

A Critical Appreciation of the Best  
American Short Stories

# 美国短篇小说 精品赏析

赵 莉 编著



东北林业大学出版社

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## 前 言

《美国短篇小说精品赏析》是一部可读性很强的书，覆盖了美国小说发展的重要阶段，凸显了几位文学大家的代表作品。

本书的篇幅有限，但选材颇具代表性，收集了美国十九世纪至二十世纪厄内斯特·海明威、凯特·肖邦、伯纳德·马拉默德、欧·亨利、杰克·伦敦、奥康纳、乔伊斯·卡罗尔·奥茨、威廉·福克纳等著名作家的小说共十四篇。这八位作家都是当代美国文学中具有影响的人物。他们的力著当然都是佳作，特点是非常浓缩，本来可以大加铺陈的地方都被割爱了，它们仅仅抓住了生活中的某一个片段或者瞬间，却极其准确地剖析了社会和人性的精微和复杂，给人的印象是“作品整体似乎大于它的段落的总和”。接触到这些作家的作品有助于增加我们对当今美国社会的情况、动向以及美国人民的思想动态、兴趣所在等方面的了解。这些作品从不同角度反映了美国社会在不同时期的某些侧面，同时也体现了各个作家的写作风格、技巧和特色，从而在此基础上引导读者对这些最佳的作品做更广泛的阅读。此外，这些文学作品上触摸到了上帝，下又碰见魔鬼，在中间不断与人类的良心较量，同时又让我们了解我们自己和生活的真谛。

本书供广大学者和文学爱好者参考阅读，也可作为英语专业文学选修课的参考教材。为了便于读者了解作家及作品内容，我们对作家及作品作了简要介绍，并对某些作品中出现的难句及某些语言现象加了必要的注释。

本书在出版过程中由外籍专家 Erika Aylwin 和 Bridget Watson 审阅，并得到了东北林业大学外国语学院英语语言文学专业学科组领导以及东北林业大学出版社的领导和编辑人员的支持和帮助，在此一并感谢。

笔者不揣鄙陋，特奉此书与读者，除去老生常谈，但愿尚有些许新意，与书友切磋，望同行教正，如能抛砖引玉，更是不胜惶恐，不胜荣幸奥！

编者

2007年5月于东北林业大学

# 目 录

1	厄内斯特·海明威	( 1 )
	《一个清洁明亮的地方》(A Clean, Well - Lighted Place)	( 10 )
	《白象似的群山》(Hills Like White Elephants)	( 20 )
	《杀人者》(The Killers)	( 33 )
	《弗朗西斯·马康伯短暂的幸福生活》(A Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber)	( 65 )
2	凯特·肖邦	( 70 )
	《悲喜一小时》(The Story of an Hour)	( 77 )
3	伯纳德·马拉默德	( 83 )
	《魔桶》(The Magic Barrel)	( 110 )
4	欧·亨利	( 113 )
	《麦琪的礼物》(The Gift of the Magi)	( 122 )
	《警察与赞美诗》(The Cop and the Anthem)	( 130 )
5	杰克·伦敦	( 132 )
	《热爱生命》(Love of Life)	( 151 )
	《一块牛排》(A Piece of Steak)	( 170 )
6	奥康纳	( 173 )
	《好人难寻》(A Good Man Is Hard To Find)	( 178 )
	《水到渠成》(Everything That Rises Must Converge)	( 208 )
7	乔伊斯·卡罗尔·奥茨	( 211 )
	《四个夏天》(Four Summers)	( 232 )
8	威廉·福克纳	( 234 )
	《纪念爱米莉的一朵玫瑰花》(A Rose for Emily)	( 248 )



## Ernest Hemingway (1899—1961)

### Biography

Hemingway's colorful life began in quiet Oak Park, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, where he was born July 21, 1899. His father was a physician. Ernest was the second of six children born to Dr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Hemingway. His mother, a devout, religious woman with considerable musical talent, hoped that Ernest would develop an interest in music. Ernest acquired his father's enthusiasm for guns and fishing trips in the Michigan North woods. This phase of his childhood formed important impressions reflected later in Nick Adams stories like *Indian Camp* and *Big Two-Hearted River*.

