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*The Snows of
Kilimanjaro*
and Other Stories

Ernest Hemingway [美国] 欧内斯特·海明威 著

乞力马扎罗的雪
——海明威短篇小说选萃

(英汉双语) 侯萍译

凤凰出版传媒集团

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欧内斯特·海明威



The Snows of Kilimanjaro

Kilimanjaro is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high, and it is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit is called the Masai "Ngàje Ngài," the House of God. Close to the western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. No one has explained what the leopard was seeking at that altitude.

"The marvellous thing is that it's painless," he said. "That's how you know when it starts."

"Is it really?"

"Absolutely. I'm awfully sorry about the odor though. That must bother you."

"Don't! Please don't."

"Look at them," he said. "Now is it sight or is it scent that brings them like that?"

The cot the man lay on was in the wide shade of a mimosa tree and as he looked out past the shade onto the glare of the plain there were three of the big birds squatted obscenely, while in the sky a dozen more sailed, making quick-moving shadows as they passed.

"They've been there since the day the truck broke down," he said. "Today's the first time any have lit on the ground. I watched the way they sailed very carefully at first in case I ever wanted to use them in a story. That's funny now."

"I wish you wouldn't," she said.

"I'm only talking," he said. "It's much easier if I talk. But I don't want to bother you."

"You know it doesn't bother me," she said. "It's that I've gotten so very nervous not being able to do anything. I think we might make it as easy as we can until the plane comes."

"Or until the plane doesn't come."

乞力马扎罗的雪

乞力马扎罗是一座终年积雪的高山，海拔19,710英尺。据说，它是非洲最高的山。山的西峰叫马萨伊人^①的“鄂阿奇-鄂阿伊”，意思是上帝的庙殿。在西峰附近，有一具已经风干冻僵的豹子尸体。没人说得清楚，豹子爬到那么高的地方寻找什么。

“神奇的是，伤口一点都不痛，”他说。“你知道，一开始就不痛。”

“真不痛吗？”

“千真万确。不过，非常抱歉，这股气味准叫你受不了。”

“别这么说！千万别这么说。”

“你看那些鸟，”他说。“是这里的景色还是这股气味把它们引来的？”

在一棵含羞草树的浓荫下，有张帆布床，男人躺在上面。他透过树荫向阳光炫目的平原望去，有三只大鸟蹲伏在那里，令人生厌，天空中还飞着十来只鸟，它们掠过天空时，投下迅疾移动的影子。

“从卡车抛锚那天起，这些鸟儿就一直在那儿盘旋，”他说。“今天它们是第一次落到地上。我起先还很仔细地观察过它们的飞翔姿态，心想我写小说时兴许用得着。现在想想多好笑。”

“我希望你别这样想，”她说。

“我只不过是说说话，”他说，“我说说话，就会感到轻松许多。但是我可不想让你心烦。”

“你知道这不会让我心烦，”她说，“我是因为什么事情也做不了，才感到如此焦躁不安。我觉得在飞机到来之前，咱们不妨尽量放松一点。”

“或者说直到飞机根本不会到来之前。”

^① 马萨伊人 (Masai)：肯尼亚和坦桑尼亚的一个游牧狩猎民族。

"Please tell me what I can do. There must be something I can do."

"You can take the leg off and that might stop it, though I doubt it. Or you can shoot me. You're a good shot now. I taught you to shoot didn't I?"

"Please don't talk that way. Couldn't I read to you?"

"Read what?"

"Anything in the book bag that we haven't read."

"I can't listen to it," he said. "Talking is the easiest. We quarrel and that makes the time pass."

"I don't quarrel. I never want to quarrel. Let's not quarrel any more. No matter how nervous we get. Maybe they will be back with another truck today. Maybe the plane will come."

"I don't want to move," the man said. "There is no sense in moving now except to make it easier for you."

"That's cowardly."

"Can't you let a man die as comfortably as he can without calling him names? What's the use of slanging me?"

"You're not going to die."

