



海狼

# The Sea Wolf

【美】杰克·伦敦/Jack London◎著

冯刚◎译

李丽君◎导读

英美校园被推荐最广的文学经典

美国人为青少年专门编写

中国台湾地区组织翻译

大陆专家审订并导读



中国致公出版社

海  
狼

# The Sea Wolf

【美】杰克·伦敦/Jack London◎著

冯刚◎译

李丽君◎导读



中国  
外  
语  
出  
版  
社

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

海狼: 英汉对照 / (美) 杰克·伦敦 (London, J.) 著;

冯刚译. — 北京: 中国致公出版社, 2011

ISBN 978-7-5145-0173-5

I. ①海… II. ①杰… ②冯… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②长篇小说—美国—近代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2011) 第 268428 号

译稿中文简体字版 ©2011 经红蚂蚁图书有限公司正式授权, 同意经由中国致公出版社出版中文简体字版本。非经书面同意, 不得以任何形式任意重制、转载

海狼 【美】杰克·伦敦 著; 冯刚 译

---

出版人: 刘伟见

编辑统筹: 高立志

责任编辑: 刘 秦

责任印制: 熊 力 徐 瑶

---

出版发行: 中国致公出版社

地 址: 北京市海淀区牡丹园北里甲 2 号 邮编 100191

电 话: 010-82259658 (总编室) 62082811 (编辑部)

010-66168543 (发行部)

印 刷: 北京市温林源印刷有限公司

开 本: 700 毫米 × 1000 毫米 1/32

印 张: 11.25

字 数: 212 千字

版 次: 2012 年 2 月第 1 版 2012 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

---

定 价: 19.00 元

---

版权所有 翻印必究

## 在大海中前行——探寻人类的崇高精神

杰克·伦敦(Jack London, 1876—1916年), 原名为约翰·格利菲斯·伦敦(John Griffith London), 美国著名的现实主义作家。伦敦有着丰富的海上生活体验和各种有趣而可怕的捕猎故事, 再加上长期建立的对海洋生活的感情和坚强勇敢的品质, 使伦敦以太平洋为题材的海洋文学作品成为美国海洋文学的典范, 如《海狼》、《南海故事》、《群岛猎犬杰瑞》等。大海汹涌的波涛、可怕的龙卷风、吃人的鲨鱼、多变的天气、太平洋群岛上白人对土著人的屠杀及后者的反抗等都成为他表现的对象, 这部分作品标志着他短篇小说创作的高峰。《海狼》是其中最具代表性的经典作品, 它以浩瀚的大海为背景, 依据海上的冒险体验和航海行为, 通过对人与人、人与自然斗争的描绘记录, 反映了人类的生存意识, 传播了海洋文化, 颂扬了海洋精神。

《海狼》的故事由其主人公之一美国作家凡·伟登自述的口吻展开, 叙述了他在一艘名为“幽灵号”的帆船上九死一生逃出险境的故事。他在一次海难时被捕猎海豹船的“幽灵号”救起, 随后被粗暴、专横、独断、自私的船长“海狼”莱森逼迫随船出海捕猎, 并从事各种苦役。在《海狼》中没有出现书名中所谓的狼, 但处

处都在写狼的故事。船长莱森奉行“弱肉强食”与“强权便是硬道理”的原则，他蔑视生命，认为一个人被另一个人吃掉是天经地义的事，因为这个世界是弱肉强食的世界，弱小的生命就应该被强者吃掉，这样强者才能更加强壮。在他的身上，如凶猛动物般的残暴、自私、野蛮的本性被体现得淋漓尽致。《海狼》中的船员虽各有不同，却有一个共同特点，他们都是冷酷无情、自私自利的野蛮人。无论是贪婪、狡诈的厨子，还是沆瀣一气地抛弃莱森的其他船员，他们的“文明性”在“幽灵号”上已经被磨灭了，他们也默认为弱肉强食的生存法则，最终也以这个法则来支配自己的行动。