Hemingway played high school football and learned to box, incurring permanent eye damage that caused the army to reject his repeated efforts to enlist in World War I. Boxing also gave Hemingway a lasting enthusiasm for prize fighting, material for stories, and a tendency to talk of his literary accomplishments later in boxing terms.

He edited the high school newspaper, twice ran away from home, and on graduating from high school, Hemingway headed for Kansas City to enlist despite parental objections that he was too young at seventeen. Rejected by the army, he went to the Kansas City Star, a national newspaper, where he added a year to his age and was hired as a reporter. (This is the reason Hemingway's birth date is often given as 1898 rather than the correct 1899.)

Finally, Hemingway succeeded in joining a volunteer American Red Cross

ambulance unit as a driver. He was so seriously wounded at Fossalta on the Italian Piave on July 8, 1918, that he recalled life slid from him, "like you'd pull a silk handkerchief out of a pocket. Some literary observers that the experience gave Hemingway a fear of his own fear and the lifetime need to continually test his courage through dangerous adventures.

After a dozen operations on his knee and recuperation in Milan, he returned, with an aluminum kneecap and two Italian decorations, to join the Italian infantry. These vivid experiences later provided background for *A Farewell to Arms* in 1929.

War—the cruelty and stoic endurance that it requires forms a major part of Hemingway's writing, beginning with the *In Our Time* collection published in 1924 to his post-World War II novel, *Across the River and Into the Trees*. In addition to World War I action, Hemingway later covered the Greek-Turkish War in 1920, while the Spanish Civil War in 1937 provided material for his *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Following World War I, Hemingway returned to northern Michigan to read, write, fish, and then to work for the *Toronto Star* in Canada. He lived briefly in Chicago, where he came to know Sherwood Anderson. In 1921 he married Hadley Richardson and they moved to Paris, where he was foreign correspondent for the *Toronto Star*. His newsbeat was all of Europe, and while still in his twenties, Hemingway had interviewed Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Mussolini. The years 1921—1926 in Paris, when Hemingway was first developing his writing style and when his first son John was born, are recorded in *A Moveable Feast* (1964).

Sherwood Anderson had given Hemingway a letter of introduction to Gertrude Stein, who was living in Paris, and that proved to be his entrance into the world of working authors and artists who visited her home. It was she who mentioned a garage keeper's comment to Hemingway, "You are all a lost generation." That casual remark became famous when Hemingway used it as an epigraph to his first major novel, *The Sun Also Rises*.

"Lost generation" came to signify the postwar generation and the literary movement produced by the young writers. These writers of the twenties were thought to reflect that generation's belief that their lives and hopes had been shattered by the war. They had been led down a glory trail to death not for noble, patriotic ideals, but for the greedy, materialistic gain of power groups. The high-minded sentiments of their elders were not to be trusted. Only reality was truth and that was harsh. Life was futile-nothing.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, Sherwood Anderson, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, and Gertrude Stein are among those usually credited with influencing Hemingway's early writing. Most of that early work was lost when a suitcase containing the first draft of his first novel and eighteen of his stories representing most of four years work was stolen from his wife, Hadley, on a train to Lausanne, Switzerland. Later, "My Old Man," one of two short stories that Hemingway had left was selected for Edward O'Brien's volume of Best Short Stories of 1923, which was dedicated to Hemingway.

Early Hemingway stories had appeared in German and French publications before the Atlantic Monthly magazine published *Fifty Grand*, the short story that introduced his startling concept of crisp, concise dialog to United States. In 1925 *In Our Time* was published in the United States by Boni and Liveright, Sherwood Anderson's publishers, who rejected Hemingway's next book, *The Torrents of Spring*, a satire of Anderson's *Dark Laughter*. Scribner's published the rejected manuscript and that same year issued Hemingway's first successful novel, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926).

The Hemingways were divorced in 1927. The same year that he married Vogue writer Pauline Pfeiffer. In 1928 the Hemingways moved to Key West, Florida, where Patrick was born in 1929 and Gregory in 1932. The shocking event of 1928 for Hemingway was the suicide of his father, who had been ill with hypertension and diabetes. It wasn't until 1940 that the experience was reflected in his writing through the thoughts of Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and later characters sometimes expressed thoughts on suicide.

Between wars and books Hemingway traveled and pursued hunting and other sports. Bullfighting claimed his attention and resulted in *Death in the Afternoon*. His 1934 African safari yielded material for *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* and *Green Hills of Africa*.

