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英美现代文学注释丛书



**Short Stories
of
Ernest Hemingway**

海明威短篇小说选

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Short Stories
of
Ernest Hemingway

Selected with Chinese Notes

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内 容 提 要

这里选了欧内斯特·海明威所著的文字比较容易理解的七个短篇故事，加上注释供中等英语程度的读者阅读。

Indian Camp 〈印地安营地〉和 *The Revolutionist* 〈革命者〉两篇故事前有一段作为引子的插曲，和正文对照，耐人寻味。这两篇插曲的注释，采取脚注形式，以免与集中书后的正文注释混淆。

英美现代文学注释丛书
海明威短篇小说选
〔美〕欧内斯特·海明威 著
林乐扬 刘承沛 选注

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作者及作品简介

这里选收的是欧内斯特·海明威所著的文字比较容易为初学者理解的七篇短篇小说，而不是他的代表作品。*Indian Camp* 说的是美国一个印地安妇女由于极端缺乏医疗照顾而经历的一次危险的分娩。一位好心的白人医生在很困难的条件下为她行剖腹产手术，母子幸而平安，但是孩子的父亲却因为目睹分娩的苦痛，终于失去对自己的控制而自杀了。*The Revolutionist* 写的是二十年代一个匈牙利革命者的逃亡，沿途受到各国工人同志的照顾，辗转于南欧各地，最后在瑞士被捕入狱。这两篇都有插曲作为引子，把引子和故事本身对照起来，可以看出作者对受难者的同情。*The Killers* 赤裸裸地揭露了美国社会的狂暴，说的是一个拳击运动员因为未能按照后台老板的意志进行比赛而使老板输了钱，结果老板派打手去杀害他，拳击家从美国社会里看不到出路，只好坐以待毙。*Fifty Grand* 描绘的是一个垂老的拳王，明知自己竞技状态不佳，要被人打败，却又不得不进行最后一次比赛。赛前为了日后的生活出路，他听从经理的话，把很大的赌注押在对方身上，决定输给对方，谁知对方也被人买通，在眼看就要获胜的情况下，故意在比赛中犯规以使裁判员判决他的失败。此时老拳王虽已被对方打得几乎站立不住，但为了保证赢得他所下的赌注，穷极生智，拒绝了裁判员的裁决，反以十分明显的违例的拳法把对方打倒。结果老拳王虽然失去了拳王的

宝座，却赢了一大笔钱。*Now I Lay Me* 是作者以第一人称写的近似回忆录的一篇文章，描绘他在第一次世界大战中两次负伤，却仍然不能摆脱为帝国主义战争服务的命运，以致患了严重的失眠症，夜晚不能入睡时，脑子充满了对童年的回忆，看不出前途。*A Day's Wait* 写的是一个九岁的孩子因为不知道体温计有摄氏和华氏的区别，误以为自己的体温既已达到一百〇二度，必将死去。他战战兢兢过了一整天，最后弄明白了，悲喜交集。*The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber* 写的是一对美国资产阶级夫妻没有真正的感情，却又彼此不愿离去：男的留恋美貌，女的留恋金钱。有一次在非洲行猎，丈夫在猎狮的过程中暴露了自己的卑怯，受到妻子的鄙薄。后来丈夫对打猎有了一点点经验，变得勇敢了，这时妻子害怕终将失去她对丈夫的控制，于是在丈夫被野牛猛扑时，从他身后开枪把他打死。

欧内斯特·海明威 (Ernest Hemingway 1899—1961) 美国资产阶级作家。第一次大战结束后开始写作，发表过短篇小说集《在我们的时代里》(*In Our Time*, 1924)，《没有女人的男人》(*Men Without Women*, 1927)，《胜者无所得》(*Winner Takes Nothing*, 1933)。他的著名的长篇小说有《太阳也出来了》(*The Sun Also Rises*, 1926)，《永别了武器》(*A Farewell to Arms*, 1929)，《午后之死》(*Death in the Afternoon*, 1932)，《钟为谁鸣》(*For Whom the Bell Tolls*, 1940)，《老人与海》(*The Old Man and the Sea*, 1952)。一九五四年海明威获得诺贝尔文学奖金。

