

The Old Man and the Sea

老人与海

寓意深远的朴素故事
英雄主义的完美体现

海明威/著 Ernest Hemingway



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欧内斯特·米勒·海明威（1899—1961），美国著名作家，被认为是20世纪最著名的小说家之一。他的代表作品有《老人与海》、《太阳照样升起》、《永别了，武器》、《在我们的时代里》和《春潮》等。1953年《老人与海》获得普利策奖，1954年《老人与海》又夺得诺贝尔文学奖。

《老人与海》讲述的是古巴老渔夫圣地亚哥在连续84天没捕到鱼的情况下，再次独自出海，终于钓到了一条大鱼，鱼上钩后一直拖着小船往大海里游，尽管老人没有食物，没有助手，而且左手又抽筋，却依然坚持不放弃。经过两天两夜的艰苦较量之后，老人运用智慧终于把鱼拉到船边，杀死了它后捆在船边。在归途中，老人的大鱼一再遭到鲨鱼的袭击，老人竭力对付鲨鱼，最终筋疲力尽，回港时只剩下鱼头鱼尾和一条脊骨。以前一起捕鱼的男孩来看望老人，男孩认为老人没有被打败，并且准备和老人再度出海，他要学会老人的一切捕鱼“本领”。

“一个人并不是生来要被打败的，可以被消灭，但绝不可以被打败。”这是圣地亚哥的人生信念，也是《老人与海》中作者想要表明思想。通过描绘老人的形象，作者热情地赞颂了人类面对艰难时所体现的不可战胜的精神力量。

本书主人公圣地亚哥体现海明威所崇尚精神：坚强、宽厚、仁慈、充满爱心，即使面对不可逆转的失败命运，他仍然是精神上的胜利者。“硬汉”是海明威作品中最常出现的，他们在面对巨大的压力和不幸时，依然能保持坚强，勇往直前，甚至视死如归，即使失败，却保持了崇高的尊严和勇气。

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in 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 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 down to help him carry either the coiled¹ lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast². 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 wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent³ 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 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."

他是一个老人，一个人在墨西哥湾流捕鱼为生。出海已经有八十四天了，一条鱼都没有捕到。前四十天，还有个男孩跟他一起捕。可是一连四十天一条鱼都没有捕到，男孩的父母就告诉他，这老头是个不吉利的人，这是个用来形容倒霉最严重的词语。男孩听从父母的吩咐，去了另一条船，第一个礼拜就捕到了三条很棒的鱼。看着老人天天划着空船回来，男孩很沮丧。他常下岸去帮老人把成卷的钓线，或是鱼钩、鱼叉和挂在桅杆上的帆从船上卸下来。船帆用面袋打过补丁，收起来时，像是常败将军的旗帜。

老人骨瘦如柴，后颈上有深深的皱纹，脸颊上有良性皮肤肿瘤引起的褐色斑块，那是因为阳光在热带洋面上的反射的阳光引起的。褐斑布满了他的双颊，双手因常常拽着钓线把大鱼往船上拉，留有很深的伤疤。不过，都是常年累月捕鱼造成的旧伤，每条伤疤都像沙漠里被侵蚀的地层一样古老。

他的一切都很苍老。除了那双乐观而且自信的海蓝色眼睛。

“圣地亚哥，”他们把船系好，走上岸时，男孩对他说，“我又可以跟你去出海了，我们已经赚了一些钱。”

老人教会了这个男孩捕鱼，男孩很爱他。

“不，”老人说，“你在一条幸运船上，应该一直待在那里。”

❶ coiled /kɔild/ *a.* 盘绕的，卷成圈的

❷ mast /mɑ:st/ *n.* 桅杆

❸ benevolent /bi'nevələnt/ *a.* 慈善的；仁慈的

“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 and then we’ll take the stuff¹ 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 out and carried them laid full across two planks², 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 hoisted³ 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.

When the wind was in the east a smell came 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.

“可是你记不记得，有一次你有八十七天都没有捕到鱼，可接下来的三个礼拜，我们每天都能捕到大鱼。”

“我记得，”老人说，“我知道，你不是因为对我没信心才离开我的。”
“是我爸让我走的。我还是个小男孩，必须得听他的话。”

“这我知道，”老人说，“这非常正常。”

“他没什么信心。”

“是的，”老人说，“不过我们有，对吧？”

“是的，”男孩说，“我在露天餐饭馆请你喝杯啤酒吧，然后我们再把这些东西拿回去。”

“好啊！”老人说，“两个渔夫一起喝酒。”

他们在露台上坐了下来，有不少渔夫嘲笑老人，他却并不生气。那些年纪更大一些的渔夫只是看着他，心里很难受。不过他们没有表现出来，只是客套地谈论着水流、钓线入水的深度、持续多日的好天气以及他们的见闻。那天鱼满仓的渔夫们都已经回来了，他们把鱼宰杀好，平铺在两块木板上。一人抬着木板的一头，两人颤微微地朝鱼库走去，在鱼库那儿等冷藏车把鱼载往哈瓦那市场。那些捕到鲨鱼的人，已经把鱼运到这个海湾另一端的鲨鱼加工厂里了，他们用滑轮把鲨鱼吊起来，取出鱼肝，割去鱼鳍，剥掉鱼皮，把鱼肉切成条状然后腌起来。

每当刮东风时，从鲨鱼加工厂那头飘出来阵阵鱼腥味，飘过海湾吹到这边。今天只有一丝淡淡的鱼腥味，因为今天是北风，后来又慢慢地停了。露台上阳光充足，非常舒适。

1 stuff /stʌf/ n. 东西，材料，素材资料

2 plank /plæŋk/ n. 厚木板，支架

3 hoist /hoist/ v. 吊起，提起，升起

“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 thwart¹ 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.”

