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海明威作品系列



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[美] 海明威 著
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内 容 简 介

《老人与海》是美国著名作家海明威最优秀的代表作之一，也是 20 世纪最有影响的小说之一。作者通过现实主义、富于想象的创作，以写实的手法记录了老渔夫圣地亚哥捕鱼的全过程，塑造了一个在重压下仍然保持优雅风度、在精神上永远不可战胜的老人形象。故事的主人公桑提亚哥是一位老渔夫，在连续八十四天一无所获的情况下，他终于在第八十五天捕到一条罕见的大鱼。经过两天两夜之后，他终于制服了大鱼。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。小说所塑造的在失败和挫折面前不低头、不气馁、坚忍奋斗的老渔夫形象，表达了“人可以被毁灭，但却不能被打败”的精神。

该书自出版以来，一直畅销至今，并被译成世界上几十种语言。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的读者，特别是青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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欧内斯特·海明威（Ernest Hemingway，1899—1961），蜚声世界文坛的美国现代著名小说家，1954 年度诺贝尔文学奖获得者、“新闻体”小说的创始人。

海明威 1899 年 7 月 21 日出生在美国伊利诺伊州的一个医生家庭。他的母亲喜爱文学，父亲酷爱打猎、钓鱼等户外活动，这样的家庭环境使他从小就喜欢钓鱼、打猎、音乐和绘画，这对海明威日后的文学创作产生了巨大的影响。在高中时期，他就开始在校报上发表短篇小说，表现出了很高的创作天赋。中学毕业后，海明威在《星报》当了 6 个月的实习记者，在此受到了良好的训练。第一次世界大战爆发后，海明威怀着感受战争的热切愿望，加入美国红十字会战场服务队，投身意大利战场。大战结束后，海明威被意大利政府授予十字军功奖章、银质奖章和勇敢奖章，获得中尉军衔，但伴随这些荣誉的是他身上数不清的伤痕和赶不走的恶魔般的战争记忆。第一次世界大战后，他长期担任驻欧记者，并曾以记者身份参加第二次世界大战和西班牙内战。他对创作怀着浓厚的兴趣，一面当记者，一面写小说。1926 年出版了第一部长篇小说《太阳照常升起》，受到了文学界的广泛关注。1929 年，他发表了他的代表作之——《永别了，武器》。这是一部出色的反战小说，标志着海明威在艺术上的成熟，并且奠定了他在小说界的地位。1940 年，海明威发表了以西班牙内战为背景的反法西斯主义的长篇小说《丧钟为谁而鸣》。1952 年，他出版了《老人与海》，该小说获得了当年普利策奖，由于该小说体现了人在“充满暴力与死亡的现实世界中”表现出来的勇气而获得 1954 年诺贝尔文学奖，获奖原因是：“因为他精通于叙事艺术，突出地表现在他的近著《老人与海》中，同时也由于他在当代风格中所发挥的影响。”对于这一赞誉，海明威是当之无愧的。获奖后的海明威患有多种疾病，给他的身心造成了极大的痛苦，之后他没能再创作出很有影响的作品，这使他精神抑郁，并产生了消极悲观的情绪。

前言

1961年7月2日，蜚声世界文坛的海明威用猎枪结束了自己的生命。

20世纪20年代是海明威文学创作的早期，他出版了《在我们的时代里》、《春潮》、《没有女人的男人》、《太阳照常升起》和《永别了，武器》等作品。《太阳照常升起》写的是像海明威一样流落在法国的一群美国年轻人，在第一次世界大战后，迷失了前进的方向，战争给他们造成了生理上和心理上的巨大伤害，他们非常空虚、苦恼和忧郁。他们想有所作为，但战争使他们精神迷惘，尔虞我诈的社会又使他们非常反感，他们只能在沉沦中度日，美国作家斯坦因由此称他们为“迷惘的一代”。这部小说是海明威自己生活道路和世界观的真实写照。海明威和他所代表的一个文学流派因而也被人称为“迷惘的一代”。除《太阳照常升起》之外，《永别了，武器》被誉为“迷惘的一代”文学中的经典。20世纪30~40年代，他在《第五纵队》和长篇小说《丧钟为谁而鸣》中；塑造了摆脱迷惘、悲观，为人民利益英勇战斗和无畏牺牲的反法西斯战士形象；根据在非洲的见闻和印象，他创作了《非洲的青山》、《乞力马扎罗山的雪》，还发表了《法兰西斯·玛贝康短暂的幸福》。20世纪50年代，塑造了以圣地亚哥为代表的“可以把他消灭，但就是打不败他”的硬汉形象，其代表作就是影响世界的文学经典《老人与海》。

