

【 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 】



*The Selected Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway—The Butterfly and the Tank*

# 海明威短篇小说精选 ——蝴蝶与坦克

[美] 海明威 著  
王勋 等 编译

清华大学出版社





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## 内 容 简 介

本书精选了美国著名作家、诺贝尔文学奖获得者欧内斯特·海明威的 15 篇短篇小说，其中包括《印第安人的营地》《暴风雨之后》《蝴蝶与坦克》《五百万》《雨中的猫》《一个洁净、明亮的地方》《一天的等待》和《刺客》等公认的短篇小说名篇。半个世纪以来，它们被翻译成各种文字，影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者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，在每篇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、“新闻体”小说的创始人，1954 年度诺贝尔文学奖获得者。

1899 年 7 月 21 日，海明威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，海明威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，他在《星报》当了 6 个月的实习记者，在此得到了良好的训练。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，并获得中尉军衔，但伴随这些荣誉的是他身上数不清的伤痕和赶不走的噩梦般的战争记忆。第一次世界大战后，他长期担任驻欧记者，曾以记者身份参加第二次世界大战和西班牙内战。他对文学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一《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，出版了《老人与海》，该小说为他赢得了当年的普利策奖，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。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。

虽然海明威因长篇小说《太阳照常升起》蜚声美国文坛，因中篇小说《老人与海》获诺贝尔文学奖，但他更擅长短篇小说的创作，一生创作了数量众多、题材各异的短篇小说，其中的许多作品已成世界短篇小说宝库中的经典。基于这个原因，我们决定精选、编译海明威短篇小说15篇，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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT，还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王勋编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亨、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、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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# 蝴蝶与坦克

## The Butterfly and the Tank



在马德里<sup>①</sup>遭围困、受炮击的第二个冬天，一切物资都很短缺，人们的脾气和天气也都不好。这天傍晚下着雨，在从审查办公室回旅馆的路上，我顺便拐进奇柯特咖啡馆喝一杯。

咖啡馆里人很多，我落座的桌子上有一个我认识的在审查办公室工作的德国人，此外还有一对在广播电台工作的姑娘和小伙子。四周气氛沉闷无趣，我打算尽快离开。这时，一个一直在挨桌逗乐、插科打诨的平民用喷雾器朝一位端着摆满了酒的托盘的老服务员喷射。服务员再三抗议着，但喷射者对自己的成功极为开心，又朝服务员喷了几次，仿佛毫不在意这是战争的第二个年头。

这时，三个穿制服的人朝喷雾者走去，拥着他出了门。只听有人在喷雾者的嘴上打了一巴掌，又有人拎起喷雾器，扔到了门外。这三个人回来后不久，喷雾者也走了进来，他脸上血迹斑斑，怒目而视，举起喷雾器朝着店里所有人漫无目的地喷射了起来。几个人冲上前去，逼住喷雾者，忽然枪声响起，我抓着同桌姑娘的胳膊藏在了吧台后面，而喷雾者倒在了地上，如同一个灰色的蜡像，显得十分渺小。警察赶来了，我看见六个人迅速列成纵队朝门外走去，包括三个打人者和那个开枪者。他们出去了，我们则被扣在了咖啡馆里不许离开。警察查看着人们的身份证件，与我同桌

① 马德里：西班牙首都。





马德里遭围困

的姑娘试图去救助受伤的喷雾者，我告诉她他已经死了。我对姑娘说这是篇很棒的故事，日后要把它写出来，姑娘却说我不能写，因为这对西班牙不利。三小时后，我们终于可以走了。

第二天中午，我又来到奇柯特，询问是否抓住了凶手。经理和服务员说这是件悲伤离奇的事，喷雾者是个做橱柜的，那只喷雾器里装的是古龙水，他准备在一个婚礼上开个玩笑，只是想让大家开心而已，却造成了一次不幸的误会。早上他的妻子来了，跪在他的尸体旁边一直失控地呼唤着他的名字。经理说，在这严肃的战争里，这人的快乐就像一只蝴蝶碰上了一辆坦克。经理还叮嘱我一定要把这个故事写下来，题目就叫《蝴蝶与坦克》。

*O*n this evening I was walking home from the censorship office to the Florida Hotel and it was raining. So about half way home I got sick of the rain and stopped into Chicote's for a quick one. It was the second winter of shelling in the siege of Madrid and everything was short including tobacco and people's tempers and you were a little hungry all the time and would become suddenly and unreasonably irritated at things you could do nothing about such as the weather. I should have gone on home. It was only five blocks more, but when I saw Chicote's doorway I thought I would get a quick one and then do those six blocks up the Gran via through the mud and rubble of the streets broken by the bombardment.