读者在《海狼》里可见许多令人荡气回肠的经历，作者通过作品带领读者进入豪放粗犷的荒野，体验蛮荒生活的冷酷无情，感受人生凶残的黑暗面和原始生命的光辉。这与作者杰克·伦敦的自身经历和秉性有着难以剥离的渊源，伦敦有着火一样的性格，他生气勃勃，喜欢粗犷强烈的生活，他把冒险里的困难当做享受，把拓荒中的遭遇当做欢乐。他的作品独树一帜，充满筋肉暴突的生活和阳刚之气，笔触刚劲有力，语言质朴，情节富于戏剧性。伦敦赞美勇敢、坚毅和爱这些人类的高贵的品质，他的笔触，甚至能让读者在阅读的空隙，脑海中浮现出他思索着的神情、紧蹙着的眉头，苦苦地挣扎于死亡与不朽、肉体与灵魂、物质与精神这样永无结果的争论中，无休无止，形容枯槁。

小说《海狼》以第一人称“我”的叙事角度讲述历险故事，

让读者自始至终“活”在大海上，增加了小说的真实性和可信度。在阅读这一部经典的海洋文学作品时，读者仿佛亲历了一次令人荡气回肠的海上生活经历；看到了海员们在海上叱咤风云，勇猛强悍的画面，听到了来自大海的怒吼与“幽灵号”发自内心的呐喊；嗅到了人与人之间文明与野蛮、人性与兽性相斗争的气息。伦敦将笔下的人物“我”与读者一起置于极端严酷、生死攸关的环境之下，以展露人性中最深刻、最真实的品格，他笔下那“严酷的真实”使读者感受到强烈的心灵震撼，而这种震撼皆因读者涉身故事情节引起。读者在阅读《海狼》时，会越来越投入故事曲折的情节中，仿佛身临其境，伦敦用笔释放了自己心底的矛盾与痛苦，流露了他自己的人生理念与价值尺度，更用语言触摸了人类生命最崇高的精神。

李丽君，中国矿业大学外语系副教授，专业研究方向为英语教学法与应用语言学；至今已在全国人文社会科学核心期刊及省级以上教学、教育类刊物发表学术论文 20 余篇，主持或参与省级以上课题 2 项。

I hardly know where to begin. It all began because I wanted to visit a friend who lived across the bay. For that reason, I was on a ferryboat on San Francisco Bay one January morning. I was in a safe boat, the Martinez. She was making her fourth or fifth trip between Sausalito and San Francisco on the coast of California. But there was danger in the thick fog that was over the bay. I knew so little about the sea that I did not worry about the fog. In fact, I remember that I felt quietly happy as I stood on the upper deck. A wind was blowing and I was almost alone in the fog. I knew



## 第一章

真不知道该从何处说起。我原想去拜访一位朋友，他住在加利福尼亚海湾的那一端。于是，在一月的一个早晨，我乘坐渡船从旧金山港出发了。故事就这样开始了。我乘坐的“玛第内姿”号很安全。这已经是她沿着加利福尼亚海岸从萨莎利托到旧金山的第四次或第五次航行了。但是那天浓雾弥漫于海湾，航行很危险。我对海上航行不是很了解，所以对浓雾也没有什么顾虑。相反，我记得当时在浓雾中，甲板上几乎只有我一个人，海风吹过，那种感觉真叫人心旷神怡。

that the pilot and captain were near, although I could not see them.

I remember thinking how nice it was that I did not have to study fogs, winds, or tides to visit my friend across the bay. The special knowledge of the captain and the pilot was sufficient for thousands of people who knew no more of the sea than I knew. I, too, had special knowledge. Instead of learning many things, I had learned a few particular things, such as the value of Edgar Allen Poe in American literature. I had written about that in the Aatlantic magazine, which I had seen a man reading as I came on the boat.

