

经典文库　英汉对照

# SELECTED STORIES OF ERNEST MILLER HEMINGWAY

# 海明威中短篇小说选

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[美] 欧内斯特·米勒尔·海明威◎著　青　闰◎译

天津社会科学院出版社




ISBN 978-7-5563-0372-4
9 787556 303724
定价：30.00元

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（美）欧内斯特·米勒尔·海明威⊙著
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中国科学技术大学
图书馆藏

天津社会科学院出版社

**图书在版编目（CIP）数据**

海明威中短篇小说选：英汉对照 /（美）欧内斯特·米勒尔·海明威著；青闰译. -- 天津：天津社会科学院出版社，2017.8

ISBN 978-7-5563-0372-4

Ⅰ. ①海… Ⅱ. ①欧… ②青… Ⅲ. ①英语－汉语－对照读物②中篇小说－小说集－美国－现代③短篇小说－小说集－美国－现代 Ⅳ. ①H319.4：I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2017)第156245号

**出版发行**：天津社会科学院出版社
**出 版 人**：钟会兵
**地　　址**：天津市南开区迎水道7号
**邮　　编**：300191
**电话/传真**：（022）23366354（总编室）
（022）23075303（发行科）
**网　　址**：www.tass-tj.org.cn
**印　　刷**：大厂回族自治县正兴印务有限公司

**开　　本**：787×1092毫米　1/16
**印　　张**：20
**字　　数**：462千字
**版　　次**：2017年8月第1版　2017年8月第1次印刷
**定　　价**：30.00元

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# SELECTED STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

# 前　言

欧内斯特·海明威（1899—1961），当代美国著名小说家、现代文学巨匠、新闻体小说创始人。

海明威的写作风格以简洁著称。他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，共出版了三部小说集：《在我们的时代里》《没有女人的男人》和《胜者无所得》。他的短篇小说，大部分小说主角都由一个神秘人物尼克·亚当斯充当，写作方法上追求语言的凝练，这样纯熟的技法与他丰富的人生体验、新闻记者出身和对语言的高度感性密不可分。他根据著名的“冰山原则”进行创作，运用一系列象征表现手法，把无限丰富、耐人寻味的内容包含在有限的文字中。

本书选译了《老人与海》《乞力马扎罗山的雪》《一天的等待》《雨中的猫》《一个干净明亮的地方》《印第安人营地》《暴风过后》《阿尔卑斯山牧歌》《拳击家》《世上的光》《蝴蝶与坦克》《杀手》《五万美元》《赌徒、修女和收音机》《白象般的群山》《三天大风》等经典力作。这些作品恰恰体现了作家的这种艺术特色。

《老人与海》就是海明威最著名的作品之一，是海明威1951年在古巴写的一篇中篇小说。它奠定了海明威在世界文学中的突出地位。作品通过老渔夫圣地亚哥连续84天捕不到鱼，后来好容易捕到了一条鱼，却又被鲨鱼吃掉的故事，歌颂了老渔夫非凡的毅力和坚韧的决心，突出表现了海明威笔下富有感情的人物形象、深刻的人物心理描写和情节与景物之间无与伦比的和谐、融合的高超艺术。

《乞力马扎罗的雪》是对一个临死前的人的精彩描述。故事主要讲述一个作家哈里去非洲狩猎，途中汽车抛锚，皮肤被刺划破，染上了坏疽病。他和妻子在等待一架飞机

来把他送到医院治疗。小说围绕死亡和即将死亡来写，但根本的主题是哈里回到过去，从过去走到现在的历程回顾。本篇小说一反以前的严谨结构，不仅篇幅较长，而且应用了意识流、象征等多种表现手法，使文章形式新颖。这部小说中哈里的意识流分为昏睡时和清醒时的意识流，这种穿越时空的意识流穿插真实再现了哈里死前的心理世界。除了凝练简约的对话艺术特色，这篇小说还有一个语言风格，就是运用第二人称的写作手法。他用“你”来邀请读者走进他的世界，期望读者与他共同感受生活，与他进行交流，从而拉近彼此的距离。

《一天的等待》讲的是一个九岁男孩因不了解华氏温度和摄氏温度的换算方法，以为自己快要烧死了。小说细致刻画了一个九岁男孩在一天等待死亡的过程中表现出的不惧死亡的非凡勇气。

《雨中的猫》在叙述过程中出现的这两个主要人物，始终没有具体的姓名，只知道他们是一对美国夫妻，这种非具体化的人物显现，也就更加增强了艺术形象的抽象意义。美国妻子看到窗外“雨中的猫”，产生了一系列强烈愿望：想要保护它，或者拥有它，或者喜爱它，或者可怜它，或者以它寄托自己什么不可言状的情绪……总之，这只猫的命运和它所处的境地使她产生一种强烈的共鸣。从小说中我们可以这样理解这个妻子在家庭中的地位：她温柔贤惠、小鸟依人、听丈夫的话，但丈夫对她的态度却无动于衷。她感到自己像那只猫一样楚楚可怜，于是对它生出一种难以言状的同情。尤其是当她遇到了尊重她、体贴她的这个旅馆老板——一个成熟男性的文化符号，女人的自我意识就暂时得到了回归或建立。最终，还是旅馆老板给她送来了猫。这是一个意味深长的结局。

《印第安人营地》讲述尼克随父亲到印第安营地为一位难产妇女接生的经过。那些与父亲关于生与死的对话，那些血淋淋的生死感官刺激的描写，是为了表现这次经历给小尼克心灵留下深深的烙印。这次随父亲的出诊是对他人生痛苦的第一次探索和体验，是他这一生都无法摆脱的死亡与暴力的阴影。

《杀手》中的尼克偶然目睹了一场杀人未遂的事件，世事的邪恶让他过度敏感和早熟，在邪恶面前只能选择逃跑，只能用这种方法表达对社会的愤恨和不满。整篇小说以对话贯穿始终，没有人物的介绍，没有情节的来龙去脉，也听不见作者的任何声音，只是通过对话，然后作者加以剪接，增加了作品的层次和表现力度。两个歹徒自称是受人之托来杀拳击手，至于受何人之托，为何目的，小说却略而不写。从这里，我们可以看出海明威小说“冰山原则”的具体表现。

《世上的光》是一篇被海明威称为他自己喜欢却“没有别的人喜欢”的小说，对话占了小说百分之九十的篇幅。他通过对话营造了当时的气氛。尤其是说后面那部分两个

烟花女为了一个共同喜爱的男人开始争风吃醋，仿佛她们就在你面前。“世上的光”是圣经里耶稣说的话，他说“我在世上时，是世上的光”。值得回味的是，这个被两个烟花女喜爱的男人史蒂夫从头到尾都没有在小说里出现过。通过其中两个烟花女的争吵表达了她们内心深处不为人知的情感世界，那个一直没有出场的男人，她们为之心碎而眷恋的男人，在她们口中反复抢夺的男人，是她们唯一的精神所在，他是一道世上的光照亮了她们黑暗而孤独的心灵。

海明威小说语言风格的另一个不可忽视的方面是小说中的对话。海明威的对话成为美国几代作家模仿的榜样，影响深远，他不但追求对话的语调、语气、用词等方面的真实，而且追求对话人的感情、态度、性格等内在的真实。

海明威是一位开一代文风的语言艺术大师。他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了一场“文学革命”，许多欧美作家都明显受到了他的影响。

此外，象征手法的运用更好地体现了他的“冰山原则”，使他的小说的叙述高度凝练，赋予普通的生活素材以含蓄深沉的思想内涵，给抽象的概念赋予具体的形象。

海明威的作品是一个艰苦挑选的结果，作品中每个单词都承担确定的叙事任务。语言上的精雕细琢，反过来在作品中心人物的思想和经历上体现出来，无论这些人物是单纯的讲述者，还是逐步揭示情节的焦点角色。海明威的“冰山原则”在作品中的必然表现就是，作品的全部意义并不仅仅局限于推动情节发展，作品背后总是有一个联系和逻辑性的世界，作品中包含的每个细节背后都有潜在的原因。

作为二十世纪现实主义作家，海明威既有十九世纪现实作家对生活的真实描写，也有二十世纪现实主义作家对现实的曲折反映。在其冰山原则中，他主张作家应从纷繁复杂的社会生活中提取有特征的事件和情节，用高度凝练的笔法，客观准确地描绘出构成表面看得见的“八分之一”，而非直接干预小说中人物的活动和进行任何的说教，而隐藏在其中的主题思想，由读者自己体会作出自己的结论。

海明威的风格简约明快，形象富于动作性。他运用视觉、触觉和听觉等感觉刻画形象，具有很强的可见性。另外，到处可见以对话和细节间接地暗示主题和意向，增强了作品的含蓄和隐晦。因为海明威曾经把自己的作品比作“漂浮在海上的冰山”，强调其作品内在的寓意：“露出水平的只有八分之一，还有八分之七深藏水下。”因此，海明威的作品通常是在看似平淡无奇的“冰山”表层下蕴含着深邃的寓意。

除了精彩纷呈的短篇小说，海明威的代表作有中篇小说《老人与海》，长篇小说《太阳照样升起》、《永别了，武器》、《丧钟为谁而鸣》等。他凭借《老人与海》，1953年荣获普利策奖，1954年荣获诺贝尔文学奖，获奖原因是：“因为他精通叙事艺

术，突出表现在他的近著《老人与海》中，同时也因为他在当代风格中发挥的影响。”此外，他一向以“文坛硬汉”著称，对美国文学和20世纪文学的发展产生了重大而深远的影响。

焦作大学　青闰

2016年5月1日

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# The Old Man and the Sea

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."

# 老人与海

他是一位老人，独划小船，在墨西哥湾流捕鱼。84天了，他连一条鱼也没有捕到。头40天还有一个男孩子跟随着他。可是，40天后还是没有捕到一条鱼。男孩子的父母就说，老人现在一定是salao[1]，也就是说，倒霉到了极点。于是，男孩子的父母亲命令离开他，上了另一条船，第一周就捕到了3条大鱼。男孩子见老人每天总是空船而归，心里非常难过，常常下岸帮老人，要么是拿盘好的钓线，要么是拿鱼钩和鱼叉，要么是拿缠绕在桅杆上的帆。船帆是用面粉袋片打着一块块补丁，卷起时看上去就像是一面永败之旗。

老人骨瘦如柴，后脖颈上皱纹很深，脸颊上因热带海面反射太阳光造成了良性皮肤癌，落下的褐斑密密麻麻，顺着脸两侧蔓延而下；双手也因常拽绳索拉大鱼而留下了一道道深深的疤痕。而这些伤疤没有一道是新的。它们就像无鱼可捕的沙漠中被侵蚀的地方那样古老。

除了那双眼睛之外，他浑身苍老，那双眼睛是大海般的颜色，神情愉悦，永不言败。

"圣地亚哥，"当他们俩从小船停泊的地方爬上岸时，男孩子对他说。"我又能随

[1] salao，西班牙语，意思是"倒了血霉的"。

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."

"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

你出海了。我们挣到了一些钱。"

老人教会了男孩子捕鱼，男孩子爱他。

"不，"老人说。"你跟了一条交好运的船。还是跟着吧。"

"可是，别忘了，有一次你87天没有捕到一条鱼，后来我们一连3周每天都捕到大鱼。"

"我记得，"老人说。"我知道，你不是因为怀疑才离开我。"

"是爸爸叫我离开的。我是孩子，必须听他的。"

"我明白，"老人说。"这很正常。"

"他没有多大信心。"

"是啊，"老人说。"可是，我们有。不是吗？"

"是，"男孩子说。"我请你到露台饭店喝杯啤酒，然后我们再把这些渔具拿回去。"

"有啥不行？"老人说。"都是打渔人嘛。"

他们坐在露台饭店，好多渔夫跟老人开玩笑，老人并不生气。一些上了年纪的渔夫望着他，为他发愁，但没有流露出来，只是礼貌地聊着海流，聊着他们把钓线送到海里有多深，聊着天气一向多好，聊着他们的见闻。当天有收获的渔夫都已返航，他们剖开枪鱼，半片半片地排在两块木板上，每块木板的末端都由两人抬着，摇摇晃晃地送到收鱼站，在那儿等冷藏车运往哈瓦那的市场。逮到鲨鱼的人们把鱼送到海湾另一头的鲨鱼加工厂，吊到复合滑车上。鱼已去肝，割鳍，剥皮，肉被切成了一条条，以备腌制。

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.

"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

刮东风时，隔着海湾，一股股鱼腥味也能从鲨鱼加工厂那边飘过来；可是，今天只有淡淡的气味，因为风向倒北，后来也逐渐平息，所以露台饭店阳光明媚，舒适惬意。

"圣地亚哥，"男孩子说。

"噢，"老人应道。他正握着酒杯，想着多年前的事儿。

"我去弄点沙丁鱼给你明天用吧？"

"不用了。打棒球去吧。我还能划船，有罗吉略撒网。"

"我真想去。要是不能随你打渔，我想为你做点什么。"

"你给我买了啤酒，"老人说。"你已经长大了。"

"你第一次带我上船时，我有多大？"

"5岁，那天我把一条鱼拖上船，它活蹦乱跳，差点儿把船撞碎，你也险些丢了命。你还能记得吗？"

"我记得鱼尾巴噼里啪啦一个劲拍打，船上的横座板都被打断了，还有棍棒的敲打声。我记得你把我向船头猛推，那儿放着湿漉漉的钓线卷，我感觉整条船都在摇晃，还听到你用棍子啪啪打鱼的声音，像在砍树似的，还记得我浑身上下有一股甜丝丝的血腥味。"

"你是真能记得那回事，还是我告诉你的？"

"我们第一次一起出海以来的事儿，我都记得。"

老人用久经日晒、自信慈爱的眼睛看着他。

"你要是我的儿子，我一定带你出去赌一把，"他说。"可你是你爸妈的儿子，又

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."

"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?"

搭上了走运的船。"

"我去弄些沙丁鱼来吧？我还知道上哪儿能弄到4条鱼饵。"

"今天我自己的还剩下有，放在盒子里腌着。"

"我给你弄4条新鲜的吧。"

"一条就行，"老人说。他的希望和信心从来没有消失过，这时候又像微风起时那样十足。

"两条吧，"男孩子说。

"就两条，"老人表示同意。"你不是偷的吧？"

"我本想去偷，"男孩子说。"不过，这些是我买来的。"

"谢谢你，"老人说。他心地单纯，没有琢磨自己是什么时候开始如此谦卑。可是，他知道他如此谦卑，明白这并不丢脸，也丝毫没有损害真正的自尊心。

"瞧这洋流，明天会是一个不错的日子，"他说。

"你打算上哪儿？"男孩子问。

"跑远些，等倒了风，再回来。我想不等天亮就出发。"

"我会尽力让船主也跑远些捕鱼，"男孩子说。"这样，要是你真的钓到了大鱼，我们就能赶去帮你的忙。"

"他不喜欢跑太远去捕鱼。"

"是的，"男孩子说。"可是，我看见的，他看不见，比如我看见一只鸟儿在盘旋，我会说是鲯鳅，叫他赶老远去追。"

"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."

"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

"他的眼神有那么差吗？"

"简直像瞎了差不多。"

"奇怪，"老人说。"他从来没有捕过海龟。那玩艺伤眼力。"

"可是，你在莫斯基托海岸外捕了那么多年海龟，你的眼力现在不是也挺好的嘛。"

"我是一个不同寻常的老头。"

"不过，你现在还足够强壮对付一条非常大的鱼吗？"

"我想是的。再说，我还有不少绝活呢。"

"我们把渔具拿回家，"男孩子说。"我好去取渔网逮沙丁鱼。"

他们从船上取回捕鱼的渔具。老人肩扛桅杆，男孩子手提木箱，里面有编得紧实的褐色钓线卷、鱼钩和带柄的鱼叉。盛鱼饵的盒子，连同在大鱼被拖到船边时用来收服它们的那根棍子，都撇在了小船船尾的下面，谁也不会来偷老人的东西，但还是把桅杆和沉重的钓线拿回家为好，因为露水会损伤这些东西；再说，即使老人深信当地不会有人来偷自己的东西，他也觉得，留鱼钩、鱼叉在船上的确是不必要的诱惑。

他们顺着路一起来到老人的小屋，从敞开的门走了进去。老人把绕着帆的桅杆靠到墙上，男孩子把木箱和其他渔具挨着它放下来。桅杆跟这小屋里的尺寸差不多一样长。

小屋是用大椰子树上叫作"海鸟粪"的坚韧苞壳盖成的，里面有一张床、一张桌子、一把椅子，泥土地面上还有一个用木炭烧饭的地方。在纤维结实、"海鸟粪"抚平、搭接而成的褐色墙壁上，有一幅彩色耶稣圣心图和另一幅科布莱圣母图。这是他妻

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.

"What do you have to eat?" the boy asked.

"A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?"

"No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?"

"No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold."

"May I take the cast net?"

"Of course."

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they went through this fiction every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

"Eighty-five is a lucky number," the old man said. "How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?"

"I'll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the doorway?"

"Yes. I have yesterday's paper and I will read the baseball."

The boy did not know whether yesterday's paper was a fiction too. But the old man brought it out from under the bed.

"Perico gave it to me at the bodega," he explained.

"I'll be back when I have the sardines. I'll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball."

子的遗物。墙上曾挂了一幅他妻子的着色照，但他早已取掉了，因为他看了只会使自己越发感到孤单，它如今放在屋角搁板上他的一件干净衬衣的下面。

"吃的有什么？"

"锅鱼煮黄米饭。要吃点吗？"

"不。我回家吃。要我给你生火吗？"

"不用。过一会儿我自己来。也许就吃冷饭。"

"我把渔网拿走可以吗？"

"当然可以。"

其实，根本不存在什么渔网，男孩子还记得他们卖掉渔网的时间。然而，他们每天要扯上这么一段。也根本没有什么鱼煮黄米饭，这一点男孩子也知道。

"85是个吉利数，"老人说。"你有没有想过我逮回一条去掉下脚料还有1000多磅的鱼？"

"我拿渔网捞沙丁鱼去。你坐在门口晒晒太阳好吗？"

"好。我有一张昨天的报纸，我来看看棒球新闻。"

男孩子不知道昨天的报纸是不是也是虚构的。不过，老人把它从床底下取了出来。

"是去杂货铺时，佩里科给我的，"他解释说。

"我弄到沙丁鱼就回来。我要把你的和我的一起冰镇，明天早上我们就能分着用了。我回来时，你就能给我聊聊棒球方面的新闻了。"

"The Yankees cannot lose."

"But I fear the Indians of Cleveland."

"Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio."

"I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland."

"Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago."

"You study it and tell me when I come back."

"Do you think we should buy a terminal of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eight-fifth day."

"We can do that," the boy said. "But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?"

"It could not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?"

"I can order one."

"One sheet. That's two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?"

"That's easy. I can always borrow two dollars and a half."

"I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg."

"Keep warm old man," the boy said. "Remember we are in September."

"The month when the great fish come," the old man said. "Anyone can be a fisherman in May."

"I go now for the sardines," the boy said.

When the boy came back the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the back of the chair and over the old man's shoulders. They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was

"扬基队不会输。"

"可是，我怕克利夫兰印第安人队会赢。"

"相信扬基队，孩子。想一想了不起的迪马乔。"

"我既担心克利夫兰印第安人队，也担心底特律猛虎队。"

"当心，要不然连辛辛那提红队和芝加哥白短袜队，你都要怕了。"

"你好好看报，等我回来，给我讲讲。"

"你看我们去买一张尾数85的彩票好吗？明天是第85天了。"

"这样做行，"男孩子说。"而你上次创下的纪录是87天，这咋说？"

"这种事儿不会再发生了。你看能弄到一张尾数是85的吗？"

"我去订一张。"

"就一张。两块半一张。我们向谁借这笔钱呢？"

"这个容易。两块半，我总能借到吧。"

"我看说不定我也能借到。可我不想借钱。先借钱，后讨饭。"

"老伙计，穿暖和点儿，"男孩子说。"别忘了，现在是9月。"

"正是大鱼光顾的月份，"老人说。"5月份，任何人都可能是好渔夫。"

"现在我去弄沙丁鱼，"男孩子说。

等男孩子回来时，老人在椅子上睡着了，太阳已经落下。男孩子从床上拿起一条旧军毯，抻开，搭过椅背，盖住了老人的双肩。

asleep and his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening breeze. He was barefooted.

The boy left him there and when he came back the old was still asleep.

"Wake up old man," the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees.

The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled.

"What have you got?" he asked.

"Supper," said the boy. "We're going to have supper."

"I'm not very hungry."

"Come on and eat. You can't fish and not eat."

"I have," the old man said getting up and taking the newspaper and folding it. Then he started to fold the blanket.

"Keep the blanket around you," the boy said. "You'll not fish without eating while I'm alive."

"Then live a long time and take care of yourself," the old man said. "What are we eating?"

"Black beans and rice, fried bananas, and some stew."

The boy had brought them in a two-decker metal container from the Terrace. The two sets of knives and forks and spoons were in his pocket with a paper napkin wrapped around each

这是一双非同寻常的肩膀，尽管老迈，但依然强健，脖子也还硬实。老人睡着了，脑袋向前耷拉着，脖子上的皱纹也不那么明显了。他的衬衣上不知打了多少次补丁，弄得像他那张帆一样，补丁被太阳晒得褪成了深浅不一的多种颜色。不过，老人满脸苍老，眼一合上，脸上一点生机都没有。报纸横放在他的膝盖上，幸好他的一条胳膊压在上面才没有被晚风吹走。他光着脚。

男孩子撇下他，走开了，等他再回来时，老人还在睡着。

"老伙计，醒一醒，"说着，男孩子把手放到老人的一个膝盖上。

老人睁开眼，一时仿佛在从遥远的地方回过神来。随后，他微微一笑。

"你弄到了什么？"他问。

"晚饭，"男孩子说。"我们来吃晚饭吧。"

"我不太饿。"

"得了，吃吧。你不能光捕鱼，不吃饭。"

"我这样干过，"说着，老人站起身，拿起报纸，折叠好，接着就要去叠毯子。

"毯子就披身上吧，"男孩子说。"只要我活着，你就不会不吃饭去捕鱼。"

"这么说，祝你长命百岁，多保重，"老人说。"我们吃什么？"

"黑豆米饭、油炸香蕉，还有些炖菜。"

男孩子是把饭菜放在双层饭盒里从露台饭店拿来的。两副刀叉、汤匙，每副用餐巾纸包着，放在口袋里，捎过来。

"这是谁给你的？"

set.

"Who gave this to you?"

"Martin. The owner."

"I must thank him."

"I thanked him already," the boy said. "You don't need to thank him."

"I'll give him the belly meat of a big fish," the old man said. "Has he done this for us more than once?"

"I think so."

"I must give him something more than the belly meat then. He is very thoughtful for us."

"He sent two beers."

"I like the beer in cans best."

"I know. But this is in bottles, Hatuey beer, and I take back the bottles."

"That's very kind of you," the old man said. "Should we eat?"

"I've been asking you to," the boy told him gently. "I have not wished to open the container until you were ready."

"I'm ready now," the old man said. "I only needed time to wash."

Where did you wash? the boy thought. The village water supply was two streets down the road. I must have water here for him, the boy thought, and the soap and a good towel. Why am I so thoughtless? I must get him another shirt and a jacket for the winter and some sort of shoes and another blanket.

"Your stew is excellent," the old man said.

"马丁。饭店老板。"

"我得去谢谢他。"

"我已经谢过他了，"男孩子说。"你用不着再谢他。"

"我要把大鱼肚子上的肉送给他，"老人说。"他已经不止一次这样帮我们了吧？"

"我想是的。"

"这样的话，除了鱼肚子肉以外，我一定要再送他一个什么东西。他真关心我们。"

"他还送了两份啤酒。"

"我最喜欢罐装啤酒。"

"我知道。不过，这是瓶装的，阿图埃牌啤酒，我还要把瓶子送回去。"

"你真好，"老人说。"我们吃吧？"

"我一直都在催你吃饭呢，"男孩子温和地告诉他。"等你准备好，我才愿意打开饭盒。"

"现在我准备好了，"老人说。"只需要点时间洗把脸。"

你上哪儿洗？男孩子想。村里的水龙头在沿大路穿过两条街的地方。男孩子想，我该弄些水，肥皂和一条干净毛巾让他用。我怎么这样粗心大意？我必须再弄件衬衣和夹克，让他过冬用，还有一双鞋子、一条毯子。

"这菜炖得棒极了，"老人说。

"Tell me about the baseball," the boy asked him.

"In the American League it is the Yankees as I said," the old man said happily.

"They lost today," the boy told him.

"That means nothing. The great DiMaggio is himself again."

"They have other men on the team."

"Naturally. But he makes the difference. In the other league, between Brooklyn and Philadelphia I must take Brooklyn. But then I think of Dick Sisler and those great drives in the old park."

"There was nothing ever like them. He hits the longest ball I have ever seen."

"Do you remember when he used to come to the Terrace? I wanted to take him fishing but I was too timid to ask him. Then I asked you to ask him and you were too timid."

"I know. It was a great mistake. He might have gone with us. Then we would have that for all of our lives."

"I would like to take the great DiMaggio fishing," the old man said. "They say his father was a fisherman. Maybe he was as poor as we are and would understand."

"The great Sisler's father was never poor and he, the father, was playing in the Big Leagues when he was my age."

"When I was your age I was before the mast on a square rigged ship that ran to Africa and I have seen lions on the beaches in the evening."

"I know. You told me."

"给我讲讲棒球赛吧，"男孩子请求他说。

"我说过，美国联赛，总是扬基队的天下，"老人兴高采烈地说。

"他们今天输了，"男孩子告诉他。

"这算不上什么，了不起的迪马乔又恢复了状态。"

"扬基队还有其他人咧。"

"这还用说。不过，他最重要。另一场联赛时，布鲁克林队和费拉德尔菲亚队之间，我一定选择布鲁克林队。可是，话说回来，我又想起了迪克·西斯勒和他在老公园里打出的那些好球。"

"从来没有人打过那么好的球。就我所见，数他打得最远。"

"你还记得过去他常来露台饭店吗？我想带他出海捕鱼，可我太胆小，不敢对他开口。后来，我要你去对他讲，可你也不敢。"

"记得。那是一个极大的错误。要不然，说不定他已经随我们一起出海了。然后，我们就可以一辈子回味了。"

"我很想带了不起的迪马乔去捕鱼，"老人说。"听说他父亲也是个渔夫。说不定他当初也像我们现在这样穷，会理解我们。"

"了不起的西斯勒的爸爸从来没有穷过，他爸爸像我这样年纪时就在大联赛里打球了。"

"像你这样年纪时，我就在一条去非洲的方帆船上当普通水手了，我还在夜晚的海滩上看见过狮子呢。"

"我知道。你跟我讲过。"

"Should we talk about Africa or about baseball?"

"Baseball I think," the boy said. "Tell me about the great John. J. McGraw." He said Jota for J.

"He used to come to the Terrace sometimes too in the older days. But he was rough and harsh-spoken and difficult when he was drinking. His mind was on horses as well as baseball. At least he carried lists of horses at all times in his pocket and frequently spoke the names of horses on the telephone."

"He was a great manager," the boy said. "My father thinks he was the greatest."

"Because he came here the most times," the old man said. "If Durocher had continued to come here each year your father would think him the great manager."

"Who is the great manager, really, Luque or Mike Gonzalez?"

"I think they are equal."

"And the best fisherman is you."

"No. I know others better."

"Qué va," the boy said. "There are many good fishermen and some great ones. But there is only you."

"Thank you. You make me happy. I hope no fish will come along so great that he will prove us wrong."

"There is no such fish if you are still strong as you say."

"I may not be as strong as I think," the old man said. "But I know many tricks and I have

"我们是来谈非洲还是棒球？"

"我看还是谈棒球吧，"男孩子说。"给我谈谈了不起的约翰·J·麦格劳。"他把Jota（何塔）说成了J。

"早些年，他也常来露台饭店。可是，他一喝酒，就脾气粗暴，出口伤人，难以相处。他的脑子里，除了棒球之外，就是赛马。至少他口袋里总是揣着赛马的名单，电话里常提到一些马儿的名字。"

"他曾是一个了不起的经理，"男孩子说。"我爸爸认为他最了不起。"

"这是因为他来这儿的次数最多，"老人说。"要是多罗彻每年来这儿，你爸爸就会认为他才是了不起的经理。"

"说真的，谁才是了不起的经理，是卢克还是迈克·冈萨雷斯？"

"我认为他们不相上下。"

"而最了不起的渔夫就是你。"

"不。我知道有不少比我强。"

"哪会，"男孩子说。"好渔夫是有很多，了不起的也有一些。可是，顶呱呱的只有你。"

"谢谢你。你说得叫我高兴。我可不希望遇到一条对付不了的大鱼，那就会证明我们说错了。"

"只要你还像你说的那样强壮，就不会有这样的鱼存在。"

"我也许不像我自以为的那样强壮了，"老人说。"但我掌握有不少绝活，而且我有决心。"

resolution."

"You ought to go to bed now so that you will be fresh in the morning. I will take the things back to the Terrace."

"Good night then. I will wake you in the morning."

"You're my alarm clock," the boy said.

"Age is my alarm clock," the old man said. "Why do old men wake so early? Is it to have one longer day?"

"I don't know," the boy said. "All I know is that young boys sleep late and hard."

"I can remember it," the old man said. "I'll wake you in time."

"I do not like for him to waken me. It is as though I were inferior."

"I know."

"Sleep well old man."

The boy went out. They had eaten with no light on the table and the old man took off his trousers and went to bed in the dark. He rolled his trousers up to make a pillow, putting the newspaper inside them. He rolled himself in the blanket and slept on the other old newspapers that covered the springs of the bed.

He was asleep in a short time and he dreamed of Africa when he was a boy and the long golden beaches and the white beaches, so white they hurt your eyes, and the high capes and the great brown mountains. He lived along that coast now every night and in his dreams he heard the surf roar and saw the native boats come riding through it. He smelled the tar and oakum of the deck as he slept and he smelled the smell of Africa that the land breeze brought at morning.

"你该去睡觉了，这样早上醒来才会精神饱满。我要把这些东西送回露台饭店。"

"那就晚安吧！早上我去叫醒你。"

"你是我的闹钟，"男孩子说。

"年龄是我的闹钟，"老人说。"为什么老人都醒那么早？难道是要让白天变得长些吗？"

"我不知道，"男孩子说。"我只知道年轻人睡眠深、起得晚。"

"我记住了，"老人说。"到时候我会去叫你。"

"我不愿船主叫我。这样似乎我比他差劲儿。"

"我知道。"

"睡个好觉，老伙计。"

男孩子走了出去。他们刚才吃饭时，桌子上没有点灯，老人脱了长裤，摸黑上了床。他把长裤卷起来当枕头，把那张报纸塞进里面，再用毯子裹住身子，在弹簧垫上铺着的其他旧报纸上睡下了。

他很快就睡着了。他梦到了小时候见到的非洲，绵绵不断的金色海滩，以及白色海滩，白得耀眼，还有高耸的海岬和褐色的大山。他现在每天晚上都生活在那道海岸边，在梦中听见了海浪拍岸的隆隆声，看见了土人驾船穿浪而行。他睡时闻到了甲板上柏油和填絮的气味，还闻到了早上那片陆地上的风带来的非洲气息。

通常，他一闻到那片陆地上刮来的风，就醒了，他穿上衣服去叫醒男孩子。但是，

Usually when he smelled the land breeze he woke up and dressed to go and wake the boy. But tonight the smell of the land breeze came very early and he knew it was too early in his dream and went on dreaming to see the white peaks of the Islands rising from the sea and then he dreamed of the different harbours and roadsteads of the Canary Islands.

He no longer dreamed of storms, nor of women, nor of great occurrences, nor of great fish, nor fights, nor contests of strength, nor of his wife. He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach. They played like young cats in the dusk and he loved them as he loved the boy. He never dreamed about the boy. He simply woke, looked out the open door at the moon and unrolled his trousers and put them on. He urinated outside the shack and then went up the road to wake the boy. He was shivering with the morning cold. But he knew he would shiver himself warm and that soon he would be rowing.

The door of the house where the boy lived was unlocked and he opened it and walked in quietly with his bare feet. The boy was asleep on a cot in the first room and the old man could see him clearly with the light that came in from the dying moon. He took hold of one foot gently and held it until the boy woke and turned and looked at him. The old man nodded and the boy took his trousers from the chair by the bed and, sitting on the bed, pulled them on.

The old man went out the door and the boy came after him. He was sleepy and the old man put his arm across his shoulders and said, "I am sorry."

"Qué va," the boy said. "It is what a man must do."

They walked down the road to the old man's shack and all along the road, in the dark, barefoot men were moving, carrying the masts of their boats.

今夜陆地上风的气息来得很早，他在梦中知道时间还早，就继续把梦做了下去，他看见群岛的白色顶峰从海面上升起，然后又梦到了加那利群岛的各个港湾和锚泊地。

他不再梦见风暴，不再梦见女人，不再梦见伟大的事件，不再梦见大鱼，不再梦见打斗，不再梦见角力，不再梦见妻子。他如今只梦见一些地方和那片海滩上的狮子。它们在暮色中像小猫一样嬉耍着，他爱它们，如同爱这男孩子一样。他从来没有梦到过这男孩子。他就这么醒来，望望敞开的门外的月亮，展开长裤穿上去。他在小屋外撒过尿后，顺着大路过去叫男孩子。清晨的寒气冻得他直打哆嗦。可是，他知道，哆嗦一会儿，就暖和了，而且知道，很快他就要去划船。

男孩子住的那个房子的门没有上锁，他推开门，光脚悄无声息地走了进去。男孩子在外间的一张帆布床上睡着，老人借着外面残月射进来的光亮，能清楚地看见他。他轻轻地握住男孩子的一只脚，直到男孩子醒来，转过身看见他。老人点点头，男孩子从床边椅子上拿起他的长裤，坐在床边穿上裤子。

老人走出门，男孩子跟在后面，昏昏欲睡的样子，老人伸出胳膊，搂住他的肩膀说："对不起。"

"Qué va[1]！"男孩子说。"男子汉必须这么干。"

他们顺着大路向老人的小屋走去，一路上光着脚的男人们在黑暗中移动，扛着他们

[1] Qué va，西班牙语，意思是"不可能"。

When they reached the old man's shack the boy took the rolls of line in the basket and the harpoon and gaff and the old man carried the mast with the furled sail on his shoulder.