The place was crowded. You couldn't get near the bar and all the tables were full. It was full of smoke, singing, men in uniform, and the smell of wet leather coats, and they were handing drinks over a crowd that was three deep at the bar.

A waiter I knew found a chair from another table and I sat down with a thin, white-faced, Adam's-appled German I knew who was working at the censorship and two other people I did not know. The table was in the middle of the room a little on your right as you go in.

You couldn't hear yourself talk for the singing and I ordered a gin and Angostura and put it down against the rain. The place was really packed and



everybody was very jolly; maybe getting just a little bit too jolly from the newly made Catalan liquor most of them were drinking. A couple of people I did not know slapped me on the back and when the girl at our table said something to me, I couldn't hear it and said, "Sure."

She was pretty terrible looking now I had stopped looking around and was looking at our table; really pretty terrible. But it turned out, when the waiter came, that what she had asked me was to have a drink. The fellow with her was not very forceful looking but she was forceful enough for both of them. She had one of those strong, semi-classical faces and was built like a lion tamer; and the boy with her looked as though he ought to be wearing an old school tie. He wasn't though. He was wearing a leather coat just like all the rest of us. Only it wasn't wet because they had been there since before the rain started. She had on a leather coat too and it was becoming to the sort of face she had.

By this time I was wishing I had not stopped into Chicote's but had gone straight on home where you could change your clothes and be dry and have a drink in comfort on the bed with your feet up, and I was tired of looking at both of these young people. Life is very short and ugly women are very long and sitting there at the table I decided that even though I was a writer and supposed to have an insatiable curiosity about all sorts of people, I did not really care to know whether these two were married, or what they saw in each other, or what their politics were, or whether he had a little money, or she had a little money, or anything about them. I decided they must be in the radio. Any time you saw really strange looking civilians in Madrid they were always in the radio. So to say something I raised my voice above the noise and asked, "You in the radio?"

"We are," the girl said. So that was that. They were in the radio.

"How are you comrade?" I said to the German.

"Fine. And you?"

"Wet," I said, and he laughed with his head on one side.

"You haven't got a cigarette?" he asked. I handed him my next to the last pack of cigarettes and he took two. The forceful girl took two and the young man with the old school tie face took one.

"Take another," I shouted.

No thanks," he answered and the German took it instead.

"Do you mind?" he smiled.

"Of course not," I said. I really minded and he knew it. But he wanted the cigarettes so badly that it did not matter. The singing had died down momentarily, or there was a break in it as there is sometimes in a storm, and we could all hear what we said.

"You been here long?" the forceful girl asked me. She pronounced it bean as in bean soup.

"Off and on," I said.

"We must have a serious talk," the German said. "I want to have a talk with you. When can we have it?"

"I'll call you up," I said. This German was a very strange German indeed and none of the good Germans liked him. He lived under the delusion that he could play the piano, but if you kept him away from pianos he was all right unless he was exposed to liquor, or the opportunity to gossip, and nobody had even been able to keep him away from those two things yet. Gossip was the best thing he did and he always knew something new and highly discreditable about anyone you could mention in Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona, and other political centers.

Just then the singing really started in again, and you cannot gossip very well shouting, so it looked like a dull afternoon at Chicote's and I decided to leave as soon as I should have bought a round myself.

Just then it started. A civilian in a brown suit, a white shirt, black tie, his hair brushed straight back from a rather high forehead, who had been clowning around from table to table, squirted one of the waiters with a flit gun. Everybody laughed except the waiter who was carrying a tray full of drinks at the time. He was indignant.

"No hay derecho," the waiter said. This means, "You have no right to do that," and is the simplest and the strongest protest in Spain.