A red-faced man came out of the cabin door and interrupted my thoughts. He looked at the fog, walked



虽然浓雾中看不到驾驶员和船长，但我知道，他们就不在远处。

我记得当时我还在想渡船到海湾那边去拜访朋友，不用去研究雾啊、风啊，或潮啊的是多令人愉快啊。船长和驾驶员所掌握的航海知识，足够让我们这些不懂得航海的人放心地乘船了。我也有自己爱好的专业，虽所学不多，但对诸如艾德格·爱伦·坡在美国文学上的价值之类的知识颇为了解。我曾在《大西洋》杂志上发表过一些文章。上船时，我恰巧看见一个人正在读那期杂志。

一个红脸汉子从船舱里走出来，他看了看浓雾，



across the deck, and stood near me. He was enjoying himself. I was correct in guessing he had spent his life on the sea.

“Bad weather like this makes a captain older than his years,” he said.

“I had not thought there was any problem,” I answered. “It seems as simple as ABC. By using instruments, they know the direction, the distance, and the speed. Sailing a ship must be as certain as mathematics.” “Noproblem!” he said loudly. “Simple as ABC! Certain as mathematics! Can you see this tide that is rushing out of the Golden Gate? How fast is the tide? And listen to that bell, warning that we are too near the rocks. do you feel



穿过甲板，站在我旁边。他一副怡然自得，很陶醉的样子。我猜想他这辈子都是在海上度过的，而事实证明我猜对了。

“这种鬼天气把船长磨老了。”他说道。

“不会吧，没有那么严重。”我答道，“就像 ABC 一样，很简单。他们可以用各种仪器来测知方向、距离和速度。航船就跟数学公式一样，有定式，很程序化的。”“没问题？”他大叫道：“像 ABC 那么简单？像数学定式一样？你能看见从金门冲过来的海浪吗？你知道它有多快吗？你听，听到钟声了吗？这是在警告我们不远处有礁石。船长他们正在改变航向，你感觉

how they are changing direction?”

From out of the fog came the sad sound of a bell, and I saw the wheel being turned rapidly. The bell had seemed straight ahead, but it was now sounding at our side. Our own whistle was blowing loudly. The sound of other whistles could be heard coming out of the fog.

“That is a ferryboat,” the red-faced man said, pointing to the right. “They should be careful now! Now they will be trying not to hit another boat!”

The sound of the whistle came from directly ahead of us and from very near. Other bells sounded on the Martinez. We moved more slowly, then faster again. The other boat’s whistle came through the fog from



到了吗？

浓雾外面传来一阵低沉的铃声，而我看见机轮在迅速转动。那铃声刚才好像还在头顶上盘旋，但现在又在我们身旁萦绕。我们的汽笛低声长鸣着，还有其他船上的汽笛声穿过浓雾从远处传来。

“那是一艘渡轮。”这个红脸汉子指着右边说道，“他们可得小心了！他们现在要尽量避免撞到别的船！”

一阵汽笛声从我们正前方传来，而且离我们很近。

“玛第内姿”号上的其他铃声响起来了。我们行进得更慢了，然后又加速了。另一艘船的汽笛声穿过浓雾，

more to the side. It became less loud. I looked at my companion to see if he would explain.

“Just one of those small pleasure-boats,” he said. “I almost wish we had sunk him! They are the cause of more trouble. And what good are they? They can’t sail properly. They just blow their whistles so others will avoid them!”

I laughed quietly at his anger. While he walked angrily around the deck, I thought about the fog, that gray mysterious shadow. The voice of my companion brought me back from my thoughts. “Do you hear that? Something is coming toward us,” he was saying. “And it is coming fast. I guess they don’t hear



由远及近，传到我们身边，然后声音越来越小。我看了看身边的红脸汉子，想听听他怎么解释。

“就是一艘小游艇。”他说：“我巴不得我们的船把它撞沉了！那些小游艇就会惹麻烦。它们简直一无是处，根本不知道怎么航行，就会不停地鸣笛让别的船躲开它们。”

看到他那么气愤，我不禁觉得好笑。他在甲板上愤怒地走来走去，我却在想那浓雾，就像一个灰白的神秘的阴影。“听见了吗？”我的那个红脸伙伴的声音把我从沉思中拉了回来。他说：“你听到没有？有个东西朝我们这边过来了。速度还挺快！我猜测，他们还

us yet. The wind is in the wrong direction.”