"Do you want coffee?" the boy asked.

"We'll put the gear in the boat and then get some."

They had coffee from condensed milk cans at an early morning place that served fishermen.

"How did you sleep old man?" the boy asked. He was waking up now although it was still hard for him to leave his sleep.

"Very well, Manolin," the old man said. "I feel confident today."

"So do I," the boy said. "Now I must get your sardines and mine and your fresh baits. He brings our gear himself. He never wants anyone to carry anything."

"We're different," the old man said. "I let you carry things when you were five years old."

"I know it," the boy said. "I'll be right back. Have another coffee. We have credit here."

He walked off, barefooted on the coral rocks, to the ice house where the baits were stored.

The old man drank his coffee slowly. It was all he would have all day and he knew that he should take it. For a long time now eating had bored him and he never carried a lunch. He had a bottle of water in the bow of the skiff and that was all he needed for the day.

The boy was back now with the sardines and the two baits wrapped in a newspaper and they went down the trail to the skiff, feeling the pebbled sand under the feet, and lifted the skiff and slid her into the water.

"Good luck old man."

"Good luck," the old man said. He fitted the rope lashings of the oars onto the thole pins

船上的桅杆。

他们走进老人的小屋，男孩子拿起装在篮子里的钓线卷，还有鱼叉和鱼钩，老人把卷着帆的桅杆扛到肩上。

"你想来点咖啡吗？"男孩子问。

"我们先把渔具放到船上，然后去喝。"

他们在一家服务渔夫、一早就营业的小吃店喝着炼乳听里的咖啡。

"你睡得怎么样，老伙计？"男孩子问。此刻，他已清醒，尽管要他完全摆脱睡意依旧困难。

"马诺林，睡得很好，"老人说。"我今天感到信心满满。"

"我也是，"男孩子说。"现在我必须去取你我的沙丁鱼，还有给你的新鲜鱼饵。那条船上的渔具总是船主自己拿着。他从来不要旁人帮他拿任何东西。"

"我和他不一样，"老人说。"你5岁时，我就让你帮着拿东西了。"

"我记得，"男孩子说。"我去去就来。再喝杯咖啡吧。我们在这儿可以赊账。"

他走了，光脚沿着珊瑚石铺道，向储存鱼饵的冷藏库走去。

老人慢悠悠地喝着咖啡。这是他今天一整天全部的饮食，他知道应该把它喝了。现在有好长一段时间，吃饭都令他厌烦，他从来不带午饭。在小船头上，他放了一瓶水，一整天只需要那个就够了。

男孩子带着沙丁鱼和两份裹在报纸里的鱼饵回来了，他们顺着小路向下面的小船走

and, leaning forward against the thrust of the blades in the water, he began to row out of the harbour in the dark. There were other boats from the other beaches going out to sea and the old man heard the dip and push of their oars even though he could not see them now the moon was below the hills.

Sometimes someone would speak in a boat. But most of the boats were silent except for the dip of the oars. They spread apart after they were out of the mouth of the harbour and each one headed for the part of the ocean where he hoped to find fish. The old man knew he was going far out and he left the smell of the land behind and rowed out into the clean early morning smell of the ocean. He saw the phosphorescence of the Gulf weed in the water as he rowed over the part of the ocean that the fishermen called the great well because there was a sudden deep of seven hundred fathoms where all sorts of fish congregated because of the swirl the current made against the steep walls of the floor of the ocean. Here there were concentrations of shrimp and bait fish and sometimes schools of squid in the deepest holes and these rose close to the surface at night where all the wandering fish fed on them.

In the dark the old man could feel the morning coming and as he rowed he heard the trembling sound as flying fish left the water and the hissing that their stiff set wings made as they soared away in the darkness. He was very fond of flying fish as they were his principal friends on the ocean. He was sorry for the birds, especially the small delicate dark terns that were always flying and looking and almost never finding, and he thought, the birds have a harder life than we do except for the robber birds and the heavy strong ones. Why did they make birds so delicate and fine as those sea swallows when the ocean can be so cruel? She is kind and very beautiful. But she can be so cruel and it comes so suddenly and such birds that

去，感觉着脚下沙土里的卵石砂。他们抬起小船，让其溜进水里。

“祝你好运，老伙计。”

“也祝你好运，”老人说。他把桨上的绳圈套在桨座的钉子上，身子前倾，抵御着桨片在水里的阻力。他在黑暗中划出了港。别的海滩上也有其他船只正在出海，即使此刻月亮下到了山背后看不清那些人，老人也还是听到了那些桨落水和划动的声音。

偶尔有船上会传来说话声。可是，除了桨声之外，大多数船只都寂静无声。船一出港就散开了，驶向各自有望能找到鱼的海域。老人知道自己将驶向远方，把陆地的气息抛在身后，划进了清晨清新的海的气息之中。他划过一片海域时，看见了水中果囊马尾藻闪出的磷光。渔夫们管这片水域叫“大井”，因为那儿陡然出现了一个700英寻深的地方，洋流冲击海底深渊的峭壁，形成漩涡，汇聚着各类鱼儿。在这个水体的至深处集中着海虾和作鱼饵用的小鱼，有时候还有成群的柔鱼，它们在夜间浮到紧靠海面的地方，所有迁徙的鱼类都以它们为食。

黑暗中，老人感觉到了清晨的到来；他划着划着，听见飞鱼跃出水面的震颤声，还有在黑暗中它们凌空飞翔支楞翅膀发出的咝咝声。他非常喜爱飞鱼，因为它们是他在海洋上的主要朋友。他替鸟儿伤心，尤其是那些柔弱的黑色小燕鸥，它们始终在飞，在找食，但几乎从来没有找到过；于是，他想，鸟儿们的生活过得比我们人还要难，只有那些猛禽和强壮的大鸟除外。既然海洋这样残暴，为什么还要把像海燕这样的鸟儿造得如此柔弱纤巧？海洋仁慈，非常美丽。而她可能又是那样残暴，突如其来，这些飞翔的鸟

fly, dipping and hunting, with their small sad voices are made too delicately for the sea.

He always thought of the sea as la mar which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. Sometimes those who love her say bad things of her but they are always said as though she were a woman. Some of the younger fishermen, those who used buoys as floats for their lines and had motorboats, bought when the shark livers had brought much money, spoke of her as el mar which is masculine. They spoke of her as a contestant or a place or even an enemy. But the old man always thought of her a feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favours, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them. The moon affects her as it does a woman, he thought.

He was rowing steadily and it was no effort for him since he kept well within his speed and the surface of the ocean was flat except for the occasional swirls of the current. He was letting the current do a third of the work and as it started to be light he saw he was already further out than he had hoped to be at this hour.

I worked the deep wells for a week and did nothing, he thought. Today I'll work out where the schools of bonito and albacore are and maybe there will be a big one with them.

Before it was really light he had his baits out and was drifting with the current. One bait was down forty fathoms. The second was at seventy-five and the third and fourth were down in the blue water at one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five fathoms. Each bait hung head down with the shank of the hook inside the bait fish, tied and sewed solid and all the projecting part of the hook, the curve and the point, was covered with fresh sardines. Each sardine was hooked through both eyes so that they made a half garland on the projecting steel. There was no part of the hook that a great fish could feel which was not sweet smelling

儿从空中俯下觅食，发出细微的哀鸣，生来却柔弱得不适宜在海上生活。

他总是把大海看作la mar，这是人们对海洋抱着好感时对她的西班牙语称呼。有时候，对海洋抱着好感的人也说她的坏话，但话语间总是拿她当女性看待。有些比较年轻的渔夫用浮标当钓线上的浮子，用卖掉鲨鱼肝赚的许多钱置办汽艇，他们把大海说成是el mar，这是表示男性的说法。他们提起她，不是当成竞争者，就是当成一个地方，甚或当成一个敌人。可是，老人总是把海洋当成女的，认为她是给予或拒绝给予莫大恩惠的某个人物，即使她干了任性或缺德的事儿，也是因为不得已而为之。他认为，月亮对海洋造成的影响，就像它对女人造成的影响一样。

他稳健地划着船，对他来说，这并不吃力，因为他很好地保持在自己的速度以内，并且除了偶尔水流打个旋儿之外，海面风平浪静。他凭海流帮他做了三分之一的工作，天渐渐亮时，他发现自己已经到了远比预期更远的地方。

我在那些“深井”附近转悠了一个星期，居然一无所获，他想。今天，我要找到那些鲣鱼和长鳍金枪鱼群在什么地方，说不定会有一条大鱼跟它们在一起。

不等天色大亮，他就放出了一个个鱼饵，顺水漂流着。一个鱼饵下到了40英寻。第二个下到了75英寻，第三个和第四个分别位于蓝色海面以下100英寻和125英寻的深处。每个鱼饵都用钓钩钩身穿好，缝牢，头朝下挂着，新鲜的沙丁鱼肉把钩子所有突出的部分——钩弯和钩尖——包裹得严严实实。钓钩都从沙丁鱼的眼睛穿过，钩上的鱼便在突出的钢钩上构成了一个个半环形状。钓钩每一处无一不是大鱼闻起来香喷喷，吃起来美

and good tasting.

The boy had given him two fresh small tunas, or albacores, which hung on the two deepest lines like plummets and, on the others, he had a big blue runner and a yellow jack that had been used before; but they were in good condition still and had the excellent sardines to give them scent and attractiveness. Each line, as thick around as a big pencil, was looped onto a green-sapped stick so that any pull or touch on the bait would make the stick dip and each line had two forty-fathom coils which could be made fast to the other spare coils so that, if it were necessary, a fish could take out over three hundred fathoms of line.

Now the man watched the dip of the three sticks over the side of the skiff and rowed gently to keep the lines straight up and down and at their proper depths. It was quite light and any moment now the sun would rise.

The sun rose thinly from the sea and the old man could see the other boats, low on the water and well in toward the shore, spread out across the current. Then the sun was brighter and the glare came on the water and then, as it rose clear, the flat sea sent it back at his eyes so that it hurt sharply and he rowed without looking into it. He looked down into the water and watched the lines that went straight down into the dark of the water. He kept them straighter than anyone did, so that at each level in the darkness of the stream there would be a bait waiting exactly where he wished it to be for any fish that swam there. Others let them drift with the current and sometimes they were at sixty fathoms when the fishermen thought they were at a hundred.

But, he thought, I keep them with precision. Only I have no luck anymore. But who knows? Maybe today. Every day is a new day. It is better to be lucky. But I would rather be

滋滋。

男孩子给了他两条新鲜的小金枪鱼，或者叫长鳍金枪鱼，这时候它们像铅垂般挂在两根最深的钓线上，而在另外的两根上，他分别挂上了一条蓝色大鲹鱼和一条黄色金银鱼，它们都已使用过，但依然完好，同时还有出色的沙丁鱼给它们增加香味和魅力。每根钓线都有大铅笔那么粗，一端缠在青皮钓竿上。因此，只要鱼一拉或一碰鱼饵，就能使钓竿下倾，每根钓线有两盘40英寻长的卷，它们能被紧紧地系到其他备用卷上。这样一来，要是鱼非要拉不可的话，就可以把钓线拉出300多英寻长。

这时候，老人一边紧盯3根挑出在小船边的钓竿有没有动静，一边缓缓地划着船，以保持钓线上下笔直，位于本来的深度。天色大亮，此刻太阳随时会升起。

太阳从海面上冉冉升起，老人可以看见其他的船只，低低的，贴着水面，离海岸不远，与海流流向垂直展开。随后，太阳越发明亮，耀眼的阳光射在水面上；紧接着，太阳完全升了起来，平滑的海面将阳光反射到了他的眼睛里，刺得他眼睛生疼，他避开不去看，只管划着。他俯视着水里，密切关注着那几根径直下到黑魆魆的深水里的钓线。他把钓线垂得比任何人都直，这样在黑漆漆洋流深处的不同深度，才会有一个鱼饵恰好等在他希望任何游动在那儿的鱼儿吃到的地方。其他渔夫都任凭钓线顺流漂着，常常是钓线在60英寻，他们却以为在100英寻深处。

而我总是把它们精确地放在适当的地方，他想。而我的运气就此不再好了。可是，谁说得准呢？说不定今天就转运。每一天都是新的一天。走运当然更好。我情愿做得分

exact. Then when luck comes you are ready.

The sun was two hours higher now and it did not hurt his eyes so much to look into the east. There were only three boats in sight now and they showed very low and far inshore.

All my life the early sun has hurt my eyes, he thought. Yet they are still good. In the evening I can look straight into it without getting the blackness. It has more force in the evening too. But in the morning it is painful.

Just then he saw a man-of-war bird with his long black wings circling in the sky ahead of him. He made a quick drop, slanting down on his back-swept wings, and then circled again.

"He's got something," the old man said aloud. "He's not just looking."

He rowed slowly and steadily toward where the bird was circling. He did not hurry and he kept his lines straight up and down. But he crowded the current a little so that he was still fishing correctly though faster than he would have fished if he was not trying to use the bird.

The bird went higher in the air and circled again, his wings motionless. Then he dove suddenly and the old man saw flying fish spurt out of the water and sail desperately over the surface.

"Dolphin," the old man said aloud, "Big dolphin."

He shipped his oars and brought a small line from under the low. It had a wire leader and a medium-sized hook and he baited it with one of the sardines. He let it go over the side and then made it fast to a ring bolt in the stern. Then he baited another line and left it coiled in the shade of the bow. He went back to rowing and to watching the long-winged black bird who was working, now, low over the water.

As he watched the bird dipped again slanting his wings for the dive and then swinging

毫不差。这样，运气来时，才会有备无患。

这时候，又两个小时过去了，太阳升得更高，他向东望时不再感到阳光那么刺眼了。视野里只看得见3条船，特别低矮，远在近岸的海面上。

初升的太阳伤我的眼睛已经一辈子了，他想。然而，它们依旧挺好。傍晚，即使我直视太阳，眼也不发黑。傍晚的阳光也更有力量。不过，早上它使人眼疼。

就在此时，他看见一只长翅黑色军舰鸟在前方的天空中盘旋飞翔。它斜着后掠的双翅倏地俯冲下去，然后又盘旋起来。

"它逮住了什么东西，"老人说出了声。"不光是找找而已。"

他缓慢平稳地向鸟儿盘旋的地方划去。他不慌不忙，让钓线一上一下保持直立。不过，他向海流靠近了点，这样他捕鱼的速度要比他不利用鸟儿捕鱼来得快，但用的仍是正确方法。

军舰鸟在空中飞得更高，又盘旋起来，双翅纹丝不动。它随即猛然俯冲下来，老人看见飞鱼从海里跃出，拼命地在海面上飞掠而行。

"鲯鳅，"老人大声说道。"大鲯鳅。"

他把双桨放在船上，从船头下面拿出一根细钓丝。钓丝上系着一段铁丝导线和一只中号钓钩，他拿一条沙丁鱼挂在上面，把钓丝从船舷放下水，将上端牢系在船尾一个带环螺栓上，接着在另一根钓丝上安上了鱼饵，把它盘绕着放在船头的阴影里。他又划起船来，注视着那只此刻正在水面上低空飞掠的长翅黑鸟。

them wildly and ineffectually as he followed the flying fish. The old man could see the slight bulge in the water that the big dolphin raised as they followed the escaping fish. The dolphin was cutting through the water below the flight of the fish and would be in the water, driving at speed, when the fish dropped. It is a big school of dolphin, he thought. They were widespread and the flying fish have little chance. The bird has no chance. The flying fish are too big for him and they go too fast.

He watched the flying fish burst out again and again and the ineffectual movements of the bird. That school has gotten away from me, he thought. They are moving out too fast and too far. But perhaps I will pick up a stray and perhaps my big fish is around them. My big fish must be somewhere.

The clouds over the land now rose like mountains and the coast was only a long green line with the gray blue hills behind it. The water was a dark blue now, so dark that it was almost purple. As he looked down into it he saw the red sifting of the plankton in the dark water and the strange light the sun made now. He watched his lines to see them go straight down out of sight into the water and he was happy to see so much plankton because it meant fish. The strange line the sun made in the water, now that the sun was higher, meant good weather and so did the shape of the clouds over the land. But the bird was almost out of sight now and nothing showed on the surface of the water but some patches of yellow, sun-bleached Sargasso weed and the purple, formalized, iridescent, gelatinous bladder of a Portuguese man-of-war floating close beside the boat. It turned out its side and then righted itself. It floated cheerfully as a bubble with its long deadly purple filaments trailing a yard behind it in the water.

他看着看着，那只鸟儿又飞低了些，翅膀朝后掠着，准备俯冲，然后猛地展开翅膀，去追逐飞鱼，但没有成功。老人看得见这些大鲯鳅跟在逃生的鱼后面时，海面出现了微微隆起。鲯鳅破水而行在飞掠的鱼下面，飞鱼一落，它们总会飞快地钻进水里。好大一群鲯鳅，他想。它们覆盖面广，飞鱼逃生的机会微乎其微。那只鸟没有可乘之机。飞鱼对它来说个头太大，飞得又太快了。

他看到飞鱼一次次从水里突然窜出来，跳跃前行，看到那只鸟儿一次次徒劳行动。那群鲯鳅已经离我而去，他想。它们逃得太快了，也太远了。不过，说不定我能逮住一条掉队的，说不定我的大鱼就在它们周围。我的大鱼一定在什么地方。

这时候，陆地上空的云像群山一样耸立，海岸仅成了一条长长的绿线，背后是一群灰蓝色的小山。海水此刻呈深蓝色，深得几乎发紫。他低头认真地观察着水里，看见了深水中一些细小的红色浮游生物和阳光此时在水中变幻出的奇异光彩。他留意着那几根钓线，它们径直下行在水中看不见的地方，他很高兴看到这么多浮游生物，这说明有鱼。太阳此刻升得更高了，阳光在水中形成的奇特光线，说明天气晴朗，陆地上空的云块的形状也说明了这一点。可是，那只鸟儿这时候几乎看不见了，水面上空荡荡的，只有几片被太阳晒得发白的黄色马尾藻和一只紧靠船舷浮动的僧帽水母。僧帽水母凝胶状的浮囊呈紫色，形状固定，闪现出彩虹般的颜色。它倒向一边，然后又正了正身子。它像一个大气泡似的欢快地浮动着，那些厉害的紫色长触须拖在身后的水中，长达一码。

"Agua mala," the man said. "You whore."

From where he swung lightly against his oars he looked down into the water and saw the tiny fish that were coloured like the trailing filaments and swam between them and under the small shade the bubble made as it drifted. They were immune to its poison. But men were not and when some of the filaments would catch on a line and rest there slimy and purple while the old man was working a fish, he would have welts and sores on his arms and hands of the sort that poison ivy or poison oak can give. But these poisonings from the agua mala came quickly and struck like a whiplash.

The iridescent bubbles were beautiful. But they were the falsest thing in the sea and the old man loved to see the big sea turtles eating them. The turtles saw them, approached them from the front, then shut their eyes so they were completely carapaced and ate them filaments and all. The old man loved to see the turtles eat them and he loved to walk on them on the beach after a storm and hear them pop when he stepped on them with the horny soles of his feet.

He loved green turtles and hawk-bills with their elegance and speed and their great value and he had a friendly contempt for the huge, stupid loggerheads, yellow in their armour-plating, strange in their love-making, and happily eating the Portuguese men-of-war with their eyes shut.

He had no mysticism about turtles although he had gone in turtle boats for many years. He was sorry for them all, even the great trunk backs that were as long as the skiff and weighed a ton. Most people are heartless about turtles because a turtle's heart will beat for hours after

"Agua mala[1]，" 老人说。"你这婊子。"

他从轻轻摇桨的地方低头向水中望去，看见一些颜色跟僧帽水母拖在水中的触须一样的小鱼，它们在水母的触须间和浮囊在浮动时投下的一小片阴影中游着。它们对水母的毒素有免疫力。人可就不同了。老人在拉一条鱼上船时，钓丝上总会缠着一些触须，呈紫色，黏糊糊的，他的胳膊和手上就会出现伤痕和疮肿，就像中了毒漆树或栎叶毒漆树的毒一样。可是，agua mala[2]的毒素发作得更快，疼得像鞭抽似的。

这些闪着彩虹色的大气泡很美。然而，它们是海里最善伪装的生物，所以老人乐意看到大海龟吃掉它们。一旦发现它们，海龟就会从正面向它们进逼，然后闭上眼睛，这样身体就完全缩藏在了龟壳之中，可以把它们连同触须一并吃掉。老人喜欢看海龟吃掉它们，喜欢在风暴过后的海滩上踩在它们上面，喜欢听自己用长着老茧的硬脚掌踩在上面时它们发出的噼里啪啦的爆裂声。

他喜欢绿色的海龟和玳瑁，它们体态优美，游水速度快，价值极高，他还对那又大又笨的蠵龟抱着不怀恶意的轻蔑，它们的甲壳呈黄色，做爱方式奇特，吞食僧帽水母时会陶醉地闭上眼睛。

尽管他曾多年乘小船去捕海龟，但他对海龟并不抱神秘的看法。他为所有的海龟难过，甚至是那些跟小船一样长、重达一吨的大梭龟。多数人都对海龟残酷无情，因为一

[1] Agua mala，西班牙语，意思是"赤潮"。

[2] agua mala，西班牙语，意思是"水母"。

he has been cut up and butchered. But the old man thought, I have such a heart too and my feet and hands are like theirs. He ate the white eggs to give himself strength. He ate them all through May to be strong in September and October for the truly big fish.

He also drank a cup of shark liver oil each day from the big drum in the shack where many of the fishermen kept their gear. It was there for all fishermen who wanted it. Most fishermen hated the taste. But it was no worse than getting up at the hours that they rose and it was very good against all colds and grippes and it was good for the eyes.

Now the old man looked up and saw that the bird was circling again.

"He's found fish," he said aloud. No flying fish broke the surface and there was no scattering of bait fish. But as the old man watched, a small tuna rose in the air, turned and dropped head first into the water. The tuna shone silver in the sun and after he had dropped back into the water another and another rose and they were jumping in all directions, churning the water and leaping in long jumps after the bait. They were circling it and driving it.

If they don't travel too fast I will get into them, the old man thought, and he watched the school working the water white and the bird now dropping and dipping into the bait fish that were forced to the surface in their panic.

"The bird is a great help," the old man said. Just then the stern line came taut under his foot, where he had kept a loop of the line, and he dropped his oars and felt the weight of the small tuna's shivering pull as he held the line firm and commenced to haul it in. The shivering increased as he pulled in and he could see the blue back of the fish in the water

只海龟被剖开、杀死之后，心脏还要跳动好几个小时。不过，老人想，我也有这样一颗心脏，我的手脚也跟它们的一样。他吃白色的海龟蛋，以增强力量。

他5月份整整一个月都在吃，为的是自己到9、10月份可以变得身强力壮，去逮地道的大鱼。

他每天还去不少渔夫存放渔具的棚屋，从一只大圆桶里舀一杯鲨鱼肝油喝。桶就放在那儿，渔夫们谁想喝都可以去喝。大多数渔夫不喜欢这味道，但并不比他们摸黑起早难受，而且它对防治一切伤风感冒都非常有效，对眼睛也有好处。

老人此刻抬眼望去，看见那只鸟儿又在盘旋了。

"它找到鱼了，"他说出声来。没有一条飞鱼冲出海面，也没有小鱼纷纷四处逃窜。但就在老人观望时，一条小金枪鱼跃入空中，转身头朝下掉进了水里。这条金枪鱼在阳光下闪出银白色的光，等它回到水里后，又有些金枪鱼一条接一条跃出水面，四下乱跳，搅得海水翻腾，一跳很远，追赶钓饵鱼。它们正围赶小鱼。

老人想，要不是它们游得太快，我就可以赶到它们中间去，他看到这群金枪鱼把水搅得泛着白沫，这时候还看到那只鸟儿正俯冲下来，扎进惊慌失措被迫浮上海面的钓饵鱼群当中。

"这只鸟真是个大帮手，"老人说。就在此时，船尾的那根细钓线在他脚下绷紧，他在脚上绕了一圈钓线。于是，他放下双桨，紧紧抓住钓线，开始往回拉，感到小金枪鱼在颤巍巍地拉着，有点儿分量。他越往回拉，钓线就越是颤悠，他看见了水里蓝色的鱼背和它金色的两侧，然后他一甩钓线，鱼越过船舷，掉在了船上。鱼躺在船尾的阳光

and the gold of his sides before he swung him over the side and into the boat. He lay in the stern in the sun, compact and bullet shaped, his big, unintelligent eyes staring as he thumped his life out against the planking of the boat with the quick shivering strokes of his neat, fast-moving tail. The old man hit him on the head for kindness and kicked him, his body still shuddering, under the shade of the stern.

"Albacore," he said aloud. "He'll make a beautiful bait. He'll weigh ten pounds."

He did not remember when he had first started to talk aloud when he was by himself. He had sung when he was by himself in the old days and he had sung at night sometimes when he was alone steering on his watch in the smacks or in the turtle boats. He had probably started to talk aloud, when alone, when the boy had left. But he did not remember. When he and the boy fished together they usually spoke only when it was necessary. They talked at night or when they were storm-bound by bad weather. It was considered a virtue not to talk unnecessarily at sea and the old man had always considered it so and respected it. But now he said his thoughts aloud many times since there was no one that they could annoy.

"If the others heard me talking out loud they would think that I am crazy," he said aloud. "But since I am not crazy, I do not care. And the rich have radios to talk to them in their boats and to bring them the baseball."

Now is no time to think of baseball, he thought. Now is the time to think of only one thing. That which I was born for. There might be a big one around that school, he thought. I picked up only a straggler from the albacore that were feeding. But they are working far out and fast. Everything that shows on the surface today travels very fast and to the north-east. Can that be the time of day? Or is it some sign of weather that I do now know?

下，身子紧实，子弹形状，一双痴呆无神的大眼睛直瞪着，尾巴快速地拍打着船板，逐渐耗尽了力气。老人出于好意，猛击了一下它的头，一脚把它还在抖动的身子踢到了船尾背阴的地方。

"长鳍金枪鱼，"他说道。"拿来钓大鱼蛮好。它有10磅重。"

他记不起他是从什么时候开始在独自待着时自言自语的。过去他一个人时就唱歌，时常夜里在小渔船或捕海龟的小艇上值班掌舵时唱歌。大概他是从男孩子离开他、剩他一个人时开始自言自语的。不过，他记不清了。他跟男孩子一块捕鱼时，他们一般只在必要时才说话。他们晚上或是被暴风雨的坏天气困在海上时才说话。不在海上进行不必要的谈话，被认为是一种美德，老人一向也这么认为，并始终遵循。不过，现在妨碍不到旁人，他把心里想说的话说出过好多次。

"别人听到我在自言自语，还以为我疯了，"他说出声来。"不过，既然我没有疯，我才不管呢。有钱人的船上有收音机跟他们讲话，给他们播放棒球赛的消息。"

现在可不是关心棒球赛的时刻，他想。现在只应该关注一件事。我生而为之的那件事。那个鱼群附近可能有条大家伙，他想。我只逮住了进食时一条离群的金枪鱼。它们的鱼群正游向远方，游得很快。今天凡在海面上露面的都游得很快，并且都朝着东北方向。难道一天的这个时辰就该这样？要么是我不懂的某种天气征兆？

他眼下已经看不见海岸的那道绿色，只看得见那些青山仿佛积着白雪的山峰，以及山峰上空好似高耸雪山的云朵。海水颜色非常深，光线在水中折射出七彩光芒。烈日当

He could not see the green of the shore now but only the tops of the blue hills that showed white as though they were snow-capped and the clouds that looked like high snow mountains above them. The sea was very dark and the light made prisms in the water. The myriad flecks of the plankton were annulled now by the high sun and it was only the great deep prisms in the blue water that the old man saw now with his lines going straight down into the water that was a mile deep.

The tuna, the fishermen called all the fish of that species tuna and only distinguished among them by their proper names when they came to sell them or to trade them for baits, were down again. The sun was hot now and the old man felt it on the back of his neck and felt the sweat trickle down his back as he rowed.

I could just drift, he thought, and sleep and put a bright of line around my toe to wake me. But today is eighty-five days and I should fish the day well.

Just then, watching his lines, he saw one of the projecting green sticks dip sharply.

"Yes," he said. "Yes," and shipped his oars without bumping the boat. He reached out for the line and held it softly between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He felt no strain nor weight and he held the line lightly. Then it came again. This time it was a tentative pull, not solid nor heavy, and he knew exactly what it was. One hundred fathoms down a marlin was eating the sardines that covered the point and the shank of the hook where the hand-forged hook projected from the head of the small tuna.

The old man held the line delicately, and softly, with his left hand, unleashed it from the stick. Now he could let it run through his fingers without the fish feeling any tension.

This far out, he must be huge in this month, he thought. Eat them, fish. Eat them. Please

空，此刻那些斑斑点点、数不清的浮游生物都不见了踪影，老人眼下只能看到蓝色海水里大海的七色光，还有那几根笔直垂在一英里处深水里的钓线。

那些金枪鱼又潜到了水底。渔夫们把所有种类的金枪鱼统称为金枪鱼，只在用来出售或拿来换鱼饵时，才指出它们确切的名字。此刻，阳光炽热，老人感到脖颈上火辣辣的，划船时感到背上汗水直往下淌。

他想，我可以随波逐流，睡上一觉，把钓线绕到脚趾上好唤醒我。不过，今天是第85天，我该好好钓上一整天。

就在观察钓线时，他看见伸在水面上的绿色钓竿中有一根猛地栽了一下。

"有，有了，"说着，老人把桨放到船上，不使船摇晃。他伸手去拉钓线，轻轻地捏在右手大拇指和食指之间。他感到钓线并没有绷紧，也没有什么分量，就轻轻地捏着。接着，钓线又动了一下。这回只是试探性地拉了一下，既不牢也不重，他完全明白是怎么回事。在100英寻的水下有一条枪鱼正在吃裹着钩和钩身的沙丁鱼，这个手工制作的钓钩是从一条小金枪鱼的头部伸出来的。

老人小心把持着钓线，左手把它从钓竿上轻轻解下。现在，他可以让钓线穿过手指间滑动，而又不让鱼感到一点儿拉力。

这个不寻常的家伙长到这个月份，个头一定极大，他想。吃鱼饵吧，鱼儿。吃吧。请吃了它们。对于待在600英尺深黑沉沉的冷水中的你，这些鱼饵多么新鲜。摸黑再绕个弯儿，回来把它们吃了吧。

eat them. How fresh they are and you down there six hundred feet in that cold water in the dark. Make another turn in the dark and come back and eat them.

He felt the light delicate pulling and then a harder pull when a sardine's head must have been more difficult to break from the hook. Then there was nothing.

"Come on," the old man said aloud. "Make another turn. Just smell them. Aren't they lovely? Eat them good now and then there is the tuna. Hard and cold and lovely. Don't be shy, fish. Eat them."

He waited with the line between his thumb and his finger, watching it and the other lines at the same time for the fish might have swum up or down. Then came the same delicate pulling touch again.

"He'll take it," the old man said aloud. "God help him to take it."

He did not take it though. He was gone and the old man felt nothing.

"He can't have gone," he said. "Christ knows he can't have gone. He's making a turn. Maybe he has been hooked before and he remembers something of it."

Then he felt the gentle touch on the line and he was happy.

"It was only his turn," he said. "He'll take it."

He was happy feeling the gentle pulling and then he felt something hard and unbelievably heavy. It was the weight of the fish and he let the line slip down, down, down, unrolling off the first of the two reserve coils. As it went down, slipping lightly through the old man's fingers, he still could feel the great weight, though the pressure of his thumb and finger were almost imperceptible.

"What a fish," he said. "He has it sideways in his mouth now and he is moving off with

他感到了那种细微的轻拉，接着是更猛的一拉，看来哪条沙丁鱼的头一定更难从钓钩上撕扯掉了。随后便没有了一丝动静。

"来吧，"老人说出了声。"再绕个弯子。闻闻这些鱼饵吧。它们难道不鲜美吗？趁此刻新鲜，吃了它们，另外还有条金枪鱼。既壮又冰，还鲜美。别难为情，鱼儿。请吃吧。"

他把钓线掌控在大拇指和食指之间等待着，同时盯着它和其他那几根钓线，因为这鱼可能已经向上游或向下游了。然后又是那种细微的轻轻拉力。

"它会咬饵的，"老人说出声来。"上帝帮帮它，让它咬饵吧。"

可是，它没有咬饵，游走了。老人没有感到有任何动静。

"它不可能走的，"他说。"天知道它是不可能游走的。它正在绕弯子吧。也许它以前上过钩，还有点儿记得。"

接着，他感到钓线轻轻地动了一下，他高兴起来。

"刚才它不过是在转身，"他说。"它会咬饵的。"

那轻微的一拉，让他很高兴；紧接着，他感到用力一拉，力量重得叫人难以相信。这是鱼本身的重量造成的，他展开两卷备用钓线中的一卷，任钓线下溜，下，下。钓线从指间轻轻下滑过程中，他依旧能感到那个巨大的分量，尽管他的大拇指和食指施加的压力简直小得难以觉察。

it."

Then he will turn and swallow it, he thought. He did not say that because he knew that if you said a good thing it might not happen. He knew what a huge fish this was and he thought of him moving away in the darkness with the tuna held crosswise in his mouth. At that moment he felt him stop moving but the weight was still there. Then the weight increased and he gave more line. He tightened the pressure of his thumb and finger for a moment and the weight increased and was going straight down.

"He's taken it," he said. "Now I'll let him eat it well."

He let the line slip through his fingers while he reached down with his left and made fast the free end of the two reserve coils to the loop of the two reserve coils of the next line. Now he was ready. He had three forty-fathom coils of line in reserve now, as well as the coil he was using.

"Eat it a little more," he said. "Eat it well."

Eat it so that the point of the hook goes into your heart and kills you, he thought. Come up easy and let me put the harpoon into you. All right. Are you ready? Have you been long enough at table?"

"Now!" he said aloud and struck hard with both hands, gained a yard of line and then struck again and again, swinging with each arm alternately on the cord with all the strength of his arms and the pivoted weight of his body.