"Don't be silly. I'm dying now. Ask those bastards." He looked over to where the huge, filthy birds sat, their naked heads sunk in the hunched feathers. A fourth planed down, to run quick-legged and then waddle slowly toward the others.

"They are around every camp. You never notice them. You can't die if you don't give up."

"Where did you read that? You're such a bloody fool."

"You might think about some one else."

"For Christ's sake," she said, "That's been my trade."

He lay then and was quiet for a while and looked across the heat shimmer of the plain to the edge of the bush. There were a few Tommies that showed minute and white against the yellow and, far off, he saw a herd of zebra, white against the green of the bush. This was a pleasant camp under big trees against a hill, with good water, and close by, a nearly dry water hole where sand grouse flighted in the mornings.

"Wouldn't you like me to read?" she asked. She was sitting on a

“请你告诉我能做些什么。我准能做点事吧。”

“你可以把我这条腿锯掉，这样可以停止感染，不过，我怀疑你做不到。或许你可以把我打死。你现在是个好枪手啦。我教过你打枪，对不对？”

“请别这么说。我能给你读点什么吗？”

“读什么呢？”

“咱们书包里的书，我们没有读过的书哪本都行。”

“我听不进去，”他说，“还是聊天最轻松。咱们来吵架吧，这样时间就过得快。”

“我不吵架。我从来就不想吵架。我们别再吵架了。不管我们心里有多烦都别吵架。说不定今天他们会开着另外一辆卡车回来。也说不定飞机会来。”

“我不想动地方了，”男人说，“现在转移已经没有什么意义了，除了会使你感到轻松一些。”

“这是懦夫之见。”

“你就不能让一个男人死得尽量舒服点，非得痛骂他一顿不可吗？你骂我有什么用呢？”

“你不会死的。”

“别犯傻啦。我现在就快死了。不信你问问那几个杂种。”他朝那三只讨厌的大鸟蹲伏的地方望去，只见光秃秃的鸟头缩在耸起的羽毛里。第四只大鸟飞落下来，疾步奔跑，蹒跚着，朝那几只大鸟走去。

“每个营地附近都有这些大鸟。只是你从来没有注意罢了。如果你不自暴自弃，你就不会死。”

“你这是从哪儿读来的？你真是个十足的傻瓜。”

“你也得为别人想想啊。”

“看在上帝的分上，”他说，“这可一向是我的习惯。”

他躺在那里，沉默了一会儿，越过那片灼热眩目的平原，眺望着灌木丛的边缘。在苍黄的平原上，几只野羊显得又小又白，他看见远处有群斑马，白花花一片映衬着碧绿的灌木丛。这营地舒适宜人，大树成荫，背依青山，水质优良，附近有个几近干涸的水穴，清晨总有沙鸡飞起飞落。

“你不要我给你读点什么吗？”她问道。她坐在帆布床边的一把

canvas chair beside his cot. "There's a breeze coming up."

"No thanks."

"Maybe the truck will come."

"I don't give a damn about the truck."

"I do."

"You give a damn about so many things that I don't."

"Not so many, Harry."

"What about a drink?"

"It's supposed to be bad for you. It said in Black's to avoid all alcohol. You shouldn't drink."

"Molo!" he shouted.

"Yes Bwana."

"Bring whiskey-soda."

"Yes Bwana."

"You shouldn't," she said. "That's what I mean by giving up. It says it's bad for you. I know it's bad for you."

"No," he said. "It's good for me."

So now it was all over, he thought. So now he would never have a chance to finish it. So this was the way it ended in a bickering over a drink. Since the gangrene started in his right leg he had no pain and with the pain the horror had gone and all he felt now was a great tiredness and anger that this was the end of it. For this, that now was coming, he had very little curiosity. For years it had obsessed him; but now it meant nothing in itself. It was strange how easy being tired enough made it.

Now he would never write the things that he had saved to write until he knew enough to write them well. Well, he would not have to fail at trying to write them either. Maybe you could never write them, and that was why you put them off and delayed the starting. Well he would never know, now.

