

国民阅读
经典

老人与海

(中英文对照)

〔美〕海明威 著 刘国伟 译

中华书局



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出版说明

在二十一世纪的当代中国，国民的阅读生活中最迫切的事情是什么？我们的回答是：阅读经典！

在承担着国民基础知识体系构建的中国基础教育被功利和应试扭曲了的今天，我们要阅读经典；当数字化、网络化带来的“信息爆炸”占领人们的头脑、占用人们的时间时，我们要阅读经典；当中华民族迈向和平崛起、民族复兴的伟大征程时，我们更要阅读经典。

经典是我们知识体系的根基，是精神世界的家园，是走向未来的起点。这就是我们编选这套《国民阅读经典》丛书的缘起，也因此决定了这套丛书的几个特点：

首先，入选的经典是指古今中外人文社科领域的名著。世界的目光、历史的观点和中国的根基，是我们编选这套丛书的三个基本的立足点。

第二，入选的经典，不是指某时某地某一专业领域之内的重要著作，而是指历经岁月的淘洗、汇聚人类最重要的精神创造和

知识积累的基础名著，都是人人应读、必读和常读的名著。我们从中精选出一百部，分辑出版。

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我们真诚地希望，这套经典丛书能够进入你的生活，相伴你的左右。

中华书局编辑部

二〇一二年四月

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The Old Man and the Sea

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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 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. "

他已经老了。他一个人驾着小船，在墨西哥湾流中捕鱼。他已经84天没逮着一条鱼了。在最初的40天里，有一个男孩和他在一起。但是，由于40天连鱼影子也没逮着，男孩的父母对男孩说，现在再清楚不过了，老人终于倒了霉，倒霉透了。男孩于是听从他们的吩咐，上了另外一条船，结果这条船第一个星期就逮着三条顶呱呱的鱼。看到老人每天从海上回来，小船空空如也，男孩感到伤心。他总是过去帮老人的忙，搬盘在一起的绳索，拿鱼钩、鱼叉，扛绕着桅杆收拢的帆。那面帆用面粉袋打了补丁，卷拢着，看上去就像一面标志着永久失败的旗帜。

老人瘦瘦的，面容憔悴，脖子后面皱纹深深。他的脸颊上有褐色的斑点，那是太阳照在热带海洋上反射光造成的良性皮肤癌。他的两颊上布满了这样的斑点。他手上有一条条深深的伤痕，那是对付挂在吊绳上的大鱼留下的。那一条条伤痕没有新的，都是老的，老得就像一个没有鱼的荒漠里那些侵蚀地貌。

他的一切都老了，除了眼睛。他的眼睛是蓝色的，就像大海的颜色，透着快活、不服输的劲儿。

“桑蒂亚戈，”当他和男孩摆弄好小船上岸，男孩对他说，“我又可以和你一起捕鱼了。我们挣了点儿钱。”

老人教过男孩捕鱼，男孩很喜欢他。

“别啊，”老人说，“你跟的那条船运气不错，和他们一起吧。”

“你可别忘了，你曾经87天没逮着一条鱼，但接下来的三个星期，咱们天天逮着大鱼！”

"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 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 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 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.

“我记着呢，”老人说，“我知道，就是心里犯嘀咕，你也不会离开我。”

“是我爸让我离开的，我还小，只好听他的。”

“我知道，”老人说，“就是那么回事。”

“他没多少信心。”

“没错儿，”老人说，“可我们有。对吧？”

“没错儿，”男孩说，“我先请你在海滨饭馆喝啤酒吧，喝完再往家里搬东西。”

“行啊！”老人说，“咱两个打鱼的一起喝。”

他们坐到了海滨饭店里。有很多渔夫拿老人开玩笑，可他没有生气。至于那些上了年纪的渔夫，则忧心忡忡地看着他。不过他们没有流露出这一点，只是礼貌地谈着他们抛下钓绳的地方的水流、水深，谈着一成不变的好天气，谈着他们看到的東西。那天捕到鱼的渔夫已经进港。他们宰杀了捕到的马林鱼，将它们直挺挺地平放在两块厚木板上。一块木板两个男人抬，一人一头。他们吃力地、摇摇晃晃地抬着鱼，抬到了储藏鱼的风子里，有制冷卡车会在那里把鱼拉到哈瓦那^①的市场上去。那些逮到鲨鱼的渔夫把它们送到了小海湾另一边的鲨鱼加工厂。在那里，它们被吊到一个滑车装置上，它们的肝脏被去掉，它们的鳍被割下来，它们的皮被剥下来，它们的肉被切成条以便腌制。

风向东刮的时候，鲨鱼加工厂散发出的气味飘满了海湾。今天

① 古巴首都。

"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 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."