Nothing happened. The fish just moved away slowly and the old man could not raise him an inch. His line was strong and made for heavy fish and he held it against his back until it was so taut that beads of water were jumping from it. Then it began to make a slow hissing

"多棒的鱼啊，"他说。"现在鱼饵横在嘴里，衔着鱼饵在游走。"

随后，它会转而把饵吞下去的，他想。他没有说出声来，因为他知道，好事一旦说出口，也许就不会发生了。他知道这条鱼有多大，他想象它嘴里横衔着金枪鱼，在黑暗中游荡。这时候，他感觉它停止了移动，但分量还在。接着，分量越来越重了，他又放钓线。一时间，他把大拇指和食指捏紧了，分量增加着，直往下沉。

"它咬饵了，"他说。"现在我来让它美美吃一顿。"

他让钓线通过指间往下溜，同时伸出左手，把两卷备用钓线的一端牢系在旁边那根钓线的两卷备用钓线上。他准备停当。眼下，除了正在使用的那盘钓线，他还有3盘40英寻长的钓线备用。

"再吃点吧，"他说。"要吃好。"

吃了它，钓钩的钩尖就会扎进你的心脏，刺死你，他想。慢悠悠地浮上来，让我把鱼叉插进你的身体。好了。准备好了吗？你进餐时间够长了吧？

"得了！"他大喊一声，双手猛地一拽钓线，收进了一码，然后接连拉了起来，胳膊在钓线上轮翻挥舞，用上了两臂全部的力气和撑起的身体的重量。

结果什么也没有发生。那条鱼只顾慢慢地游开去，老人无法把它往上拉一英寸。他的钓线很结实，是专门为钓大鱼而做的，他转而把它套到背上拉，直拉得钓线绷紧，水珠四溅。接着，水里传来了一阵钓线发出的沉闷的咝咝声，他依然攥紧不放松，倚着座

sound in the water and he still held it, bracing himself against the thwart and leaning back against the pull. The boat began to move slowly off toward the north-west.

The fish moved steadily and they traveled slowly on the calm water. The other baits were still in the water but there was nothing to be done.

"I wish I had the boy," the old man said aloud. "I'm being towed by a fish and I'm the towing bitt. I could make the line fast. But then he could break it. I must hold him all I can and give him line when he must have it. Thank God he is traveling and not going down."

What I will do if he decides to go down, I don't know. What I'll do if he sounds and dies I don't know. But I'll do something. There are plenty of things I can do.

He held the line against his back and watched its slant in the water and the skiff moving steadily to the north-west.

This will kill him, the old man thought. He can't do this forever. But four hours later the fish was still swimming steadily out to sea, towing the skiff, and the old man was still braced solidly with the line across his back.

"It was noon when I hooked him," he said. "And I have never seen him."

He had pushed his straw hat hard down on his head before he hooked the fish and it was cutting his forehead. He was thirsty too and he got down on his knees and, being careful not to jerk on the line, moving as far into the bow as he could get and reached the water bottle with one hand. He opened it and drank a little. Then he rested against the bow. He rested sitting on the unstepped mast and sail and tried not to think but only to endure.

Then he looked behind him and saw that no land was visible. That makes no difference, he thought. I can always come in on the glow from Havana. There are two more hours before

板撑牢身子，后仰上身对抗着鱼的拉力。船儿慢慢地向西北方向驶远。

大鱼毫不动摇地游着，他们在平静的水面上缓慢而行。另外几个鱼饵还在水中，但毫无动静。

"要是我有男孩子帮忙就好了，"老人说出声来。"我被一条鱼拖拽着，简直成了一根系纤绳的短柱。我可以把钓线拴牢。不过，这样一来，鱼儿会把它扯断。我必须尽可能牵制它，必要时给它放放线。感谢上帝，它正在游，没有往下潜。"

我不知道，要是它决意向下潜，我该怎么办。我不知道，要是它潜入海底，死了，我该怎么办？不过，我一定会有行动。我能做的事儿还多着呢。

他攥住勒在背脊上的钓线，紧盯着斜在水中的部分，而小船在不断朝西北方航行。

这样下去一定会要了它的命，老人想。它不可能永远这样游下去。但4个小时后，鱼拖着船依旧毫不停歇地向大海远处游去，老人则依然用背牢牢地拉着钓线。

"我是在中午钓的它，"他说。"可始终也没有见到它的面。"

在钓到这条鱼之前，他曾把头上的草帽使劲往下按，这时候它勒得他脑门生疼。同时，他也觉得口渴，于是双膝跪下，尽可能远地向船头爬，因为他能一只手伸过去够到水瓶，这中间小心翼翼，不去牵动钓线。他打开瓶盖，喝了点儿，然后就靠到船头歇息。他坐在从桅座上拔下的绕着帆的桅杆上，竭力不去想事，只是干挺着。

接着，他向身后望了望，陆地已不见一丝踪影。没关系，他想。我总是能靠着哈瓦那的灯火回港。离太阳落山还有两个小时，也许不到那个时候鱼就浮上来了。即使到时

the sun sets and maybe he will come up before that. If he doesn't maybe he will come up with the moon. If he does not do that maybe he will come up with the sunrise. I have no cramps and I feel strong. It is he that has the hook in his mouth. But what a fish to pull like that. He must have his mouth shut tight on the wire. I wish I could see him. I wish I could see him only once to know what I have against me.

The fish never changed his course nor his direction all that night as far as the man could tell from watching the stars. It was cold after the sun went down and the old man's sweat dried cold on his back and his arms and his old legs. During the day he had taken the sack that covered the bait box and spread it in the sun to dry. After the sun went down he tied it around his neck so that it hung down over his back and he cautiously worked it down under the line that was across his shoulders now. The sack cushioned the line and he had found a way of leaning forward against the bow so that he was almost comfortable. The position actually was only somewhat less intolerable; but he thought of it as almost comfortable.

I can do nothing with him and he can do nothing with me, he thought. Not as long as he keeps this up.

Once he stood up and urinated over the side of the skiff and looked at the stars and checked his course. The line showed like a phosphorescent streak in the water straight out from his shoulders. They were moving more slowly now and the glow of Havana was not so strong, so that he knew the current must be carrying them to the eastward. If I lose the glare of Havana we must be going more to the eastward, he thought. For if the fish's course held true I must see it for many more hours. I wonder how the baseball came out in the grand leagues today, he thought. It would be wonderful to do this with a radio. Then he thought,

它没有浮上来，也许会在月亮出来时浮上来。即使它没有在月亮出来时浮上来，它也许会伴着日出浮上来。只要手脚不抽筋，我就自感强壮。是它自己把钓钩吞进嘴里的。但是，拉劲儿这么大，该是多大一条大鱼啊。它必定把钢丝钓钩紧紧含在嘴里。但愿能见到它。哪怕一眼也好，只为搞清我这对手是什么样儿。

老人通过观测星象得知，这条鱼整整一夜始终都没有改变航线和航向。太阳落下后，天就寒了，老人脊背、胳膊和老腿上的汗变得又干又冷。白天，他把盖在鱼饵匣上的麻袋掀掉，摊到阳光下晒干。太阳下去后，他就把麻袋系到脖子上，搭住背，并且小心地把它掖到肩上挂着的钓线底下。麻袋垫着钓线后，他就发现，身体前倾靠着船头，他几乎算舒服了。这姿势实在只能说是多少叫人好受点儿，而他觉得这差不多算是舒服了。

我拿它没办法，它也拿我没办法，他想。只要它一直这样，就一直没办法。

有一次，他起身，隔着船舷撒尿时，观测星空，核对自己的航向。钓线从他肩上直泻到水里，好似一道磷光划过。鱼和船此刻变得更慢了。哈瓦那的灯火也没有那么强烈。于是，他明白，海流准是在把他们向东带。要是哈瓦的灯火也看不见了，我们一定是更向东走了，他想。因为，要是鱼的行程维持不变的话，我准还有好几个小时看得见哈瓦那的灯火。不知今天的棒球大联赛结果如何，他想。干这行当，要是有一台收音机就棒极了。他转而又想，总惦念那玩意儿。还是想想眼下正在做的事儿吧。你千万别干傻事儿。

think of it always. Think of what you are doing. You must do nothing stupid.

Then he said aloud, "I wish I had the boy. To help me and to see this."

No one should be alone in their old age, he thought. But it is unavoidable. I must remember to eat the tuna before he spoils in order to keep strong. Remember, no matter how little you want to, that you must eat him in the morning. Remember, he said to himself.

During the night two porpoises came around the boat and he could hear them rolling and blowing. He could tell the difference between the blowing noise the male made and the sighting blow of the female.

"They are good," he said. "They play and make jokes and love one another. They are our brothers like the flying fish."

Then he began to pity the great fish that he had hooked. He is wonderful and strange and who knows how old he is, he thought. Never have I had such a strong fish nor one who acted so strangely. Perhaps he is too wise to jump. He could ruin me by jumping or by a wild rush. But perhaps he has been hooked many times before and he knows that this is how he should make his fight. He cannot know that it is only one man against him, nor that it is an old man. But what a great fish he is and what will he bring in the market if the flesh is good. He took the bait like a male and he pulls like a male and his fight has no panic in it. I wonder if he has any plans or if he is just as desperate as I am?

He remembered the time he had hooked one of a pair of marlin. The male fish always let the female fish feed first and the hooked fish, the female, made a wild, panic-stricken, despairing fight that soon exhausted her, and all the time the male had stayed with her, crossing the line and circling with her on the surface. He had stayed so close that the old

接着，他出声说道："要是男孩子在就好了。可以帮我一把，也见识见识这情景。"

他们这把年纪的人不该一个人待着，他想。可这避免不了。我一定要记住趁金枪鱼没坏前吃掉它，以保持体力。记住，无论想吃多么少，都必须早上吃。记住，他对自己说。

夜间，有两条鼠海豚游到船边来，他能听到它们翻腾和喘气的声音。他能辨别雄海豚粗重的喘息声和雌海豚看得见、听不到的喘息声。

"它们都是好样的，"他说。"它们彼此嬉戏打闹、相亲相爱。它们和飞鱼一样，都是我们的兄弟。"

接着，他怜悯起这条被他钓住的大鱼来。真了不得，非同寻常，有谁知道它有多大呢，他想。我从来没有钓到过这样强壮的鱼，也从来没有见过行动如此奇怪的鱼。也许它太机灵，不跳出来。它可以跳出来或猛冲过来，把我击垮。不过，也许以前它曾上钩多次，知道了该如何应战。它哪会知道它的对手只有一个人，而且是个老头。不过，它是条多大的鱼啊，要是肉好，到市场上将能带来一笔多么可观的收入啊。从它咬饵来看，像一条雄鱼，拉钓线的架势也像雄鱼，它的反抗没有一丝惊慌。不知道它有没有什么打算，还是就跟我一样不顾死活？

他记得，有一次钓到了一对枪鱼中的一条。雄鱼总是让雌的先吃，上了钩的雌鱼，疯了一样，惊慌失措而又绝望地挣扎，不久便筋疲力尽了，与此同时，那条雄鱼始终

man was afraid he would cut the line with his tail which was sharp as a scythe and almost of that size and shape. When the old man had gaffed her and clubbed her, holding the rapier bill with its sandpaper edge and clubbing her across the top of her head until her colour turned to a colour almost like the backing of mirrors, and then, with the boy's aid, hoisted her aboard, the male fish had stayed by the side of the boat. Then, while the old man was clearing the lines and preparing the harpoon, the male fish jumped high into the air beside the boat to see where the female was and then went down deep, his lavender wings, that were his pectoral fins, spread wide and all his wide lavender stripes showing. He was beautiful, the old man remembered, and he had stayed.

That was the saddest thing I ever saw with them, the old man thought. The boy was sad too and we begged her pardon and butchered her promptly.

"I wish the boy was here," he said aloud and settled himself against the rounded planks of the bow and felt the strength of the great fish through the line he held across his shoulders moving steadily toward whatever he had chosen.

When once, through my treachery, it had been necessary to him to make a choice, the old man thought.

His choice had been to stay in the deep dark water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries. My choice was to go there to find him beyond all people. Beyond all people in the world. Now we are joined together and have been since noon. And no one to help either one of us.

Perhaps I should not have been a fisherman, he thought. But that was the thing that I was born for. I must surely remember to eat the tuna after it gets light.

和它待在一起，在钓线下窜来窜去，陪着它在水面上一起打转。雄鱼离钓线好近，老人生怕它会用尾巴把钓线割断，它的尾巴像大镰刀一样锋利，大小、形状都和大镰刀差不多。老人用鱼钩把雌鱼钩上来，握住雌鱼边缘沙纸般的长剑嘴，连连用棍子向它头顶打，直打得它的颜色差不多和镜子背面的红色一样，然后由男孩子帮忙，把它拖上了船。这期间，雄鱼一直待在船舷边。然后，老人收起钓线、准备鱼叉时，雄鱼在船边高高地跳到空中，看雌鱼在哪儿，然后下潜，钻进了深水里。它那淡紫色、翅膀一样的东西——它的胸鳍，张得大大的，它身上所有的淡紫色的宽条纹都露了出来。它很美，老人记得，它久久地待在那儿，不愿离开。

它们这情景是我看到的最令人伤心的了，老人想。男孩子也很伤心，因此我们请求雌鱼原谅，马上宰了它。

"男孩子在这儿就好了，"他说出声来，身子靠在船头被磨圆的木板上，通过勒在肩头的钓线，感到这条强壮的大鱼正朝着它选择的方向稳稳地游去。

中了我的圈套，它不得不作出选择了，老人想。

它本来选择待在黑暗的深水里，远离一切圈套、罗网和诡计。而我选择赶去谁也到不了的地方找到它。世界上任何人也到不了的地方。现在，我们聚到了一起，从中午起就聚到一起了。而且没有人出面帮我们任何一方。

也许我就不该当渔夫，他想。然而，这正是我生来该干的行当。务必记住，天亮后吃那条金枪鱼。

Some time before daylight something took one of the baits that were behind him. He heard the stick break and the line begin to rush out over the gunwale of the skiff. In the darkness he loosened his sheath knife and taking all the strain of the fish on his left shoulder he leaned back and cut the line against the wood of the gunwale. Then he cut the other line closest to him and in the dark made the loose ends of the reserve coils fast. He worked skillfully with the one hand and put his foot on the coils to hold term as he drew his knots tight. Now he had six reserve coils of line. There were two from each bait he had severed and the two from the bait the fish had taken and they were all connected.

After it is light, he thought, I will work back to the forty-fathom bait and cut it away too and link up the reserve coils. I will have lost two hundred fathoms of good Catalan cordel and the hooks and leaders. That can be replaced. But who replaces this fish if I hook some fish and it cuts him off? I don't know what that fish was that took the bait just now. It could have been a marlin or a broadbill or a shark. I never felt him. I had to get rid of him too fast.

Aloud he said, "I wish I had the boy."

But you haven't got the boy, he thought. You have only yourself and you had better work back to the last line now, in the dark or not in the dark, and cut it away and hook up the two reserve coils.

So he did it. It was difficult in the dark and once the fish made a surge that pulled him down on his face and made a cut below his eye. The blood ran down his cheek a little way. But it coagulated and dried before it reached his chin and he worked his way back to the bow and rested against the wood. He adjusted the sack and carefully worked the line so that

离天亮还有一段时间，有什么东西咬住了他背后的一个鱼饵。他听见钓竿啪的折断了，那根钓线越过船舷向外直溜。他摸黑拔出鞘中的刀子，用左肩承担着大鱼所有的拉力，身子向后靠，就着木头的船舷，把那根钓线割断了，然后把另一根离他最近的钓线也割断了，摸黑把这两个没有放出去的钓线卷的断头系在一起。他用一只手熟练地干着，在牢牢地打结时，一只脚踩住钓线卷不让动。他现在有6卷备用钓线了。他刚才割断的那两根有鱼饵的钓线各有两卷备用钓线，加上被大鱼咬住鱼饵的那根上的两卷，它们全都接在了一起。

他想，等天亮后，我要慢慢挪回到那根鱼饵在40英寻深处的钓线，把它也割断了，结在那些备用的钓线卷上。我将失去200英寻长出色的卡塔卢尼亚钓线，还有钓钩和导线。这些都是能再置办的。即使钓上别的鱼，要是把这条大鱼搞丢了，上哪儿找去？我不知道刚才咬饵的是什么鱼。很可能是一条枪鱼、剑鱼或鲨鱼。我根本不去琢磨。我得赶快甩掉。

他响亮地说："我要是有男孩子在该多好啊！"

可是，男孩子不在这儿，他想。只有你自己一个人，甭管天黑不黑，最好现在就挪到最末那根钓线边，把它割断了，把两卷备用钓线系在钓钩上。

他说干就干。天黑，干起来确实挺难。中间有一次，大鱼猛地掀动了一下，把他脸朝下拖倒在地，使眼睛下面划了一道口子。鲜血顺着他的脸颊流了下来。可是，血还没有流到下巴的地方就凝固变干了。他又一路挪回船头，靠在木船舷上歇息。他调整了一下麻袋的位置，小心翼翼地把钓线在肩上挪了个新地方，固定在他的肩膀上，仔细地试

it came across a new part of his shoulders and, holding it anchored with his shoulders, he carefully felt the pull of the fish and then felt with his hand the progress of the skiff through the water.

I wonder what he made that lurch for, he thought. The wire must have slipped on the great hill of his back. Certainly his back cannot feel as badly as mine does. But he cannot pull this skiff forever, no matter how great he is. Now everything is cleared away that might make trouble and I have a big reserve of line; all that a man can ask.

"Fish," he said softly, aloud, "I'll stay with you until I am dead."

He'll stay with me too, I suppose, the old man thought and he waited for it to be light. It was cold now in the time before daylight and he pushed against the wood to be warm. I can do it as long as he can, he thought. And in the first light the line extended out and down into the water. The boat moved steadily and when the first edge of the sun rose it was on the old man's right shoulder.

"He's headed north," the old man said. The current will have set us far to the eastward, he thought. I wish he would turn with the current. That would show that he was tiring.

When the sun had risen further the old man realized that the fish was not tiring. There was only one favorable sign. The slant of the line showed he was swimming at a lesser depth. That did not necessarily mean that he would jump. But he might.

"God let him jump," the old man said. "I have enough line to handle him."

Maybe if I can increase the tension just a little it will hurt him and he will jump, he thought. Now that it is daylight let him jump so that he'll fill the sacks along his backbone

了试鱼拉曳的份量，然后把手伸到水里感觉船行进的速度。

我不知道鱼刚才为什么突然掀动一下，他想。一定是钓线在它高高隆起的背脊上滑了一下。它的背肯定不像我的背感觉那么糟糕。可是，不管它有多大劲儿，总不可能拖着这条小船永远跑下去吧。眼下，凡是可能惹乱子的东西都清除了，还有一大堆备用钓线可用；一个人还会有什么后顾之忧呢。

"鱼儿啊，"他轻轻地说出声来，"我要跟你奉陪到底。"

看样子，它也要跟我奉陪到底，老人想。他等待着天明。眼下正值破晓前夕，天很冷，他把身子紧贴着木船舷来取暖。它能挺多久，我就能挺多久，他想。清晨第一缕阳光下，钓线向外伸展着，隐没在水中。小船平稳地行进着，太阳刚露出头，照在了老人的右肩上。

"它在向北游，"老人说。海流在把我们远远地往东方送，他想。要是鱼跟着海流转变方向就好了。那就说明它要累了。

太阳更高了，老人发觉鱼并没有显乏。只有一个让人高兴的迹象。钓线的倾斜度显示它游得没有那么深了。这不一定意味着它将跃出水来。但也说不定。

"上帝啊，让它跳吧，"老人说。"我有足够长的钓线对付它。"

也许我把钓线拉得更紧点儿，它觉得痛，就跳了，他想。既然是白天了，就让它跳，这样它沿背脊的液囊就会充满空气，它就不能沉到海底死了。

他努力把钓线拉得更紧，但自从他钩到这条鱼以来，钓线已经被拉紧得快要绷断了，他向后仰着身子一拉，感到钓线粗糙发硬，就知道无法拉得再紧了。我千万不能再

with air and then he cannot go deep to die.

He tried to increase the tension, but the line had been taut up to the very edge of the breaking point since he had hooked the fish and he felt the harshness as he leaned back to pull and knew he could put no more strain on it. I must not jerk it ever, he thought. Each jerk widens the cut the hook makes and then when he does jump he might throw it. Anyway I feel better with the sun and for once I do not have to look into it.

There was yellow weed on the line but the old man knew that only made an added drag and he was pleased. It was the yellow Gulf weed that had made so much phosphorescence in the night.

"Fish," he said, "I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends."

Let us hope so, he thought.

A small bird came toward the skiff from the north. He was a warbler and flying very low over the water. The old man could see that he was very tired.

The bird made the stern of the boat and rested there. Then he flew around the old man's head and rested on the line where he was more comfortable.

"How old are you?" the old man asked the bird. "Is this your first trip?"

The bird looked at him when he spoke. He was too tired even to examine the line and he teetered on it as his delicate feet gripped it fast.

"It's steady," the old man told him. "It's too steady. You shouldn't be that tired after a windless night. What are birds coming to?"

The hawks, he thought, that come out to sea to meet them. But he said nothing of this to the bird who could not understand him anyway and who would learn about the hawks soon

猛拉了，他想。每猛拉一次，就会把钓钩钩出的口子扯得更大，鱼要一跳，兴许就会把钓钩甩掉。总之，太阳出来就好了，我总算不必紧盯着了。

钓线上粘着一些黄色海藻，但老人知道这只会给鱼增加一份拽的负担，所以他很高兴。正是这种黄色果囊马尾藻在夜间发出的那么强的磷光。

"鱼儿，"他说，"我爱你，也很敬重你。不过，今天无论如何我要把你干掉。"

但愿如此，他想。

一只小鸟从北边向小船飞来。那是一只鸣禽，在水面上飞得很低。老人看得出它已经很累了。

鸟儿总算落在了船尾上，在那儿歇了口气，而后绕着老人的头飞了一圈，最终落在了它更觉舒服的钓线上。

"你多大了？"老人问小鸟。"是第一次出门吗？"

他说话时，鸟儿望着他。它太累了，甚至没有细看钓线，就用小巧的双爪抓住了钓线。它在上面摇摇欲坠。

"这稳当，"老人对它说。"很稳当。昨夜没有风，你不该这么困乏啊。鸟儿都怎么了？"

他想，是老鹰的缘故吧，它们总到海上对付它们。不过，这话他没有跟小鸟说，反正它也听不懂他的话，而且很快就会知道老鹰的厉害。

enough.

"Take a good rest, small bird," he said. "Then go in and take your chance like any man or bird or fish."

It encouraged him to talk because his back had stiffened in the night and it hurt truly now.

"Stay at my house if you like, bird," he said. "I am sorry I cannot hoist the sail and take you in with the small breeze that is rising. But I am with a friend."

Just then the fish gave a sudden lurch that pulled the old man down onto the bow and would have pulled him overboard if he had not braced himself and given some line.

The bird had flown up when the line jerked and the old man had not even seen him go. He felt the line carefully with his right hand and noticed his hand was bleeding.

"Something hurt him then," he said aloud and pulled back on the line to see if he could turn the fish. But when he was touching the breaking point he held steady and settled back against the strain of the line.

"You're feeling it now, fish," he said. "And so, God knows, am I."

He looked around for the bird now because he would have liked him for company. The bird was gone.

You did not stay long, the man thought. But it is rougher where you are going until you make the shore. How did I let the fish cut me with that one quick pull be made? I must be getting very stupid. Or perhaps I was looking at the small bird and thinking of him. Now I will pay attention to my work and then I must eat the tuna so that I will not have a failure of strength.

"I wish the boy were here and that I had some salt," he said aloud.

Shifting the weight of the line to his left shoulder and kneeling carefully he washed his

"好好歇息，小鸟，"他说。"然后像人、鸟或鱼那样去碰碰运气。"

这样说话使他受到了鼓舞，因为他的背夜里变得僵直，现在真疼。

"鸟儿，你乐意的话，就住我家吧，"他说。"很抱歉，我不能趁眼下吹着的微风，扯上帆带你回去。可是，我总算有个朋友在一起了。"

说话间，鱼突然倾向一侧，把老人拖倒在了船头上，要不是他紧贴住船，放一段钓线出去，早被拖到了海里。

钓线猛地那么一动，鸟儿飞走了，老人甚至没有看到它飞走。他用右手小心地去触摸钓线，发现右手正在流血。

"这么说，什么东西伤着了鱼，"他大声说着，把钓线往回拉，看能不能让鱼翻转回来。他握稳钓线，让身子后仰，抵住钓线的拉力，简直快要把钓线拉断了。

"你现在觉着疼了吧，鱼儿，"他说。"老实说，我也如此。"

此刻，他扭头再去找小鸟，因为他很乐意有它作伴，发现鸟儿已经飞走了。

你没待多久，老人想。可是，你要去的地方风大浪大，直到你到了岸上才会好些。我怎么会让鱼猛地那么一拉，划破了手？我一定是越来越笨了。或许是我只顾看那只小鸟，光想着它的事儿了。现在，我要关心自己的活儿，然后务必把那金枪鱼吃下去，这样才不会没有力气。

"但愿男孩子在这儿。我手边有点儿盐就好了，"他出声说道。

hand in the ocean and held it there, submerged, for more than a minute watching the blood trail away and the steady movement of the water against his hand as the boat moved.

"He has slowed much," he said.

The old man would have liked to keep his hand in the salt water longer but he was afraid of another sudden lurch by the fish and he stood up and braced himself and held his hand up against the sun. It was only a line burn that had cut his flesh. But it was in the working part of his hand. He knew he would need his hands before this was over and he did not like to be cut before it started.

"Now," he said, when his hand had dried, "I must eat the small tuna. I can reach him with the gaff and eat him here in comfort."

He knelt down and found the tuna under the stern with the gaff and drew it toward him keeping it clear of the coiled lines. Holding the line with his left shoulder again, the bracing on his left hand and arm, he took the tuna off the gaff hook and put the gaff back in place. He put one knee on the fish and cut strips of dark red meat longitudinally from the back of the head to the tail. They were wedge-shaped strips and he cut them from next to the backbone down to the edge of the belly. When he had cut six strips he spread them out on the wood of the bow, wiped his knife on his trousers, and lifted the carcass of bonito by the tail and dropped it overboard.

"I don't think I can eat an entire one," he said and drew his knife across one of the strips. He could feel the steady hard pull of the line and his left hand was cramped. It drew up tight on the heavy cord and he looked at it in disgust.

"What kind of a hand is that," he said. "Cramp then if you want. Make yourself into a

他把沉甸甸的钓线转移到左肩上，小心翼翼地跪下，把手伸到海水里洗了洗，在水里浸了一分多钟，他看着血的痕迹漂开去，海水随着船的移动不停地拍打着他的手。

"它游得慢多了，"他说。

老人本想让手在盐水中多泡一会儿，但他怕鱼突然一抖身，于是站起来，振作精神，对着太阳举起那只手。只是被钓线勒了一下，割破了肉。而那正是手上用劲的地方。他知道在捕鱼结束之前他需要这双手，所以他不喜欢还没有动手就割破了手。

"现在，"等手晾干后，他说，"我必须吃小金枪鱼。我可以用鱼钩把它钩过来，在这儿好好吃一顿。"

他跪下来，用鱼钩在船尾下找到了那条金枪鱼，避开那几卷钓线，把它钩向身边。他又用左肩扛住钓线，左手和胳膊支在座板上，从鱼钩上取下金枪鱼，把鱼钩放回了原处，一只膝盖压在鱼身上，从它的脖颈竖割到尾部，割下一条条深红色的鱼肉。这些是楔形肉条，他从脊椎附近开始，一直割到腹边。他割下6条后，把它们摊放在船头的木板上，在裤子上擦了擦刀子，然后拎起鱼尾巴，把骨头扔进了海里。

"我想我是吃不了整个一条，"说着，他用刀子在一个鱼条划了一刀。他能感到钓线一直紧紧地拉着，左手都抽起了筋。左手紧紧地拽着粗钓线，他厌恶地看了一眼。

"这是什么手啊，"他说。"你想抽筋就抽去吧。你自己变成一只爪子吧。那对你不会有好处。"

赶快，他低头看着斜向黑暗海水里的钓线想。现在把它吃了，它会增强手劲。这不

claw. It will do you no good."

Come on, he thought and looked down into the dark water at the slant of the line. Eat it now and it will strengthen the hand. It is not the hand's fault and you have been many hours with the fish. But you can stay with him forever. Eat the bonito now.

He picked up a piece and put it in his mouth and chewed it slowly. It was not unpleasant.

Chew it well, he thought, and get all the juices. It would not be bad to eat with a little lime or with lemon or with salt.

"How do you feel, hand?" he asked the cramped hand that was almost as stiff as rigor mortis. "I'll eat some more for you."

He ate the other part of the piece that he had cut in two. He chewed it carefully and then spat out the skin.

"How does it go, hand? Or is it too early to know?"

He took another full piece and chewed it.

"It is a strong full-blooded fish," he thought. "I was lucky to get him instead of dolphin. Dolphin is too sweet. This is hardly sweet at all and all the strength is still in it."

There is no sense in being anything but practical though, he thought. I wish I had some salt. And I do not know whether the sun will rot or dry what is left, so I had better eat it all although I am not hungry. The fish is calm and steady. I will eat it all and then I will be ready.

"Be patient, hand," he said. "I do this for you."

I wish I could feed the fish, he thought. He is my brother. But I must kill him and keep strong to do it. Slowly and conscientiously he ate all of the wedge-shaped strips of fish.

是这只手的过错，你已经守着这鱼好几个小时了。不过，你能跟它永远待下去。现在就把鱼吃了吧。

他拿起一块鱼肉，放进嘴里，慢慢咀嚼。这并不难吃。

他想，好好咀嚼，把所有的汁液都嚼出来。要是加上一点酸橙、柠檬或盐，吃起来一定不错。

"你感觉怎样，手儿？"他问那只抽筋的手，它几乎像僵尸一样硬。"我再为你吃些吧。"

他吃着切成两截的那块鱼肉的另一半，仔细咀嚼，然后把鱼皮吐了出去。

"觉得怎样，手？或者太早了，还不知道？"

他又拿起一整块鱼肉，咀嚼起来。

"这条鱼血气旺盛，非常强壮，"他想。"我运气好，逮住的是它，而不是鲯鳅。鲯鳅太甜了。这鱼简直一点也不甜，所有的元气都还在体内。"

不过，除了务实，什么都没有意义，他想。要是我有些盐就好了。我不知道太阳会不会把剩下的鱼肉晒烂或晒干，所以尽管我不饿，但我最好把它统统都吃了。那鱼平静安稳。我要把这鱼肉统统吃了，随后我就会作好准备。

"手儿啊，要耐心，"他说。"我这样做是为了你。"

我真希望能喂那条鱼，他想。它是我的兄弟。可我必须弄死它，保持体力来这样做。他慢慢地、认真地把那些楔形鱼肉条统统都吃了。

He straightened up, wiping his hand on his trousers.

"Now," he said. "You can let the cord go, hand, and I will handle him with the right arm alone until you stop that nonsense." He put his left foot on the heavy line that the left hand had held and lay back against the pull against his back."

"God help me to have the cramp go," he said. "Because I do not know what the fish is going to do."

But he seems calm, he thought, and following his plan. But what is his plan, he thought. And what is mine? Mine I must improvise to his because of his great size. If he will jump I can kill him. But he stays down forever. Then I will stay down with him forever.

He rubbed the cramped hand against his trousers and tried to gentle the fingers. But it would not open. Maybe it will open with the sun, he thought. Maybe it will open when the strong raw tuna is digested. If I have to have it, I will open it, cost whatever it costs. But I do not want to open it now by force. Let it open by itself and come back of its own accord. After all I abused it much in the night when it was necessary to free and untie the various lines.

He looked across the sea and knew how alone he was now. But he could see the prisms in the deep dark water and the line stretching ahead and the strange undulation of the calm. The clouds were building up now for the trade wind and he looked ahead and saw a flight of wild ducks etching themselves against the sky over the water, then blurring, then etching again and he knew no man was ever alone on the sea.

He thought of how some men feared being out of sight of land in a small boat and knew they were right in the months of sudden bad weather. But now they were in hurricane months and, when there are no hurricanes, the weather of hurricane months is the best of all the year.

他直起腰，手在裤子上擦了擦。

"好了，"他说。"手儿，你可以松开钓线了，我只用右臂来对付它，直到你不再那样胡来。"他左脚踩住刚才左手握着的粗钓线，身子向后，用背部顶住那股拉力。

"上帝帮助我，不要让我抽筋吧，"他说。"因为我不知道这条鱼要怎么做。"

不过，它好像非常镇静，他想，而且在按照它的计划行动。可它的计划是什么呢，他想。我的计划又是什么呢？它个头大，我的计划必须随着他的计划而变化。要是它跳跃，我就能弄死它。可它始终待在下面。因此，我要跟它永远待下去。

他在裤子上搓了搓那只抽筋的手，想设法缓和一下手指。可他的手张不开了。也许随着太阳出来，它就会张开，他想。也许等那些生猛的金枪鱼肉消化后，它就会张开。要是不得不用这只手，我就要不惜任何代价打开它。可我现在不想强行打开它。让它自己张开，自动恢复吧。毕竟，昨夜必须解开各条钓线时，我使用过度了。

他眺望大海，明白他现在是多么孤单。可他能看到黑暗海水深处的那些折光体，看到面前伸展的钓线和平静大海上的奇异波动。信风刮起，眼下云正在积聚，他向前望去，只见一群野鸭飞过水面，在天空映衬下，像刻划一样清晰，然后变得模糊，接着又像刻划一样清晰，他明白一个人在海上永远不会孤单。

他想起有些人害怕乘船到看不见陆地的地方，明白在风云突变的那几个月里他们有理由害怕。可是，目前处在飓风的月份，不刮飓风时，这些飓风月份是一年中天气最好的时候。

If there is a hurricane you always see the signs of it in the sky for days ahead, if you are at sea. They do not see it ashore because they do not know what to look for, he thought. The land must make a difference too, in the shape of the clouds. But we have no hurricane coming now.

He looked at the sky and saw the white cumulus built like friendly piles of ice cream and high above were the thin feathers of the cirrus against the high September sky.

"Light brisa," he said. "Better weather for me than for you, fish."

His left hand was still cramped, but he was unknotting it slowly.