The flit gun man, delighted with his success, and not seeming to give any importance to the fact that it was well into the second year of the war, that he was in a city under siege where everyone was under a strains, and that he was one of only four men in civilian clothes in the place, now squirted another waiter.



I looked around for a place to duck to. This waiter, also, was indignant and the flit gun man squirted him twice more, lightheartedly. Some people still thought it was funny, including the forceful girl. But the waiter stood, shaking his head. His lips were trembling. He was an old man and he had worked in Chicote's for ten years that I knew of.

"No hay derecho," he said with dignity.

People had laughed, however, and the flit gun man, not noticing how the singing had fallen off, squirted his flit gun at the back of a waiter's neck. The waiter turned, holding his tray.

"No hay derecho," he said. This time it was no protest. It was an indictment and I saw three men in uniform start from a table for the flit gun man and the next thing all four of them were going out the revolving door in a rush and you heard a smack when someone hit the flit gun man on the mouth. Somebody else picked up the flit gun and threw it out the door after him.

The three men came back in looking serious, tough and very righteous. Then the door revolved and in came the flit gun man. His hair was down in his eyes, there was blood on his face, his necktie was pulled to one side and his shirt was torn open. He had the flit gun again and as he pushed, wild-eyed and whitefaced, into the room he made one general, unaimed, challenging squirt with it, holding it toward the whole company.

I saw one of the three men start for him and I saw this man's face. There were more men with him now and they forced the flit gun man back between two tables on the left of the room as you go in, the flit gun man struggling wildly now, and when the shot went off I grabbed the forceful girl by the arm and dove for the kitchen door.

The kitchen door was shut and when I put my shoulder against it did not give.

"Get down here behind the angle of the bar," I said. She knelt there.

"Flat," I said and pushed her down. She was furious.

Every man in the room except the German, who lay behind a table, and the public-school-looking boy who stood in a corner drawn up against the wall, had a gun up. On a bench along the wall three over-blonde girls, their hair dark at the roots, were standing on tiptoe to see and screaming steadily.

I'm not afraid," the forceful one said. "This is ridiculous.

"You don't want to get shot in a café brawl," I said. "If that flit king has any friends here this can be very bad.

But he had no friends, evidently, because people began putting their pistols away and somebody lifted down the blonde screamers and everyone who had started over there when the shot came drew back away from the flit man who lay, quietly, on his back on the floor.

"No one is to leave until the police come," someone shouted from the door.

Two policemen with rifles, who had come in off the street patrol, were standing by the door and at this announcement I saw six men form up just like the line-up of a football team coming out of a huddle and head out through the door. Three of them were the men who had first thrown the flit king out. One of them was the man who shot him. They went right through the policemen with the rifles like good interference taking out an end and a tackle. And as they went out one of the policemen got his rifle across the door and shouted, "No one can leave. Absolutely no one."

"Why did those men go? Why hold us if anyone's gone?"

"They were mechanics who had to return to their air field," someone said.

"But if anyone's gone it's silly to hold the others."

"Everyone must wait for the Seguridad. Things must be done legally and in order."

"But don't you see that if any person has gone it is silly to hold the others?"

"No one can leave. Everyone must wait."

"It's comic," I said to the forceful girl.

"No it's not. It's simply horrible."

We were standing up now and she was staring indignantly at where the flit king was lying. His arms were spread wide and he had one leg drawn up.

"I'm going over to help that poor wounded man. Why has no one helped him or done anything for him?"

"I'd leave him alone," I said. "You want to keep out of this."



"But it's simply inhuman. I've nurse's training and I'm going to give him first aid."

"I wouldn't," I said. "Don't go near him."

"Why not?" She was very upset and almost hysterical.

"Because he's dead," I said.

When the police came they held everyone there for three hours. They commenced by smelling of all the pistols. In this manner they would detect one which had been fired recently. After about forty pistols they seemed to get bored with this and anyway all you could smell was wet leather coats. Then they sat at a table placed directly behind the late flit king, who lay on the floor looking like a gray wax caricature of himself, with grey wax hands and a grey wax face, and examined people's papers.