“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 sunburned, 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.”

“圣地亚哥。”男孩说。

“嗯。”老人应声。他握着酒杯，正陶醉在往日的回忆中。

“我出去找些沙丁鱼给你明天用，好吗？”

“不用了。去玩棒球吧。我还能够划得动船，而且罗赫略可以帮我撒网”。

“我想去。如果不能跟你去捕鱼，那总可以帮你干点别的吧。”

“你给我买了啤酒，”老人说，“你已经是个男子汉了。”

“你第一次带我上船时，我多大？”

“五岁，而且你差点儿送掉小命。当时我把一条活蹦乱跳的大鱼拖上了船，险些把船碰碎。你还记得吗？”

“我记得那鱼尾用力地拍打，拍断了横坐板，还记得你用棍子打鱼的声音。我还记得你把我推到船头，那里有一堆湿淋淋的钓线。整条船都在不停地摇摆，我听见你在用棍子敲打鱼的声音，就像砍树一样。我闻到身上都是甜丝丝的血腥味。”

“你是真的记得这些事，还是我告诉你的？”

“自从我们第一次一起出海捕鱼开始，每一件事我都记得。”

老人用他那双炙热的，自信却又充满怜爱的眼睛望着他。

“如果你是我的男孩，我会带你出去闯一闯，”他说，“可是你是你父母的男孩，而且你现在在一条很幸运的船上。”

“我去找些沙丁鱼好吗？我还知道有一个地方能找到四个鱼饵。”

“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 current¹,” 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 turtleing. That is what kills the eyes.”

“But you went turtleing for years off the Mosquito² Coast and your eyes are good.”

“今天还剩下一些，我已经把它们腌在盒子里了。”

“我还是去给你找四条新鲜的吧。”

“一条就够了。”老人说。他那从来没有失去的信心和希望，又被微风鼓舞起来了。

“两条。”男孩说。

“那就两条吧，”老人同意了“不是你偷来的吧？”

“要是能偷就好了，”男孩说，“可惜是我买来的。”

“谢谢你。”老人说。他实在太单纯了，得到了也不会怀疑。但他知道他已经得到了，还知道这并不丢脸，更没有损于他的自尊心。

“看现在的水流，明天会是个捕鱼的好日子。”他说。

“你准备去哪儿？”男孩问。

“能去多远就去多远，等到风向转了再回来。我想天不亮就出海。”

“我要尽量让船主也去远一点的地方，”男孩说，“那样，要是你捕到一个大鱼的时候，我们就可以帮你忙。”

“他可不喜欢在远的地方捕。”

“是不喜欢，”男孩说，“但是我会看到一些他看不见的东西，比如看到海鸟在捕鱼，然后说服他去跟踪海豚啊。”

“他的视力有那么差吗？”

“他几乎瞎了。”

“真是奇怪，”老人说，“他从没捕过海龟呢，那才是最伤眼睛的。”

“可你在莫斯基托海岸捕了好多年海龟，视力还那么好。”

1 current /'kʌrənt/ n. 海流

2 mosquito /mə'ski:təʊ/ n. 蚊子

“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 subdue¹ 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

“我是个怪老头。”

“你现在还能不能捕大鱼?”

“我想我能。何况我还有那么多捕鱼技巧。”

“我们先把这些东西拿回家吧,” 男孩说, “我可以顺便去拿渔网, 再去捕些沙丁鱼了。”

他们从船上拿了渔具。老人用肩扛着桅杆, 男孩抱着木箱, 里面装有编织细密的褐色钓线, 手钩和带柄的鱼叉。装鱼饵的盒子和用来制服拖到岸边的大鱼的木棍都放在了船尾。这些用具没有人会偷。但帆和钓线还是拿回去妥当些, 因为露水会损坏这些东西。尽管老人肯定没有当地人来偷这个, 但他觉得把



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 bud 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 of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre. These were relics¹ 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 fiction² 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?"

鱼钩和鱼叉放在船上，是对别人不必要的诱惑。

他们沿着路走到了老人的棚屋。老人把卷起帆的桅杆靠在墙边，男孩把木箱和其他渔具放在一边。桅杆几乎跟这间的棚屋一样长。棚屋是用王棕，当地人叫做棕榈的硬芽做成的。屋里有一张床、一张桌子和一把椅子。地面上有一块烧火做饭的地方。墙是用结实的棕榈叶子重叠后垒成的。墙上有一幅彩色《耶稣圣心图》，另一幅是《科伯圣母图》，都是他妻子的遗物。

以前，墙上还挂着一幅妻子的彩色照片，但他一看见便想到自己孤苦伶仃，所以就把它取了下来。现在照片放在角落的那架子上，压在一件干净衬衫下面。

“你有什么可吃吗？”男孩问。

“一锅黄米饭和鱼。你想要来一点吗？”

“不，我回家吃。需要我帮忙生火吗？”

“不用了。我等会儿自己来生火。或者我也许就吃凉的了。”

“我可以把渔网带回去吗？”

“当然可以。”

并没有什么渔网，男孩还记得是什么时候卖掉的。不过，他们每天都重复一遍这对话。男孩也知道，那锅黄米饭和鱼也是不存在的。

“八十五是个幸运的数字，”老人说，“你想不想看到我拖回来一条去掉内脏后还超过一千磅的大鱼？”

❶ relic /'relik/ *n.* 遗物，遗迹，废墟

❷ fiction /'fɪkʃən/ *n.* 虚构，编造

“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. ”

“Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio. ”

“I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland. ”

“Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago. ”

“You study it and tell me when I come back. ”

“Do you think we should buy a terminal of the lottery¹ 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?”