海明威以写短篇小说开始了他的文学创作活动。当时第一次世界大战刚刚结束，资本主义社会经历了

战争之后，面临严重的经济危机。因此，作为资产阶级作家，海明威思想上的迷惘、悲观，不能不在他的作品里有所反映。他这时对人生的看法，从 *Indian Camp* 中可见一斑。在故事正文之前，作者有一段插曲作为引子。那也许是海明威作为第一次世界大战的参加者所经历的事，其中说到一个炮兵连黑夜开赴前线，全连官兵都喝得大醉，对于即将来临的战役，似乎完全不在意，生死置之度外。这时却有一位副官，不断地关照炊事兵熄灭灶车里的烟火，以免被五十公里以外的敌人发现目标。这种描绘，和正文对照，使人感到作者对人生抱的是一种消极而无可奈何的态度；生在资本主义社会里固然痛苦，死在那个社会里也不会有什么意义，而生死都不由自主。

在 *The Revolutionist* 的引子里所描绘的另一个事件是美国警察对外国移民的任意枪杀，而这些移民当中，很可能有欧洲的革命志士。*The Killers* 是二十年代后期的作品，海明威在这里所描绘的美国帮会中的打手们杀人不眨眼的无法无天的情况，正是日后法西斯横行的先声。对于这一切，海明威是揭露得很有力的，虽然他并没有能接触到问题的实质，更没有积极对此进行反抗。

海明威亲身经历了帝国主义的掠夺战争，痛感战争给人们带来的灾难。在 *Now I Lay Me* 里面，我们看到故事中人物精神世界的空虚。他们厌恶战争，却对它无能为力。负伤后的人害怕再度受伤而失眠，睡不着时，脑子里尽是对儿时的回忆，面对前途，则是不敢正视的。这种心情，反映了海明威对战争的看法。他厌恶战争，却无法理解它的实质，因此他只有揭露而无批判。这一思想缺陷在他的《永别了武器》里

同样存在。直到写《钟为谁鸣》，海明威才比较明确地认识到战争有正义和非正义之别，因而他的主人公才能说出“世界是个好地方，值得为之斗争”这样的话，而海明威本人，则在西班牙内战中勇敢地站在人民一边反对佛朗哥，这不能不说是作家很重大的发展。

海明威的人物大多是劳动者。生活在资本主义社会里，在和平时受生活的折磨，在战争时间当炮灰，永远受着压迫和剥削。海明威对他们的同情是真挚的。*Fifty Grand* 中的老拳师，在险恶的处境中意志坚强，固然受到作者由衷的称赞，而在 *The Killers* 中的 Ole Andreson，虽然面对法西斯式的横暴而束手待毙，不加反抗，我们也还看得出作者对他的怜悯。

海明威很少以资产阶级人物为故事中心，但在 *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber* 中，我们看到一对有钱有闲的夫妻。作者通过故事里面的猎人的话语，对资产阶级的道德标准和他们的为人进行了无情的鞭笞。因为是出于猎人之口，用了许多俚俗的语言，骂得痛快。

海明威是个资产阶级作家，但是他又不同于一般的资产阶级作家。他有一定的正义感，在麦卡锡主义面前并没有屈膝。他忠于他的艺术，而不是为金钱而写作。他敢于批评资本主义社会里的某些方面，特别是它的不公平、不正义之处。他的许多文章读起来都是饶有兴味的。

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Everybody was drunk. The whole battery¹ was drunk going along the road in the dark. We were going to the Champagne.² The lieutenant kept riding his horse out into the fields and saying to him, "I'm drunk, I tell you, mon vieux."³ Oh, I am so soused."⁴ We went along the road all night in the dark and the adjutant⁵ kept riding up alongside my kitchen and saying, "You must put it out. It is dangerous. It will be observed." We were fifty kilometres from the front but the adjutant worried about the fire in my kitchen. It was funny going along that road. That was when I was a kitchen corporal.⁶

Indian Camp

At the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up.¹ The two Indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern² of the boat and the Indians shoved it off³ and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp rowboat. The young Indian shoved the camp boat off and got in to row Uncle George.