In 1940, Hemingway and Pauline were divorced. He married writer Martha Gelhorn and they toured China before World War II in Cuba. When World War II began Hemingway volunteered his fishing boat, *Pilar*, and served with the U.S. Navy as a submarine spotter in the Caribbean. In 1944, he was a forty-five-year-old war correspondent barnstorming through Europe with the Allied invasion troops and sometimes ahead of them.

Following his divorce in 1944, Hemingway married Mary Welsh, a Time magazine correspondent. They lived in Venice after the war before returning to Finca Vigia (Lookout Farm) near Havana, Cuba. In 1950, *Across the River and Into the Trees*



appeared and were not critical success. One of the reported comments was, "Papa is finished." His 1952 work, *The Old Man and the Sea* received the 1953 Pulitzer Prize.

In January of 1954 Hemingway was off for another African hunt and was reported dead after tow airplane crashed in two days. He survived severe internal and spinal injuries and a concussion that impaired his eyesight for a period. He survived to read the numerous newspaper obituary notices and noted with great pleasure that they were favorable. That same year Hemingway received the Swedish Academy's Nobel Prize for Literature, "for his powerful style-forming mastery of the art of modern narration, as most recently evinced in *The Old Man and the Sea*."

Suddenly he was sixty and there was his birthday photograph in a national magazine. White-bearded and still full of ginger, Hemingway was booting an empty beer can high in the air along a road near his Ketchum, Idaho, home.

During 1961, Hemingway, plagued by high blood pressure and mental depression, received shock treatments during two long confinements at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. He died July 2, 1961, at his home in Ketchum, Idaho, as the result of self-inflicted gunshot wounds and was buried in Ketchum.

In a way, there were two Hemingways. One was the flamboyant adventurer-the lively legend in the spotlight. The other Hemingway was the skillful, sensitive author who patiently wrote, rewrote, and edited his work. *A Farewell to Arms* (1929) required eight months for writing the first draft and another five months for rewriting, according to Hemingway, who claimed to have rewritten the last page thirty-nine times. That writing discipline began in the twenties persisted throughout his literary career. In discussing *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), Hemingway is said to have read through the manuscript some two hundred times before releasing it. Hemingway, the colorful legend, was also the author who said, "What many another writer would be content to leave in massive proportions, I polish into a tiny gem."

### 厄内斯特·米勒尔·海明威

#### 作者生平

厄内斯特·海明威 (1899—1961) 是美国作家, 生于芝加哥。他的父亲是医生, 业余嗜好打猎钓鱼。母亲喜爱艺术。他在生活与事业中承继父母双方不同的性格。他在高中时就开始写作, 而且十分活跃、突出。1917年中

学毕业，因向往更广阔的生活环境，便终止学业到康萨斯市去担任当时的主要报纸《星报》的记者。这一工作对他日后的写作是很有裨益的锻炼。他在中学时就想参军，因有只眼睛在学拳击时受伤，应征未能合格。第一次世界大战结束前作为美国红十字会救护车司机赴战地工作，1918年在意大利前线负伤，获得英雄奖章。伤愈后结婚，并去法国为《多伦多星报》当通讯记者。在旅居巴黎的一些美国作家——S·菲斯杰拉德、G·斯坦恩、E·庞德——的鼓励下，他的第一部重要作品，短篇小说集《在我们的时代里》于1925年在纽约问世，第二年又发表了他的成名作《太阳照样升起》。这是一部悲观主义却才华横溢的长篇小说，书中人物是一些战后在巴黎过着漫无目的的生活，所谓“迷惘的一代”的美国年青人。海明威自己便是他们的代表人物。他们积极参战，相信这一世界战争是为了“民主”、“爱国”与“光荣”，最后幻想鼓灭，发现这只是一场大国之间争权夺利的斗争。

战后那几年中，他主要从事写作。这期间他的第一次婚姻破裂，再次结婚。他定居巴黎，但四处旅行、滑雪、斗牛、钓鱼、打猎，这些成为他生活的一个部分，也是他很多作品的故事背景。1933年出版的《胜者无所行》完全巩固了他作为短篇小说大师的地位，但广大读者对于《永别了，武器》一书评价更高。