I hate a cramp, he thought. It is a treachery of one's own body. It is humiliating before others to have a diarrhoea from ptomaine poisoning or to vomit from it. But a cramp, he thought of it as a calambre, humiliates oneself especially when one is alone.

If the boy were here he could rub it for me and loosen it down from the forearm, he thought. But it will loosen up.

Then, with his right hand he felt the difference in the pull of the line before he saw the slant change in the water. Then, as he leaned against the line and slapped his left hand hard and fast against his thigh he saw the line slanting slowly upward.

"He's coming up," he said. "Come on hand. Please come on."

The line rose slowly and steadily and then the surface of the ocean bulged ahead of the boat and the fish came out. He came out unendingly and water poured from his sides. He was bright in the sun and his head and back were dark purple and in the sun the stripes on his sides showed wide and a light lavender. His sword was as long as a baseball bat and tapered like a rapier and he rose his full length from the water and then re-entered it, smoothly, like a

要是有飓风，要是你在海上，你总是在几天前就会看到天空有种种迹象。之所以人们在岸上看不到，是因为他们不知道要寻找什么，他想。陆地上一定也会不同寻常，那就是云的不同形状。可是，现在不会有飓风刮来。

他望望天空，看到一团团白色积云，像一堆堆舒适及时的冰淇淋，位于高高上空的是高远的9月的天空映衬着一团团羽毛似的卷云。

"轻微的东北风，"他说。"鱼儿，天气对我比对你更有利。"

他的左手还在抽筋，但他正在慢慢地打开它。我讨厌抽筋，他想。这是对自己身体的一种叛逆行为。在别人面前因食物中毒而腹泻或呕吐，非常丢人。然而，抽筋——他认为是calambre——是给自己丢脸，尤其是独自一人的时候。

要是那个男孩子在这儿，他就可以给我揉揉，从前臂向下放松，他想。不过，这手会松开的。

接着，他用右手去摸钓线，感觉上面的拉力不一样，随后他才看到水里的斜度发生了变化。于是，他俯身贴住钓线，左手飞快有力地按在大腿上，看到钓线倾斜着在慢慢上升。

"它上来了，"他说。"快点，手儿。请快点。"

钓线慢慢地稳定上升，随后小船前面的海面暴涨起来，鱼浮出水面。它不停地浮出来，水从它的身体两边倾泻而下。它在阳光下鲜亮，头和背部呈深紫色，两侧的条纹在阳光下显得宽阔，呈现紫色。它的剑嘴像棒球棒那么长，如一把轻剑逐渐变细，全身都

diver and the old man saw the great scythe-blade of his tail go under and the line commenced to race out.

"He is two feet longer than the skiff," the old man said. The line was going out fast but steadily and the fish was not panicked. The old man was trying with both hands to keep the line just inside of breaking strength. He knew that if he could not slow the fish with a steady pressure the fish could take out all the line and break it.

He is a great fish and I must convince him, he thought. I must never let him learn his strength nor what he could do if he made his run. If I were him I would put in everything now and go until something broke. But, thank God, they are not as intelligent as we who kill them; although they are more noble and more able.

The old man had seen many great fish. He had seen many that weighed more than a thousand pounds and he had caught two of that size in his life, but never alone. Now alone, and out of sight of land, he was fast to the biggest fish that he had ever seen and bigger than he had ever heard of, and his left hand was still as tight as the gripped claws of an eagle.

It will uncramp though, he thought. Surely it will uncramp to help my right hand. There are three things that are brothers: the fish and my two hands. It must uncramp. It is unworthy of it to be cramped. The fish had slowed again and was going at his usual pace.

I wonder why he jumped, the old man thought. He jumped almost as though to show me how big he was. I know now, anyway, he thought. I wish I could show him what sort of man I am. But then he would see the cramped hand. Let him think I am more man than I am and I will be so. I wish I was the fish, he thought, with everything he has against only my will and my intelligence.

露出了水面，然后像潜水员一样平滑地又钻进了水里，老人看到它大镰刀片似的尾巴钻到了水下，钓线开始飞快地出来。

"它比这小船还长两英尺，"老人说。钓线又快又稳地出来了，这鱼没有受惊。老人正在设法用双手拉住钓线，用的劲刚好不拽断钓线。他知道，要是他不能用稳定的压力使鱼慢下来，它就会拖走全部钓线，挣断。

它是一条大鱼，我一定要制服它，他想。我千万不能让它明白它有多大劲儿，也不能让它明白要是逃走，它有多大能耐。我要是它，现在就会全力以赴，直到钓线绷断。不过，谢天谢地，尽管它们更高贵、更能干，但它们没有我们这些要消灭它们的人聪明。

老人曾见过许多大鱼。他见过许多1000多磅重的大鱼，这一生也曾逮住过两条这么大的鱼，但从未独自逮住过。现在独自一人，看不见陆地，他跟一条比他曾见过的最大的鱼紧紧地连在一起，比他曾听说过的鱼都大，他的左手还在紧握着，就像紧抓着的鹰爪一样。

不过，它会不抽筋的，他想。它肯定会不抽筋，来帮助我的右手。有3样东西是兄弟：那条鱼和我的两只手。这手一定会不抽筋的。它真不该抽筋。鱼又慢了下来，正用它平常的速度游动着。

我不知道它为什么跳出水，老人想。它跳起来，简直就像是为了让我看看它有多么大。反正我现在知道了，他想。但愿我也能让它看看我是什么样的人。不过，它会看到

He settled comfortably against the wood and took his suffering as it came and the fish swam steadily and the boat moved slowly through the dark water. There was a small sea rising with the wind coming up from the east and at noon the old man's left hand was uncramped.

"Bad news for you, fish," he said and shifted the line over the sacks that covered his shoulders.

He was comfortable but suffering, although he did not admit the suffering at all.

"I am not religious," he said. "But I will say ten Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys that I should catch this fish, and I promise to make a pilgrimage to the Virgin of Cobre if I catch him. That is a promise."

He commenced to say his prayers mechanically. Sometimes he would be so tired that he could not remember the prayer and then he would say them fast so that they would come automatically. Hail Marys are easier to say than Our Fathers, he thought.

"Hail Mary full of Grace the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen." Then he added, "Blessed Virgin, pray for the death of this fish. Wonderful though he is."

With his prayers said, and feeling much better, but suffering exactly as much, and perhaps a little more, he leaned against the wood of the bow and began, mechanically, to work the fingers of his left hand.

The sun was hot now although the breeze was rising gently.

"I had better re-bait that little line out over the stern," he said. "If the fish decides to stay

这只抽筋的手。让它以为我是一个比现在的我更阳刚的人，我一定会是这样。他想，但愿我就是这条鱼，用它所有的一切来对付我仅有的意志和智慧。

他舒适地靠在木船上，对袭来的痛苦逆来顺受，鱼稳定地游着，小船慢慢穿过黑色的海水。随着东方吹来的风，海上掀起了小浪；中午时分，老人的左手不再抽筋了。

"鱼儿，对你是坏消息，"他说着，把钓线从披在肩膀的麻袋上挪了挪。

他舒适却又痛苦，尽管他根本不承认这是痛苦。

"我不信教，"他说。"可是，我愿意说10遍主祷文和10遍万福玛利亚，这样我会逮住这条鱼，我答应，要是逮住它，我要去科伯的圣母那儿去朝拜。这是我的许诺。"

他开始机械地祈祷。有时候，他太累了，会记不住祈祷文，就说得很快，以便祈祷文自动说出来。万福玛利亚比主祷文容易说，他想。

"大慈大悲的万福玛利亚，主与你同在。你在女人中受到祝福，你的子宫之果——耶稣也受到祝福。圣母玛利亚现在和我们临终时刻为我等罪人祈祷。阿门。"随后，他补充道，"圣母玛利亚，祈祷让这条鱼死去吧。尽管它了不起。"

说完祈祷文，他感觉好多了，但还是像刚才一样痛苦，也许更严重了点儿。于是，他靠在船头的木舷上，开始机械地活动起左手的手指。

尽管微风正在轻轻吹起，但现在阳光很热。

"我最好还是把船尾的小钓丝重新装上钓饵，"他说。"要是那条鱼决定再待一夜，我就需要再吃点东西，瓶里的水也不多了。我想我只能在这儿逮一条鲯鳅了。可要

another night I will need to eat again and the water is low in the bottle. I don't think I can get anything but a dolphin here. But if I eat him fresh enough he won't be bad. I wish a flying fish would come on board tonight. But I have no light to attract them. A flying fish is excellent to eat raw and I would not have to cut him up. I must save all my strength now. Christ, I did not know he was so big."

"I'll kill him though," he said. "In all his greatness and his glory."

Although it is unjust, he thought. But I will show him what a man can do and what a man endures.

"I told the boy I was a strange old man," he said. "Now is when I must prove it."

The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it.

I wish he'd sleep and I could sleep and dream about the lions, he thought. Why are the lions the main thing that is left? Don't think, old man, he said to himself. Rest gently now against the wood and think of nothing. He is working. Work as little as you can.

It was getting into the afternoon and the boat still moved slowly and steadily. But there was an added drag now from the easterly breeze and the old man rode gently with the small sea and the hurt of the cord across his back came to him easily and smoothly.

Once in the afternoon the line started to rise again. But the fish only continued to swim at a slightly higher level. The sun was on the old man's left arm and shoulder and on his back. So he knew the fish had turned east of north.

Now that he had seen him once, he could picture the fish swimming in the water with

是我在它足够新鲜时吃，味道就不会糟。我希望今晚一条飞鱼跳上船来。我却没有灯光吸引它。飞鱼生吃，味道好极了，我也不必把它切碎。我现在必须保存所有的力气。天哪，我原来不知道它有这么大。"

"不过，我要宰了它，"他说。"不管它有多么伟大、多么风光。"

尽管这不公平，他想。不过，我要让它看看人有多少能干，人有多大耐力。

"我对那个男孩子说过，我是个怪老伙计，"他说。"现在是我必须证明这一点的时候了。"

他已经证明过上千次了，这不算什么。现在他又要证明了。每一次都是新的一次，他这样做时，从来没有想起过去。

我真希望它会睡去，这样我也能睡去，梦见狮子，他想。为什么梦里剩下的主要是狮子呢？别想了，老伙计，他对自己说。现在轻轻地靠在木船舷上，什么都不要想。它正在慢慢游动。你尽可能少动。

时间渐渐地到了下午，船还在缓慢而稳定地移动。可是，现在来自东边的微风给船增加了拉力，老人随着小小的海浪轻轻漂流，钓线勒在他背上的疼痛最后变得舒适平稳。

下午，钓线有一次又开始升起。可是，那鱼只是在稍高一点的水平面上继续游动。太阳落在了老人的左臂、左肩和背上。所以，他知道鱼已经转向了东北方。

既然他已经见过它一次，他就能想象出它在水里游动的情景，它的紫色胸鳍像翅膀一样大张，竖立的大尾巴划过黑暗的海水。我不知道它在那样深的海里会看见多少，老

his purple pectoral fins set wide as wings and the great erect tail slicing through the dark. I wonder how much he sees at that depth, the old man thought. His eye is huge and a horse, with much less eye, can see in the dark. Once I could see quite well in the dark. Not in the absolute dark. But almost as a cat sees.

The sun and his steady movement of his fingers had uncramped his left hand now completely and he began to shift more of the strain to it and he shrugged the muscles of his back to shift the hurt of the cord a little.

"If you're not tired, fish," he said aloud, "you must be very strange."

He felt very tired now and he knew the night would come soon and he tried to think of other things. He thought of the Big Leagues, to him they were the Gran Ligas, and he knew that the Yankees of New York were playing the Tigres of Detroit.

This is the second day now that I do not know the result of the juegos, he thought. But I must have confidence and I must be worthy of the great DiMaggio who does all things perfectly even with the pain of the bone spur in his heel. What is a bone spur? He asked himself. Un espuela de hueso. We do not have them. Can it be as painful as the spur of a fighting cock in one's heel? I do not think I could endure that or the loss of the eye and of both eyes and continue to fight as the fighting cocks do. Man is not much beside the great birds and beasts. Still I would rather be that beast down there in the darkness of the sea.

"Unless sharks come," he said aloud. "If sharks come, God pity him and me."

Do you believe the great DiMaggio would stay with a fish as long as I will stay with this one? He thought. I am sure he would and more since he is young and strong. Also his father

人想。它的眼睛极大，马的眼睛小得多，但在黑暗里也能看见。从前我在黑暗中也能看得一清二楚。不是在完全黑暗的地方。不过，几乎像猫一样看东西。

阳光和手指的稳定动作现在已经使他的左手完全不再抽筋了，他开始把更多的拉力转移到了左手上，然后耸了耸背上的肌肉，稍微移开钓线造成的疼痛。

"鱼儿啊，要是你不累的话，"他大声说道，"你一定非常奇怪。"

他此刻感觉很累，他知道夜幕很快就要降临，所以他就尽力去想别的事儿。他想到了棒球两大联赛，在他看来就是Gran Ligas（大联赛），而且他知道纽约市的扬基队正在和底特律的猛虎队比赛。

现在是联赛的第二天，我不知道juegos[1]的结果，他想。可是，我一定要有信心，一定要对得起了不起的迪马乔，他就是脚后跟长了骨刺，疼痛难忍，也会把一切做得非常完美。骨刺是什么？他问自己。就是Un espuela de hueso[2]。我们没有骨刺。它会像斗鸡腿上拴的距铁扎进脚后跟那样疼吗？

我想我受不了那种痛苦，也不能像斗鸡那样失去一只眼或两只眼后接着斗下去。跟伟大的鸟兽相比，人没有什么了不起的。我还是宁愿做那种待在黑暗的海水里的动物。

"除非鲨鱼来，"他大声说道。"要是鲨鱼来，上帝会同情它和我。"

你相信了不起的迪马乔守着一条鱼，会像我守着这条鱼一样长久吗？他想。我相信

[1] juegos，西班牙语，意思是"比赛"。

[2] Un espuela de hueso，西班牙语，意思是"骨刺"。

was a fisherman. But would the bone spur hurt him too much?

"I do not know," he said aloud. "I never had a bone spur."

As the sun set he remembered, to give himself more confidence, the time in the tavern at Casablanca when he had played the hand game with the great Negro from Cienfuegos who was the strongest man on the docks. They had gone one day and one night with their elbows on a chalk line on the table and their forearms straight up and their hands gripped tight. Each one was trying to force the other's hand down onto the table. There was much betting and people went in and out of the room under the kerosene lights and he had looked at the arm and hand of the Negro and at the Negro's face. They changed the referees every four hours after the first eight so that the referees could sleep. Blood came out from under the fingernails of both his and the Negro's hands and they looked each other in the eye and at their hands and forearms and the bettors went in and out of the room and sat on high chairs against the wall and watched. The walls were painted bright blue and were of wood and the lamps threw their shadows against them. The Negro's shadow as huge and it moved on the wall as the breeze moved the lamps.

The odds would change back and forth all night and they fed the Negro rum and lighted cigarettes for him. Then the Negro, after the rum, would try for a tremendous effort and once he had the old man, who was not an old man then but was Santiago El Campeón, nearly three inches off balance. But the old man had raised his hand up to dead even again. He was sure then that he had the Negro, who was a fine man and a great athlete, beaten. And at daylight when the bettors were asking that it be called a draw and the referee was shaking his head, he had unleashed his effort and forced the hand of the Negro down and down until it rested on the wood. The match had started on a Sunday morning and ended on a Monday

他会，而且会更长久，因为他年轻力壮。他的父亲也是一名渔夫。

可是，骨刺会让他太疼吗？

"我不知道，"他大声说道。"我从来没有长过骨刺。"

太阳落下时，为了给自己增强信心，他想起了那次在卡萨布兰卡的一家酒店跟码头上那个最强壮的人——来自西恩富戈斯的大个子黑人——比手劲的情景。他们一天一夜前臂向上伸直，两手紧握，把胳膊肘支在桌面一条粉笔线上。各自都竭力把对方的手向下压到桌面上。好多人下了赌注，人们在屋里的煤油灯下进进出出，他望着黑人的胳膊和手，望着黑人的脸。最初的8小时过后，他们每隔4小时就换一名裁判，以便裁判们能轮流睡觉。血从他和黑人手上的指甲下面流出来，他们望着对方的眼睛，望着对方的手和前臂，打赌的人在屋里进进出出，坐在靠墙的高椅上观看。墙壁是木头做的，涂成了鲜蓝色，几盏灯把他们的影子投射在墙上。黑人的影子极大，随着微风吹灯，这影子也在墙上移动。

整整一夜，赌注的比率常常来回变换，人们喂黑人喝朗姆酒，为他点燃香烟。接下来，喝过朗姆酒后，黑人会用九牛二虎之力，有一次把老人的手——他当时还不是老人，而是圣地亚哥冠军——扳下去将近3英寸。可是，老人又举起手，完成扳成了平局。他当时确信他会打败这个黑人，这个黑人非常出色，是个运动健将。而天亮时，那些打赌的人要求判成平局，裁判员摇摇头，老人使出浑身力气，硬是把黑人的手压下

morning. Many of the bettors had asked for a draw because they had to go to work on the docks loading sacks of sugar or at the Havana Coal Company. Otherwise everyone would have wanted it to go to a finish. But he had finished it anyway and before anyone had to go to work.

For a long time after that everyone had called him The Champion and there had been a return match in the spring. But not much money was bet and he had won it quite easily since he had broken the confidence of the Negro from Cienfuegos in the first match. After that he had a few matches and then no more. He decided that he could beat anyone if he wanted to badly enough and he decided that it was bad for his right hand for fishing. He had tried a few practice matches with his left hand. But his left hand had always been a traitor and would not do what he called on it to do and he did not trust it.

The sun will bake it out well now, he thought. It should not cramp on me again unless it gets too cold in the night. I wonder what this night will bring.

An airplane passed overhead on its course to Miami and he watched its shadow scaring up the schools of flying fish.

"With so much flying fish there should be dolphin," he said, and leaned back on the line to see if it was possible to gain any on his fish. But he could not and it stayed at the hardness and water-drop shivering that preceded breaking. The boat moved ahead slowly and he watched the airplane until he could no longer see it.

It must be very strange in an airplane, he thought. I wonder what the sea looks like from that height? They should be able to see the fish well if they do not fly too high. I would like to fly very slowly at two hundred fathoms high and see the fish from above. In the turtle boats I was in the cross-trees of the mast-head and even at that height I saw much. The

去，压下去，直到它停留在桌面上。这场比赛开始于星期天早上，结束于星期一早上。好多打赌的人要求判成平局，因为他们得去码头装运一袋袋的糖或去哈瓦那煤矿公司干活，否则人人都会要求比赛到底。不过，他反正已经完成了，而且是在任何人必须上工之前。

之后好长时间，人人都叫他“冠军”，第二年春天又举行了一场比赛。可是，打赌的金额不多，他轻而易举就赢了，因为他在第一场比赛中已经击碎了那个西恩富戈斯来的黑人的自信心。之后，他又比赛过几次，后来就再没有比赛过。他判定，要是他一心想打败谁，他就能打败谁；他还判定，比手劲对他用来捕鱼的右手有害。他曾用左手尝试过几次练习赛。他的左手却总是背叛他，不愿听他使唤，所以他不信任它。

太阳现在会把那只手彻底烤热的，他想。它不会再抽筋了，除非夜里变得太冷。我不知道这一夜会发生什么事儿。

一架飞机从他头顶飞过，飞向迈阿密，他望着它的影子惊起了成群成群的飞鱼。

“有这么多飞鱼，这儿应该有鲯鳅，”他说着，向后靠在钓线上，看能不能把那鱼拉过来。可是，他做不到，钓线紧绷，水珠抖动着，都快绷断了。船慢慢前进，他望着飞机，直到看不见为止。

坐在飞机里一定不同寻常，他想。我不知道从那个高度向下看，大海是什么样子？要不是飞得太高，他们一定能看清这条鱼。我想在200英寻的高度慢慢飞行，从空中看

dolphin look greener from there and you can see their stripes and their purple spots and you can see all of the school as they swim. Why is it that all the fast-moving fish of the dark current have purple backs and usually purple stripes or spots? The dolphin looks green of course because he is really golden. But when he comes to feed, truly hungry, purple stripes show on his sides as on a marlin. Can it be anger, or the greater speed he makes that brings them out?

Just before it was dark, as they passed a great island of Sargasso weed that heaved and swung in the light sea as though the ocean were making love with something under a yellow blanket, his small line was taking by a dolphin. He saw it first when it jumped in the air, true gold in the last of the sun and bending and flapping wildly in the air. It jumped again and again in the acrobatics of its fear and he worked his way back to the stern and crouching and holding the big line with his right hand and arm, he pulled the dolphin in with his left hand, stepping on the gained line each time with his bare left foot. When the fish was at the stern, plunging and cutting from side to side in desperation, the old man leaned over the stern and lifted the burnished gold fish with its purple spots over the stern. Its jaws were working convulsively in quick bites against the hook and it pounded the bottom of the skiff with its long flat body, its tail and its head until he clubbed it across the shining golden head until it shivered and was still.

The old man unhooked the fish, re-baited the line with another sardine and tossed it over. Then he worked his way slowly back to the bow. He washed his left hand and wiped it on his trousers. Then he shifted the heavy line from his right hand to his left and washed his right hand in the sea while he watched the sun go into the ocean and the slant of the big cord.

到那条鱼。在捕海龟的船上，我待在桅顶的横桁上，即使从那样的高度也能看到好多东西。从那儿看，鲯鳅显得更绿，你能看到它们的条纹和紫色斑点，你能看到它们整整一群都在游动。为什么所有在黑色水流中游得很快的鱼都有紫色背脊，常常还有紫色条纹或斑点？鲯鳅在水里看上去当然是绿色的，因为它其实是金黄色的。可是，当它真正饿，来吃东西时，像枪鱼一样身子两侧就会出现紫色条纹。使这些条纹显露出来的，可能是愤怒还是游得太快的呢？

就在天黑之前，老人和船经过一座马尾藻大岛，它在轻轻的海浪中起伏晃动，好像海洋正在一条黄色毯子下面跟什么东西做爱，这时候他那条小钓线被一条鲯鳅咬住了。他第一次看到它是在它跃到空中时，在最后的阳光中就像真正的金子一样，在空中弓起身，疯狂扑打着。它害怕得一次又一次跃出水面，像在杂技表演一样，他移回船尾蹲下来，右手和右臂握住那根大钓线，左手往里拽着鲯鳅，每拽回一段钓线，光着的左脚就踩在上面。等这条鱼被拽到了船尾，绝望地来回窜跳时，老人弯腰趴在船尾，拎起了这条紫色斑点金光闪闪的鱼。它的嘴被钩住，抽搐地动着，飞快地咬着钓钩，用它又长又扁的身体、尾巴和脑袋连续重击着船底，直到他用木棍敲了一下它金光闪闪的脑袋，它才哆嗦着，不动了。

老人从钓钩上取下那条鱼，重新装上一条沙丁鱼作诱饵，把钓线甩进海里，随后慢慢地移回船头，洗了洗左手，在裤子上擦了擦。接着，他把那根粗钓线从右手换到左手，在海里洗着右手，同时望着太阳沉入海里，望着倾斜的大钓线。

"He hasn't changed at all," he said. But watching the movement of the water against his hand he noted that it was perceptibly slower.

"I'll lash the two oars together across the stern and that will slow him in the night," he said. "He's good for the night and so am I."

It would be better to gut the dolphin a little later to save the blood in the meat, he thought. I can do that a little later and lash the oars to make a drag at the same time. I had better keep the fish quiet now and not disturb him too much at sunset. The setting of the sun is a difficult time for all fish.

He let his hand dry in the air then grasped the line with it and eased himself as much as he could and allowed himself to be pulled forward against the wood so that the boat took the strain as much, or more, than he did.

I'm learning how to do it, he thought. This part of it anyway. Then too, remember he hasn't eaten since he took the bait and he is huge and needs much food. I have eaten the whole bonito. Tomorrow I will eat the dolphin. He called it dorado. Perhaps I should eat some of it when I clean it. It will be harder to eat than the bonito. But, then, nothing is easy.

"How do you feel, fish?" he asked aloud. "I feel good and my left hand is better and I have food for a night and a day. Pull the boat, fish."

He did not truly feel good because the pain from the cord across his back had almost passed pain and gone into a dullness that he mistrusted. But I have had worse things than that, he thought. My hand is only cut a little and the cramp is gone from the other. My legs are all right. Also now I have gained on him in the question of sustenance.

It was dark now as it becomes dark quickly after the sun sets in September. He lay against

"它一点没变，"他说。可是，他望着流动的海水打在手上，注意到船明显慢了下来。

"我要把这两支船桨交叉绑在船尾，这在夜里会使它慢下来，"他说。"它善于熬夜，我也善于。"

最好等会儿再给这条鲯鳅开膛，这会让鲜血留在鱼肉里，他想。我可以稍晚会儿再干，同时可以把船桨绑在一起，增加阻力。我现在最好让鱼安静，在日落时分不过分惊动它。对所有的鱼来说，太阳落下都是一个艰难的时刻。

他让手晾干，然后握住钓线，尽可能放松身体，任凭自己被拖向前去，身体贴在木板上，以便使船承受同样的拉力或比他承受更大的拉力。

我要学会怎么做，他想。至少是这一部分。那么，也要记住它咬饵以来还没有吃过东西，而且它身体庞大，需要许多食物。我已经吃了整条金枪鱼。明天我要吃掉那条鲯鳅。他叫它剑鱼。也许我应该在把它开膛时吃一些。它要比那条金枪鱼难吃。不过，什么事儿也不容易。

"鱼儿，你觉得怎样？"他大声问道。"我感觉很好，左手好转，我有够一天一夜吃的食物。鱼儿，拖着这条船吧。"

他其实感觉并不好，因为钓线勒在背上的疼痛几乎超过了痛苦的极限，进入了一种他不信任的麻木状态。不过，我曾有过比这更糟的事儿，他想。我一只手仅仅割破了一点，另一只手的抽筋也消失了。我的两腿状况良好。同时，我眼下在食物方面也超过它。

the worn wood of the bow and rested all that he could. The first stars were out. He did not know the name of Rigel but he saw it and knew soon they would all be out and he would have all his distant friends.

"The fish is my friend too," he said aloud. "I have never seen or heard of such a fish. But I must kill him. I am glad we do not have to try to kill the stars."

Imagine if each day a man must try to kill the moon, he thought. The moon runs away. But imagine if a man each day should have to try to kill the sun? We were born lucky, he thought.

Then he was sorry for the great fish that had nothing to eat and his determination to kill him never relaxed in his sorrow for him. How many people will he feed, he thought. But are they worthy to eat him? No, of course not. There is no one worthy of eating him from the manner of his behaviour and his great dignity.

I do not understand these things, he thought. But it is good that we do not have to try to kill the sun or the moon or the stars. It is enough to live on the sea and kill our true brothers.

Now, he thought, I must think about the drag. It has its perils and its merits. I may lose so much line that I will lose him, if he makes his effort and the drag made by the oars is in place and the boat loses all her lightness. Her lightness prolongs both our suffering but it is my safety since he has great speed that he has never yet employed. No matter what passes I must gut the dolphin so he does not spoil and eat some of him to be strong.

Now I will rest an hour more and feel that he is solid and steady before I move back to the stern to do the work and make the decision. In the meantime I can see how he acts and if he

这时候，天黑了，因为9月份，太阳落下后，天就会很快黑下来。他靠着船头磨损的木板，尽可能歇息。第一批星星出来了。他不知道猎户座β那颗明亮双星的名字，但他看到了它，它们很快都会出来，他就会拥有所有这些遥远的朋友了。

"这条鱼也是我的朋友，"他大声说道。"我从来没有见过或听说过这种鱼。可我必须杀了它。我很高兴，我们不必去设法杀死那些星星。"

想象一下，一个人每天必须设法杀死月亮是什么情景，他想。月亮会逃走。不过，想象一下，一个人每天必须设法杀死太阳，又会怎样呢？我们生来幸运，他想。

于是，他为这条没有东西吃的大鱼感到难过，而要杀死它的决心从来没有因为替它难过而松懈。它会供养多少人啊，他想。可他们配吃它吗？不配，当然不配。从它的行为举止和崇高尊严来看，谁也不配吃它。

我不明白这些事，他想。可我们不必设法杀死太阳、月亮或星星，这是好事。在海上生活，杀死我们真正的兄弟，就够受了。

现在，他想，我必须考虑那个被拖物了。它有它的危险，也有它的优点。要是它用劲拉，两个船桨造成的阻力适当，船不再那样轻巧，我就可能会被鱼拖走好多钓线，最终会失去它。船身轻巧会延长我们双方的痛苦，但这是我的安全所在，因为它速度极快，这种速度它还从来没有使用过。无论发生什么事儿，我必须把这鲯鳅开膛，免得它坏掉，然后吃些鱼肉，补补身体。

现在，我要再歇息一个小时，等我感觉它完全稳定下来，然后再回到船尾去干活，作出决定。在此期间，我可以看看它怎么行动，它有没有什么变化。那两个船桨是个好

shows any changes. The oars are a good trick; but it had reached the time to play for safety. He is much fish still and I saw that the hook was in the corner of his mouth and he has kept his mouth tight shut. The punishment of the hook is nothing. The punishment of hunger, and that he is against something that he does not comprehend, is everything. Rest now, old man, and let him work until your next duty comes.

He rested for what he believed to be two hours. The moon did not rise now until late and he had no way of judging the time. Nor was he really resting except comparatively. He was still bearing the pull of the fish across his shoulders but he placed his left hand on the gunwale of the bow and confided more and more of the resistance to the fish to the skiff itself.

How simple it would be if I could make the line fast, he thought. But with one small lurch he could break it. I must cushion the pull of the line with my body and at all times be ready to give line with both hands.

"But you have not slept yet, old man," he said aloud. "It is half a day and a night and now another day and you have not slept. You must devise a way so that you sleep a little if he is quiet and steady. If you do not sleep you might become unclear in the head."

I'm clear enough in the head, he thought. Too clear. I am as clear as the stars that are my brothers. Still I must sleep. They sleep and the moon and the sun sleep and even the ocean sleeps sometimes on certain days when there is no current and a flat calm.

But remember to sleep, he thought. Make yourself do it and devise some simple and sure way about the lines. Now go back and prepare the dolphin. It is too dangerous to rig the oars

窍门；不过，已经到了稳扎稳打的时候了。它还是一条了不起的鱼，我看见钓钩挂在它的嘴角，它紧闭着嘴。钓钩的伤害不算什么。

饥饿的折磨，以及它对付自己不了解的对手，才是最重要的东西。老伙计，现在歇息吧，让它干去吧，等你下一次过来时再说。

他认为自己歇息了两个小时。月亮现在要很晚才升起，他无法判断时间。他的歇息只是相对而言，其实也没有在歇息。他的双肩上还承受着鱼的拉力，但他左手按在船头的舷上，把对抗鱼的拉力越来越多地交给了小船本身。

要是我能让钓线绑紧，那会多么简单啊，他想。可是，只要鱼稍微突然倾斜，就能挣断钓线。我必须用身体来缓冲钓线的拉力，随时准备用双手放出钓线。

"可是，你还没有睡觉，老伙计，"他大声说道。"已经半天一夜了，现在又是一个白天，你都没有睡觉。你必须想个办法，要是鱼安静稳定，你就睡上一小会儿。要是不睡觉，你就可能会头脑不清。"

我头脑够清楚的，他想。太清楚了。我像星星一样清楚，它们是我的兄弟。尽管如此，但我还是必须睡觉。星星睡觉，月亮和太阳睡觉，在某些没有急流、风平浪静的日子，就连海洋有时候也睡觉。

不过，要记住睡觉，他想。要让自己睡觉，想出一个简单可靠的办法来处理那条钓线。现在回到船尾收拾那条鲯鳅。要是你必须睡觉，把船桨绑起来拖在水里，那就太危险了。

我不睡觉也能行，他对自己说。可是，这太危险了。

as a drag if you must sleep.

I could go without sleeping, he told himself. But it would be too dangerous.

He started to work his way back to the stern on his hands and knees, being careful not to jerk against the fish. He may be half asleep himself, he thought. But I do not want him to rest. He must pull until he dies.

Back in the stern he turned so that his left hand held the strain of the line across his shoulders and drew his knife from its sheath with his right hand. The stars were bright now and he saw the dolphin clearly and he pushed the blade of his knife into his head and drew him out from under the stern. He put one of his feet on the fish and slit him quickly from the vent up to the tip of his lower jaw. Then he put his knife down and gutted him with his right hand, scooping him clean and pulling the gills clear. He felt the maw heavy and slippery in his hands and he slit it open. There were two flying fish inside. They were fresh and hard and he laid them side by side and dropped the guts and the gills over the stern. They sank leaving a trail of phosphorescence in the water. The dolphin was cold and a leprous gray-white now in the starlight and the old man skinned one side of him while he held his right foot on the fish's head. Then he turned him over and skinned the other side and cut each side off from the head down to the tail.

He slid the carcass overboard and looked to see if there was any swirl in the water. But there was only the light of its slow descent. He turned then and placed the two flying fish inside the two fillets of fish and putting his knife back in its sheath, he worked his way slowly back to the bow. His back was bent with the weight of the line across it and he carried the fish in his right hand.