I could hear a whistle. It was to one side and ahead.

“Ferryboat?” I asked. He nodded and I looked up. The captain’s head and shoulders were leaning out of the pilothouse. He was staring into the fog. His face was anxious; the face of my companion was anxious also.

Then everything happened very fast. The fog seemed to break. The bow of a large ship could now be seen. I could see the pilothouse and a white-haired man leaning out of it. He wore a blue uniform and was very quiet. But his quietness was terrible. He seemed to want to determine exactly when the two ships would crash. He did not notice when our pilot



没听到我们的汽笛声。风向不对。”

我听见了一声汽笛响，那声音就在旁边的正前方。

“是渡轮吗？”我问道。他点了点头。于是，我抬起头，朝上看去。船长的头和肩膀都伸到了操舵室外。他凝视着，朝浓雾中看去。他的面色焦急。我的红脸伙伴也是如此，焦急万分。

一切都来得太快了。雾这时好像散了。我看到了一艘大船的船头，还能看到操舵室，一个白头发的人从里面探出身来。他身穿蓝色制服，异常安静。可他安静得令人害怕。他好像是在测定这两艘船到底什么时候相撞。“这下可完蛋了！”我们的驾驶员大声喊叫

shouted, "Now you have done it!"

"Hold on to something now," the red-faced man said to me. He also seemed calm. "And listen to the women scream."

The ships crashed together before I could follow his advice. The Martinez leaned over and there was a crashing and tearing of wood. I was thrown to the wet deck and I heard the screams of the women. What happened in the next few minutes I do not remember. But the sounds the women made reminded me of the sounds pigs make when they are killed.

These women, so tender and so capable of sympathy, were openmouthed and screaming. They wanted to live; they could not help themselves, and they screamed.

☆

☆

☆

着，可他并没有注意。

“赶紧抓住点什么东西，把住！”那个红脸汉子对我说道。他看上去也很镇静。“听吧，女人们要尖叫了。”

我还没来得及抓住什么东西时，两艘船已经撞在一起了。“玛第内姿”号船身倾斜，木板也被撞碎了。我被甩到了甲板上，甲板上满是海水。我还听到女人们的尖叫声。几分钟后发生了什么事情，我就不记得了。但女人们发出的声音让我想到了猪被宰杀时的嚎叫声。

这些弱小的、可怜的女人，惊恐地尖叫着。她们想活下去，可她们却无力互助，只能无奈地惊叫。

I sat on the deck and felt sick. I saw and heard men running and shouting as they tried to lower the small boats. Nothing operated properly. One boat with women and children was lowered, and it turned over in the water. Another boat had been lowered at one end, but the other end hung by its ropes. Nothing was seen of the ship that had caused the crash.

I went down to the lower deck. The Martinez was sinking fast; the water was very near. Many passengers were jumping into the water. Others, in the water, wanted to climb back onto the ship. No one listened to them. Someone shouted that we were sinking. I jumped into the water with many other bodies. The water was cold—so cold that it was painful.



我坐在甲板上，觉得很难受。我看见和听到男人们奔走呼喊，他们试图把救生小艇放下去。一切都那么混乱。一只挤满了妇女和小孩子的救生艇刚放下海去就翻了。另一只小艇的一端放了下去，但另一端却还在绳子上挂着。而那艘肇事船却不知哪里去了。

我走到了底层甲板上。“玛第内姿”号正在迅速下沉。海水正在逼近，马上就要淹没甲板了。许多乘客都跳到了海里，还有一些在海里挣扎的人拼命地想爬回到船上。没有人听他们喊叫。有人在大叫：“我们在往下沉！”我跟许多人一起跳到了海里。海水真冷，

The pain was as quick and sharp as that of fire. It was like the grasp of death. The taste of salt water was strong in my mouth. I could hardly breathe because of the bitter substance that filled my throat.