The two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the oarlocks⁴ of the other boat quite a way ahead of them⁵ in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick, choppy strokes.⁶ Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The

〔题前插曲注释〕 1. **battery**: 炮兵连。 2. **the Champagne** [ʃɑːˈpɑːnjə]: 法国河流名, 第一次世界大战中在这里有过一次大战役。 3. **mon vieux** [mɔ̃ˈviø]: (法语) 我的老伙伴。 4. **soused** [sauzd]: 大醉。 5. **adjutant** [ˈædʒutənt]: 副官。 6. **kitchen corporal** [ˈkɔː pərəl]: 炊事下士。

Indian who was rowing them was working very hard, but the other boat moved farther ahead in the mist all the time.

“Where are we going, Dad?” Nick asked.

“Over to the Indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick.”

“Oh,” said Nick.

Across the bay¹ they found the other boat beached.² Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up on the beach.³ Uncle George gave both the Indians cigars.

They walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet with dew, following the young Indian who carried a lantern. Then they went into the woods and followed a trail⁴ that led to the logging road⁵ that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber⁶ was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and blew out his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend⁷ and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the Indian bark-peelers⁸ lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two Indians sent them back to the shanties.⁹ In the shanty nearest the road there was a light in the window. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk¹⁰ lay a young Indian woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke out of range¹¹ of the noise she made. She screamed just as Nick and the two Indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt.¹² Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his

foot very badly with an axe three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove, and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

"This lady is going to have a baby, Nick," he said.

"I know," said Nick.

"You don't know," said his father. "Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labour.¹ The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams."

"I see," Nick said.

Just then the woman cried out.

"Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?" asked Nick.

"No. I haven't any anaesthetic,"² his father said. "But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

The husband in the upper bunk rolled over against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned to the doctor³ that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half of the water out of the big kettle into a basin. Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

"Those must boil,"⁴ he said, and began to scrub⁵ his hands in the basin of hot water with a cake of soap he had brought from the camp. Nick watched his father's hands scrubbing each other with the soap. While his father washed his hands very carefully and thoroughly, he talked.

"You see, Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first,⁶ but sometimes they're not. When they're not they make a lot of trouble for everybody. Maybe I'll have to operate on this lady.⁷ We'll know in a little while."

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

"Pull back that quilt,¹ will you, George?" he said. "I'd rather not touch it."

Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, "Damn squaw bitch!"² and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time.

His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe³ and handed it to the old woman.

"See, it's a boy, Nick," he said. "How do you like being an interne?"⁴

Nick said, "All right". He was looking away so as not to see what his father was doing.

"There. That gets it,"⁵ said his father and put something into the basin.

Nick didn't look at it.

"Now," his father said, "there's some stitches to put in.⁶ You can watch this or not, Nick, just as you like. I'm going to sew up the incision⁷ I made."

Nick did not watch. His curiosity had been gone for a long time.⁸

His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three Indian men stood up. Nick put the basin out in the kitchen.

Uncle George looked at his arm. The young Indian smiled reminiscently.⁹

"I'll put some peroxide¹⁰ on that, George," the doctor said.

He bent over the Indian woman. She was quiet now and her eyes were closed. She looked very pale. She did not know what had become of the baby or anything.

"I'll be back in the morning," the doctor said, standing up. "The nurse should be here from St. Ignace¹ by noon and she'll bring everything we need."

He was feeling exalted² and talkative³ as football players are in the dressing room after a game.

"That's one for the medical journal,⁴ George," he said. "Doing a Caesarian⁵ with a jack-knife⁶ and sewing it up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders."⁷

Uncle George was standing against the wall, looking at his arm.

"Oh, you're a great man, all right," he said.

"Ought to have a look at the proud father. They're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs," the doctor said. "I must say he took it all pretty quietly."⁸

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian's head. His hand came away wet.⁹ He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk¹⁰ with the lamp in one hand and looked in. The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear.¹¹ The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged¹² the bunk. His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up,¹³ in the blankets.