"I wish we'd never come," the woman said. She was looking at him holding the glass and biting her lip. "You never would have gotten anything like this in Paris. You always said you loved Paris. We could have stayed in Paris or gone anywhere. I'd have gone anywhere. I said I'd go anywhere you wanted. If you wanted to shoot we could have gone shooting in Hungary and been comfortable."

帆布椅子上。“一阵清风吹来了。”

“不了，谢谢。”

“也许卡车会来的。”

“我不在乎卡车来不来。”

“可我在乎。”

“你在乎很多我并不在乎的事情。”

“不是很多，哈里。”

“喝点酒怎么样？”

“喝酒对你的伤势没有好处。按照《布莱克医学词典》里的说法，一滴酒都不能沾。你不该喝酒。”

“莫洛！”他喊道。

“是，先生。”

“拿威士忌苏打来。”

“是，先生。”

“你不该喝酒，”她说。“我说你自暴自弃，就是这个意思。喝酒对你有害。我知道喝酒对你有害处。”

“不，”他说，“喝酒对我有好处。”

那么，现在一切都完了，他想到。那么，现在他再也没有机会来结束这一切了。一切就在为喝杯酒这种小事的争吵中结束了。自从他的右腿开始生坏疽以来，他便不觉得疼痛了，随着痛感的消失，恐惧也消失了，他现在只是感到厌倦至极，感到满腔怒气，没想到结局竟是这样。对于这个正在临近的结局，他一点好奇心也没有。多少年来，这种结局一直缠绕在他心头；但现在它本身却毫无意义。说来也怪，一旦厌倦至极，结束就变得很轻松。

他原本积累了许多素材，准备在充分理解之后再倾心创作，如今却再也无法把它们写出来了。不过，他也不必在写作时遭遇失败了。也许是因为永远也写不出来，所以一再延宕，迟迟没有动笔。不过，现在他是永远不得其解了。

“我真希望咱们压根儿就没来这里，”女人说。她咬嘴唇，看着他手里端着的酒杯。“要是在巴黎，你就决不会出这种事。你一直说你喜欢巴黎。咱们原本可以待在巴黎或者去其他什么地方。天涯海角我都情愿去。我说过你想去哪里我就去哪里。如果你想打猎，咱们可以去匈牙利，那该多惬意。”

“Your bloody money,” he said.

“That’s not fair,” she said. “It was always yours as much as mine. I left everything and I went wherever you wanted to go and I’ve done what you wanted to do. But I wish we’d never come here.”

“You said you loved it.”

“I did when you were all right. But now I hate it. I don’t see why that had to happen to your leg. What have we done to have that happen to us?”

“I suppose what I did was to forget to put iodine on it when I first scratched it. Then I didn’t pay any attention to it because I never infect. Then, later, when it got bad, it was probably using that weak carbolic solution when the other antiseptics ran out that paralyzed the minute blood vessels and started the gangrene.” He looked at her, “What else?”

“I don’t mean that.”

“If we would have hired a good mechanic instead of a half baked kikuyu driver, he would have checked the oil and never burned out that bearing in the truck.”

“I don’t mean that.”

“If you hadn’t left your own people, your goddamned Old Westbury, Saratoga, Palm Beach people to take me on—”

“Why, I loved you. That’s not fair. I love you now. I’ll always love you. Don’t you love me?”

“No,” said the man. “I don’t think so. I never have.”

“Harry, what are you saying? You’re out of your head.”

“No. I haven’t any head to go out of.”

“Don’t drink that,” she said. “Darling, please don’t drink that. We have to do everything we can.”

“You do it,” he said. “I’m tired.”