But the cold was the worst thing of all. I felt that I could live only a few minutes. people were struggling in the water near me. I could hear them shouting. I also heard the sound of oars. Perhaps the other ship had lowered its boats.

After some time passed, I was surprised that I was alive. I could feel nothing in my legs, not even pain. My whole body was slowly losing the power of feeling.



冷得刺骨，令人痛苦不堪。这种痛苦如同烈火烧身一般来得迅速、猛烈，让人感觉到死神的到来。我的嘴里满是海水，咸得发苦。海水在喉咙里灌着，让我几乎喘不过气来。

可相比之下，寒冷是最难以忍受的。我觉得自己只能活几分钟了。我旁边的人们在海水中挣扎着。我能听到他们在呼喊着、惊叫着，也能听见划桨的声音。也许是那艘肇事船在往下放救生艇。

过了一段时间，我惊奇地发现自己还活着。但我发现我的下肢没有任何感觉了，甚至连疼痛都感觉不到。慢慢地，浑身都失去了知觉。

The noises became faint, though a final scream in the distance told me the Martinez had sunk. Later I woke, full of fear. I was alone. I could hear only the sound of the waves. Waves. Where was I floating? The red-faced man had said the tide was flowing through the Golden Gate, the narrow opening beyond the bay. Was I being carried out to sea? And the life preserver in which I floated—would it not break into pieces? I could not swim. And I was alone. I admit that I screamed as the women had screamed and I beat the water with my hands.

I seemed to sleep again. When I woke, I saw, almost above me and coming out of the fog, the bow of a ship. It had three sails, filled with wind. It was



一切嘈杂声都听不到了，远方传来的最后一声尖叫告诉我：“玛第内姿”号沉没了。再后来，我醒了，却看不到任何人，心里害怕极了。我孤零零的一个人，只能听到海浪的声音。海浪！我漂到哪里了呢？那个红脸汉子说过，海浪从金门涌过，那是加利福尼亚湾上游的一个狭窄豁口。难道，我要被带出这海了吗？载我的救生艇没有碎吗？我不会游泳。周围只有我一个人，我承认我也像那些妇女们一样地尖叫，并用手拍打着海水。

我好像又睡过去了。当我再次醒过来的时候，看见我的正上方有一条船的桅杆，正从雾中移过来。桅



coming fast. I seemed to be directly in its path. The bow missed me, and the long, black side of the ship began moving past. I tried to shout, but made no sound.

Then the stern of the ship went past. I saw a man standing at the wheel and another man who seemed to do nothing but smoke a cigarette. He slowly turned his head and looked in my direction. Life and death were in the look. I could now see that this ship was beginning to enter the fog. The man's head slowly turned, and then he saw me. He rushed quickly to the wheel, pushing the other man away. He turned the wheel with all his strength, at the same time shouting commands. The ship disappeared instantly into the fog.

☆

☆

☆

杆上有三面帆，被风满满地撑起。桅杆正快速地朝我这边来，我好像正在它的航道上。不过，它从我身边过去了。这条又长又黑的船舷开始向前划动。我想大声喊叫，可是发不出一点儿声音来。

接着，船尾也划过去了。我看见舵轮旁站着一个人，还有一个人站在那里无所事事地抽着烟。他慢慢地转过头，朝我这边看过来。生与死就在他这一瞥中。我看见这艘船马上就要驶进雾里了。那个人的头慢慢地转过来，他看见了我。他快速地冲向舵轮，推开旁边的那个人，用尽全力转动舵轮，同时，大声喊叫、命令着什么。这艘船立刻消失在了雾中。