很多评论家认为海明威所有的最佳著作都写于这一阶段。这一段话虽是严酷了一些，但也确是实情。自此以后他发表的作品不仅数量减少，而且成功中也不无失数。有一次他自己也承认如果他不花那么多时间打猎、钓鱼的话，他也许会写出更多的作品来。

西班牙内战时，深爱那个国家的海明威作为记者到西班牙去过四次。战争及和平时期他在西班牙的经历结成了硕果——长篇小说《丧钟为谁而鸣》。这是一部震撼心灵的作品，感人至深。它描述一个自愿去西班牙参战的美国游击队员，他在炸毁一座具有战略意义的桥梁时已明知这场战斗必败，却在身负重伤的情况下决定单独留下阻击敌人。他开始理解了这一牺牲是明智的抉择。他的死使读者相信生命值得活，而有些事业也值得为之牺牲。海明威一生对战争十分关注，在《永别了，武器》中他着重指出战争毫无意义，但在《丧钟为谁而鸣》里他的战争观已有了改变。

后来他又参加了第二次世界大战。他亲自参加或目击了20世纪大多数战争，虽然名义上常是战地记者，但就连职业军人都认为他不单在战斗中是英勇战士，在军事方面也是真正的专家。

他一身经历不少危险，第一次世界大战中负伤，身中两百余榴霰弹片，50年代他的飞机在非洲失事，九死一生，因此伤疼与暴死是他作品中显著

的主题，不过他也写野火与自然的美、友情与醇酒的乐趣、爱情与荣誉的价值。

他因战时旧伤及饮酒过度以致身体日衰，又感到自己才华已尽，不能再写出好作品来而情绪崩溃，于1961年将猎枪枪口塞进嘴里自杀而死。

1953年他的《老人与海》获普利策奖。1954年作为现代叙事艺术大师荣膺诺贝尔文学奖。

他的名著是美国现代文学的经典著作，对很多青年作家在观点与风格上都有巨大影响。

## 原文

### A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

It was late and every one had left the café except an old man who sat in the shadow the leaves of the tree made against the electric light. In the day time the street was dusty; but at night the dew settled the dust and the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. The two waiters inside the café knew that the old man was a little drunk, and while he was a good client they knew that if he became too drunk he would leave without paying, so they kept watch on him.

"Last week he tried to commit suicide," one waiter said.

"Why?"

"He was in despair."

"What about?"

"Nothing."

"How do you know it was nothing?"

"He has plenty of money."

They sat together at a table that was close against the wall near the door of the café and looked at the terrace where the tables were all empty except where the old man sat in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind. A girl and a soldier went by in the street. The street light shone on the brass number on his collar. The girl wore no head covering and hurried beside him.

"The guard will pick him up," one waiter said.

"What does it matter if he gets what he's after?"

"He had better get off the street now. The guard will get him. They went by five

minutes ago."

The old man sitting in the shadow rapped on his saucer with his glass. The younger waiter went over to him.

"What do you want?"

The old man looked at him. "Another brandy," he said.

"You'll be drunk," the waiter said. The old man looked at him. The waiter went away.

"He'll stay all night," he said to his colleague. "I'm sleepy now. I never get into bed before three o'clock. He should have killed himself last week."

The waiter took the brandy bottle and another saucer from the counter inside the café and marched out to the old man's table. He put down the saucer and poured the glass full of brandy.

"You should have killed yourself last week," he said to the deaf man. The old man motioned with his finger. "A little more," he said. The waiter poured on into the glass so that the brandy slopped over and ran down the stem into the top saucer of the pile. "Thank you," the old man said. The waiter took the bottle back inside the café. He sat down at the table with his colleague again.

"He's drunk now," he said.

"He's drunk every night."

"What did he want to kill himself for?"

"How should I know."

"How did he do it?"

"He hung himself with a rope."

"Who cut him down?"

"His niece."

"Why did he do it?"

"For his soul."

"How much money has he got?"

"He's got plenty."

"He must be eighty years old."

"Anyway I should say he was eighty."

"I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?"

"He stays up because he likes it."

"He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me."

"He had a wife once too."

"A wife would be no good to him now."

"You can't tell. He might be better with a wife."

"His niece looks after him. You said she cut him down."

"I know."

"I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing."

"Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him."

"I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who must work."

The old man looked from his glass across the square, then over at the waiters.

"Another handy," he said, pointing to his glass. The waiter who was in a hurry came over.