Now in his mind he saw a railway station at Karagatch and he was standing with his pack and that was the headlight of the Simplon-Orient cutting the dark now and he was leaving Thrace then after the retreat. That was one of the things he had saved to write, with, in the morning at breakfast, looking out the window and seeing snow on the mountains in Bulgaria and Nansen’s Secretary asking the old

“你很有钱啊，”他说。

“这话不公平，”她说。“你我一贯不分彼此。我撇下了一切，你想去哪里我就去哪里，你想做什么我就做什么。不过，我真希望你们压根儿就没来这里。”

“你说过你喜欢这里。”

“我是说过，当时你安然无恙。但现在我讨厌这里。我不明白老天干吗非让你的腿遭殃。咱们到底做了什么，偏偏摊上这种事？”

“我想我做的就是，起初我的腿划破时，忘了涂碘酒。随后又因为自己从来不会感染而没把伤口当回事儿。再后来，伤口恶化时，其他抗菌剂又都用完了，可能就是因为用了稀石炭酸溶液，导致毛细血管堵塞，于是便开始生坏疽。”他看着她，“除此以外还做了什么呢？”

“我不是这个意思。”

“要是咱们雇了一个优秀机修工，而不是那个半吊子吉库尤^①司机，他也许就会检查机油，那就决不会让卡车轴承烧毁。”

“我不是这个意思。”

“要是你没有离开你自己那帮人——你那些该死的威斯特伯里人、萨拉托加人和棕榈滩人——却偏偏看上了我——”

“我当时爱上了你。你这话不公平。我现在依然爱着你。我会永远爱你。你不爱我吗？”

“不爱，”男人说。“我想我不爱你。我从来没爱过你。”

“哈里，你在说什么？你喝了忘川的水啦。”

“没有，我已经没有什么忘川水可喝了。”

“别喝酒啦，”她说。“亲爱的，求你别喝了。咱们应该尽力而为。”

“你做吧，”他说。“我累了。”

现在，他的脑海里浮现出卡拉加奇^②的一个火车站，他正背着背包站在那里，东方快车的前灯划破了黑暗，当时是在撤退以后，他正准备离开色雷斯^③。这是他准备留待将来写的一个情节，还有一个情景是，早晨吃早餐的时候，放眼眺望窗外，看着保加利亚群山上的积雪，南森^④的秘书问他，山上是不是雪，老头儿看了一眼

① 吉库尤人，东非肯尼亚中部的居民。

② 卡拉加奇，土耳其西北部的城市。

③ 色雷斯，巴尔干半岛东南部地区，分属希腊和土耳其。

④ 南森（1861—1930），挪威北极探险家，曾任国际联盟难民救济高级专员。

man if it were snow and the old man looking at it and saying, No, that's not snow. It's too early for snow. And the Secretary repeating to the other girls, No, you see. It's not snow and them all saying, It's not snow we were mistaken. But it was the snow all right and he sent them on into it when he evolved exchange of populations. And it was snow they tramped along in until they died that winter.

It was snow too that fell all Christmas week that year up in the Gauertal, that year they lived in the woodcutter's house with the big square porcelain stove that filled half the room, and they slept on mattresses filled with beech leaves, the time the deserter came with his feet bloody in the snow. He said the police were right behind him and they gave him woolen socks and held the gendarmes talking until the tracks had drifted over.

In Schrunz, on Christmas day, the snow was so bright it hurt your eyes when you looked out from the weinstube and saw every one coming home from church. That was where they walked up the sleigh-smoothed urine-yellowed road along the river with the steep pine hills, skis heavy on the shoulder, and where they ran that great run down the glacier above the Madlener-haus, the snow as smooth to see as cake frosting and as light as powder and he remembered the noiseless rush the speed made as you dropped down like a bird.

They were snow-bound a week in the Madlener-haus that time in the blizzard playing cards in the smoke by the lantern light and the stakes were higher all the time as Herr Lent lost more. Finally he lost it all. Everything, the skischule money and all the season's profit and then his capital. He could see him with his long nose, picking up the cards and then opening, "Sans Voir." There was always gambling then. When there was no snow you gambled and when there was too much you gambled. He thought of all the time in his life he had spent gambling.

But he had never written a line of that, nor of that cold, bright Christmas day with the mountains showing across the plain that Barker had flown across the lines to bomb the Austrian officers' leave train, machine-gunning them as they scattered and ran. He remembered Barker afterwards coming into the mess and starting to tell about it.