"Take Nick out of the shanty, George," the doctor said.

There was no need of that. Nick, standing in the door of the kitchen, had a good view of the upper bunk when his father, the lamp in one hand, tipped the Indian's head back.¹⁴

It was just beginning to be daylight when they walked along the logging road back toward the lake.

"I'm terribly sorry I brought you along, Nickie," said his father, all his post-operative exhilaration gone.¹⁵ "It was an awful mess to put you through."¹⁶

"Do ladies always have such a hard time having

babies?" Nick asked.

"No, that was very, very exceptional."¹

"Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"

"I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess."

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many, Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."²

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh, yes. They do sometimes."

"Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Where did Uncle George go?"

"He'll turn up all right."³

"Is dying hard, Daddy?"

"No, I think it's pretty easy, Nick. It all depends."⁴

They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass⁵ jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water.⁶ It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

At two o'clock in the morning two Hungarians got into a cigar store at Fifteenth Street and Grand Avenue.¹ Drevitts² and Boyle³ drove up from the Fifteenth Street police station in a Ford.⁴ The Hungarians were backing their wagon out of an alley. Boyle shot one off the seat of the wagon and one out of the wagon box. Drevitts got frightened when he found they were both dead. Hell Fimmy, he said, you oughtn't to have done it. There's liable to be a hell of a lot of trouble.

— They're crooks,⁵ ain't they?⁶ said Boyle. They're wops,⁷ ain't they? Who the hell is going to make any trouble?

— That's all right maybe this time, said Drevitts, but how did you know they were wops when you dumped⁸ them?

Wops, said Boyle, I can tell wops a mile off.⁹

The Revolutionist

In 1919 he was travelling on the railroads in Italy, carrying a square of oilcloth¹ from the headquarters of the party written in indelible pencil and saying here was a comrade who had suffered very much under the Whites² in Budapest³ and requesting comrades to aid him in any way. He used this in-

〔题前插曲注释〕 1. Fifteenth Street and Grand Avenue [ævənju:]：(纽约)第十五街和大马路交叉处。 2. Drevitts [drevits]：人名。 3. Boyle [boil]：人名。 4. Ford：福特牌汽车。 5. crooks：坏蛋。 6. ain't they? (俗) = aren't they? 7. wops：美国对中南欧移民的蔑称。 8. dumped = shot. 9. I can tell wops a mile off：他们在一英里以外我都能辨得出。

stead of a ticket. He was very shy and quite young and the train men passed him on from one crew¹ to another. He had no money, and they fed him behind the counter in railway eating houses.²

He was delighted with Italy.³ It was a beautiful country, he said. The people were all kind. He had been in many towns, walked much, and seen many pictures. Giotto, Masaccio, and Piero della Francesca⁴ he bought reproductions of⁵ and carried them wrapped in a copy of *Avanti*.⁶ Mantegna⁷ he did not like.

He reported at Bologna,⁸ and I took him with me up into the Romagna⁹ where it was necessary I go to see a man. We had a good trip together. It was early September and the country was pleasant. He was a Magyar,¹⁰ a very nice boy and very shy. Horthy's¹¹ men had done some bad things to him. He talked about it a little. In spite of Hungary, he believed altogether in the world revolution.

"But how is the movement going in Italy?" he asked.

"Very badly," I said.

"But it will go better," he said. "You have everything here. It is the one country that everyone is sure of. It will be the starting point¹² of everything."

At Bologna he said good-bye to us to go on the train to Milano¹³ and then to Aosta¹⁴ to walk over the pass¹⁵ into Switzerland.¹⁶ I spoke to him about the Mantegnas in Milano. "No," he said, very shyly, he did not like Mantegna. I wrote out for him where to eat in Milano and the addresses of comrades. He thanked me very much, but his mind was already looking forward to walking over the pass. He was very eager to walk over the pass while the weather held good.¹⁷ He loved the mountains in the autumn. The last I heard of him the Swiss had him in jail near Sion.¹⁸