Back in the bow he laid the two fillets of fish out on the wood with the flying fish beside

他开始手膝并用爬回船尾，小心翼翼，避免惊动那条鱼。它自己也许正似睡非睡，他想。可是，我不想让它歇息。它必须拖拽，直到死去。

回到船尾，他转过身，以便左手握住勒在肩膀上的钓线，右手从刀鞘里拔出刀子。星星这时候亮晶晶的，他看清了那条鲯鳅，刀刃扎进它的头部，把它从船尾下面拽出来。他一只脚踩在鱼身上，从肛门一直到它的下颌尖端飞快地切开。随后，他放下刀子，右手掏出它的内脏，掏干净，完全拉下了鱼鳃。他感觉鱼胃在手里沉甸甸、滑溜溜的，就把它剖开。里面有两条飞鱼。它们新鲜坚实，他把它们并排放好，将内脏和鱼鳃从船尾扔进了水中。它们沉下去时，在水里留下一道磷光。鲯鳅冰冷，这时候在星光里像麻风病患者一样灰白，老人右脚踩住鱼头，剥下鱼身上一边的皮，然后把鱼翻过来，剥掉另一边的皮，把鱼身两边的肉从头到尾割下来。

他把鱼骨悄悄地扔到了船外，注意看它是不是在水里打转。可是，只有它慢慢下沉时的磷光。随后，他转过身，把两条飞鱼放在那两片鱼肉里面，将刀子插回刀鞘，慢慢地挪回船头。因为钓线的重量，他被压弯了腰，右手拿着鱼肉。

回到船头，他把两片鱼肉摊在船板上，旁边放着飞鱼。之后，他把压在肩上的钓线换了个地方，又用左手握住钓线，手按在船舷上。接下来，他靠在船舷上，在水里洗了洗飞鱼，注意观察水冲在他手上的速度。他的手因剥鱼皮而发出磷光，他望着水流冲击自己的手。水流减弱，当他把手的侧面在船板上摩擦时，磷光体的微粒漂浮而去，慢慢

them. After that he settled the line across his shoulders in a new place and held it again with his left hand resting on the gunwale. Then he leaned over the side and washed the flying fish in the water, noting the speed of the water against his hand. His hand was phosphorescent from skinning the fish and he watched the flow of the water against it. The flow was less strong and as he rubbed the side of his hand against the planking of the skiff, particles of phosphorus floated off and drifted slowly astern.

"He is tiring or he is resting," the old man said. "Now let me get through the eating of this dolphin and get some rest and a little sleep."

Under the stars and with the night colder all the time he ate half of one of the dolphin fillets and one of the flying fish, gutted and with its head cut off.

"What an excellent fish dolphin is to eat cooked," he said. "And what a miserable fish raw. I will never go in a boat again without salt or limes."

If I had brains I would have splashed water on the bow all day and drying, it would have made salt, he thought. But then I did not hook the dolphin until almost sunset. Still it was a lack of preparation. But I have chewed it all well and I am not nauseated.

The sky was clouding over to the east and one after another the stars he knew were gone. It looked now as though he were moving into a great canyon of clouds and the wind had dropped.

"There will be bad weather in three or four days," he said. "But not tonight and not tomorrow. Rig now to get some sleep, old man, while the fish is calm and steady."

He held the line tight in his right hand and then pushed his thigh against his right hand as he leaned all his weight against the wood of the bow. Then he passed the line a little lower on his shoulders and braced his left hand on it.

地漂向船尾。

"它要么是越来越困，要么是在歇息，"老人说。"现在我要吃掉这条鲯鳅，歇息一下，睡一小会儿。"

星光下，夜越来越冷了，他把一块鱼肉吃了一半，还吃了一条挖去内脏、切掉脑袋的飞鱼。

"鲯鳅煮煮，一定好吃极了，"他说。"鱼生吃，真难吃。不带盐或酸橙，我再也不上船了。"

要是有头脑，我就会整天把海水泼在船头上，晾干，就会变成盐了，他想。不过，我是直到太阳快落山时才钓到了这条鲯鳅。尽管如此，准备工作还是欠缺。然而，我把它彻底嚼碎吃了下去，没有恶心。

东方的天空布满乌云，他认识的星星一颗颗接连消失了。现在他好像正在进入一个乌云大峡谷，风已经停息了。

"三、四天后会有坏天气，"他说。"不过，今晚和明天都不会有。老伙计，现在这鱼安静稳定，你就装上索具，睡一会儿吧。"

他右手紧握钓线，然后大腿抵住右手，全身重量压在船头的木板上，接着把肩上的钓线挪低了一点，左手撑住了钓线。

只要钓线撑住，我的右手就能握住它，他想。要是我睡着时钓线松弛，滑出去，左

My right hand can hold it as long as it is braced, he thought. If it relaxes in sleep my left hand will wake me as the line goes out. It is hard on the right hand. But he is used to punishment. Even if I sleep twenty minutes or a half an hour it is good. He lay forward cramping himself against the line with all of his body, putting all his weight onto his right hand, and he was asleep.

He did not dream of the lions but instead of a vast school of porpoises that stretched for eight or ten miles and it was in the time of their mating and they would leap high into the air and return into the same hole they had made in the water when they leaped.

Then he dreamed that he was in the village on his bed and there was a norther and he was very cold and his right arm was asleep because his head had rested on it instead of a pillow.

After that he began to dream of the long yellow beach and he saw the first of the lions come down onto it in the early dark and then the other lions came and he rested his chin on the wood of the bows where the ship lay anchored with the evening off-shore breeze and he waited to see if there would be more lions and he was happy.

The moon had been up for a long time but he slept on and the fish pulled on steadily and the boat moved into the tunnel of clouds.

He woke with the jerk of his right fist coming up against his face and the line burning out through his right hand. He had no feeling of his left hand but he braked all he could with his right and the line rushed out. Finally his left hand found the line and he leaned back against the line and now it burned his back and his left hand, and his left hand was taking all the strain and cutting badly. He looked back at the coils of line and they were feeding smoothly. Just then the fish jumped making a great bursting of the ocean and then a heavy fall. Then he jumped again and again and the boat was going fast although line was still racing out and

手就会把我弄醒。这对右手非常吃力。不过，它习惯吃苦。即使我睡二三十分钟，也没事儿。他向前用整个身子夹住钓线，把所有重量压在右手上，进入了梦乡。

他没有梦见狮子，而是梦见了一大群鼠海豚，延伸8到10英里，这正是它们交配的时机，它们会高高地跃到空中，然后又回到它们跳跃时在水里形成的漩涡当中。

接着，他梦见自己在村子里，躺在床上，正刮着北风，他很冷，右臂麻木，因为他的头枕在右臂上，而不是枕头上。

之后，他开始梦见了那个长长的黄色海滩，看到狮群中的第一头狮子傍晚时分来到海滩上，随后其他狮子也来了；他把下巴放在船头的木板上，轮船抛锚停泊在那儿，晚风吹向海面，他等着看会不会更多的狮子，感到非常开心。

月亮已经升起好一阵子了，但他继续睡着，鱼平稳地向前拖着，船进入了云彩隧道。

他的右拳猛地砸在脸上，从梦中醒来，钓线火辣辣从他的右手里跑了出去。左手失去了知觉，右手竭尽全力拉住钓线，但它还是飞快地滑了出去。左手终于抓住了钓线，他向后倾斜拉着钓线，这时候钓线火辣辣勒着他的背部和左手，左手承受着全部的拉力，划得很重。他回头看着那些钓线卷，只见它们正在滑溜地放出钓线。正在此时，鱼跳起来，冲破一大片海面，然后重重地落下来。随后，它跳了一次又一次，船走得飞快，钓线还在飞快地向外滑溜，老人把它拉紧到了快要绷断的地步，他一次次把它拉紧

the old man was raising the strain to breaking point and raising it to breaking point again and again. He had been pulled down tight onto the bow and his face was in the cut slice of dolphin and he could not move.

This is what we waited for, he thought. So now let us take it.

Make him pay for the line, he thought. Make him pay for it.

He could not see the fish's jumps but only heard the breaking of the ocean and the heavy splash as he fell. The speed of the line was cutting his hands badly but he had always known this would happen and he tried to keep the cutting across the calloused parts and not let the line slip into the palm nor cut the fingers.

If the boy was here he would wet the coils of line, he thought. Yes. If the boy were here. If the boy were here.

The line went out and out and out but it was slowing now and he was making the fish earn each inch of it. Now he got his head up from the wood and out of the slice of fish that his cheek had crushed. Then he was on his knees and then he rose slowly to his feet. He was ceding line but more slowly to his feet. He was ceding line but more slowly all the time. He worked back to where he could feel with his foot the coils of line that he could not see. There was plenty of line still and now the fish had to pull the friction of all that new line through the water.

Yes, he thought. And now he has jumped more than a dozen times and filled the sacks along his back with air and he cannot go down deep to die where I cannot bring him up. He will start circling soon and then I must work on him. I wonder what started him so suddenly? Could it have been hunger that made him desperate, or was he frightened by something in the night? Maybe he suddenly felt fear. But he was such a calm, strong fish and he seemed so

到了快要绷断的地步。他已被拉得紧靠在船头上，脸贴在那片切下的鲯鳅肉上，他无法动弹。

这就是我们等待的事儿，他想。所以，现在让我们来承受它吧。

让它为拖钓线付出代价吧，他想。让它为此付出代价吧。

他看不见鱼的跳跃，只听见海面的破裂声和鱼落下时沉重的飞溅声。钓线飞滑，把他的手划得非常严重，但他始终知道这会发生，所以他设法让钓线勒在长有老茧的部位，不让它滑到掌心或勒在手指上。

要是男孩子在这儿，他就会打湿这些钓线卷，他想。是的。要是男孩子在这儿。要是男孩子在这儿。

钓线向外飞滑着，飞滑着，飞滑着，但现在越来越慢了，他正让鱼每拖一英寸都要付出代价。此刻，他从木板上抬起头，不再贴在他的脸颊已经压碎的那片鱼肉上。随后，他跪在那儿，接着慢慢地站起来。他正在放出钓线，但他站起得越来越慢。他正在放出钓线，但始终越来越慢。他挪回到他可以用一只脚触摸却看不到的那一卷卷钓线的地方。钓线还有好多，现在这条鱼不得不拖着摩擦力大的新钓线穿过海水。

是的，他想。这时候，它已经跳了十几次，把那些背囊装满了空气，所以它沉不到深水，死在我无法把它捞上来的地方。它很快就会开始转圈，那时我一定会对付它。我不知道是什么让它这样突然跳起来？可能是饥饿使它不顾一切，要么是它夜间受到了什

fearless and so confident. It is strange.

"You better be fearless and confident yourself, old man," he said. "You're holding him again but you cannot get line. But soon he has to circle."

The old man held him with his left hand and his shoulders now and stooped down and scooped up water in his right hand to get the crushed dolphin flesh off of his face. He was afraid that it might nauseate him and he would vomit and lose his strength. When his face was cleaned he washed his right hand in the water over the side and then let it stay in the salt water while he watched the first light come before the sunrise. He's headed almost east, he thought. That means he is tired and going with the current. Soon he will have to circle. Then our true work begins.

After he judged that his right hand had been in the water long enough he took it out and looked at it.

"It is not bad," he said. "And pain does not matter to a man."

He took hold of the line carefully so that it did not fit into any of the fresh line cuts and shifted his weight so that he could put his left hand into the sea on the other side of the skiff.

"You did not do so badly for something worthless," he said to his left hand. "But there was a moment when I could not find you."

Why was I not born with two good hands? he thought. Perhaps it was my fault in not training that one properly. But God knows he has had enough chances to learn. He did not do so badly in the night, though, and he has only cramped once. If he cramps again let the line cut him off.

When he thought that he knew that he was not being clear-headed and he thought he

么东西惊吓？也许是它突然感到害怕。不过，它是一条如此镇静、强壮的鱼，好像是那样无所畏惧、如此充满信心。这很奇怪。

"老伙计，你最好自己也无所畏惧、充满信心，"他说。"你又把它拖住了，可你收不回钓线。不过，它很快就得打转了。"

老人现在用左手和肩膀拽住它，弯下腰，右手掬起水，洗掉脸上压碎的鲯鳅肉。他怕这肉会使他恶心呕吐，丧失力气。擦净脸后，他把右手在船舷外的水里洗了洗，然后让它泡在海水里，同时望着日出前的第一缕晨光。它几乎是向东航行，他想。这意味着它疲乏，随波逐流。它很快就得打转。那时我们的真正工作才会开始。

等他认为右手在水里泡的时间够长后，他把手从水里抽出来，看着。

"不错，"他说。"疼痛对男子汉不要紧。"

他小心地握着钓线，以免嵌进刚勒破的任何一道伤口，把身体挪到小船的另一边，这样他就能把左手伸进海里了。

"尽管你没用，但干得还不错，"他对左手说。"不过，有一阵子，你不听我使唤。"

我为什么不生下来就有两只好手呢？他想。也许是我的过错，没有适当训练这只手。可是，上帝知道它曾有过足够多的学习机会。然而，它今天夜里干得非常不错，只抽了一次筋。要是它再抽筋，那就让这钓线把它勒断吧。

想到这一点后，他明白自己头脑不清，他想起他应该再嚼一些鲯鳅肉。可我不能，

should chew some more of the dolphin. But I can't, he told himself. It is better to be light-headed than to lose your strength from nausea. And I know I cannot keep it if I eat it since my face was in it. I will keep it for an emergency until it goes bad. But it is too late to try for strength now through nourishment. You're stupid, he told himself. Eat the other flying fish.

It was there, cleaned and ready, and he picked it up with his left hand and ate it chewing the bones carefully and eating all of it down to the tail.

It has more nourishment than almost any fish, he thought. At least the kind of strength that I need. Now I have done what I can, he though. Let him begin to circle and let the fight come.

The sun was rising for the third time since he had put to sea when the fish started to circle.

He could not see by the slant of the line that the fish was circling. It was too early for that. He just felt a faint slackening of the pressure of the line and he commenced to pull on it gently with his right hand. It tightened, as always, but just when he reached the point where it would break, line began to come in. He slipped his shoulders and head from under the line and began to pull in line steadily and gently. He used both of his hands in a swinging motion and tried to do the pulling as much as he could with his body and his legs. His old legs and shoulders pivoted with the swinging of the pulling.

"It is a very big circle," he said. "But he is circling."

Then the line would not come in any more and he held it until he saw the drops jumping from it in the sun. Then it started out and the old man knelt down and let it go grudgingly back into the dark water.

"He is making the far part of his circle now," he said. I must hold all I can, he thought.

他对自己说。头晕也比因恶心而丧失力气强。而且我知道我吃了也存不住，因为我的脸曾压在那上面。我要留着它应急，直到它腐烂。不过，要想通过营养增强力气，太晚了。你真蠢，他对自己说。把另一条飞鱼吃了吧。

它在那儿，已被洗净，备好。于是，他左手拿起那条鱼，吃了起来，仔细咀嚼着鱼骨，连尾巴都吃了。

它几乎比任何鱼都更有营养，他想。至少会给我需要的那种力气。现在我已经做到了我力所能及的一切，他想。让它开始打转，让战斗来临吧。

自从他出海以来，太阳第三次升起，这时候鱼开始打转。

根据钓线的斜度，他看不出鱼在打转。这还太早。他只感觉到钓线的拉力稍微减弱，就开始用右手轻轻拉着。钓线像往常那样绷紧，但就在拉到快要绷断时，钓线却开始回收了。他让肩膀和脑袋从钓线下面钻出来，开始平稳地轻轻回收钓线。他挥动双手，尽可能使出全身和两腿的力气设法去拉。他的老腿和肩膀随着拉力的晃动而转动。

"这圈子真大，"他说。"它总算在打转了。"

随后，钓线就再也收不回来了，他握住钓线，直到看见水珠在阳光中从钓线上迸了出来。接着，钓线开始向外滑溜，老人跪下来，很不情愿地松开，让它又回到了黑暗的海水中。

"它现在正绕到圈子的最远处，"他说。我一定要尽力握住，他想。要是拉紧，每次就会缩小它转的圈子。也许一小时后，我就会看到它。现在我必须征服它，然后一定

The strain will shorten his circle each time. Perhaps in an hour I will see him. Now I must convince him and then I must kill him.

But the fish kept on circling slowly and the old man was wet with sweat and tired deep into his bones two hours later. But the circles were much shorter now and from the way the line slanted he could tell the fish had risen steadily while he swam.

For an hour the old man had been seeing black spots before his eyes and the sweat salted his eyes and salted the cut over his eye and on his forehead. He was not afraid of the black spots. They were normal at the tension that he was pulling on the line. Twice, though, he had felt faint and dizzy and that had worried him.

"I could not fail myself and die on a fish like this," he said. "Now that I have him coming so beautifully, God help me endure. I'll say a hundred Our Fathers and a hundred Hail Marys. But I cannot say them now."

Consider them said, he thought. I'll say them later.

Just then he felt a sudden banging and jerking on the line he held with his two hands. It was sharp and hard-feeling and heavy.

He is hitting the wire leader with his spear, he thought. That was bound to come. He had to do that. It may make him jump though and I would rather he stayed circling now. The jumps were necessary for him to take air. But after that each one can widen the opening of the hook wound and he can throw the hook.

"Don't jump, fish," he said. "Don't jump."

The fish hit the wire several times more and each time he shook his head the old man gave up a little line.

杀了它。

可是，这条鱼继续慢慢地打转；两小时后，老人浑身汗湿，疲惫入骨。不过，那些圈子现在小多了，而且根据钓线的倾斜度，他能看出鱼一边游一边稳定上升。

老人看见眼前有些黑点已有一个小时了，发咸的汗水浸入他的眼睛，浸入眼睛上方和额头上的伤口。他不怕那些黑点。他紧张地拉着钓线，出现那些黑点是正常的。然而，他已经两次感到头昏眼花，这让他担心。

"我不能让自己失望，就这样死在一条鱼的手里，"他说。"既然我让它这样漂亮地过来，天主就帮助我忍耐下去吧。我要念100遍《主祷文》和100遍万福玛利亚。不过，我现在还不能念。"

就算这些已经念过，他想。我以后还会念的。

就在此时，他突然感到双手握住的钓线撞击、猛拉了一下。来势猛烈，感觉强硬，沉甸甸的。

它正用长矛似的嘴撞击着铁丝导线，他想。这肯定要来。它不得不这样干。不过，这可能会使它跳起来，我宁愿它现在继续打转。它必须跳出水面呼吸空气。可是，每跳一次，钓钩造成的伤口就会扩大，它就会甩掉钓钩。

"鱼儿，别跳，"他说。"别跳啊。"

鱼又撞击了铁丝导线好几次，它每次甩头，老人就放出一点钓线。

我必须让它的疼痛保持在一个地方，他想。我的疼痛不要紧。我能控制自己的疼

I must hold his pain where it is, he thought. Mine does not matter. I can control mine. But his pain could drive him mad.

After a while the fish stopped beating at the wire and started circling slowly again. The old man was gaining line steadily now. But he felt faint again. He lifted some sea water with his left hand and put it on his head. Then he put more on and rubbed the back of his neck.

"I have no cramps," he said. "He'll be up soon and I can last. You have to last. Don't even speak of it."

He kneeled against the bow and, for a moment, slipped the line over his back again. I'll rest now while he goes out on the circle and then stand up and work on him when he comes in, he decided.

It was a great temptation to rest in the bow and let the fish make one circle by himself without recovering any line. But when the strain showed the fish had turned to come toward the boat, the old man rose to his feet and started the pivoting and the weaving pulling that brought in all the line he gained.

I'm tireder than I have ever been, he thought, and now the trade wind is rising. But that will be good to take him in with. I need that badly.

"I'll rest on the next turn as he goes out," he said. "I feel much better. Then in two or three turns more I will have him."

His straw hat was far on the back of his head and he sank down into the bow with the pull of the line as he felt the fish turn.

You work now, fish, he thought. I'll take you at the turn.

The sea had risen considerably. But it was a fair-weather breeze and he had to have it to

痛。可它的疼痛能使它发疯。

过了一会儿，鱼不再撞击铁丝，又开始慢慢地打起转来。老人眼下正在稳定地收线。可是，他又感到头晕了。他用左手掬了一些海水，洒在头上，然后洒了些，在脖颈上揉搓着。

"我没有抽筋，"他说。"它马上就会游上来，我能挺住。你必须得停住。别说了。"

他靠着船头跪下来，一时间又把钓线挎在背上。我眼下要在它向外转圈时歇息一下，等它转回来时，我再站起来对付它，他决定说。

他真想不回收钓线，在船头歇息一下，让鱼自己转一圈。可是，当钓线的拉力表明鱼已经转身向小船游来时，老人站起来，开始绕着钓线转动，像纺线一样拉动钓线，收回了他拉过来的所有钓线。

我从来没有这样疲惫过，他想，现在信风刮起来了。不过，这对拖回这条鱼有好处。我急需这股风。

"它下一次向外转圈时，我要歇息一下，"他说。"我感觉好过多了。然后再转两三圈，我就会逮住它。"

他的草帽戴到了后脑勺上，他感觉鱼转身时，随着钓线的拉动，他扑通坐进了船头。

鱼儿，你现在忙吧，他想。你转身时我就会对付你。

海浪已经大大升起。不过，这是晴天的微风，他得靠它才能回去。

get home.

"I'll just steer south and west," he said. "A man is never lost at sea and it is a long island."

It was on the third turn that he saw the fish first.

He saw him first as a dark shadow that took so long to pass under the boat that he could not believe its length.

"No," he said. "He can't be that big."

But he was that big and at the end of this circle he came to the surface only thirty yards away and the man saw his tail out of water. It was higher than a big scythe blade and a very pale lavender above the dark blue water. It raked back and as the fish swam just below the surface the old man could see his huge bulk and the purple stripes that banded him. His dorsal fin was down and his huge pectorals were spread wide.

On this circle the old man could see the fish's eye and the two gray sucking fish that swam around him. Sometimes they attached themselves to him. Sometimes they darted off. Sometimes they would swim easily in his shadow. They were each over three feet long and when they swam fast they lashed their whole bodies like eels.

The old man was sweating now but from something else besides the sun. On each calm placid turn the fish made he was gaining line and he was sure that in two turns more he would have a chance to get the harpoon in.

But I must get him close, close, close, he thought. I mustn't try for the head. I must get the heart.

"Be calm and strong, old man," he said.

On the next circle the fish's back was out but he was little too far from the boat. On the next circle he was still too far away but he was higher out of water and the old man was sure

"我只要向西南航行就行了，"他说。"人在海上是绝不会迷路的，再说这是一座长长的岛屿。"

鱼转到第三圈时，他才第一次看见它。

他起先看到它是一个黑影，它需要那么长时间从船下穿过，他不相信它有那么长。

"不，"他说。"它不可能那么大。"

可是，它就是那么大，这一圈转完时，它冒出水来，只有30码远，老人看见它的尾巴露出了水面。它比一把长柄大镰刀的刀刃更高，在深蓝色的海水上方呈淡淡的紫色，向后倾斜。鱼在水面下游动时，老人可以看见它庞大的身体和浑身的紫色条纹。它的脊鳍向下，巨大的胸鳍张得很宽。

这次鱼转圈回来时，老人看见它的眼睛和围绕它游动的两条灰色乳鱼。

有时候它们贴在它身上，有时候飞快地游去，有时候会轻松地游在它的阴影里。它们每条3英尺多长，游得快时，像鳗鱼那样甩动整个身体。

老人现在流起了汗，但除了因为太阳，还有其他原因。鱼每次沉着平静地转回，他都收回钓线，所以他确信再转两圈，就有机会把鱼叉扎进去。

不过，我必须把它拉近，拉近，拉近，他想。我千万不能扎它的脑袋。我必须扎进它的心脏。

"要镇静，要用力，老伙计，"他说。

that by gaining some more line he could have him alongside.

He had rigged his harpoon long before and its coil of light rope was in a round basket and the end was made fast to the bitt in the bow.

The fish was coming in on his circle now calm and beautiful looking and only his great tail moving. The old man pulled on him all that he could to bring him closer. For just a moment the fish turned a little on his side. Then he straightened himself and began another circle.

"I moved him," the old man said. "I moved him then."

He felt faint again now but he held on the great fish all the strain that he could. I moved him, he thought. Maybe this time I can get him over. Pull, hands, he thought. Hold up, legs. Last for me, head. Last for me. You never went. This time I'll pull him over.

But when he pull all of his effort on, starting it well out before the fish came alongside and pulling with all his strength, the fish pulled part way over and then righted himself and swam away.

"Fish," the old man said. "Fish, you are going to have to die anyway. Do you have to kill me too?"

That way nothing is accomplished, he thought. His mouth was too dry to speak but he could not reach for the water now. I must get him alongside this time, he thought. I am not good for many more turns. Yes you are, he told himself. You're good for ever.

On the next turn, he nearly had him. But again the fish righted himself and swam slowly away.

You are killing me, fish, the old man thought. But you have a right to. Never have I seen a greater, or more beautiful, or a calmer or more noble thing than you, brother. Come on and

鱼又转了一圈，背脊露了出来，但它离小船有点儿太远。它接下来又转了一圈，还是太远，但它露出水面更高了，老人确信，再收回一些钓线，他就能把它拉到船边。

他早已备好鱼叉，那卷细绳放在一只圆筐内，一端紧紧地绑在船头的系缆柱上。

这时候，鱼转了一圈回来，看上去平静漂亮，只有它的大尾巴在动。老人竭尽所能把它拉得更近。一时间，鱼微微倾斜，随后又挺直身体，转起了另一圈。

"我拉动它了，"老人说。"我刚才拉动它了。"

他又感到眩晕，但他竭尽所能拽住那条大鱼。我拉动它了，他想。也许这次我能把它拉过来。手啊，你拉吧，他想。腿啊，你挺住。头啊，为我撑下去。为我撑下去吧。你从来没有晕倒过。这次我要把它拉过来。

可是，鱼还没有来到船边，他离好远就竭尽全力继续拉钓线，鱼拉偏了点，然后又摆正身体，游走了。

"鱼儿啊，"老人说。"鱼儿，你反正就要死了。你非得把我也害死不可吗？"

这样会一事无成，他想。他的嘴干得说不出话来，但他现在不能伸手去端水喝。我这次必须把它拉到船边，他想。再多转几圈，我就不行了。是的，你行，他对自己说。你永远都行。

转下一圈时，他差点儿把它拉过来。可是，鱼又摆正了身体，慢慢地游走了。

鱼儿，你要害死我啊，老人想。不过，你有权这样做。老弟，我从来没有见过比你

kill me. I do not care who kills who.

Now you are getting confused in the head, he thought. You must keep your head clear. Keep your head clear and know how to suffer like a man. Or a fish, he thought.

"Clear up, head," he said in a voice he could hardly hear. "Clear up."

Twice more it was the same on the turns.

I do not know, the old man thought. He had been on the point of feeling himself go each time. I do not know. But I will try it once more.

He tried it once more and he felt himself going when he turned the fish. The fish righted himself and swam off again slowly with the great trail weaving in the air.

I'll try it again, the old man promised, although his hands were mushy now and he could only see well in flashes.

He tried it again and it was the same. So he thought, and he felt himself going before he started; I will try it once again.

He took all his pain and what was left of his strength and his long gone pride and he put it against the fish's agony and the fish came over onto his side and swam gently on his side, his bill almost touching the planking of the skiff and started to pass the boat, long, deep, wide, silver and barred with purple and interminable in the water.

The old man dropped the line and put his foot on it and lifted the harpoon as high as he could and drove it down with all his strength, and more strength he had just summoned, into the fish's side just behind the great chest fin that rose high in the air to the altitude for the man's chest. He felt the iron go in and he leaned on it and drove it further and then pushed

更庞大、更漂亮、更镇定或更崇高的东西。来，害死我吧。我不在乎谁害死谁。

你现在头脑越来越糊涂了，他想。你必须保持头脑清醒。保持头脑清醒，要像男子汉一样懂得怎样忍受痛苦。或者像一条鱼那样，他想。

"头啊，你要清醒，"他用一种自己都几乎听不见的声音说。"清醒吧。"

鱼又转了两圈，还是一样。

我不知道，老人想。每次他都感觉自己快要垮了。我不知道是怎么回事。不过，我还是要再试一下。

他又试了一下；当他把鱼拉得转过来时，他感觉自己就要垮了。鱼摆正身体，又慢慢地游走了，大尾巴在空中摇晃着。

我要再试一下，老人发誓说，尽管他双手现在软弱无力，眼睛也只能一阵一阵地看清。

他又试了一下，情况还是一样。这样看来，他想，还没有开始，他就感觉自己要垮了；我要再试一下。

他忍住所有的痛苦，拿出剩下的力气和久已失去的自尊，用来对付这条鱼的垂死挣扎，鱼游到他身边，在他身边轻轻地游着，它的嘴几乎碰到了小船的船板，它开始游过船边，身体又长又宽，入水很深，银白，带着紫色条纹，在水里长得没边。

老人放下钓线，一只脚踩在上面，尽可能把鱼叉举高，用尽全身力气，以及他刚才鼓起的力气，扎进鱼身的一侧，就在大胸鳍后面，胸鳍高耸在空中，跟老人的胸部一样高。他感到铁叉扎了进去，就把身体靠在上面，把它扎得更深，然后用全身的重量

all his weight after it.

Then the fish came alive, with his death in him, and rose high out of the water showing all his great length and width and all his power and his beauty. He seemed to hang in the air above the old man in the skiff. Then he fell into the water with a crash that sent spray over the old man and over all of the skiff.

The old man felt faint and sick and he could not see well. But he cleared the harpoon line and let it run slowly through his raw hands and, when he could see, he saw the fish was on his back with his silver belly up. The shaft of the harpoon was projecting at an angle from the fish's shoulder and the sea was discolouring with the red of the blood from his heart. First it was dark as a shoal in the blue water that was more than a mile deep. Then it spread like a cloud. The fish was silvery and still and floated with the waves.

The old man looked carefully in the glimpse of vision that he had. Then he took two turns of the harpoon line around the bitt in the bow and laid his head on his hands.

"Keep my head clear," he said against the wood of the bow. "I am a tired old man. But I have killed this fish which is my brother and now I must do the slave work."

Now I must prepare the nooses and the rope to lash him alongside, he thought. Even if we were two and swamped her to load him and bailed her out, this skiff would never hold him. I must prepare everything, then bring him in and lash him well and step the mast and set sail for home.

He started to pull the fish in to have him alongside so that he could pass a line through his gills and out his mouth and make his head fast alongside the bow. I want to see him,

推着。

这时候，尽管死到临头，但鱼又活蹦乱跳起来，从水里高高跃起，展示了它巨大的长度和宽度，展示了它所有的力量和美。它仿佛悬在空中，悬在小船上老人的头顶，随后哗啦一声落进水里，浪花飞溅在老人身上，飞溅在船上。

老人感到头晕恶心，看不清东西。不过，他收拾了鱼叉绳，让它从他擦破皮的两手之间慢慢地滑出去；等他能看清时，只见鱼银色的肚皮朝上仰面躺在那儿。鱼叉柄从鱼肩部斜伸出来，海水因它心脏里流出的鲜血而变色。起先，它昏暗，就像这一英里多深的蓝色海水中的一个浅滩。随后，它像云彩一样铺开。鱼呈银色，一动不动，随着波浪浮动。

老人用他在瞬间看清的视力仔细望着，接着把鱼叉绳在船头的缆柱上绕了两圈，把头靠在两只手上。

"保持头脑清醒，"他靠着船头的木板说。"我是个疲惫的老头。可是，我杀死了这条鱼，它是我的兄弟，现在我必须去做苦工了。"

现在我必须准备好套索和绳子，把它绑在船边，他想。就是我们有两个人，让船灌满水，把它装上船，然后把水舀出去，这条小船也绝容不下它。我必须作好一切准备，之后把它拖过来，捆绑好，竖起桅杆，扬帆回家。

他开始把鱼拖到船边，以便能把一根绳子穿进它的鳃，从嘴里拉出来，把它的头紧紧地绑在船头边。他想，我想看到它，碰碰它，摸摸它。它是我的财富，他想。可这不是我想摸它的原因。我以为我刚才摸到了它的心脏，他想。就是在我第二次推动鱼叉柄

he thought, and to touch and to feel him. He is my fortune, he thought. But that is not why I wish to feel him. I think I felt his heart, he thought. When I pushed on the harpoon shaft the second time. Bring him in now and make him fast and get the noose around his tail and another around his middle to bind him to the skiff.

"Get to work, old man," he said. He took a very small drink of the water. "There is very much slave work to be done now that the fight is over."

He looked up at the sky and then out to his fish. He looked at the sun carefully. It is not much more than noon, he thought. And the trade wind is rising. The lines all mean nothing now. The boy and I will splice them when we are home.

"Come on, fish," he said. But the fish did not come. Instead he lay there wallowing now in the seas and the old man pulled the skiff up onto him.

When he was even with him and had the fish's head against the bow he could not believe his size. But he untied the harpoon rope from the bitt, passed it through the fish's gills and out his jaws, made a turn around his sword then passed the rope through the other gill, made another turn around the bill and knotted the doubt rope and make it fast to the bitt in the bow. He cut the rope then and went astern to noose the tail. The fish had turned silver from his original purple and silver, and the stripes showed the same pale violet colour as his tail. They were wider than a man's hand with his fingers spread and the fish's eye looked as detached as the mirrors in a periscope or as a saint in a procession.

"It was the only way to kill him," the old man said. He was feeling better since the water and he knew he would not go away and his head was clear. He's over fifteen hundred pounds the way he is, he thought. Maybe much more. If he dresses out two-thirds of that at thirty

的时候。现在要把它拖过来，紧紧地绑住，用一根套索捆住它的尾巴，另一根捆住它的腰部，把它绑在小船上。

"开始动手吧，老伙计，"他说。他喝了一小口水。"既然战斗结束了，就有好多苦活要干。"

他抬头望望天空，然后又瞧瞧船外的鱼。他仔细看了看太阳。中午没过多久，他想。信风刮起来了。这些钓线现在都没用了。回家后，我和那个男孩子会把它们捻接起来。

"鱼儿，过来吧，"他说。可是，鱼不过来，而是现在躺在海面上翻滚着。于是，老人把小船开过去，靠住它。

等他跟鱼并排，把鱼头靠在船头边时，他无法相信它居然那么大。可是，他从缆柱上解下鱼叉绳，穿进鱼鳃，从嘴里拉出来，在它的剑嘴上绕了一圈，然后穿过另一个鱼鳃，又在剑嘴上绕了一圈，把这双股绳子打了个结，紧紧地绑在船头的缆柱上。随后，他割下一截绳子，走到船尾去套住鱼尾。鱼已经从原来的紫色和银色变成了银色，条纹像尾巴一样显出了同样的淡紫色。这些条纹比一个人张开五指的手还宽，看上去鱼的眼睛像潜望镜中的镜片或游行队伍中的圣徒一样冷漠。

"要杀死它，只有这个办法，"老人说。喝水后，他感觉好了些，知道自己头脑清醒，不会垮掉。看样子它有1500多磅重，他想。说不定要重得多。要是掐头去尾剩三分之二的重量，按一磅3角计算，是多少钱？

cents a pound?

"I need a pencil for that," he said. "My head is not that clear. But I think the great DiMaggio would be proud of me today. I had no bone spurs. But the hands and the back hurt truly." I wonder what a bone spur is, he thought. Maybe we have them without knowing of it.