说道，不是，那不是雪。现在下雪还为时过早。于是，那个秘书把老头儿的话又告诉其他几个姑娘，不是雪，明白了吧。那不是雪，她们都说，那不是雪，是我们看走眼了。但是，当他提出人口交换，把她们送往山里的时候，山里已是大雪覆盖。那年冬天，她们深一脚浅一脚踩着积雪前进，一直走到死去。

那年圣诞节，在高厄塔耳山上，雪也下了整整一星期。那年他们住在伐木工家里，那口方方正正的大瓷灶占了半间屋，他们睡在填满山毛榉树叶的床垫上。当时，有个逃兵跑进屋来，两只脚在雪地里拖得鲜血淋漓。他说宪兵在后面紧追，于是他们给了他一双羊毛袜，并且缠住宪兵闲扯，直到落雪遮没了逃兵的足迹。

在施伦斯的圣诞节那天，白雪皑皑，晶莹剔透，你从小酒吧向外望去，雪光刺得你眼睛生疼，只见人们纷纷走出教堂回家去。就是在这里，他们肩上扛着沉重的滑雪装备，沿着松林覆盖的陡峭群山脚下的那条河流，踏上被雪橇拖得平坦光滑的尿黄色河滨大道，他们就是在那儿畅快地在“梅德纳尔之家”上面那道冰川的大斜坡上滑行，那里的雪平滑如糕饼上的糖霜，轻柔似纤细的粉末，他记得那次悄无声息的急速滑雪，人像鸟儿一样翩然飞落。

在那场暴风雪期间，他们在“梅德纳尔之家”被大雪困了一个星期，那时他们只好借着提灯的微光，在满屋的烟气中玩牌，随着伦特先生越输越多，赌注也越下越大。最后他输了个精光。他输掉了一切，输掉了滑雪学校的钱和那一季的全部收益，接着输掉了他的老本。他能看到长着大鼻子的伦特先生抓牌，接着翻开牌说：“不看。”当时赌博成风。天不下雪，你赌；雪下得太多，你还是赌。他想到了自己这一生消磨在赌博上的时间。

可是关于那件事，他连一行字都没写；也没描写一句在凛冽晴朗的圣诞节那天，平原那边山峦起伏，巴克飞过防线去轰炸奥地利军官的休假列车，当军官们四散奔跑时，他使用机关枪扫射。他记得过后巴克走进食堂，开始说起这件事。众人闻之顿时鸦雀无声，

And how quiet it got and then somebody saying, "You bloody murderous bastard."

Those were the same Austrians they killed then that he skied with later. No not the same. Hans, that he skied with all that year, had been in the Kaiser-Jägers and when they went hunting hares together up the little valley above the saw-mill they had talked of the fighting on Pasubio and of the attack on Pertica and Asalone and he had never written a word of that. Nor of Monte Corno, nor the Siete Commum, nor of Arsiedo.

How many winters had he lived in the Voralberg and the Arlberg? It was four and then he remembered the man who had the fox to sell when they had walked into Bludenz, that time to buy presents, and the cherry-pit taste of good kirsch, the fast-slipping rush of running powder-snow on crust, singing "Hi! Ho! said Rolly!" as you ran down the last stretch to the steep drop, taking it straight, then running the orchard in three turns and out across the ditch and onto the icy road behind the inn. Knocking your bindings loose, kicking the skis free and leaning them up against the wooden wall of the inn, the lamplight coming from the window, where inside, in the smoky, new-wine smelling warmth, they were playing the accordion.

"Where did we stay in Paris?" he asked the woman who was sitting by him in a canvas chair, now, in Africa.

"At the Crillon. You know that."

"Why do I know that?"

"That's where we always stayed."

"No. Not always."

"There and at the Pavillion Henri-Quatre in St. Germain. You said you loved it there."

"Love is a dunghill," said Harry. "And I'm the cock that gets on it to crow."

"If you have to go away," she said, "is it absolutely necessary to kill off everything you leave behind? I mean do you have to take away everything? Do you have to kill your horse, and your wife and burn your saddle and your armour?"