动。他使用的是英语词汇中重复率最高的常用词；句子形式多半为简单陈述句或用and连接的并列句。尤其是，海明威的故事里有大量的对话，即便是表现内心活动的意识

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<sup>①</sup> 见董衡巽编选《海明威谈创作》。三联书店，1985年版，第140页。

流也使用朴实贴切的日常口语。这一切是学习英语的绝好素材。

当然,我们不能只从语言学习的角度来看《老人与海》。海明威说过,“如果一位散文作家对于他想写的东西心里很有数,那么他可以省略他所知道的东西。读者呢,只要作者写得真实,会强烈地感觉到他所省略的部分,好像作者已经写出来似的。冰山在海里移动很是威严壮观,这是因为它只有八分之一露在水面。”<sup>①</sup>这种以少胜多的省略原则或“冰山”理论使他成为开创一代文风的大师。这方面的例子在《老人与海》中几乎俯拾皆是。为什么老人老惦记棒球?为什么他睡觉时老要梦见在海滩上嬉戏的狮子?为什么别人让钓绳随波漂移而老人却要让他们保持上下垂直?这些看似轻描淡写的笔墨实际是对老人性格的深入刻划。海明威正是用简洁的文字和鲜明的形象,通过物体、情景或事件把环境、气氛、人物、行动和情绪浓缩在一幅幅画面里,从而使读者身临其境,得出自己的结论,发现水面下八分之七的冰山里所蕴含的深刻思想。

《老人与海》的主题思想反映海明威的人生哲学。第一次世界大战期间,海明威跟其他美国青年一样相信美国是为民主参战,渴望接受战争的洗礼。他志愿加入红十字会救护队去欧洲当车队司机。但他抵达前线仅仅一周就中弹受伤,此时他还不足19岁。战争的现实和受伤的经历在海明威的内心留下了难以愈合的创伤,对他的写作产生了十分重要的影响。他的许多作品如《太阳照样升起》、《永别了,武器》、《在我们的时代里》都描写战后归来心灵受过创伤的青年面对命运的迷惘和

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① 见《海明威谈创作》,第3~4页。

失落。作为“迷惘一代”的代表，海明威的作品带有悲观色彩。他的主人公相信世事无常，人生充满暴力和死亡，他们的理想幻灭了，他们不再相信任何权威和传统的道德观念与价值准则，他们对生活常常抱虚无主义的态度。

这些观点可以说是 20 年代去过欧洲战场的美国青年的共同思想。海明威的过人之处在于他为这些悲观失望的青年提出了新的行为准则：即在命定的失败和死亡面前保持人的尊严，在厄运的重压下表现勇气和优雅的胜者风度。《老人与海》充分表现了这种“硬汉子”精神，概括成为主人公桑提亚哥的一句名言：“一个人可以被消灭，但就是打不垮。”

不过，晚年的海明威经过生活的磨炼似乎比早年成熟多了，《老人与海》中许多场景和事件，如老人永远年轻的心境，他对孩子曼诺林的喜爱和孩子对他的依恋与照料，都说明他对人生抱积极的态度。海明威自己也说，“这本书描写一个人的能耐可以达到什么程度，描写人的灵魂的尊严。”<sup>①</sup> 我们不一定接受海明威虚无主义的人生哲学。但他不甘于失败要做生活强者的人生态度对我们来说还是有可取之处的。

《老人与海》还具有美国文学的一些特点，如对老人和大自然的关系的描写就很典型，能使我们想到 19 世纪美国作家梅尔维尔的《白鲸》、马克·吐温的《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》和斯梯芬·克莱恩的《红色英勇勋章》。人在大自然中接受洗礼获得再生，人对大自然既热爱又力图征服最后往往受到惩罚等观念是美国文学的一大主题。这一主题在《老人与海》中，尤其在对老人与马林鱼的搏斗、他要征服大鱼但又称他为兄

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① 见《海明威谈创作》，第 143 页。

弟并对它被鲨鱼咬噬感到歉疚等描绘中得到十分出色的表现。尽管海明威坚决否认此书的象征意义,但小说结尾处对老人的描写确实与基督受难的情景颇为类似。而把小说的主人公与基督相联系来暗示人都要受苦受难也是许多美国作家常用的手法。

海明威说过,“一切伟大的作品都有神秘之处,而这种神秘之处是分离不出来的。它继续存在着,永远有生命力,你每重读一遍就看得到或学得到新的东西。”<sup>①</sup>《老人与海》便是这样一部神秘而有生命力、值得我们反复捧读不断回味的优秀作品。

陶洁

于北大承泽园

1996年9月13日

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<sup>①</sup> 见《海明威谈创作》,第152页。

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS



责任编辑：罗希和

封面设计：王燕民

# *The Old Man and The Sea*

**H**E WAS an old man who fished alone in a skiff in 1  
the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days  
now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy  
had been with him. But after forty days without a fish  
the boy's parents had told him that the old man was 5  
now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst  
form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders  
in another boat which caught three good fish the first  
week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in  
each day with his skiff empty and he always went 10  
down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the  
gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around  
the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and,  
furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep 15

1 wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches  
of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its  
reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The  
blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his  
5 hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy  
fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh.  
They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and  
they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful  
10 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  
15 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  
20 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.”

25 “I know,” the old man said. “It is quite normal.”

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"He hasn't much faith."

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

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

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

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

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When the wind was in the east a smell came

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1 across the harbor from the shark factory; but today  
there was only the faint edge of the odor because the  
wind had backed into the north and then dropped off  
and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

5 "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?"

10 "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."

15 "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?"

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

"I can remember the tail slapping and banging  
and the thwart breaking and the noise of the club-  
bing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow  
where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole  
25 boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like

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chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all 1  
over me. ”

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

“I remember everything from when we first went 5  
together. ”

The old man looked at him with his sunburned,  
confident loving eyes.

“If you were my boy I’d take you out and gam-  
ble,” he said. “But you are your father’s and your 10  
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. ” 15

“Let me get four fresh ones. ”

“One,” the old man said. His hope and his confi-  
dence had never gone. But now they were freshening  
as when the breeze rises.

“Two,” the boy said. 20

“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 sim-  
ple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he 25

1   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.

5       "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  
10   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. "

15       "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  
20   Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good. "

      "I am a strange old man. "

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

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

25       "Let us take the stuff home," the boy said. "So I

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can get the cast net and go after the sardines. " 1

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. 5  
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 10  
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 15  
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 bud- 20  
shields of the royal palm which are called *guano* 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 25



1 of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre. 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  
5 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?”

10 “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.”

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

20 “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?”

25 “Yes. I have yesterday’s paper and I will read the  
baseball.”