"Finished," he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunken people or foreigners. "No more tonight. Close now."

"Another," said the old man.

"No. Finished." The waiter wiped the edge of the table with a towel and shook his head.

The old man stood up, slowly counted the saucers, took a leather coin purse from his pocket and paid for the drinks, leaving half a peseta tip.

The waiter watched him go down the street, a very old man walking unsteadily but with dignity.

"Why didn't you let him stay and drink?" the unhurried waiter asked. They were putting up the shutters. "It is not half past two."

"I want to go home to bed."

"What is an hour?"

"More to me than to him."

"An hour is the same."

"You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a bottle and drink at home."

"It's not the same."

"No, it is not," agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?"

"Are you trying to insult me?"

"No, hombre, only to make a joke."

"No," the waiter who was in a hurry said, rising from putting on the metal shutters. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older waiter said. "You have everything."

"And what do you lack?"

"Everything but work."

"You have everything I have."

"No, I have never had confidence and I'm not young."

"Come on. Stop talking nonsense and lock up."

"I am of those who like to stay late at the café," the older waiter said. "With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."

"I want to go home and into bed."

"We are of two different kinds," the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be some one who needs the café."

"Hombre, there are bodegas open all night long."

"You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant café. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves."

"Good night," said the younger waiter.

"Good night," the other said. Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It is the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it was all was nada y pues nada y pues nada. Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we, nada our nada and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.

"What's yours?" asked the barman.

"Nada."

"Otro loco mas," said the barman and turned away.

"A little cup," said the waiter.

The barman poured it for him.

"The light is very bright and pleasant but the bar is unpolished," the waiter said.

The barman looked at him but did not answer. It was too late at night for conversation.

"You want another copita?" the barman asked.

"No, thank you," said the waiter and went out. He disliked bars and bodegas. A clean, well-lighted café was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

## 《一个清洁明亮的地方》赏析

《一个清洁明亮的地方》被认为是海明威在风格方面一部杰作。整个故事叙述的是一家咖啡店在打烊前后很短时间内发生的事，所占篇幅不过几页，几乎全部是对话或内心独白。快捷的对话与简短的语言却表现了三个人物之间复杂的相互作用与影响。

就结构来说，全文可分为三个部分：第一段是故事序曲，说明时间（深夜）、地点（西班牙某地广场上的露天咖啡店）、人物（一个顾客与两名侍者）。第一部分到老人离开咖啡店为止；第二部分到年轻些的侍者出场为止；第三部分到故事结束。

在第一部分中，我们从两个侍者的谈话中知道了老人的情况。读者的关注也集中在老人身上。作者的简洁手法与写作技巧使他在两侍者的对话中直接引语前都省去了“某某说”、“某某问”这类的报导性句子，哪一句是谁说的全没有标明，有的词语有些语意模棱两可，只待后来我们知道了两个侍者对人对事的不同观点与态度才能确定那些模棱两可的话的含义。例如，在谈到老人曾于一周前企图自杀时有这么几句话：

“为什么（自杀）？”

“他感到绝望了。”

“有什么原因吗？”

“什么也没有呀。”

“你怎么知道什么也没有?”

“他有钱。”

第四句“什么也没有 (nothing)”如果是年轻些的侍者说的(后来我们知道这位侍者比较讲究实际),那么这句话是说,老人钱多,没有物质生活方面的问题,他的自杀没有什么来由。如果是那年纪大些的侍者说的,那么“什么也没有”(nothing 此处便意味着 nothingness),指没有希望,没有亲情,生活没有真实与意义的这种空虚感。

又如,姑娘与士兵经过咖啡店的这一插曲一方面说明夜已开始了宵禁,再则暗示还有一个青春欢乐的世界,与老人独酌的孤单寂寞形成对照。两个侍者谈到他们时,一个说:“哨兵会把他抓起来的。”另一个说:“只要他得到了他想要的,那又有什么关系?”