He made the fish fast to bow and stern and to the middle thwart. He was so big it was like lashing a much bigger skiff alongside. He cut a piece of line and tied the fish's lower jaw against his bill so his mouth would not open and they would sail as cleanly as possible. Then he stepped the mast and, with the stick that was his gaff and with his boom rigged, the patched sail drew, the boat began to move, and half lying in the stern he sailed south-west.

He did not need a compass to tell him where south-west was. He only needed the feel of the trade wind and the drawing of the sail. I better put a small line out with a spoon on it and try and get something to eat and drink for the moisture. But he could not find a spoon and his sardines were rotten. So he hooked a patch of yellow Gulf weed with the gaff as they passed and shook it so that the small shrimps that were in it fell onto the planking of the skiff. There were more than a dozen of them and they jumped and kicked like sand fleas. The old man pinched their heads off with his thumb and forefinger and ate them chewing up the shells and the tails. They were very tiny but he knew they were nourishing and they tasted good.

The old man still had two drinks of water in the bottle and he used half of one after he had eaten the shrimps. The skiff was sailing well considering the handicaps and he steered with the tiller under his arm. He could see the fish and he had only to look at his hands and feel his back against the stern to know that this had truly happened and was not a dream. At one

"我需要一支铅笔来计算，"他说。"我的头脑不是那么清醒。不过，我想了不起的迪马乔今天会为我感到自豪。我没有长骨刺。可是，双手和背部确实疼。"我不知道骨刺是什么，他想。也许我们都长有，自己不知道。

他把鱼紧紧地绑在船头、船尾和中间的横座板上。它非常大，就像在船边绑着另一只大得多的船。他割下一截钓线，把鱼的下颌和鱼嘴捆在一起，以免它的嘴张开，这样他们就会尽可能干净利索地行驶。随后，他竖起桅杆，装上那根用作鱼叉的棍子和下桁，张起补过的风帆，船开始移动，他半躺在船尾，向西南开去。

他不需要罗盘来告诉他西南在哪儿，只需要感觉一下信风和风帆的方向就行了。我最好放出一根带有匙状假饵的细钓线，设法钓一些什么东西吃喝，润润喉咙。可是，他找不到匙状假饵，他的沙丁鱼都腐烂了。所以，他在船经过时用鱼叉钩上了一小块黄色马尾藻，把它抖了抖，使里面的小虾掉在了船板上。共有十几只小虾，它们像沙蚤一样活蹦乱跳。老人用拇指和食指掐掉它们的头，连壳带尾嚼着吃了下去。它们很小，但他知道它们富有营养，味道不错。

老人瓶里还有两口水，吃过虾后，他喝了半口。鉴于种种不利条件，小船行驶得还算不错，他把舵柄夹在腋下掌着舵。他能看见那条鱼，他只要看看自己的双手，感觉到背靠在船尾上，就知道这是真正发生的事儿，不是一场梦。有一段时间，他感觉得很糟，快要完了，以为这可能是一场梦。后来，当他看到鱼跃出水面，落下前一动不动悬在空中时，他确信非常奇怪，难以相信。当时他看不清，尽管现在他像往常一样看得一

time when he was feeling so badly toward the end, he had thought perhaps it was a dream. Then when he had seen the fish come out of the water and hang motionless in the sky before he fell, he was sure there was some great strangeness and he could not believe it. Then he could not see well, although now he saw as well as ever.

Now he knew there was the fish and his hands and back were no dream. The hands cure quickly, he thought. I bled them clean and the salt water will heal them. The dark water of the true gulf is the greatest healer that there is. All I must do is keep the head clear. The hands have done their work and we sail well. With his mouth shut and his tail straight up and down we sail like brothers. Then his head started to become a little unclear and he thought, is he bringing me in or am I bringing him in? If I were towing him behind there would be no question. Nor if the fish were in the skiff, with all dignity gone, there would be no question either. But they were sailing together lashed side by side and the old man thought, let him bring me in if it pleases him. I am only better than him through trickery and he meant me no harm.

They sailed well and the old man soaked his hands in the salt water and tried to keep his head clear. There were high cumulus clouds and enough cirrus above them so that the old man knew the breeze would last all night. The old man looked at the fish constantly to make sure it was true. It was an hour before the first shark hit him.

The shark was not an accident. He had come up from deep down in the water as the dark cloud of blood had settled and dispersed in the mile deep sea. He had come up so fast and absolutely without caution that he broke the surface of the blue water and was in the sun. Then he fell back into the sea and picked up the scent and started swimming on the course the skiff and the fish had taken.

清二楚。

眼下，他知道鱼在这儿，双手和背部都不是梦。这双手很快就会痊愈，他想。我让血都出净了，海水会把它们治好的。真正海湾的暗水是世上最好的良药。我必须做的就是保持头脑清醒。这两只手已经尽职了，我们航行得不错。鱼闭着嘴，尾巴直上直下，我们像兄弟一样航行。随后，他的头脑开始有点儿不清，他心里想，是它在带我回家，还是我在带它回家？要是我把它拖在船后，那就不会有任何问题了。要是这条鱼尊严尽失，被放在小船里，也不会有什么问题。不过，他们是并排绑在一起航行，所以老人想，只要这让它高兴，就让它带我回家吧。我只是通过诡计才比它强，它对我并没有任何伤害。

他们航行不错，老人两手泡在海水里，努力保持头脑清醒。积云堆得很高，积云上空还有足够多的卷云，因此老人明白风将会持续整整一夜。老人常常看着那条鱼，以确定这是真的。这是第一条鲨鱼袭击它前的一个小时。

鲨鱼出现并不是意外事件。当乌云般的鱼血向一英里深的海里下沉扩散时，它就已经从深水处游了上来。它上来得非常快，毫无禁忌地冲破蓝色水面，出现在太阳下。随后，它又掉回了海里，嗅到了血腥的气味，开始顺着小船和那条鱼所走的航道游去。

有时候它会跟丢那种气味。可是，它常常会重新嗅到或只嗅到一点蛛丝马迹，就飞快地努力游过去。它是一条很大的灰鲭鲨，生来能游得像海里最快的鱼一样快，它周围

Sometimes he lost the scent. But he would pick it up again, or have just a trace of it, and he swam fast and hard on the course. He was a very big Mako shark built to swim as fast as the fastest fish in the sea and everything about him was beautiful except his jaws. His back was as blue as a sword fish's and his belly was silver and his hide was smooth and handsome. He was built as a sword fish except for his huge jaws which were tight shut now as he swam fast, just under the surface with his high dorsal fin knifing through the water without wavering. Inside the closed double lip of his jaws all of his eight rows of teeth were slanted inwards. They were not the ordinary pyramid-shaped teeth of most sharks. They were shaped like a man's fingers when they are crisped like claws. They were nearly as long as the fingers of the old man and they had razor-sharp cutting edges on both sides. This was a fish built to feed on all the fishes in the sea, that were so fast and strong and well armed that they had no other enemy. Now he speeded up as he smelled the fresher scent and his blue dorsal fin cut the water.

When the old man saw him coming he knew that this was a shark that had no fear at all and would do exactly what he wished. He prepared the harpoon and made the rope fast while he watched the shark come on. The rope was short as it lacked what he had cut away to lash the fish.

The old man's head was clear and good now and he was full of resolution but he had little hope. It was too good to last, he thought. He took one look at the great fish as he watched the shark close in. It might as well have been a dream, he thought. I cannot keep him from hitting me but maybe I can get him. Dentuso, he thought. Bad luck to your mother.

The shark closed fast astern and when he hit the fish the old man saw his mouth open and his strange eyes and the clicking chop of the teeth as he drove forward in the meat just above

的一切都很美，除了它的嘴。它的背脊像剑鱼的一样蓝，腹部呈银色，鱼皮光滑漂亮。除了那张紧闭的大嘴，它长得像剑鱼一样，现在就在水面下飞快地游着，高耸的背鳍像刀子似的划破水面，毫不摇摆。在它紧闭的双唇里，八排牙齿都向里倾斜。它们不是大多数鲨鱼那种普通的金字塔形牙齿。它们如爪子般蜷曲时形状像人的手指。它们差不多像老人的手指一样长，两边都有锋利的刃口。这种鱼生来就是以海里所有的鱼为食，它们健壮，游得飞快，装备精良，所以没有任何对手。它闻到了更新鲜的气味，现在加快了速度，蓝色脊鳍划破了水面。

看到它游来时，老人明白这是一条无所畏惧、为所欲为的鲨鱼。他备好鱼叉，绑紧绳子，同时注视着鲨鱼向前游过来。绳子很短，缺少他割下用来绑鱼的那段。

老人现在头脑清醒健全，充满决心，但他没有抱多大希望。情况太好了，不可能持久，他想。他一边注视着鲨鱼逼近，一边看了那条大鱼一眼。这最好是一场梦，他想。我挡不住它来袭击我，但也许我能逮住它。登土鲨，他想。真你妈的倒霉。

鲨鱼飞快地逼近船尾，它袭击那条鱼时，老人看到它的嘴张开，看到它奇异的眼睛，看到它牙齿嘎吱一声咬住鱼尾上方的肉。鲨鱼的头露出水面，背部正在出水，老人可以听到那条大鱼的皮肉撕裂的声音，这时候他用鱼叉向下猛地扎在鲨鱼的头上，正扎在它两眼间那条线与从鼻子径直通到脑后那条线的交叉点上。这两条线并不存在。只有沉重尖锐的蓝色脑袋、两只大眼睛和嘎吱作响、向前猛推、吞噬一切的嘴巴。可那是大

the tail. The shark's head was out of water and his back was coming out and the old man could hear the noise of skin and flesh ripping on the big fish when he rammed the harpoon down onto the shark's head at a spot where the line between his eyes intersected with the line that ran straight back from his nose. There were no such lines. There was only the heavy sharp blue head and the big eyes and the clicking, thrusting all-swallowing jaws. But that was the location of the brain and the old man hit it. He hit it with his blood mushed hands driving a good harpoon with all his strength. He hit it without hope but with resolution and complete malignancy.

The shark swung over and the old man saw his eye was not alive and then he swung over once again, wrapping himself in two loops of the rope. The old man knew that he was dead but the shark would not accept it. Then, on his back, with his tail lashing and his jaws clicking, the shark plowed over the water as a speedboat does. The water was white where his tail beat it and three-quarters of his body was clear above the water when the rope came taut, shivered, and then snapped. The shark lay quietly for a little while on the surface and the old man watched him. Then he went down very slowly.

"He took about forty pounds," the old man said aloud. He took my harpoon too and all the rope, he thought, and now my fish bleeds again and there will be others.

He did not like to look at the fish anymore since he had been mutilated. When the fish had been hit it was as though he himself were hit.

But I killed the shark that hit my fish, he thought. And he was the biggest dentuso that I have ever seen. And God knows that I have seen big ones.

It was too good to last, he thought. I wish it had been a dream now and that I had never hooked the fish and was alone in bed on the newspapers.

脑的位置，老人扎中了它。他用尽全力，血肉模糊的双手把一把好鱼叉扎了进去。他扎它时，没有抱什么希望，但带着坚定的决心和十足的狠劲。

鲨鱼翻过身，老人看到它的眼里没有活力，接着它又翻过身，自行缠上了两圈绳子。老人知道鲨鱼死了，但它不愿接受这一点。这时候，它仰躺着，尾巴急速甩动，嘴巴嘎吱作响，像一条快艇那样划过水面。它的尾巴把水打得泛起了白色，四分之三的身体完全露在水面上，这时候绳子绷紧，抖了一下，随后绷断了。鲨鱼在水面上静静地躺了一小会儿，老人望着它。接着，它慢慢地沉了下去。

"它吃掉了大约40磅，"老人大声说道。他想，它把我的鱼叉也带走了，还有所有的绳子，而且现在我这条鱼又流出了血，其他鲨鱼也会追来。

他不想再看这条鱼，因为它已经被咬得残缺不全。鱼受到袭击时，就像他自己受到袭击一样。

可是，我杀死了这条袭击我那条鱼的鲨鱼，他想。而它是我见过的最大的登土鲨。天知道我见过一些大鲨鱼。

情况太好，不会持久，他想。但愿现在这是一场梦，我从来没有钓到这条鱼，正独自躺在铺着报纸的床上。

"可是，人不是生而失败，"他说。"一个人可以被毁灭，但不能被打败。"

不过，我很遗憾杀了这条鱼，他想。现在糟糕的时刻就要来了，我连鱼叉都没有。这条登土鲨残忍、能干、强壮、聪明。可是，我比它更聪明。也许不是，他想。也许我

"But man is not made for defeat," he said. "A man can be destroyed but not defeated." I am sorry that I killed the fish though, he thought. Now the bad time is coming and I do not even have the harpoon. The dentuso is cruel and able and strong and intelligent. But I was more intelligent than he was. Perhaps not, he thought. Perhaps I was only better armed.

"Don't think, old man," he said aloud. "Sail on this course and take it when it comes."

But I must think, he thought. Because it is all I have left. That and baseball. I wonder how the great DiMaggio would have liked the way I hit him in the brain? It was no great thing, he thought. Any man could do it. But do you think my hands were as great a handicap as the bone spurs? I cannot know. I never had anything wrong with my heel except the time the stingray stung it when I stepped on him when swimming and paralyzed the lower leg and made the unbearable pain.

"Think about something cheerful, old man," he said. "Every minute now you are closer to home. You sail lighter for the loss of forty pounds."

He knew quite well the pattern of what could happen when he reached the inner part of the current. But there was nothing to be done now.

"Yes there is," he said aloud. "I can lash my knife to the butt of one of the oars."

So he did that with the tiller under his arm and the sheet of the sail under his foot.

"Now," he said. "I am still an old man. But I am not unarmed."

The breeze was fresh now and he sailed on well. He watched only the forward part of the fish and some of his hope returned.

It is silly not to hope, he thought. Besides I believe it is a sin. Do not think about sin, he thought. There are enough problems now without sin. Also I have no understanding of it.

I have no understanding of it and I am not sure that I believe in it. Perhaps it was a sin to

只是防卫比它强。

"老伙计，别想了，"他大声说道。"顺着这航线行驶，事情来了，就去承受。"

可是，我必须想，他想。因为我剩下的就这个了。这个，还有棒球。我不知道了不起的迪马乔对我那样击中它的大脑是不是喜欢？这不是什么了不起的事儿，他想。任何人都能做到。可你认为我这双手像骨刺一样是一大不利条件吗？我不得而知。我的脚后跟从来没有出过毛病，除了有一次游泳时踩住一条刺鳐，它蜇了一下，使我小腿麻痹，疼痛难忍。

"老伙计，想些高兴事儿，"他说。"现在每过一分钟，你就离家更近一步。失去40磅，你航行会更轻快。"

他非常清楚，他驶进海流内部，会发生什么事儿。可是，现在没办法。

"有，有办法，"他大声说道。"我可以把刀子绑在一支桨的桨柄上。"

于是，他胳膊夹着舵柄，一只脚踩住帆脚索，就这样做了。

"好了，"他说。"我还是一个老头。不过，我有武器。"

这时候，海风强劲，他继续顺利航行。他只望着鱼的前半身，又有了一些希望。

不抱希望才傻，他想。此外，我相信这是一种罪过。别想罪过了，他想。

现在没有罪过，问题就够多了。我也根本不懂这一点。

我根本不懂这一点，也拿不准自己是不是相信。也许杀死这条鱼是一种罪过。我想是这样，即使我这样做为了养活自己，也是为了给许多人吃。不过，一切都是罪过。

kill the fish. I suppose it was even though I did it to keep me alive and feed many people. But then everything is a sin. Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it. You were born to be a fisherman as the fish was born to be a fish. San Pedro was a fisherman as was the father of the great DiMaggio.

But he liked to think about all things that he was involved in and since there was nothing to read and he did not have a radio, he thought much and he kept on thinking about sin. You did not kill the fish only to keep alive and to sell for food, he thought. You killed him for pride and because you are a fisherman. You loved him when he was alive and you loved him after. If you love him, it is not sin to kill him. Or is it more?

"You think too much, old man," he said aloud.

But you enjoyed killing the dentuso, he thought. He lives on the live fish as you do. He is not a scavenger nor just a moving appetite as some sharks are. He is beautiful and noble and knows no fear of anything.

"I killed him in self-defense," the old man said aloud. "And I killed him well."

Besides, he thought, everything kills everything else in some way. Fishing kills me exactly as it keeps me alive. The boy keeps me alive, he thought. I must not deceive myself too much.

He leaned over the side and pulled loose a piece of the meat of the fish where the shark had cut him. He chewed it and noted its quality and its good taste. It was firm and juicy, like meat, but it was not red. There was no stringiness in it and he knew that it would bring the highest price in the market. But there was no way to keep its scent out of the water and the old man knew that a very bad time was coming.

别想罪过了。现在想它太晚了，有些人就是吃这碗饭。让他们去想吧。你天生是一个渔夫，就像鱼天生是鱼一样。圣彼得是一个渔夫，就像了不起的迪马乔的父亲一样。

可是，他喜欢去想他被卷入其中的一切事儿，而且因为没有什么东西阅读，也没有收音机，他就想得很多，一直想着罪过。你杀死鱼，不仅仅是为了养活自己，卖了买食物，他想。你杀死它是为了自尊心，因为你是渔夫。它活着时你爱它，它死后你还爱它。要是你爱它，杀死它就不是罪过。要么是更大的罪过？

"老伙计，你想得太多了，"他大声说道。

可是，你乐意杀死那条登土鲨，他想。它像你一样，靠吃活鱼生活。它不是食腐动物，也不像有些鲨鱼那样，只是游动着满足食欲。它美丽高贵，无所畏惧。

"我出于自卫杀死了它，"老人大声说道。"而且我杀得非常利索。"

此外，他想，一切东西都以某种方式杀死其他的一切。捕鱼养活我，也会害了我。那个男孩子使我活下去，他想。我不能过分欺骗自己。

他趴在船边，从鱼身上鲨鱼咬过的地方撕下一块肉。他咀嚼着，发现肉质和味道都不错。坚实多汁，像食用肉一样，但不是红色的。里面没有任何筋，他知道这在市场上会卖最高的价钱。可是，无法不让它的气味散发到水里，老人知道非常糟糕的时刻就要来了。

风向平稳。它已经稍微转向了东北方，他知道这意味着它不会减弱。老人望着前

The breeze was steady. It had backed a little further into the north-east and he knew that meant that it would not fall off. The old man looked ahead of him but he could see no sails nor could he see the hull nor the smoke of any ship. There were only the flying fish that went up from his bow sailing away to either side and the yellow patches of Gulf weed. He could not even see a bird.

He had sailed for two hours, resting in the stern and sometimes chewing a bit of the meat from the marlin, trying to rest and to be strong, when he saw the first of the two sharks.

"Ay," he said aloud. There is no translation for this word and perhaps it is just a noise such as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hands and into the wood.

"Galanos," he said aloud. He had seen the second fin now coming up behind the first and had identified them as shovel-nosed sharks by the brown, triangular fin and the sweeping movements of the tail. They had the scent and were excited and in the stupidity of their great hunger they were losing and finding the scent in their excitement. But they were closing all the time.

The old man made the sheet fast and jammed the tiller. Then he took up the oar with the knife lashed to it. He lifted it as lightly as he could because his hands rebelled at the pain. Then he opened and closed them on it lightly to loosen them. He closed them firmly so they would take the pain now and would not flinch and watched the sharks come. He could see their wide, flattened, shovel-pointed heads now and their white-tipped wide pectoral fins. They were hateful sharks, bad smelling, scavengers as well as killers and when they were hungry they would bite at an oar or the rudder of a boat. It was these sharks that would cut the turtles' legs and flippers off when the turtles were asleep on the surface, and they would hit a man in the water, if they were hungry, even if the man had no smell of fish blood nor of

方，但他既看不到船帆，也看不到船身或任何轮船冒出的烟。只有从他船头跃起向两边游去的飞鱼过河一块块黄色马尾藻。他连一只鸟也看不到。

他已经航行了两个小时，在船尾歇息，有时候从枪鱼身上撕下一点肉咀嚼，设法歇息，保持体力，这时候他看到了两条鲨鱼中首先露面的那条。

"Ay，"他大声说道。这个词无法翻译，也许只是一种叫声，就像一个人感觉钉子穿过他的双手、钉进木头时不知不觉发出的声音。

"加拉诺鲨，"他大声说道。他看到第二个鳍在第一个的背后冒出来，根据褐色三角形鳍和尾巴横扫的动作，认出它们是铲鲨。它们嗅到了血腥味，非常兴奋，因为饿得晕头转向，它们嗅不到血腥味，随后在兴奋中又嗅到了血腥味。不过，它们始终在逼近。

老人系紧帆脚索，卡住舵柄，然后拿起上面绑有刀子的船桨。他尽可能轻地把它举起来，因为他的双手疼得不听使唤了。接着，他张开手，轻轻地合住，又放松开来。他紧紧地合拢双手，让它们现在忍受痛苦，不会退缩，同时注视着鲨鱼游过来。他现在看到了它们又宽又扁、铲尖一样的脑袋和尖端呈白色的宽阔胸鳍。它们是可恨的鲨鱼，气味难闻，既吃其他鱼，又吃腐肉，饥饿时还会咬船上的桨或舵。就是这些鲨鱼，它们会在海龟在水面上睡觉时咬掉它们的脚和鳍状肢，要是它们饥饿，即使这人身上没有鱼血味或鱼黏液的腥味，也会在水里袭击人。

fish slime on him.

"Ay," the old man said. "Galanos. Come on galanos."

They came. But they did not come as the Mako had come. One turned and went out of sight under the skiff and the old man could feel the skiff shake as he jerked and pulled on the fish. The other watched the old man with his slitted yellow eyes and then came in fast with his half circle of jaws wide to hit the fish where he had already been bitten. The line showed clearly on the top of his brown head and back where the brain joined the spinal cord and the old man drove the knife on the oar into the juncture, withdrew it, and drove it in again into the shark's yellow cat-like eyes. The shark let go of the fish and slid down, swallowing what he had taken as he died.

The skiff was still shaking with the destruction the other shark was doing to the fish and the old man let go the sheet so that the skiff could swing broadside and bring the shark out from under. When he saw the shark he leaned over the side and punched at him. He hit only meat and the hide was set hard and he barely got the knife in. The blow hurt not only his hands but his shoulder too. But the shark came up fast with his head out and the old man hit him squarely in the center of his flat-topped head as his nose came out of water and lay against the fish. The old man withdrew the blade and punched the shark exactly in the same spot again. He still hung to the fish with his jaws hooked and the old man stabbed him in his left eye. The shake still hung there.

"No?" the old man said and he drove the blade between the vertebrae and the brain. It was an easy shot now and he felt the cartilage sever. The old man reversed the oar and put the blade between the shark's jaws to open them. He twisted the blade and as the shark slid loose he said, "Go on, galano. Slide down a mile deep. Go see your friend, or maybe it's your

"Ay，"老人说。"加拉诺鲨。来吧，加拉诺鲨。"

它们来了。而它们来时，跟那条灰鲭鲨不一样。一条鲨鱼转身钻到小船下面不见了踪影，它拖拽那条鱼时，老人能感觉到小船在晃动。另一条用它细缝似的黄眼睛注视着老人，然后飞快地游来，半圆形嘴巴大大张开，向鱼身上已被咬过的地方咬去。它褐色的头顶和大脑与脊髓相连的背脊上有一道清晰的纹路，老人把绑在桨上的刀子扎进那个交叉点，拔出来，又扎进了鲨鱼的黄色猫眼般的眼睛。鲨鱼放开咬住的鱼，向下滑去，临死时把咬下的肉吞了下去。

另一条鲨鱼正在咬那条鱼，小船还在晃个不停，老人松开帆脚索，以便小船横过来，使鲨鱼从船下露出来。他看到鲨鱼后，趴在船沿上，向它戳去。他只戳在肉上，鲨鱼皮紧绷着，他几乎戳不进去。这一戳不仅刺痛了他的双手，也刺痛了他的肩膀。可是，鲨鱼飞快地浮上来，露出了脑袋，老人在它的鼻子伸出水面，贴住那条鱼时，击中了它的扁平脑袋。老人拔出刀刃，又向同一地方扎了鲨鱼一下。它仍然用嘴紧咬着那条鱼，老人一刀戳进了它的左眼。鲨鱼还是悬在那儿。

"不行吗？"说着，老人把刀刃戳进了它的椎骨和大脑之间。这时候扎起来轻而易举，他感到它的软骨折断了。老人把船桨颠倒过来，把刀刃插进鲨鱼的上下颚之间，想撬开它的嘴。他转动刀刃，鲨鱼松开嘴时，他说："加拉诺鲨，走吧。滑到一英里深去吧。去找你的朋友吧，或许那是你的妈妈。"

mother."

The old man wiped the blade of his knife and laid down the oar. Then he found the sheet and the sail filled and he brought the skiff onto her course.

"They must have taken a quarter of him and of the best meat," he said aloud. "I wish it were a dream and that I had never hooked him. I'm sorry about it, fish. It makes everything wrong." He stopped and he did not want to look at the fish now. Drained of blood and awash he looked the colour of the silver backing of a mirror and his stripes still showed.

"I shouldn't have gone out so far, fish," he said. "Neither for you nor for me. I'm sorry, fish."

Now, he said to himself. Look to the lashing on the knife and see if it has been cut. Then get your hand in order because there still is more to come.

"I wish I had a stone for the knife," the old man said after he had checked the lashing on the oar butt. "I should have brought a stone." You should have brought many things, he thought. But you did not bring them, old man. Now is no time to think of what you do not have. Think of what you can do with what there is.

"You give me much good counsel," he said aloud. "I'm tired of it."

He held the tiller under his arm and soaked both his hands in the water as the skiff drove forward.

"God knows how much that last one took," he said. "But she's much lighter now." He did not want to think of the mutilated under-side of the fish. He knew that each of the jerking bumps of the shark had been meat torn away and that the fish now made a trail for all sharks as wide as a highway through the sea.

He was a fish to keep a man all winter, he thought. Don't think of that. Just rest and try

老人擦了擦刀刃，把桨放下来，随后摸到了帆脚索，张满帆，把小船开上原来的航线。

"它们一定已经吃掉了四分之一的鱼，而且都是最好的肉，"他大声说道。"但愿这是一场梦，我根本没有钓到它。鱼儿，对不起。这使一切都很糟。"

他停住话头，现在不想看那条鱼。它流尽了血，随波逐流，看上去像镜子背面的银色，身上的条纹仍然露出来。

"鱼儿，我不该出海这么远，"他说。"对你对我都不好。鱼儿，对不起。"

好了，他对自己说。去看看绑刀子的绳子，看看断了没有。然后弄好手，因为还有鲨鱼要来。

"我要是有一块石头磨磨刀就好了，"老人检查了绑在桨把上的刀子后说。"我本该带一块磨石的。"你应该带来许多东西，他想。可是，你没有带来，老伙计。现在不是想你没有带什么东西的时候。想想你用现有的东西能做什么事儿吧。

"你给了我许多忠告，"他大声说道。"我都听腻了。"

小船向前驶去时，他把舵柄夹在胳膊下面，两手浸在水里。

"天知道最后那条鲨鱼咬掉了多少肉，"他说。"不过，这船现在轻得多了。"他不愿去想那条鱼残缺的肚子。他知道鲨鱼每次猛撞上去，都要撕去一块肉，也知道鱼现在给所有的鲨鱼都留下了一道像穿越大海的公路一样的嗅迹。

to get your hands in shape to defend what is left of him. The blood smell from my hands means nothing now with all that scent in the water. Besides they do not bleed much. There is nothing cut that means anything. The bleeding may keep the left from cramping.

What can I think of now? He thought. Nothing. I must think of nothing and wait for the next ones. I wish it had really been a dream, he thought. But who knows? It might have turned out well.

The next shark that came was a single shovelnose. He came like a pig to the trough if a pig had a mouth so wide that you could put your head in it. The old man let him hit the fish and then drove the knife on the oar down into his brain. But the shark jerked backwards as he rolled and the knife blade snapped.

The old man settled himself to steer. He did not even watch the big shark sinking slowly in the water, showing first life-size, then small, then tiny. That always fascinated the old man. But he did not even watch it now.

"I have the gaff now," he said. "But it will do no good. I have the two oars and the tiller and the short club."

Now they have beaten me, he thought. I am too old to club sharks to death. But I will try it as long as I have the oars and the short club and the tiller.

He put his hands in the water again to soak them. It was getting late in the afternoon and he saw nothing but the sea and the sky. There was more wind in the sky than there had been, and soon he hoped that he would see land.

"You're tired, old man," he said. "You're tired inside."

The sharks did not hit him again until just before sunset.

它是一条大鱼，可供一个人吃一冬天，他想。别想这个了。请歇息一下，把你的手弄好，保护剩下的鱼肉。水里的血腥味非常浓，我手上的血腥味此刻不足挂齿。再说，这双手流的血并不多。割破的地方没有大碍。出血也许会使我的左手不再抽筋。

我现在还能想什么呢？他想。什么也没有。我必须什么也不想，等待下面的鲨鱼来。我真希望这是一场梦，他想。可谁知道呢？也许结局良好。下一条鲨鱼是单独的铲鲨。它来时像一头猪跑向饲料槽，要是说猪有这么大的嘴，你能把头伸进去的话。老人让它咬住了那条鱼，然后把船桨上绑着的刀子扎进了它的大脑。可是，鲨鱼向后猛地一拉，打了个滚，刀刃突然折断了。

老人安顿下来掌舵。他甚至没有去看那条大鲨鱼在水里慢慢下沉，它起先露出整个身体，然后变小，后来成了小不点儿。这总是让老人着迷。可是，他现在连一眼也不看。

"我现在还有大鱼叉，"他说。"不过，它不会有什么用处。我还有两把桨、一个舵柄和一根短棍。"

现在它们已经打败了我，他想。我太老了，用棍子打不死鲨鱼了。可是，只要有船桨、短棍和舵柄，我就要试一下。

他又把双手伸进水里泡着。天色渐渐黄昏，他只看到大海和天空。空中的风比先前大了，他希望马上会看到陆地。

"你累了，老伙计，"他说。"你心里累了。"

The old man saw the brown fins coming along the wide trail the fish must make in the water. They were not even quartering on the scent. They were headed straight for the skiff swimming side by side.

He jammed the tiller, made the sheet fast and reached under the stern for the club. It was an oar handle from a broken oar sawed off to about two and a half feet in length. He could only use it effectively with one hand because of the grip of the handle and he took good hold of it with his right hand, flexing his hand on it, as he watched the sharks come. They were both galanos.

I must let the first one get a good hold and hit him on the point of the nose or straight across the top of the head, he thought.

The two sharks closed together and as he saw the one nearest him open his jaws and sink them into the silver side of the fish, he raised the club high and brought it down heavy and slamming onto the top of the shark's broad head. He felt the rubbery solidity as the club came down. But he felt the rigidity of bone too and he struck the shark once more hard across the point of the nose as he slid down from the fish.

The other shark had been in and out and now came in again with his jaws wide. The old man could see pieces of the meat of the fish spilling white from the corner of his jaws as he bumped the fish and closed his jaws. He swung at him and hit only the head and the shark looked at him and wrenched the meat loose. The old man swung the club down on him again as he slipped away to swallow and hit only the heavy solid rubberiness.

"Come on, galano," the old man said. "Come in again."

The shark came in a rush and the old man hit him as he shut his jaws. He hit him solidly

直到太阳快落时，鲨鱼才又来袭击。

老人看到褐鳍顺着那条鱼必定在水里留下的宽阔嗅迹游来。它们甚至不用四处游动搜索臭迹，径直并排游向了小船。

他卡住舵柄，系紧帆脚索，伸手去船尾下面拿短棍。那是一个从断桨上锯下的桨柄，大约两英尺半长。因为把手握力的缘故，他只能一只手有效使用把手，所以他就用右手牢牢握住，一边弯手按在上面，一边望着鲨鱼游来。两条都是加拉诺鲨。

我必须让第一条鲨鱼牢牢咬住，再打它的鼻尖或直接击中它的头顶，他想。

两条鲨鱼一起逼近，他看到离他最近的那条鲨鱼张开嘴，咬进了那条鱼的银色胁腹，就高高地举起棍子，重重地砸了下去，咚的一声砸在鲨鱼宽阔的头顶上。棍子落下去时，他感觉好像打在坚韧的橡胶上。可是，他也感觉到坚硬的骨头，就在鲨鱼从那条鱼身上滑下时，他又一次重重地砸向它的鼻尖。

另一条鲨鱼出出进进，现在又张开大嘴游过来。它撞击那条鱼，合上嘴，老人可以看到一块块白色鱼肉从它的嘴角溢出来。他抡起棍子向它砸去，只砸中了头部，鲨鱼看着他，猛地撕下了咬在嘴里的那块肉。老人在它溜走要咽下那块肉时，又抡起棍子砸向它，只砸中了那块厚实的橡胶。

"来呀，加拉诺鲨，"老人说。"再过来呀。"

鲨鱼冲上来，老人在它合嘴时砸了它一下。他有力地砸中了它，是尽可能高举棍子砸下来的。这一次，他感觉砸中了大脑后部的骨头，又向同一地方砸了一下，鲨鱼行动

and from as high up as he could raise the club. This time he felt the bone at the base of the brain and he hit him again in the same place while the shark tore the meat loose sluggishly and slid down from the fish.

The old man watched for him to come again but neither shark showed. Then he saw one on the surface swimming in circles. He did not see the fin of the other.

I could not expect to kill them, he thought. I could have in my time. But I have hurt them both badly and neither one can feel very good. If I could have used a bat with two hands I could have killed the first one surely. Even now, he thought.

He did not want to look at the fish. He knew that half of him had been destroyed. The sun had gone down while he had been in the fight with the sharks.

"It will be dark soon," he said. "Then I should see the glow of Havana. If I am too far to the eastward I will see the lights of one of the new beaches."

I cannot be too far out now, he thought. I hope no one has been too worried. There is only the boy to worry, of course. But I am sure he would have confidence. Many of the older fishermen will worry. Many others too, he thought. I live in a good town.

He could not talk to the fish anymore because the fish had been ruined too badly. Then something came into his head.

"Half fish," he said. "Fish that you were. I am sorry that I went too far out. I ruined us both. But we have killed many sharks, you and I, and ruined many others. How many did you ever kill, old fish? You do not have that spear on your head for nothing."

