

老人与海

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

〔美〕欧内斯特·海明威 著

李锡胤 译注



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Lǎo rén yǔ hǎi

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代“译注者前言”

无边夜气压沧溟，一种悲愁伴独醒。
安得儿童共今夕，天空海阔数秋星。

更无方觅返魂香，何事此生不可伤。
赌腕每凭消昔昔，当年意气也苍凉。

（老人于亡妻未能忘情，欲买幸福而无方。掰腕赌胜，亦遣有涯之生耳。）

鱼耶人耶两模糊，一幅生离死别图。
跃浪窥舷同隔世，当初心誓沫相濡。

无端心绪会娇莺，极目沧波风纵横。
何处峭帆容病翮，覩人欲下转心惊。

鲸鲵无力席初闲，决眦飞鸿上九天。
淡度微云浓映日，诗情好在有无间。

阅尽人间人老矣，几回烽火幻云烟。
鲨鳐未尽湾流恶，肯放苍颜暂息肩？

簦笠忘年古亦难，交如水淡臭如兰。

斩蛟宝剑勤磨砺，世事将来属少年。

梦里千岩锁冰雪，寒光激射气清绝。

眼前恍到混沌初，犹是人间绳未结。

（译竟之夕，梦登雪山，光景奇绝。乐水乐山，殆亦有通感耶！）

搏狮生涯归短梦，掣鲸身手入残年。

行迷欧美亚非路，付托无情弹一丸。

湍流意识涌如潮，点乱冰山一代豪。

战地荒钟催去日，九寰红旭定明朝。

（书中多用“意识流”手法。）

The Old Man and the Sea

He was an old man¹ who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream² and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy³ 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*⁴, 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.

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他是一位老人，独自驾小船在湾流中捕鱼。他一连出海八十四天，没捕到一条鱼。前四十天有个孩子跟着，后来孩子的爹妈见老人总是空手回来，说他交上了倒霉的背运，硬要儿子换一条渔船。果然，孩子新跟的渔夫第一个礼拜就捕到三条大鱼。孩子往往回来早，看老人荡着空船靠岸，心里很不是滋味，就跑去帮忙：又背绳子，又拿挽钩、鱼叉，还扛裹在桅杆上的帆。这张帆用旧面袋补了又补，皱皱巴巴的，好似一面象征屡战屡败的旗子。

老人瘦骨嶙峋，脖颈上尽是深深的皱褶。脸上的褐色疙瘩是热带洋面上太阳反光晒成的良性瘤，布满脸盘。一双手长期拉绳提鱼，勒出深深的口子。裂口都不是新伤，像是久旱荒漠上的龟裂。

他身上一切都老了，只有一双眼睛还像海水一般碧蓝，总那么愉快，从不沮丧。

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

"Santiago⁵," 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 him⁶."

"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

两人把船拖上滩，并排往岸上走的时候，孩子对老人说：“圣蒂雅各，我又可以跟你了。我们挣到了一些钱。”

孩子捕鱼都是老人教的，特别喜欢老人。

“不用，”老人说，“那条船走运，你留在那里吧。”

“可你记得那一次吗？八十七天接连落空，后来三个礼拜，咱们天天捕到大鱼。”

“记得，”老人说，“我知道你不是失掉信心才走的。”

“爸叫我走的。我还未成年，只得听爸的。”

“明白，”老人说，“是这样。”

“他没有多少信心。”

“他没有，”老人说，“可我们有。对吧？”

“是的，”孩子回答，“我去端杯啤酒，先在露台酒铺里喝完了，再把渔具拿回家。”

“也行，”老人说，“渔夫不分彼此嘛。”

他们在露台上坐了下来。许多渔民跟老人说说笑笑，知道他不爱生气。上年岁的几位望着老人，未免替他难过，但是谁也没表露出来，都颇有分寸地谈洋流，谈他们的钓丝沉下多深，谈天气好坏，还谈他们耳闻目睹的新鲜事。当天走运的渔夫早就回来了，已经把

of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin⁷ out and carried them laid 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 sharks⁸ 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 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 man⁹."

"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?"

枪鱼开了膛，整条搭在两块板上，叫四个人摇摇晃晃抬到鱼栈，等冷藏车运到哈瓦那市场去。有的捉到鲨鱼，便运到海湾边上的鲨鱼工场，吊上钩子，挖出鱼肝，割鳍剥皮，最后把肉切成一条条，好腌。

刮东风的时候，从鲨鱼工场吹来一阵阵腥味；但今天味儿很小，因为风向转北，随即停了。露台上阳光明媚，好不舒适。

“圣蒂雅各。”孩子叫了一声。

“嗯。”老人答应道。他擎着酒杯，正回想多年前的旧事。

“我去弄几条沙丁鱼，给你明儿准备着，好吗？”

“不用。你玩棒球去吧！我此刻还能划船，洛捷里奥会帮我撒网的。”

“我想去。不能跟你出海，也乐意给你帮点忙。”

“你请我喝了啤酒，”老人说，“你已经像个大人了。”

“你第一次带我出海那年，我几岁？”

“刚五岁。那次你险些把小命送了。我性太急，鱼还没乏力就提；那鱼儿蹦得小船都快散架了。记得吗？”

“记得那条鱼一个劲儿拍尾巴，座板都要

"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 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

裂了，你狠狠揍它。记得你把我推倒在船头那儿一盘湿漉漉的绳子上，我只感觉整条船在震荡。你用粗棍打鱼，像砍树似的，血腥味儿往我的鼻孔钻。”

“你自己记住的，还是后来听我讲的？”

“跟你一起的事我都记得。”

老人看着他，久经日晒雨淋的老眼充满呵护之情。

“若是亲生孩子，我一定带你去试试运气，”他说，“可你有爹娘；再说，那条船运道好。”

“我去捉沙丁鱼。三四个鱼饵还是有地方搞到的。”

“今天还没用光，放在盒里，撒上一些盐。”

“我给你搞四条新鲜的。”

“一条就够，”老人说。他从未丧失过希望和信心，而此刻信心尤其奋发，像一阵乍起的轻风。

“两条。”孩子说。

“好吧。”老人答应，“不是白拿来的吧？”

“白拿也有办法，”孩子说，“这都是买来的。”

“谢谢你。”老人说。他心地单纯，没想到

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 dolphin¹⁰." "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 Coast¹¹ 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 boat 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

从什么时候变得谦卑起来。他意识到自己的谦卑,但认为这不是失面子的事,无损真正的自尊心。

“看洋流明天准是打鱼的日子。”他说。

“明天去哪儿打鱼?”孩子问。

“远远的,等风向转了才回来。天亮之前开船。”

“我也劝他往远处去,”孩子说,“万一你钓到大家伙,我们好去帮忙。”

“他不会远去的。”

“对了,”孩子说,“我就说望见了他所望不见的东西,譬如说一只寻食的鸟,这样好怂恿他往远处去捕捞。”

“他眼睛很不好?”

“几乎是个瞎子。”

“奇怪,”老人说,“他是从不捉海龟的;那玩意儿很伤眼睛。”

“可是你在莫斯基托海岸捉过几年海龟,眼睛还顶好的。”

“我是个怪老头子。”

“现在钓大鱼你还有劲吗?”

“我想是有的。而且有许多窍门。”

“我们先把渔具扛回家,”孩子说,“然后我拿旋网去捉沙丁鱼。”