同样,这里没有指明哪一句话是哪个侍者说的,因此第二句语意也模棱两可。如果是年轻些的侍者说的,那么这句话表示的该是很实际的态度:青春不再,何不及时行乐,即使半夜在街上行走,违反了军人纪律,受点处分也值。如果是年纪大些的一个说的,那语气应该有所不同,恐怕是对追求享乐观点嘲讽的味道了。不过从上下文看来,第一个说话人对士兵表示同情、关切,希望他避开大街,以免被抓,那么可以想像上述那第二句话该是年轻些的侍者说的。

这时,我们已开始注意到了这两位侍者,但在这一部分中,老人始终是我们兴趣的焦点。他年迈、丧妻、耳朵又聋,除了到咖啡店来买醉外,似乎没有更好的办法打发时日。年轻些的侍者对他很不耐烦,说,“老了讨人嫌”,甚至于欺他耳聋,敢于当面对他说:“你该在上星期自杀死了的。”他心境窄狭,又毫无同情心。作者细心安排了这些对话,让我们自己对故事中人物作出结论。他确实是个不偏不倚的见证人,纯粹用的是戏剧手法,把人物的言语举止全摆出来,让大家看到听到,作出判断,但他也还是不禁用了“蠢人”一语表示他对年轻些的侍者的态度。

第一部分中有一长段对话,两个侍者谈起老人上吊的事。有一个问道是谁把他解救下来的,另一个答是他的侄女。后来这答话的侍者又对那个说:“你说是她把他解救下来的。”这里当是一个疏漏。所以在下面这几句话中:

“他该有八十岁了。”

“我看是有八十了。”

“我只想他回家就好。我从来没在三点以前上过床。那么晚上床还睡多少觉呀?!”



这后面两句是年轻些的侍者一个人连连说的，否则与上下文脱节。

这一部分里有一个重复出现四次的意象，即“树叶的阴影”。年纪大一些的侍者在对另一个侍者说到咖啡店比一些通宵营业的酒吧好些时道：“这儿是干净舒适的咖啡店，灯光明亮，光线又好，而且现在还有树叶的阴影。”分明他是把灯光、阴影这明暗光影的错落有致的协调配合看做是一种类，也说明是作者对外在世界美的欣赏，即使这美是在无可奈何的心境下的暂时性的慰藉，但从深层的象征意义上看，阴影喻示黑暗、空虚，就是在一个清洁明亮的地方，老人依然处在空虚的阴影之下。

最后年轻些的侍者把老人打发走了。他离开店子时步履不稳，但仍保持了他的尊严，这一点在故事中十分重要，它说明了老人的基本性格。

第二部分中作者的镜头聚集在两名侍者身上。这时海明威鲜明地将两个人分别出来：一个是“性急的”，“有老婆的”；另一个是“不性急的”，他不年轻，没有老婆，没有信心，没有稳定感。这两个是不同类型的人。作者将故事朝象征与隐喻方面展开。故事中一再提到那些“晚上需要光亮的人”，“需要咖啡店及其清洁环境的人”，而这正是老人和年纪大些的侍者所需要的。

这时年轻些的侍者道了晚安便退场了。

第三部分主要是年纪大些的侍者的内心独白：“他自言自语地继续这番谈话。”他到了一家酒店开始他与那老人同样的这番寻求。这里集中表现的是他的——而不是那老人的——需要、孤独和缺乏稳定与自信感。

这故事中一再重复“空虚”，这位侍者在他独白中甚至将两段祈祷文中所有的主要名词与动词都用“空虚”一词代替。他出于同情心，设身处地体会到老人的凄清苍凉心境，进而更意识到他自己生活中深重的空虚感。

这一篇写得较晚的故事，发表于1930年。当时人们关于第一次世界大战的幻想破灭了。海明威正生活在20年代，他本人就是可怜破灭的“迷惘的一代”的代表人物。那一时期，传统的价值观与新的人生观互不协调，水火不容，绝望与玩世不恭的享乐主义替代了过去的理想与价值观。幻想破灭自然就产生了这种空虚心态。这种心态实际上总结了以前海明威作品中常出现的主题，只不过在本篇中把它直接表达了出来。他一些主要的作品中的人物都有这同一经历体验，只是“空虚”的具体出现的形式不同而已——它们可能是焦灼、孤儿、凄凉、失败、绝望、黑暗、死亡或死亡的威胁等等，没有稳定的自信感，没有物质或精神上的支持，一切行动都没有意义，没有解脱这种处境希望……不管它的具体表现是什么，它总是打乱心态平衡，威胁要制服个人“自我”的一个阴影。但海明威主要考虑的倒不是这些抽象的