He liked to think of the fish and what he could do to a shark if he were swimming free. I

迟缓地撕下嘴里咬着的鱼肉，从鱼身上滑了下去。

老人守候着，等它再来，但两条鲨鱼都没有露面。随后，他看到其中一条在海面上转圈游动着。他没有看到另一条的鳍。

我指望不了打死它们了，他想。我年轻时可以。不过，我已经把它们打成了重伤，哪一条都不会好过了。要是我能用双手抡棒，肯定就能打死第一条。

即使现在也能，他想。

他不想看那条鱼。他知道它的半拉身子已被咬烂了。他跟鲨鱼搏斗时，太阳已经落下了。

"天很快就要黑了，"他说。"那时我应该看到哈瓦那的灯火。要是向东走得太远，我就会看到其中一个新海滩的灯光。"

我现在离陆地不会太远了，他想。我希望没有人太担心。当然，只有那个男孩子会担心。可我相信他会有信心。许多老渔夫会担心。还有许多其他人，他想。我住在一个好镇子里。

他不能再跟这条鱼说话了，因为它已被咬得太烂了。接着，他想起了一件事。

"半条鱼，"他说。"你原来是一条鱼。对不起，我出海太远了。我把我们俩都毁了。不过，我们已经杀死了许多鲨鱼，你和我还毁了好多条。你杀死过多少，老鱼儿？你头上长的长矛似的嘴，可不是白长的。"

他喜欢想到这条鱼，想到要是它在自由游动，可能会怎么对付一条鲨鱼。我应该砍下它这长嘴，用来跟那些鲨鱼搏斗，他想。可是，没有斧头，后来又没有了刀子。

should have chopped the bill off to fight them with, he thought. But there was no hatchet and then there was no knife.

But if I had, and could have lashed it to an oar butt, what a weapon. Then we might have fought them together. What will you do now if they come in the night? What can you do?

"Fight them," he said. "I'll fight them until I die."

But in the dark now and no glow showing and no lights and only the wind and the steady pull of the sail he felt that perhaps he was already dead. He put his two hands together and felt the palms. They were not dead and he could bring the pain of life by simply opening and closing them. He leaned his back against the stern and knew he was not dead. His shoulders told him.

I have all those prayers I promised if I caught the fish, he thought. But I am too tired to say them now. I better get the sack and put it over my shoulders.

He lay in the stern and steered and watched for the glow to come in the sky. I have half of him, he thought. Maybe I'll have the luck to bring the forward half in. I should have some luck. No, he said. You violated your luck when you went too far outside.

"Don't be silly," he said aloud. "And keep awake and steer. You may have much luck yet."

"I'd like to buy some if there's any place they sell it," he said.

What could I buy it with? He asked himself. Could I buy it with a lost harpoon and a broken knife and two bad hands?

"You might," he said. "You tried to buy it with eighty-four days at sea. They nearly sold it to you too."

不过，要是我有，并能把它绑在桨把上，就会是多好的武器啊！这样，我们就能一起跟它们搏斗。要是它们夜里来，你现在会怎么做？你又能做什么呢？

"跟它们搏斗，"他说。"我要跟它们一直搏斗到死。"

可是，在眼下的黑暗中，不见天光，不见灯火，只有风和船帆的稳定拉力，他感觉说不定自己已经死了。他合上双手，摸了摸掌心。这双手没有死，只要把它们开合一下，他就能感到生命的痛苦。他背靠船尾，知道自己没有死。

这是他的肩膀告诉他的。

我许诺过，要是逮住这条鱼，我就要做那些祷告，他想。不过，我太累了，现在念不成了。我最好把麻袋拿来披在肩上。

他躺在船尾掌着舵，望着天空，等待光亮出现。我还有半条鱼，他想。也许我有幸把前半条带回去。我应该有幸。不，他说。你出海太远了，妨碍了自己的好运。

"别犯傻，"他大声说道。"保持清醒，掌好舵。你也许还有许多好运。"

"要是什么地方卖好运，我想买些，"他说。

我能用什么来买呢？他问自己。我能用一支丢失的鱼叉、一把折断的刀子和两只受伤的手吗？

"你也许能，"他说。"你曾设法用在海上的84天来买它。他们也差点儿把它卖给了你。"

我不能胡思乱想，他想。好运来时以多种方式，谁能认出它来？可无论什么样的好运，我都要买一些，要多少钱就给多少钱。但愿我能看到灯火的亮光，他想。我想要

I must not think nonsense, he thought. Luck is a thing that comes in many forms and who can recognize her? I would take some though in any form and pay what they asked. I wish I could see the glow from the lights, he thought. I wish too many things. But that is the thing I wish for now. He tried to settle more comfortably to steer and from his pain he knew he was not dead.

He saw the reflected glare of the lights of the city at what must have been around ten o'clock at night. They were only perceptible at first as the light is in the sky before the moon rises. Then they were steady to see across the ocean which was rough now with the increasing breeze. He steered inside of the glow and he thought that now, soon, he must hit the edge of the stream.

Now it is over, he thought. They will probably hit me again. But what can a man do against them in the dark without a weapon?

He was stiff and sore now and his wounds and all of the strained parts of his body hurt with the cold of the night. I hope I do not have to fight again, he thought. I hope so much I do not have to fight again.

But by midnight he fought and this time he knew the fight was useless. They came in a pack and he could only see the lines in the water that their fins made and their phosphorescence as they threw themselves on the fish. He clubbed at heads and heard the jaws chop and the shaking of the skiff as they took hold below. He clubbed desperately at what he could only feel and hear and he felt something seize the club and it was gone.

He jerked the tiller free from the rudder and beat and chopped with it, holding it in both hands and driving it down again and again. But they were up to the bow now and driving in one after the other and together, tearing off the pieces of meat that showed glowing below

的东西太多了。不过，现在我想要的东西就是这个。他设法坐得舒服些来掌舵，因为疼痛，所以他知道自己没有死。

一定是大约夜里10点时，他看到了城市灯火的反光。起初只是依稀可见，就像月亮升起前天空的光亮。随后，隔着现在越来越大的风刮得波涛汹涌的海洋，这些光稳定可见。他驶进了光亮的圈内，他想现在不久他一定会驶到湾流的边缘。

现在事情结束了，他想。它们说不定还会来袭击我。不过，一个人在黑暗中，没有武器，怎么能对付它们呢？

他现在身体僵硬疼痛，随着夜晚的寒气袭来，他的伤口和身上所有过分用力的部位都在刺痛。我希望不必再斗了，他想。我多么希望不必再斗了。

可是，到了午夜，他又搏斗了起来，这一次他知道搏斗没用。它们是成群袭来，扑向那条鱼，他只能看到它们的鳍在水面上划出的一道道线和它们的磷光。他砸向它们的脑袋，听到它们的嘴巴咔嚓咬碎的声音和它们在船下咬住鱼后小船摇晃的声音。他只能凭感觉和听觉拼命挥棍砸去，感到什么东西抓住了棍子，它就不见了踪影。

他把舵柄从方向舵上猛地拽下，用它又打又砍，双手握住一次又一次低戳下去。可是，它们此刻都在船头边，成群结队一条接一条地扑上来，撕咬下一块块鱼肉，当它们转身再次扑来时，这些鱼肉在海面下闪闪发亮。

最后，其中一条鲨鱼向鱼头扑来，他知道这下完了。他把舵柄抡向鲨鱼的脑袋，

the sea as they turned to come once more.

One came, finally, against the head itself and he knew that it was over. He swung the tiller across the shark's head where the jaws were caught in the heaviness of the fish's head which could not tear. He swung it once and twice and again. He heard the tiller break and he lunged at the shark with the splintered butt. He felt it go in and knowing it was sharp he drove it in again. The shark let go and rolled away. That was the last shark of the pack that came. There was nothing more for them to eat.

The old man could hardly breathe now and he felt a strange taste in his mouth. It was coppery and sweet and he was afraid of it for a moment. But there was not much of it.

He spat into the ocean and said, "Eat that, galanos. And make a dream you've killed a man."

He knew he was beaten now finally and without remedy and he went back to the stern and found the jagged end of the tiller would fit in the slot of the rudder well enough for him to steer. He settled the sack around his shoulders and put the skiff on her course. He sailed lightly now and he had no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He was past everything now and he sailed the skiff to make his home port as well and as intelligently as he could. In the night sharks hit the carcass as someone might pick up crumbs from the table. The old man paid no attention to them and did not pay any attention to anything except steering. He only noticed how lightly and how well the skiff sailed now there was no great weight beside her.

She's good, he thought. She is sound and not harmed in any way except for the tiller. That is easily replaced.

He could feel he was inside the current now and he could see the lights of the beach

砸在它咬住厚实鱼头的嘴上，那儿的肉撕不下来。他抡了一次、两次、三次。他听到舵柄折断，就把断柄扎向鲨鱼。他感到它扎了进去，知道它非常尖利，就又把它扎进去。鲨鱼松开嘴，翻了个身走了。这是过来的鲨鱼群中最后一条。它们再没有什么东西可吃了。

老人现在简直喘不过气来，感觉嘴里有一股怪味。它有一股铜锈味，甜丝丝的，他一时害怕起来。不过，气味并不大。

他向海里吐了一口，说："把它吃了，加拉诺鲨。做个梦，梦见你杀了一个人吧。"

他知道他现在被打败，无法补救，就回到船尾，发现舵柄锯齿状的断头还可以插在船舵的狭槽里，让他掌舵。他把麻袋围在肩上，让小船顺着航线行驶。他现在航行轻松，既没有什么想法，也没有任何感觉。他现在超越了一切，尽可能顺利巧妙地把小船开回家乡的港口。夜里，一些鲨鱼来咬这条死鱼的残骸，就像有人从饭桌上捡面包屑吃一样。老人没有理睬它们，除了掌舵，他什么都不理睬。他只注意到船边没有什么沉重的东西，小船现在行驶得多么轻松、多么出色。

小船还不错，他想。它非常完好，除了舵柄，没有任何损伤。那容易更换。

他感觉到自己眼下在湾流中行驶，看得见沿岸那些海滨住宅区的灯光。

他知道此刻自己到了哪儿，回家不成问题了。

colonies along the shore. He knew where he was now and it was nothing to get home.

The wind is our friend, anyway, he thought. Then he added, sometimes. And the great sea with our friends and our enemies. And bed, he thought. Bed is my friend. Just bed, he thought. Bed will be a great thing. It is easy when you are beaten, he thought. I never knew how easy it was. And what beat you, he thought.

"Nothing," he said aloud. "I went out too far."

When he sailed into the little harbour the lights of the Terrace were out and he knew everyone was in bed. The breeze had risen steadily and was blowing strongly now. It was quiet in the harbour though and he sailed up onto the little patch of shingle below the rocks. There was no one to help him so he pulled the boat up as far as he could. Then he stepped out and made her fast to a rock.

He unstepped the mast and furled the sail and tied it. Then he shouldered the mast and started to climb. It was then he knew the depth of his tiredness. He stopped for a moment and looked back and saw in the reflection from the street light the great tail of the fish standing up well behind the skiff's stern. He saw the white naked line of his backbone and the dark mass of the head with the projecting bill and all the nakedness between.

He started to climb again and at the top he fell and lay for some time with the mast across his shoulder. He tried to get up. But it was too difficult and he sat there with the mast on his shoulder and looked at the road. A cat passed on the far side going about its business and the old man watched it. Then he just watched the road.

Finally he put the mast down and stood up. He picked the mast up and put it on his shoulder and started up the road. He had to sit down five times before he reached his shack.

不管怎样，风都是我们的朋友，他想。随后，他补充说，有时候是。还有大海，大海里有我们的朋友，也有我们的敌人。还有床，他想。床是我的朋友。仅仅是床，他想。床将是一件了不起的东西。你被打败后，床非常舒适，他想。我从不知道床有多么舒适。也从不知道是什么打败了你，他想。

"什么也没有，"他大声说道。"我出海太远了。"

他驶进小港后，露台饭店的灯都熄了，他知道大家都上床了。海风已经越来越强，现在刮得很猛。不过，港湾里静悄悄的，他开到岩石下面的一小块砂石海滩上。没有人来帮他，所以他尽力把小船划到岸边。之后，他走出船，把它绑到一块岩石上。

他取下桅杆，卷起帆，系住，接着扛起桅杆，开始向岸上爬。这时候，他才知道自己累到了什么地步。他停了一会儿，回过头，只见在街灯的反光中，那条鱼的大尾巴完全竖在小船的船尾后面。他看到了它的脊骨裸露的白线、黑乎乎的脑袋、突出的长嘴和首尾之间光秃秃的空白。

他又开始向上爬，爬到顶上，摔倒在地，桅杆横在肩上，躺了一段时间。他想设法站起来。可是，太难了，他就肩扛桅杆坐在那儿，望着大路。一只猫经过路对面，去干自己的事儿，老人注视着它。随后，他只是望着大路。

最后，他放下桅杆，站起来。他又拿起桅杆，放在肩上，开始走上大路。

他不得不坐下歇息了5次，才走到自己的小屋。

他走进小屋，把桅杆靠在墙上，摸黑找到一只水瓶，喝了一口水，然后在床上躺下

Inside the shack he leaned the mast against the wall. In the dark he found a water bottle and took a drink. Then he lay down on the bed. He pulled the blanket over his shoulder and then over his back and legs and he slept face down on the newspapers with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up.

He was asleep when the boy looked in the door in the morning. It was blowing so hard that the drifting boats would not be going out and the boy had slept late and then come to the old man's shack as he had come each morning. The boy saw that the old man was breathing and then he saw the old man's hands and he started to cry. He went out very quietly to go to bring some coffee and all the way down the road he was crying.

Many fishermen were around the skiff looking at what was lashed beside it and one was in the water, his trousers rolled up, measuring the skeleton with a length of line.

The boy did not go down. He had been there before and one of the fishermen was looking after skiff for him.

"How is he?" one of the fishermen shouted.

"Sleeping," the boy called. He did not care that they saw him crying. "Let no one disturb him."

"He was eighteen feet from nose to tail," the fisherman who was measuring him called.

"I believe it," the boy said.

He went into the Terrace and asked for a can of coffee.

"Hot and with plenty of milk and sugar in it."

"Anything more?"

"No. Afterwards I will see what he can eat."

来。他拉起毯子，盖住肩膀，之后又盖住后背和两腿，脸朝下趴在报纸上，两臂伸直，手掌向上，睡着了。

早上男孩子向门里张望时，老人正在睡觉。风刮得很猛，那些漂网渔船不出海了，所以男孩子起得晚，起床后像每天早上一样来到老人的小屋。男孩子看到老人在喘气，接着看到老人的那双手，就哭了起来。他悄悄地走出来，去端咖啡，一路上都在哭着。

许多渔夫都围住那条小船，看着绑在船边的东西，其中一名渔夫挽起裤腿站在水里，用一根钓线在量鱼的残骸。

男孩子没有走下岸。他先前已经去过了，其中一名渔夫正在替他看管这条小船。

"他怎么了？"一名渔夫大声问道。

"在睡觉，"男孩子大声答道。他不在乎他们看到他在哭。"谁也不要打搅他。"

"它从鼻子到尾巴18英尺，"量鱼的渔夫叫道。

"这我相信，"男孩子说。

他走进露台饭店，要了一罐咖啡。

"要热的，在里面多加些牛奶和糖。"

"还要什么？"

"不要了。过后，我看他能吃什么。"

"鱼真大啊，"饭店老板说。"从来没有过这么大的鱼。你昨天逮到的那两条鱼也不错。"

"What a fish it was," the proprietor said. "There has never been such a fish. Those were two fine fish you took yesterday too."

"Damn my fish," the boy said and he started to cry again.

"Do you want a drink of any kind?" the proprietor asked.

"No," the boy said. "Tell them not to bother Santiago. I'll be back."

"Tell him how sorry I am."

"Thanks," the boy said.

The boy carried the hot can of coffee up to the old man's shack and sat by him until he woke. Once it looked as though he were waking. But he had gone back into heavy sleep and the boy had gone across the road to borrow some wood to heat the coffee.

Finally the old man woke.

"Don't sit up," the boy said. "Drink this." He poured some of the coffee in a glass.

The old man took it and drank it.

"They beat me, Manolin," he said. "They truly beat me."

"He didn't beat you. Not the fish."

"No. Truly. It was afterwards."

"Pedrico is looking after the skiff and the gear. What do you want done with the head?"

"Let Pedrico chop it up to use in fish traps."

"And the spear?"

"You keep it if you want it."

"I want it," the boy said. "Now we must make our plans about the other things."

"我的鱼见鬼去吧，"说着，男孩子又开始哭了起来。

"你想喝点什么？"老板问。

"不想，"男孩子说。"告诉他们不要去打搅圣地亚哥。我去去就来。"

"告诉他说我是多么难过。"

"谢谢，"男孩子说。

男孩子端着那罐热咖啡，走到老人的小屋，坐在他身边，等他醒来。有一次看上去他好像要醒来。可是，他又沉睡过去，男孩子穿过马路去借些木柴来热咖啡。

老人终于醒来了。

"别坐起来，"男孩子说。"把这个喝了。"他在一只玻璃杯里倒了些咖啡。

老人接过去喝了。

"马诺林，它们打败了我，"他说。"它们确实打败了我。"

"它没有打败你。那条鱼没有。"

"没有。确实没有。是后来。"

"佩德里科在照看小船和渔具。你想怎么处理鱼头？"

"让佩德里科把它切碎，用作鱼饵吧。"

"那个长嘴呢？"

"你想要，就拿去吧。"

"我想要，"男孩子说。"现在我们必须计划一下别的事儿。"

"他们找过我吗？"

"Did they search for me?"

"Of course. With coast guard and with planes."

"The ocean is very big and a skiff is small and hard to see," the old man said. He noticed how pleasant it was to have someone to talk to instead of speaking only to himself and to the sea. "I missed you," he said. "What did you catch?"

"One the first day. One the second and two the third."

"Very good."

"Now we fish together again."

"No. I am not lucky. I am not lucky anymore."

"The hell with luck," the boy said. "I'll bring the luck with me."

"What will your family say?"

"I do not care. I caught two yesterday. But we will fish together now for I still have much to learn."

"We must get a good killing lance and always have it on board. You can make the blade from a spring leaf from an old Ford. We can grind it in Guanabacoa. It should be sharp and not tempered so it will break. My knife broke."

"I'll get another knife and have the spring ground. How many days of heavy brisa have we?"

"Maybe three. Maybe more."

"I will have everything in order," the boy said. "You get your hands well old man."

"I know how to care for them. In the night I spat something strange and felt something in

"当然找过。还派了海岸警卫队和飞机。"

"海很大，船很小，难以看见，"老人说。他注意到，有人交谈，而不是只对自己和大海说话，是多么愉快。"我想念你呀，"他说。"你逮到了什么？"

"第一天一条。第二天一条，第三天两条。"

"很好。"

"现在我们又可以一块捕鱼了。"

"不。我运气不好。我不会再有好运了。"

"让好运见鬼去吧，"男孩子说。"我会带来好运的。"

"你的家人会说什么？"

"我不在乎。我昨天逮了两条。可是，我们现在要一块捕鱼，因为我还有好多东西要学。"

"我们必须搞一根一扎致命的好鱼叉，始终放在船上。你可以用一辆旧福特车上的弹簧片做刀口。我们可以到瓜纳巴科亚去磨一下。它应该锋利，不要回火锻造，这样它会断裂。我的刀子就断了。"

"我再去搞一把刀子，把弹簧磨一下。这大风还要刮多少天？"

"也许3天。也许更多。"

"我要把一切都安排好，"男孩子说。"你把手养好，老伙计。"

"我知道怎么照顾它们。夜里，我吐出了一些奇怪的东西，感到胸膛里的什么东西碎了。"

my chest was broken."

"Get that well too," the boy said. "Lie down, old man, and I will bring you your clean shirt. And something to eat."

"Bring any of the papers of the time that I was gone," the old man said.

"You must get well fast for there is much that I can learn and you can teach me everything. How much did you suffer?"

"Plenty," the old man said.

"I'll bring the food and the papers," the boy said. "Rest well, old man. I will bring stuff from the drugstore for your hands."

"Don't forget to tell Pedrico the head is his."

"No. I will remember."

As the boy went out the door and down the worn coral rock road he was crying again.

That afternoon there was a party of tourists at the Terrace and looking down in the water among the empty beer cans and dead barracudas a woman saw a great long white spine with a huge tail at the end that lifted and swung with the tide while the east wind blew a heavy steady sea outside the entrance to the harbour.

"What's that?" she asked a waiter and pointed to the long backbone of the great fish that was now just garbage waiting to go out with the tide.

"Tiburon," the waiter said. "Eshark." He was meaning to explain what had happened.

"I didn't know sharks had such handsome, beautifully formed tails."

"把这个也养好，"男孩子说。"老伙计，躺下吧，我去给你拿干净衬衣。还有吃的东西。"

"随便把我离开后的报纸拿一份来，"老人说。

"你一定要快快好起来，因为还有好多东西我可以学呢，你能教我所有的一切。你受了多少罪？"

"好多，"老人说。

"我去拿吃的和报纸，"男孩子说。"好好歇息，老伙计。我去药房给你拿点治疗手的药。"

"别忘了告诉佩德里科说那个鱼头归他了。"

"不会忘。我会记住的。"

男孩子出门，沿着那条磨损的珊瑚石路走时，又哭了起来。

那天下午，露台饭店来了一群旅游者，一个女人低头望着海水，看到在那些空啤酒罐和死梭鱼之间有一根又大又长的白色脊骨，一端有一条巨大的尾巴，当东风在港口外持续掀起大浪时，这个尾巴随着潮水涨起和摇晃。

"那是什么？"她指着那条大鱼的长脊骨问一名服务员，现在它不过是垃圾，等着随潮水而去。

"Tiburon[1]，"侍者说。"Eshark[2]。"他是想解释一下事情的经过。

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[1] tiburon，西班牙语，意思是"鲨鱼"。

[2] eshark，不地道的发音，意思是"鲨鱼"。

"I didn't either," her male companion said.

Up the road, in his shack, the old man was sleep again. He was still sleeping on his face and the boy was sitting by him watching him. The old man was dreaming about the lions.

"我不知道鲨鱼有如此美观、形状漂亮的尾巴。"

"我也不知道，"她的男同伴说。

在大路顶上老人的小屋里，他又睡着了，还是脸朝下趴在那儿睡觉。男孩子坐在身边望着他。老人正梦见那些狮子。

# The Snows of Kilimanjaro

*Kilimanjaro is a snow-covered mountain 19,710 feet high, and is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit is called the Masai "Ngaje Ngai," 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

# 乞力马扎罗的雪

乞力马扎罗是一座常年积雪的高山，海拔19710英尺，据说也是非洲最高的山。它的西高峰名叫马塞人[1]的"鄂阿奇-鄂阿伊"，"上帝的殿堂"之意。在其近旁，有一具被风干冻僵的豹子尸体。这头豹子为什么会跑到这高寒地带来，没人说得清。

"奇怪的是伤口竟一点儿也不痛，"他说，"你知道，一开始就是这样。"

"真的吗？"

"的确是真的。但我感到很抱歉，这股气味儿让你受不了吧？"

"别这么说，请你千万别这么说。"

"你看那些鸟，"他说，"是因为这儿的风景，还是因为我这股气味儿吸引了它们？"

在一棵合欢树的浓荫下，男人躺在帆布床上。他的目光越过树荫，投向那片阳光刺目的平原，正有三只硕大的鸟讨厌地蜷伏在那儿，空中还有十几只在展翅盘旋，当它们掠过的时候，投下了飞速移动的影子。

"自打这卡车抛了锚，它们就一直在那儿转悠了。"他说，"今天，它们第一次落到地面。一开始我还很认真地观察过它们飞的动作，想着哪一天我要是写短篇小说，兴

[1] 马塞人：指的是肯尼亚和坦桑尼亚地区的一种游牧狩猎民族。

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."

"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 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."

许能用得上。现在想起来真是可笑。"

"我希望你别写这个。"她说。

"我就是说说而已。"他说，"只要说着话儿，我就会觉得轻松许多。但我也不想让你觉得心烦。"

"这不会让我心烦的，你知道。"她说，"我是因为没法帮什么忙，才这么焦躁。在飞机到来之前，我想我们不妨尽可能放松点儿。"

"或者一直等到根本看不见飞机影子的时候。"

"告诉我该做些什么，总会有些事是我能做的吧。"

"你可以将我这条腿锯下来，这样就不会让它蔓延了，但我怀疑这样也不成。或者你可以把我打死，你现在算是个好射手啦。我教过你打枪的，对不对？"

"求求你别这么说了，我能否给你读点什么？"

"有什么可读的呢？"

"我们书包里的，不管是哪本书，只要没读过的都行。"

"可是我已经听不进去啦，"他说，"还是谈话最轻松。我们来吵架吧，吵吵架时间会过得快些。"

"不。我从来就不想吵。我们再不要吵啦，甭管心里有多烦躁。没准今天他们就会坐另外的卡车回来的。也说不准飞机会来。"

"我不想动弹，"男人说，"现在转移已没什么意义了，除非这能让你心里好受些。"

"这是懦弱的表现。"

"你就不能让一个男人尽量死得轻松些，非把他痛骂一顿才舒服啊？你羞辱我又有

"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," he 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 grouse6 flighted in the mornings.

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

什么用？"

"你不会死。"

"别天真了，现在就快了，不信你问问那些杂种。"他望向那三只讨厌的大鸟，它们的秃头缩进了耸起的羽毛里。第四只滑翔而下，飞奔几步，随后蹒跚着缓步移向那几只。

"每个营地都能看到这些鸟，只是你从来没注意过。你只要不自暴自弃就不会死。"

"你这是从哪儿读来的？你个大傻瓜！"

"你不妨想想还有别的人。"

"看在上帝的份上，"他说，"这一向是我的老本行。"

静静躺了片刻后，他的目光越过那片灼热而刺目的平原，眺望灌木丛边缘。在土黄的平原上有几头野羊，显得又小又白；远处的一群斑马，在葱绿的灌木丛的映衬下，白花花的一片。这是个不错的营地，大树好遮荫，山背有洌泉。附近有个几近干涸的水穴，每个清晨，沙松鸡就在盘旋。

"要不要我给你读点什么？"她问。此刻，她正坐在帆布床边的一张帆布椅上，"吹来了一阵微风。"

"不，谢谢你。"

"没准卡车会来的。"

"我才不在乎什么卡车来不来。"

"可我在乎。"

"你在乎的多着呢，我可不在乎。"

"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

"并不是很多，哈里。'

"来点酒，怎么样？"

"饮酒对你有害。布莱克出版的书里说，一滴酒也不能沾。你不应该喝酒。"

"莫洛！"他唤道。

"是，先生。"

"把威士忌苏打拿过来！"

"是，先生。"

"你不应该喝酒。"她说，"我说你自暴自弃，就是说这个呢。书上说酒对你有害。我就知道酒对你不好。"

"不，"他说，"酒对我有好处。"

现在一切就这样结束了，他想，他再没有机会来终结这一切了。所有的一切，就这样在为喝一杯酒这种琐事的争吵里终结了。

自打他的右腿生了坏疽，他就不觉得痛了。随着疼痛感的消失，恐惧感也没了，他现在只感到一股强烈的厌倦和愤怒：结局居然是这样！至于这结局现在正在降临，他倒并不感到很奇怪。多少年来它一直纠缠着他，但现在这结局本身并不能说明什么。真是奇怪，要是你厌倦够了，就能如此轻而易举地得到这一结局。

现在，他再不能把原先打算留到以后写作的题材写出来了，他原本想等到自己有足够认识之后再动笔，这样就能写得更好些。嗯，他也不会在尝试写这些东西时遭遇失败了。或许你已经没机会把它们写出来了，这就是你迟迟未动笔的原因。算了，现在，他

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."

"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."

永远不会知道了。

"我希望我们根本没来这儿。"女人说。她咬着嘴唇，盯着他手里举着的酒杯。"要是在巴黎，你根本不会出这档子事儿。你总是说喜欢巴黎。我们原本可以待在巴黎，或者到别的地方去，无论去哪儿我都愿意。我说过的，你到哪儿我都愿意去。要是想打猎，我们本来可以到匈牙利，并且会很舒服。"

"你有的是该死的钱。"他说。

"这么说不公平，"她说，"那一直是你的，就跟是我的没区别。我抛下一切，无论上哪儿，只要是你想去的我都会去，你想做什么我就做什么。但我真希望我们根本没来这儿。"

"你喜欢这儿，你说过的。"

"是，我是说过，可那时候你平安无恙。现在我恨透了这儿。我真不明白干吗非让你的腿出事儿。我们到底做了什么，非要让我们遇到这样的事？"

"我想我做的就是：一开始把腿擦破了，忘了抹碘酒，随后又没去留意它，因为我从不会被感染。后来等到它变得严重起来，别的抗菌药剂恰好都用完了。也许就因为用了药性很弱的石炭酸溶液，把微血管麻痹了，所以生了坏疽。"他看着她："除了这些，还能有什么呢？"

"我指的不是这个。"

"要是我们雇了个好点儿的技工，而不是那个半吊子的吉库尤人[1]司机，那么或许

[1] 吉库尤人：属于非洲班图人的一支。

"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-Offent 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 Bulgaffa and Nansen's Secretary asking the old 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.*

他就会检查机油，而绝不至于烧毁卡车的轴承啦。"

"也不是这个。"

"假如你没有离开那些自己人——你那些个该死的威斯特伯里、萨拉托加和棕榈滩[1]的老相好——而偏拣上我的话——"

"不，我是爱上了你。你这么说不公平。我现在也是爱你的。我永远爱你。你爱我吗？"

"不，"男人说，"我不这样想，我也从来没这样想过。"

"你在说什么鬼话，哈里？昏了头啦！"

"我没有，我已经没有头可发昏了。"

"别喝酒啦，"她说，"亲爱的，求求你别喝啦。只要我们能办到，我们就得尽力去做。"

"你去折腾吧，"他说，"我可是累了。"

在他的脑海中，他正看到卡拉加奇[2]的一座火车站，背着背包的他站在那里。现在，辛普伦-奥连特列车的前灯刺破了黑暗，当时在撤退后，他正准备离开色雷斯[3]。这是他准备留待以后写作的一段情景。此外还有这段情节：早上吃早餐时，眺望着窗外保加利亚群山的积雪，南森的女秘书问那老头儿：山上是不是雪？老头儿望望窗外说：

[1] 这三个地方都在美国。

[2] 卡拉加奇：此地位于土耳其的西北部，是欧洲的一个城市。

[3] 色雷斯：此地是位于爱琴海北岸的一个地区，分属于希腊、土耳其和保加利亚。

*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 down the glacier above the Madlenerhaus, 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 Madlenerhaus 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.*

不，那不是雪。现在还不是下雪的时候呢。于是，那女秘书把老头儿的话讲给其他几个姑娘听。不，你们看，那不是雪。她们都说，那不是雪，我们都看错了。可等到他提出要交换居民，将她们送往山里的时候，那年冬天她们脚下缓缓踩着前进的正是绵绵积雪，直到她们死去。

那年圣诞节，在高厄塔耳山，雪整整下了一周。那年他们住在伐木工的屋子里，那口正方形大瓷灶就占满了半间屋。他们在装着山毛榉叶子的垫子上睡着，这时那个逃兵撞进屋来，一双脚在雪地上冻得直冒血。他说宪兵在他后面紧追着，于是他们给他穿上羊毛袜子，并缠住追来的宪兵，跟他们闲扯，直到雪花掩盖了逃兵留下的脚印。

在希伦兹，圣诞节那日，雪是如此晶莹闪亮，如果你从酒吧间向外面望去，眼睛会被刺得生疼，你会看到每个人都从教堂出来回到自己家里。他们背着笨重的滑雪板，就是从那里走上覆盖着松林的陡峭群山旁的那条已被雪橇磨光滑的、尿黄色的河滨大路的。他们那次滑雪，就是从那里一直滑到“梅德纳尔之家”上面的那座冰川的大斜坡的。那雪看起来平滑得好像蛋糕上的糖霜，轻柔得如同粉末一般。他记得那回悄然无声的滑行，那速度，好似一只飞鸟从天而降。

在“梅德纳尔之家”，他们被大雪滞留了一周时间。暴风雪期间，他们紧挨着灯光，在弥漫的烟雾中玩牌。伦特先生输得越多，跟着下的赌注越大，最后输得身无分文。他把所有东西都输掉了，滑雪学校的钱和那一季的收入也都输掉了，资金也输掉了。他能看见伦特先生那长长的鼻子，拾起牌，随后翻开牌来，说：“不看。”

那个时候总在赌博。天不下雪，赌；雪下得太大，还是赌。他想起这一生在赌博里消磨掉的时光。

但是有关这些，他连一个字都没有写过，也没有些那个寒冷刺骨却异常晴朗的圣诞

*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. 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 Jagers 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 Perticara and Asalone and he had never written a word of that. Nor of Monte Corona, nor the Sette Communi, nor of Arsiero.*

*How many winters had he lived in the Vorarlberg 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.*

节。那天平原尽头显露出群山，加德纳飞越过防线去轰炸火车，那列车运载着去休假的奥地利军官。当军官们四散奔跑之时，他用机枪猛扫他们。他记得，后来加德纳走进食堂开始说起这事。听完了他的讲述，全场鸦雀无声，有个人突然说："你是个该死的刽子手！"

这件事，他也一个字没写。被他们射杀的那些奥地利人，就是前不久还和他一块儿滑雪的奥地利人。不，不是那些人。汉斯，那整整一年都和他一块儿滑雪的奥地利人，一直都住在"国王-猎人"客店。他们一同去那家锯木厂上面的那座小山谷去打兔子时，还聊起那次在帕苏比奥[1]的战役以及向波蒂卡和阿萨洛纳的进攻。这些他也一个字都没写。有关孟特科尔诺、西特科蒙姆、阿尔西陀的，他也一个字没写。

福拉尔贝格[2]和阿尔贝格[3]，他在那儿住过几冬？度过四个冬季，由此他想起那位卖狐狸的人。他们当时在布卢登茨[4]，为了买礼物。他记得那香醇的樱桃酒，有股特别的樱桃核味儿；记得在结了冰的如同粉般光滑的雪地上快速滑行，你一边唱"嗨！嚯！罗利说——"，一边滑过最后的一道坡，朝着那险峻的陡坡笔直地飞冲下去，转过三道弯滑进果园，穿过果园，越过那道渠沟，便登上了客店背后那条光滑的大道。你弄松缚带，将它们踢下滑雪板，放到客店外部的木墙上。窗子里透出灯光，在烟雾缭绕、冒着新酿酒香的温暖中，屋子里的人们正拉着手风琴。

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[1] 帕苏比奥：此处指的是意大利东北部一山峰。

[2] 福拉尔贝格：属于奥地利西部的一州。

[3] 阿尔贝格：此地是奥地利西部蒂罗尔州的一个乡村。该地以滑雪著称。

[4] 布卢登茨：此地是奥地利福拉尔贝格州的一个区，也是游览胜地。

"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?"