风转为向北吹,然后停了,因此海湾里的臭味已变得很淡。阳台上洒满阳光,令人心旷神怡。

“桑蒂亚戈。”男孩说。

“说吧。”老人说。他端着杯子,思绪回到了遥远的过去。

“我明天去为你搞点沙丁鱼,行吧?”

“别了,去玩棒球吧。我还划得动船,网可以让罗杰里奥来撒。”

“我想去啊。我要是不能和你一起捕鱼,我想多少帮点忙。”

“你给我买了啤酒,”老人说,“你已经是个爷们儿了!”

“你第一次带我上船时,我有多大啊?”

“五岁。当时我逮的那条鱼劲儿太大,它几乎把船搞散架了。你差点就没命了!记不记得?”

“我记得鱼尾巴啪啪甩击的声音,记得划手座板断了,记得棍棒揍下去发出的响声。我记得你把我甩到船头,那里放着打湿的钓绳卷儿。我当时感到整条船在抖,你用棍棒揍它的响声就像砍倒一棵树,我浑身都是甜丝丝的血腥味儿。”

“你是真记得,还是我这么对你讲的?”

“打咱们第一次一起捕鱼起,每件事我都记得清楚着呢!”

老人看着男孩,他被太阳炙烤过的眼睛目光坚定,透着爱恋。

“你要是我儿子,我会带你去搏一把,”他说,“可你是你爹妈的儿子,再说你跟的那条船又走运。”

“我去给你搞点沙丁鱼吧。我知道哪儿能搞到四个鱼饵。”

“我今天还有剩下的。我把它们放盒子里腌了。”

"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 turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes. "

"But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good. "

“让我给你搞四条鲜鱼吧。”

“一条就行。”老人说。他从来都没丧失过希望和信心，现在他的希望和信心又涨了起来，就像微风初拂时那样清新。

“两条吧。”男孩说。

“两条就两条，”老人答应了，“你该不会去偷吧？”

“我巴不得偷呢，”男孩说，“不过这些可是我买的啊！”

“谢谢啊。”老人说。他太朴实了，没心思琢磨自己何时变得谦卑了。不过他明白，他已经变得谦卑了。他还明白，这算不上丢人；对真正的自豪感而言，这造不成损失。

“照现在的样子，明天天气应该不错。”他说。

“你想去哪儿？”男孩问。

“去得远远的，风头转了再回来。我打算天不亮就动身。”

“我会想办法让船主也把船开到远的地方去，”男孩说，“等你钓到了真正的大家伙，我们也能过去帮帮忙。”

“他才不乐意把船开到远地方呢！”

“没错儿，”男孩说，“不过我能看到他看不到的东西，比如有一只鸟儿在那里飞，我会让他去追海豚。”

“他的眼力就那么差吗？”

“差不多就是个瞎子！”

“这就怪了，”老人说，“他可从没钓过海龟，这活儿才伤眼呢！”

“你在莫斯基托海岸钓了多少年海龟啊！你的眼力不是挺好的吗。”

"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 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 budshields 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.

“我是个不一般的家伙。”

“可要对付一条真正的大鱼，你身子骨还行吗？”

“我觉得没问题，再说了，还能用上很多窍门呢！”

“咱们往家里搬东西吧，”男孩说，“我也好早点去撒网逮沙丁鱼。”

他们把打鱼的工具从船上拿下来。老人肩上扛着桅杆。男孩拿着船型的木质盒子，盒子里面放着盘好的、编得结结实实的棕绳。他还拿着鱼钩和带柄的鱼叉。装鱼饵的盒子放在小船的船尾下面。船尾还有一根木棒，当大鱼被拖到船边时，老人就用这根木棒把它们制服。没人会偷老人的东西，不过最好还是把帆和粗绳带回家，因为露水会损坏它们。此外，尽管老人深信当地人不会偷他的东西，但他想，也实在没必要把鱼钩和鱼叉丢在船上，来诱人起邪念。

他们一起走着，一路来到了老人的小屋。门开着，他们走了进去。老人把缠着帆的桅杆靠墙放下，男孩把盒子和其他工具放在桅杆旁边。桅杆几乎和单间的小屋一样长。小屋使用的建筑材料是皇家棕榈树坚硬的芽苞，这种棕榈树俗称“海鸟粪”。小屋里放着一张床、一张桌子、一把椅子，它的泥地上还有一处用木炭烧饭的地方。棕色的墙壁是纤维质密的“海鸟粪”叶子一层层摊平制成的，墙上挂着一幅彩色的《耶稣圣心画》^①，还挂着一幅《科博圣母画》^②。这是老人亡

① 17世纪时，法国天主教修女玛丽·埃拉柯克（1647—1690）号召教徒崇拜耶稣基督圣心，在天主教教徒中影响甚巨。

② 科博为古巴东南小镇，附近有圣母院。