With his shirt ripped open you could see the flit king had no undershirt and the soles of his shoes were worn through. He looked very small and pitiful lying there on the floor. You had to step over him to get to the table where two plain clothes policemen sat and examined everyone's identification papers. The husband lost and found his papers several times with nervousness. He had a safe conduct pass somewhere but he had mislaid it in a pocket and he kept on searching and perspiring until he found it. Then he would put it in a different pocket and have to go searching again. He perspired heavily while doing this and it made his hair very curly and his face red. He now looked as though he should have not only an old school tie but one of those little caps boys in the lower forms wear. You have heard how events age people. Well, this shooting had made him look about ten years younger.

While we were waiting around I told the forceful girl I thought the whole thing was a pretty good story and that I would write it sometime. The way the six had lined up in single file and rushed that door was very impressive. She was shocked and said that I could not write it because it would be prejudicial to the cause of the Spanish Republic. I said that I had been in Spain for a long time and that they used to have a phenomenal number of shootings in the old days around Valencia under the monarchy, and that for hundreds of years before the Republic people had been cutting each other with large knives called





navajas in Andalusia, and that if I saw a comic shooting in Chicote's during the war I could write about it just as though it had been in New York, Chicago, Key West or Marseilles. It did not have anything to do with politics. She said I shouldn't. Probably a lot of other people will say I shouldn't too. The German seemed to think it was a pretty good story, however, and I gave him the last of the Camels. Well, anyway, finally, after about three hours the police said we could go.

They were sort of worried about me in those days, with the shelling, if you started for home on foot and didn't get there after the bars were closed at seven-thirty, people worried. I was glad to get home and I told the story while we were cooking supper on an electric stove and it had quite a success.

Well, it stopped raining during the night, and the next morning it was a fine, bright, cold early winter day and at twelve forty-five I pushed open the revolving doors at Chicote's to try a little gin and tonic before lunch. There were very few people there at that hour and two waiters and the manager came over to the table. They were all smiling.

"Did they catch the murderer?" I asked.

"Don't make jokes so early in the day," the manager said. "Did you see him shot?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Me too," he said. "I was just here when it happened."

He pointed to a corner table. "He placed the pistol right against the man's chest when he fired."

"How late did they hold people?"

"Oh, until past two this morning."

"They only came for the fiambre," using the Spanish slang word for corpse, the same used on menus for cold meat, "at eleven o'clock this morning."

"But you don't know about it yet," the manager said.

"No. He doesn't know," a waiter said.

"It is a very rare thing," another waiter said. "Muy raro"

"And sad too," the manager said. He shook his head.

"Yes. Sad and curious," the waiter said. "Very sad."



“Tell me.”

“It is a very rare thing,” the manager said.

“Tell me. Come on, tell me.”

The manager leaned over the table in great confidence.

“In the flit gun, you know,” he said. “He had eau de cologne. Poor fellow.”

“It was not a joke in such bad taste, you see?” the waiter said.

“It was really just gaiety. No one should have taken offense,” the manager said. “Poor fellow.”

“I see,” I said. “He just wanted everyone to have a good time.”

“Yes,” said the manager. “It was really just an unfortunate misunderstanding.”

“And what about the flit gun?”

“The police took it. They have sent it around to his family.”

“I imagine they will be glad to have it,” I said.

“Yes,” said the manager. “Certainly. A flit gun is always useful.”

“Who was he?”

“A cabinet maker.”

“Married?”

“Yes, the wife was here with the police this morning.”

“What did she say?”

“She dropped down by him and said, ‘Pedro, what have they done to thee, Pedro? Who has done this to thee? Oh, Pedro.’”

“Then the police had to take her away because she could not control herself,” the waiter said.

“It seems he was feeble of the chest,” the manager said. “He fought in the first days of the movement. They said he fought in the Sierra but he was too weak in the chest to continue.”

“And yesterday afternoon he just went out on the town to cheer things up,” I suggested.

No,” said the manager. “You see it is very rare. Everything is muy raro. This I learn from the police who are very efficient if given time. They have interrogated comrades from the shop where he worked. This they located from the card of his syndicate which was in his pocket. Yesterday he bought the flit gun and agua de colonia to use for a joke at a wedding. He had announced this