海明威一生的创作在现代文学史上留下了光辉的一页，他是美利坚民族的精神丰碑。海明威一生勤奋创作。早上起身的第一件事，就是进行写作。他写作时，还有一个常人没有的习惯，就是站着写。他说：“我站着写，而且是一只脚站着。我采取这种姿势，使我处于一种紧张状态，迫使我尽可能简短地表达我的思想。”海明威是一位具有独创性的小说家。他的最大贡献在于创造了一种洗练含蓄的新散文风格；在艺术上，他那简约有力的文体和多种现代派手法的出色运用，在美国文学中曾引起过一场“文学革命”，之后有许多欧美作家在小说创作中都受到了他的影响。

海明威也是一位颇受中国读者喜爱的作家，他的主要作品都有中译本出版，他的作品是最受广大读者欢迎的外国文学之一。基于这个原因，我们决定编译“海明威文学经典系列”丛书，该系列收入了海明威的《永别了，武器》、《老人与海》、《太阳照常升起》、《丧钟为谁而鸣》和《流动的盛宴》五部经典之作，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我



前言

们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章

Chapter 1



1

圣地亚哥是一个独自在墨西哥湾流以捕鱼为生的老人。生活和岁月给老人以折磨，令他又瘦又憔悴，可是他的眼睛像海一样蓝，眼神愉快且毫不沮丧。他已经有八十四天没有打到鱼了，前四十天还有一个叫马洛林的男孩跟着他。男孩后来被父母安排去了另一条船上，他们说几十天没打到鱼的老人很背运。但是男孩很爱老人，每天晚上老人在海上空船而归的时候，他就过来帮助老人收拾渔具。

2

男孩又过来帮忙了，请求第二天跟老人一起出海，老人知道他不是因为对自己没有信心才离开自己，叫小男孩继续听爸妈的话，跟着别人一起打渔。他们一起在海边餐馆的露台上坐下来喝酒，在阵阵鱼腥味中谈论着往事，男孩说他记得五岁起老人带他捕鱼的每次细节，老人说自己第二天要出远门。老人和小男孩都相信老人还有许多捕鱼技巧，能够捕到大鱼。

3

两人一起拿着渔具去了老人的棚屋，棚屋空荡荡的，壁上挂着老人妻子的遗像。老人相信八十五是个幸运数字，想要买张尾号是八十五的彩票，但是没有钱。他们又谈论了会儿棒球比赛，老人告诉男孩要多想想伟大的迪马吉奥，要对扬基队有信心。男孩出去准备老人第二天要用的沙丁鱼



圣地亚哥和马洛林

饵，回来时老人已经在椅子上睡着了。男孩为老人盖上了旧毯子，等候老人醒来，然后奉上了从露台那边取来的晚饭。他们吃饭时又谈起了棒球赛，老人说他想要带迪马吉奥去捕鱼，又说他小时候曾在非洲海岸上看见过狮子。男孩坚信老人是所有渔夫中最好的一个，可以对付任何大鱼。两个人分别了，老人在简陋的床板上睡着了，梦见了非洲的高山和海岸以及沙滩上嬉戏的狮子。

*H*e 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 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 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 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."

"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 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 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.

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.

"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



老人在简陋的床板上睡着了

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 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."

"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 turtleing. That is what kills the eyes."

"But you went turtleing for years off the 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."

"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 stem 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 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 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."

"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 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 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 bare footed.

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 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 league, between 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."