"Yes," he said. "Your damned money was my armour. My Sword and my Armour."

"Don't."

"All right. I'll stop that. I don't want to hurt you."

"It's a little bit late now."

"All right then. I'll go on hurting you. It's more amusing. The only thing I ever really liked to do with you I can't do now."

"No, that's not true. You liked to do many things and everything you wanted to do I did."

"Oh, for Christ sake stop bragging, will you?"

He looked at her and saw her crying.

"在巴黎的时候，我们住在哪儿？"他问女人，女人正坐在他身旁的帆布椅上。现在，是在非洲。

"在克里昂，你是知道的。"

"为什么我知道？"

"我们一直都住在那儿。"

"不，并不是一直都住那儿。"

"我们在那儿住过的，也曾住过圣日耳曼区的亨利四世大楼。你说你爱那个地方。"

"爱是一堆大粪，"哈里说，"我就是那只爬在粪堆上喔喔叫的公鸡。"

"如果你这次真的撑不住的话，"她说，"是不是非要把没法带走的都赶尽杀绝才痛快？我的意思是，你是不是非把所有东西都带走不可？你是不是非得把你的马、你的老婆都干掉，把马鞍和盔甲都烧掉才安心？"

"没错，"他说，"你的那些该死的钱就是我的马和盔甲。"

"你不要这么说。"

"好吧，我不说，我也不想伤害你的感情。"

"到现在说这个，已经有点儿晚啦！"

"那好，我就继续伤害吧，这样多有趣儿！我真正喜欢和你一块儿做的唯一一件事，现在是做不成了。"

"不，这可不像是实话。你喜欢做的事多了，只要是你喜欢做的，我也都做过。"

"噢，看在上帝的份儿上，别那么自大，行吗？"

他看着她，看见她哭了。

"Listen," he said. "Do you think that it is fun to do this? I don't know why I'm doing it. It's trying to kill to keep yourself alive, I imagine. I was all right when we started talking. I didn't mean to start this, and now I'm crazy as a coot and being as cruel to you as I can be. Don't pay any attention, darling, to what I say. I love you, really. You know I love you. I've never loved any one else the way I love you."

He slipped into the familiar lie he made his bread and butter by.

"You're sweet to me."

"You bitch," he said. "You rich bitch. That's poetry. I'm full of poetry now. Rot and poetry. Rotten poetry."

"Stop it. Harry, why do you have to turn into a devil now?"

"I don't like to leave anything," the man said. "I don't like to leave things behind."

It was evening now and he had been asleep. The sun was gone behind the hill and there was a shadow all across the plain and the small animals were feeding close to camp; quick dropping heads and switching tails, he watched them keeping well out away from the bush now. The birds no longer waited on the ground. They were all perched heavily in a tree. There were many more of them. His personal boy was sitting by the bed.

"Memsahib's gone to shoot," the boy said. "Does Bwana want?"

"Nothing."

She had gone to kill a piece of meat and, knowing how he liked to watch the game, she

"听我说，"他说，"你以为我这么说会觉得有趣？我都不知道我自己为什么要说这些。我想，或许只是想用毁灭一切的方式让自己活下来。我们刚开始说话的时候，我还好好的。我并没有想到会是这样的开场，可现在我蠢得像个傻子，对你也总说捅心窝子的话。亲爱的，不管我说了什么，你就当是放屁。我爱你，真的。你知道我爱你，我从来没有像爱你一样爱过其他女人。"

不知不觉中，他说出了平时惯常用来谋生的那套谎话。

"你对我挺好的。"

"你这个坏娘们，"他说，"你这个有钱的坏娘们，这是诗。现在我浑身上下都是诗。腐朽的诗！腐朽的诗！"

"别说了，哈里，你现在干吗非要把自己变得这样狠毒？"

"什么东西我都不想留下，"男人说，"我不愿意看到在我身后还有什么东西留下来。"

此时已是傍晚，他睡着了一会儿。夕阳已没入山后。平原一片阴影，一些小动物正在营地周围觅食。它们的小脑袋有节奏地一起一落，摆动着尾巴。醒来后，他眼见着它们正从灌木丛那头跑掉。那几只大鸟已不在地上等着，而是都沉重地窝在一棵树上，数量还很多。他的那个贴身男仆正立在床边。

"太太去打猎了。"男仆说，"先生需要什么吗？"

"什么都不要。"

她打猎去了，想弄点兽肉。她知道他不喜欢看打猎，所以故意跑得远远的，这样就

had gone well away so she would not disturb this little pocket of the plain that he could see. She was always thoughtful, he thought. On anything she knew about, or had read, or that she had ever heard.

It was not her fault that when he went to her he was already over. How could a woman know that you meant nothing that you said; that you spoke only from habit and to be comfortable? After he no longer meant what he said, his lies were more successful with women than when he had told them the truth.

It was not so much that he lied as that there was no truth to tell. He had had his life and it was over and then he went on living it again with different people and more money, with the best of the same places, and some new ones.

You kept from thinking and it was all marvellous. You were equipped with good insides so that you did not go to pieces that way, the way most of them had, and you made an attitude that you cared nothing for the work you used to do, now that you could no longer do it. But, in yourself, you said that you would write about these people; about the very rich; that you were really not of them but a spy in their country; that you would leave it and write of it and for once it would be written by some one who knew what he was writing of. But he would never do it, because each day of not writing, of comfort, of being that which he despised, dulled his ability and softened his will to work so that, finally, he did no work at all. The people he knew now were all much more comfortable when he did not work. Africa was where he had been happiest in the good time of his life, so he had come out here to start again. They had made this safari with the minimum of comfort. There was no hardship; but there was no luxury and he had thought that he could get back into training that way. That

不会惊扰到这小块平原而让他发现她在打猎。她从来都是这么体贴周到，他想。只要是她知道或读到过的，或是听到别人说过的，她都会照顾到。

这不是她的错，当他来到她身边时，他已经完了。一个女人怎么会知道你所说的一切都并非出自真心？怎么会知道你所说的只是出于习惯，并且只是为了贪图享乐？自打他对自己说的话都不再当真后，他靠谎话和女人们沟通，这比他从前对她们说真心话更为有效。

他说谎并不都是因为没有真话可说。他也曾享有过生命，这已成为过去式，随后他又和一些不同的人，并且拥有更多的钱，在那些他以前认为最好的地方，以及另一些新地方重新活下来。

你不允许自己思索，这真是了不起。你有副好内脏，因此没有那样垮掉，他们中的大部分都垮下来了，唯独你没有。你坚定了一种态度：既然现在再也不能做了，便不再去关心经常做的工作。可在你心里，你说你要写他们，写这群超级有钱的家伙；你说你根本不属于他们这一类，只是他们那一国度中的间谍；你说你会离开这一国度，会书写它，而且是第一次由一个熟悉它的人来书写。可是，他永远不会动笔了，因为他每天什么都不写，醉生梦死，扮演着自己所鄙夷的角色，这样一来便荒疏了才能，消磨了工作的意志，最后干脆什么都不做了。他不工作时，他现在所认识的那些人都觉得惬意许多。非洲是他一生幸运的时期中，令他感到最幸福的地方。之所以到这儿来，是为了要从头开始。他们以最低限度的舒适来进行这次非洲狩猎之旅。无所谓艰苦，也无所谓奢

in some way he could work the fat off his soul the way a fighter went into the mountains to work and train in order to burn it out of his body.

She had liked it. She said she loved it. She loved anything that was exciting, that involved a change of scene, where there were new people and where things were pleasant. And he had felt the illusion of returning strength of will to work. Now if this was how it ended, and he knew it was, he must not turn like some snake biting itself because its back was broken. It wasn't this woman's fault. If it had not been she it would have been another. If he lived by a lie he should try to die by it. He heard a shot beyond the hill.

She shot very well this good, this rich bitch, this kindly caretaker and destroyer of his talent. Nonsense. He had destroyed his talent himself. Why should he blame this woman because she kept him well? He had destroyed his talent by not using it, by betrayals of himself and what he believed in, by drinking so much that he blunted the edge of his perceptions, by laziness, by sloth, and by snobbery, by pride and by prejudice, by hook and by crook. What was this? A catalogue of old books? What was his talent anyway? It was a talent all right but instead of using it, he had traded on it. It was never what he had done, but always what he could do. And he had chosen to make his living with something else instead of a pen or a pencil. It was strange, too, wasn't it, that when he fell in love with another woman, that woman should always have more money than the last one? But when he no longer was in love, when he was only lying, as to this woman, now, who had the most money of all, who had all the money there was, who had had a husband and children, who had taken lovers and been dissatisfied with them, and who loved him dearly as a writer, as a man, as a companion and as a proud possession; it was strange that when he did not love her at all and

华。他曾以为这样就能让自己重新得到训练，或许就可以把他心灵上的脂肪拿掉，就如同一个拳击手，为了消耗体内的脂肪，到深山老林中去干活和训练一样。

她曾一度喜欢过这次狩猎旅行，还说过她爱这次狩猎旅行。凡是让人心潮澎湃的事情，能因此换换环境，结识新人物，看到令人开心的事物，她都喜爱。他也曾一度产生工作意志力得以恢复的幻觉。要是现在一切都结束的话，他便能接受事实，自己也不必变得像条蛇那样，因为脊骨被打断就啃咬自己。这不是她的错。即便不是她，也会有其他的女人。要是他以谎言为生，就应该尝试着以谎言而死。他听到山谷那边传来一声枪响。

她的枪法挺好，这个善意的、有钱的女人，亦是他才能的体贴的守护人与破坏者。废话！是他自己把自己的才能毁了，干吗要责怪这个女人，因为她无微不至地供养了他？尽管他有才能，可因为自弃，因为出卖自己，也出卖了自己的信仰，因为酗酒而堵塞了敏锐的直觉，因为懒散，因为倦怠，因为势利，因为傲慢和偏见，因为其他种种，他把自己的才能毁掉了。这算是什么？一张旧书目录卡吗？他的才能到底是什么？就算真有才能吧，但他并没有充分利用，而是用它做了交易。他从不用才能去做什么，而是用它来决定能做什么。他坚决不靠钢笔或铅笔谋生，而是靠别的东西。这说来很奇怪，不是吗？每当他爱上另一个女人，这个女人总要比前一个更有钱，为什么？当他不再真心爱的时候，当他只用谎言对待一切，就像现在对待这女人一样。她比他爱过的所有女人都更有钱，她有的是钱。她有过丈夫、孩子，也找过情人，可都不能令她满意，她倾

was lying, that he should be able to give her more for her money than when he had really loved.

We must all be cut out for what we do, he thought. However you make your living is where your talent lies. He had sold vitality, in one form or another, all his life and when your affections are not too involved you give much better value for the money. He had found that out but he would never write that, now, either. No, he would not write that, although it was well worth writing.

Now she came in sight, walking across the open toward the camp. She was wearing jodhpurs and carrying her rifle. The two boys had a Tommie slung and they were coming along behind her. She was still a good-looking woman, he thought, and she had a pleasant body. She had a great talent and appreciation for the bed, she was not pretty, but he liked her face, she read enormously, liked to ride and shoot and, certainly, she drank too much. Her husband had died when she was still a comparatively young woman and for a while she had devoted herself to her two just-grown children, who did not need her and were embarrassed at having her about, to her stable of horses, to books, and to bottles. She liked to read in the evening before dinner and she drank Scotch and soda while she read. By dinner she was fairly drunk and after a bottle of wine at dinner she was usually drunk enough to sleep.

That was before the lovers. After she had the lovers she did not drink so much because she did not have to be drunk to sleep. But the lovers bored her. She had been married to a man who had never bored her and these people bored her very much.

Then one of her two children was killed in a plane crash and after that was over she did

心爱慕他，把他看作一名作家，看作是男子汉，看作伴侣，看作一份引为骄傲的财产来爱他。但奇怪的是他根本不爱她，只是撒谎说爱她，为了回报她为他所花费的那些钱，他所能给予她的，竟然比他过去真心相爱的时候还要多。

我们做什么，都已被注定。他想，不管你以什么为生，这即是你的才能所在。他这一生都在出卖生命力，不管是以何种样的形式。当你并不倾心于此，便越会看重金钱。他发现了这点，但他绝不会写出来，现在也不会写了。是的，他不会写了，虽然这是非常值得写的。

这会儿，她从远处走过来，穿过那片空地向营地走来了。她穿着马裤，提着她的来复枪。两名男仆扛着一头野羊跟在她身后。她仍旧是个耐看的女人，他想，她的身材很动人，对爱也很有领悟。她并不美，可他对她的脸庞很着迷。她博览群书，喜欢骑马和狩猎，当然，酒也喝得不少。在她还很年轻的时候，丈夫就死了。有那么一个很短暂的时期，她把心思都放在两个刚长大的孩子身上，可孩子们并不需要她。她在他们身边时，他们会感到不自在。她还专心地养马，读书和喝酒。她喜欢在黄昏吃晚饭前看书，一边看一边喝威士忌苏打。到了饭点，她已喝得醉醺醺，晚饭时再喝上一瓶甜酒，就足以让她昏昏欲睡了。

这是她有了情人之前的状况。有了情人之后，她不再喝那么多酒了，因为不必喝醉了酒去睡觉。可情人常令她感到厌烦。她嫁过一个丈夫，他从没让她感到过厌烦，但这些人却让她厌烦透了。

随后，她的一个孩子在一次飞机事故中死去。事件过后，她不再需要情人，酒也不

not want the lovers, and drink being no anaesthetic she had to make another life. Suddenly, she had been acutely frightened of being alone. But she wanted some one that she respected with her.

It had begun very simply. She liked what he wrote and she had always envied the life he led. She thought he did exactly what he wanted to. The steps by which she had acquired him and the way in which she had finally fallen in love with him were all part of a regular progression in which she had built herself a new life and he had traded away what remained of his old life.

He had traded it for security, for comfort too, there was no denying that, and for what else? He did not know. She would have bought him anything he wanted. He knew that. She was a damned nice woman too. He would as soon be in bed with her as any one; rather with her, because she was richer, because she was very pleasant and appreciative and because she never made scenes. And now this life that she had built again was coming to a term because he had not used iodine two weeks ago when a thorn had scratched his knee as they moved forward trying to photograph a herd of waterbuck standing, their heads up, peering while their nostrils searched the air, their ears spread wide to hear the first noise that would send them rushing into the bush. They had bolted, too, before he got the picture.

Here she came now. He turned his head on the cot to look toward her. "Hello," he said.

"I shot a Tommy ram," she told him. "He'll make you good broth and I'll have them mash some potatoes with the Klim. How do you feel?"

"Much better."

再能充当麻醉剂，她必须要过另一种生活。忽然间，孤身独处吓得她胆战心惊。她要和一个自己所尊敬的人生活在一起。

事情的发生非常简单。她喜欢看他写的东西，他所过的生活是她一直向往的。她认为他正是做了他自己想做的事情。她为了得到他所做的种种努力，以及最后爱上他的那种方式，都是一个正常过程中的正常组成。在这一过程中，她给自己建立了一种新生活，而他则出售着旧有生活的残余。

他出售旧有生活的残余，是为了换取安全感，也是贪图安逸。除了这个，还为了什么？他不知道。他想要的，她都会买给他。这点他非常清楚。她也是个十分温柔的女人。和其他人一样，他愿意马上和她同床共枕——尤其是她，因为她更有钱，因为她很风趣，很有欣赏力，并且从不大吵大闹。可现在，她重新建立起来的这种生活快要结束了，因为两周以前，他的膝盖被一根荆棘刺破了，而他没给伤口涂碘酒。当时他们靠近想拍下一群羚羊的照片。这群羚羊站立着，扬起头来窥视着四周，一边用鼻子嗅着空气，耳朵朝向两边，只待一声响动就准备奔向丛林。他还没来得及摁下快门，它们就已经跑掉了。

现在她到他跟前来了。躺在帆布床上的他转过脸来看着她。"你好。"他说。

"我打了一头野羊。"她告诉他，"可以给你做碗好汤喝。我还让他们捣了些土豆泥拌奶粉。这会儿你觉得怎么样？"

"好些啦。"

"这该有多好！你知道，我就想过你或许会好起来。我离开时你正睡得香呢。"

"Isn't that lovely? You know I thought perhaps you would. You were sleeping when I left."

"I had a good sleep. Did you walk far?"

"No. Just around behind the hill. I made quite a good shot on the Tommy."

"You shoot marvellously, you know."

"I love it. I've loved Africa. Really. If you're all right it's the most fun that I've ever had. You don't know the fun it's been to shoot with you. I've loved the country."

"I love it too."

"Darling, you don't know how marvellous it is to see you feeling better. I couldn't stand it when you felt that way. You won't talk to me like that again, will you? Promise me?"

"No," he said. "I don't remember what I said."

"You don't have to destroy me. Do you? I'm only a middle-aged woman who loves you and wants to do what you want to do. I've been destroyed two or three times already. You wouldn't want to destroy me again, would you?"

"I'd like to destroy you a few times in bed," he said.

"Yes. That's the good destruction. That's the way we're made to be destroyed. The plane will be here tomorrow."

"How do you know?"

"I'm sure. It's bound to come. The boys have the wood all ready and the grass to make the smudge. I went down and looked at it again today. There's plenty of room to land and we have the smudges ready at both ends."

"我这一觉睡得挺好。你跑得远吗？"

"没跑远，就在山后边。我一枪就打中了这头野羊。"

"你打得挺不错，你知道的。"

"我爱打猎。我已经爱上非洲了。说真的，要是你平安无事，这可是我玩得最痛快的一次了。你不知道跟你一块儿打猎是多么有趣。我已经爱上这里了。"

"我也爱上这地方了。"

"亲爱的，你知道吗？看到你觉得好些了，那有多么重要。刚才看到你难受成那样，我都快受不了了。你千万不要再那样跟我说话了，好吗？答应我？"

"不会了，"他说，"我记不得我说过些什么了。"

"你不一定非要把我毁掉，对吗？我只不过是个中年妇女，可我爱你，你要做什么，我都愿意做。我已经被毁了两三次啦。你不会再这样对我，对吗？"

"我倒是很想在床上再把你毁灭几次。"他说。

"啊，那可是令人愉快的毁灭。我们就是注定要这样毁灭的。——飞机明天就会来了。"

"你怎么知道？"

"我有把握，飞机肯定要来。仆人已经准备好了木柴，还备了生浓烟的野草。我今天又下去看了，那儿足够飞机着陆的。在空地两头，我们准备好了两堆浓烟。"

"你为什么这么肯定飞机明天会来？"

"它准定会来。现在它已经耽搁得够久了。这样到了城里，他们会治好你的腿，然

"What makes you think it will come tomorrow?"

"I'm sure it will. It's overdue now. Then, in town, they will fix up your leg and then we will have some good destruction. Not that dreadful talking kind."

"Should we have a drink? The sun is down."

"Do you think you should?"

"I'm having one."

"We'll have one together. Molo, letti dui whiskey-soda!" she called.

"You'd better put on your mosquito boots," he told her.

"I'll wait till I bathe..."

While it grew dark they drank and just before it was dark and there was no longer enough light to shoot, a hyena crossed the open on his way around the hill.

"That bastard crosses there every night," the man said. "Every night for two weeks."

"He's the one makes the noise at night. I don't mind it. They're a filthy animal though."

Drinking together, with no pain now except the discomfort of lying in the one position, the boys lighting a fire, its shadow jumping on the tents, he could feel the return of acquiescence in this life of pleasant surrender. She was very good to him. He had been cruel and unjust in the afternoon. She was a fine woman, marvellous really. And just then it occurred to him that he was going to die.

It came with a rush; not as a rush of water nor of wind; but of a sudden, evil-smelling emptiness and the odd thing was that the hyena slipped lightly along the edge of it.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked him.

后我们就能搞点儿愉快的毁灭，而不是那种令人讨厌的谈话。"

"我们喝点酒怎么样？太阳落山啦。"

"你想喝吗？"

"我想来一杯。"

"那我们就一块儿喝一杯吧。莫洛，拿两杯威士忌苏打来！"她唤道。

"你最好穿上防蚊靴。"他提醒她。

"等我洗完澡再穿上……"

他们喝酒的时候，天色渐渐暗下来。在这暮色苍茫无法瞄枪打猎的时刻，一条鬣狗穿过那片空地朝山那边跑去。

"那条杂种每晚都从那儿跑过，"男人说，"两周以来，每晚都这样。"

"每天晚上发出怪声的就是它。虽然这是种令人讨厌的野兽，但我不在乎。"

他们一块儿喝着酒。他没有疼痛的感觉，因为一直躺着不能翻身而感到不舒服。两个仆人生起一堆篝火，火光的影子在帐篷上跳跃着。他觉得自己对这种愉快的投降生活所怀的默许心情，现在又产生了。她的确对他不错。今天下午他对她太冷酷了，也太不公平了。她是个好女人，是个确确实实了不起的女人。可就在这会儿，他突然想到他快要死了。

这一念头如同一股突如其来的冲击——不是流水或疾风那样的冲击，而是一股渺无踪影的臭气的冲击。令人感到奇怪的是，那条鬣狗竟顺着这股臭气的边缘悄悄溜过来了。

"做什么，哈里？"她问他。

"Nothing," he said. "You had better move over to the other side. To windward."

"Did Molo change the dressing?"

"Yes. I'm just using the boric now."

"How do you feel?"

"A little wobbly."

"I'm going in to bathe," she said. "I'll be right out. I'll eat with you and then we'll put the cot in."

So, he said to himself, we did well to stop the quarrelling. He had never quarrelled much with this woman, while with the women that he loved he had quarrelled so much they had finally, always, with the corrosion of the quarrelling, killed what they had together. He had loved too much, demanded too much, and he wore it all out.

*He thought about alone in Constantinople that time, having quarrelled in Paris before he had gone out. He had whored the whole time and then, when that was over, and he had failed to kill his loneliness, but only made it worse, he had written her, the first one, the one who left him, a letter telling her how he had never been able to kill it... How when he thought he saw her outside the Regence one time it made him go all faint and sick inside, and that he would follow a woman who looked like her in some way, along the Boulevard, afraid to see it was not she, afraid to lose the feeling it gave him. How every one he had slept with had only made him miss her more. How what she had done could never matter since he*

"没什么，"他说，"你最好挪到那一面去坐。坐到上风的那一面去。"

"莫洛给你换药了吗？"

"换过了，刚敷上硼酸膏。"

"觉得怎么样？"

"有点发抖。"

"我进去洗澡了。"她说，"马上就会出来的。我和你一起吃晚饭，然后再把帆布床抬进去。"

"这样一来，"他自言自语道，"我们结束吵架，是正确的啦。"他和这女人从没大吵大闹过，却和他爱上的那些女人吵得天翻地覆，最后因为吵架的腐蚀作用，毁掉他们共有的感情。他爱得太深，要求得也太多，这样，一切全被耗尽了。

他想起他孤零零一个人在君士坦丁堡[1]的那次经历。从巴黎出走前，他们吵了一场。那些日子他每晚都找妓女睡觉，可事后仍然无法排遣心中的寂寞，反而感到更加难以忍受的寂寞。于是他给她——他的第一个情妇，那个已离开了他的女人写了一封信，告诉她，他无论怎样都割不断对她的思恋……他说他有次在摄政院外面以为看见了她，为了追上她，跑得晕头转向，肚里直反胃；说他会在林荫大道跟踪一个外貌有些像她的女人，可总也不敢看清楚那不是她，因为生怕失去了她在他心目中勾起的感情；说他和很多女人是睡过觉，她们每个人又是怎样只能令他更加对她念念不忘，他又是怎样绝不

[1] 君士坦丁堡：现名为伊斯坦布尔，是土耳其最大的城市。

*knew he could not cure himself of loving her. He wrote this letter at the Club, cold sober, and mailed it to New York asking her to write him at the office in Paris. That seemed safe. And that night missing her so much it made him feel hollow sick inside, he wandered up past Maxim's, picked a girl up and took her out to supper. He had gone to a place to dance with her afterward, she danced badly, and left her for a hot Armenian slut, that swung her belly against him so it almost scalded. He took her away from a British gunner subaltern after a row. The gunner asked him outside and they fought in the street on the cobbles in the dark. He'd hit him twice, hard, on the side of the jaw and when he didn't go down he knew he was in for a fight. The gunner hit him in the body, then beside his eye. He swung with his left again and landed and the gunner fell on him and grabbed his coat and tore the sleeve off and he clubbed him twice behind the ear and then smashed him with his right as he pushed him away. When the gunner went down his head hit first and he ran with the girl because they heard the M.P.'s coming. They got into a taxi and drove out to Rimmily Hissa along the Bosphorus, and around, and back in the cool night and went to bed and she felt as over-ripe as she looked but smooth, rose-petal, syrupy, smooth-bellied, big-breasted and needed no pillow under her buttocks, and he left her before she was awake looking blousy enough in the first daylight and turned up at the Pera Palace with a black eye, carrying his coat because one sleeve was missing.*

*That same night he left for Anatolia and he remembered, later on that trip, riding all day through fields of the poppies that they raised for opium and how strange it made you feel,*

会介意她做了些什么，因为他知道他无法摆脱对她的爱恋。

在夜总会，他头脑清醒而冷静地写了这封信，寄到纽约，哀求她把回信寄到他在巴黎的事务所，这样似乎才比较妥当。那晚他非常想她，他觉得心里空荡荡的直反胃，他在街上徘徊，直至走到塔克辛姆遇到一个女郎。他带她一块儿去吃了晚饭。后来他到一个地方跟她跳舞，可她跳得十分糟糕，于是丢下她，搞上了一个风骚的亚美尼亚女郎。她把肚子紧贴着他的身体摆动，擦得肚皮都差点要烫坏了。他同一名少尉衔的英国炮手吵了一架，就将她从炮手那里带走了。炮手把他叫到外面，于是他们在暗夜里，在街道的圆石铺就的地面上打了起来。他朝着他的下巴狠狠打了两拳，可对方并没有倒下，这会儿他知道他躲不过这场恶斗了。那名炮手打中了他的身体，又打中了他的眼角。他又一次挥动左拳，击中了对方。炮手向他扑过来，抓住了他的上衣，扯下他的袖手。他往炮手的耳朵后面狠狠揍了两下，在把他推开的时候，又用右手将对方打倒在地。炮手倒下时，头先着地。他带着女郎跑掉了，因为他们听见宪兵赶来了。他们跳上一辆出租车，沿着博斯普鲁斯海峡[1]驶向雷米利希萨，转了一圈，在寒冷刺骨的夜晚回到城里睡觉。她给人的感觉如同她的外貌，过于成熟了，但皮肤柔滑如脂，像玫瑰花瓣，像玉液糖浆。她的肚皮光滑，胸脯高耸，根本不需要在她臀部下面垫个枕头。在她醒来之前，他就离开了她。在第一缕曙光照射下，她的容貌显得无比粗俗。他来到彼拉宫，带着一个被打得淤青的眼圈，手里拎着那件上衣，因为袖子已经没了，无法再穿上。

[1] 博斯普鲁斯海峡：此地位于土耳其欧亚两个部分。君士坦丁堡就在这个海峡的西岸。

*finally, and all the distances seemed wrong, to where they had made the attack with the newly arrived Constantine officers, that did not know a goddamned thing, and the artillery had fired into the troops and the British observer had cried like a child.*

*That was the day he'd first seen dead men wearing white ballet skirts and upturned shoes with pompons on them. The Turks had come steadily and lumpily and he had seen the skirted men running and the officers shooting into them and running then themselves and he and the British observer had run too until his lungs ached and his mouth was full of the taste of pennies and they stopped behind some rocks and there were the Turks coming as lumpily as ever. Later he had seen the things that he could never think of and later still he had seen much worse. So when he got back to Paris that time he could not talk about it or stand to have it mentioned. And there in the café as he passed was that American poet with a pile of saucers in front of him and a stupid look on his potato face talking about the Dada movement with a Roumanian who said his name was Tristan Tzara, who always wore a monocle and had a headache, and, back at the apartment with his wife that now he loved again, the quarrel all over, the madness all over, glad to be home, the office sent his mail up to the flat. So then the letter in answer to the one he'd written came in on a platter one morning and when he saw the hand writing he went cold all over and tried to slip the letter underneath another. But his wife said, 'Who is that letter from, dear?' and that was the end of the beginning of that.*

然而，就是在那天晚上，他离开了君士坦丁堡，只身前往安纳托利亚[1]。后来，当他回忆那次旅行时，令他印象最深刻的就是整天穿行于长有罂粟花的田野。这里的人们大多种植罂粟花，然后提炼鸦片。这一切都让你感到新奇，最后——无论向哪个方向走，好像都是错的——来到他们当初与刚从君士坦丁堡来的军官们共同发动进攻的地方。那些军官什么都不懂，甚至都把大炮打进部队里了，当时那个英国观察员哭得就跟小孩子一样。

就在当天，他第一次见到了死人，穿着一条白色芭蕾舞裙和带有向上翘的绒球的鞋子。土耳其人好似波浪一般不断地涌过来，他看见那些穿裙子的男人拼命地奔跑着。身后的军官们向他们打枪，可是紧接着，那些军官们自己也逃了。他跟着那个英国观察员也一起跑了。他跑得肺都发痛，嘴里全是铜腥味。他们躲到岩石后面，需要休息一下了，可土耳其人仍然如波浪般涌来。后来，一件他从未想象过的事情在他眼前发生了，然而，之后他还看到了比这更糟糕的事情。所以，当他回到巴黎时，对这些事情他不能说半句，即使是提起，都会让他承受不了。经过咖啡馆时，他看到那位美国诗人正坐在里面，面前堆了一大堆碟子，从他那土豆般的脸上可以看出一副蠢相。美国诗人正在同一位叫做特里斯坦·采拉[2]的罗马尼亚人讲述达达运动。这位罗马尼亚人经常戴一副单眼镜，而且老闹头痛。接着，当他回到公寓同妻子在一起时，他感到自己又爱他的妻子了，此时吵架已经是很久以前的事情了，任何怨气都消失了。他为自己又能回到家里感到高兴，事务所将他的信件送到了公寓。所以一天早晨，那封答复他的来信的回信就被

[1] 安纳托利亚：此地属于土耳其的亚洲部分。

[2] 特里斯坦·采拉（1896—1963）：诗人、散文家，生于罗马尼亚，长期在巴黎从事文学活动。此人也是“达达主义”的创始人之一。

*He remembered the good times with them all, and the quarrels. They always picked the finest places to have the quarrels. And why had they always quarrelled when he was feeling best? He had never written any of that because, at first, he never wanted to hurt any one and then it seemed as though there was enough to write without it. But he had always thought that he would write it finally. There was so much to write. He had seen the world change; not just the events; although he had seen many of them and had watched the people, but he had seen the subtler change and he could remember how the people were at different times. He had been in it and he had watched it and it was his duty to write of it; but now he never would.*

"How do you feel?" she said. She had come out from the tent now after her bath.

"All right."

"Could you eat now?" He saw Molo behind her with the folding table and the other boy with the dishes.

"I want to write," he said.

"You ought to take some broth to keep your strength up."

"I'm going to die tonight," he said. "I don't need my strength up."

"Don't be melodramatic, Harry, please," she said.

"Why don't you use your nose? I'm rotted half way up my thigh now. What the hell

盛在一只盘子里送了进来。当他看到上面的笔迹时，顿时浑身发冷。他想把这封信塞在其他信件下面，可这时妻子说："亲爱的，那是谁寄来的信啊？"于是那件刚开场的事就此结束了。

他想起自己同所有女人在一起时的欢乐与争吵。她们总会选择最佳时机和他吵嘴。他想不通，为什么每次她们都会在他心情最愉快的时候和他吵嘴呢？关于这一点，他始终只字未提，原因是，刚开始，他不想伤害她们其中任何一个人的感情。后来，他发觉除了这些，要写的东西已经非常多了。他一直认为自己最后还是会写的，毕竟有很多东西要写。他曾目睹了世间的变化，不单是那些事件。虽然他曾经历过许多事件，人们的一举一动都看在他的眼里，但他还见到过更微妙的变化，并且记得人们在不同时刻的不同表现。当时，他自己就置身于此种变化。他观察过这种变化，而且还写过这种变化，这些虽然是他的责任，但现在他却再也不会写了。

"你怎样了？"她问。她洗完澡从帐篷里走出来。

"没怎么。"

"这会儿就吃晚饭，好吗？"他看到莫洛在她身后拿着一张折叠桌，一个仆人端着菜盘子。

"但我要写东西。"他说。

"你应该先喝一点肉汤恢复体力。"

"今天晚上我就会死掉。"他说，"用不着恢复体力。"

"请不要那么夸张，哈里。"她说。

"你为什么不用你的鼻子闻闻？我都烂掉半截啦，现在已经烂到大腿了。我干吗还

should I fool with broth for? Molo bring whiskey-soda."

"Please take the broth," she said gently.

"All right."

The broth was too hot. He had to hold it in the cup until it cooled enough to take it and then he just got it down without gagging.

"You're a fine woman," he said. "Don't pay any attention to me."

She looked at him with her well-known, well-loved face from Spur and Town & Country, only a little the worse for drink, only a little the worse for bed, but Town & Country never showed those good breasts and those useful thighs and those lightly small-of-back-caressing hands, and as he looked and saw her well-known pleasant smile, he felt death come again. This time there was no rush. It was a puff, as of a wind that makes a candle flicker and the flame go tall.

"They can bring my net out later and hang it from the tree and build the fire up. I'm not going in the tent tonight. It's not worth moving. It's a clear night. There won't be any rain."

So this was how you died, in whispers that you did not hear. Well, there would be no more quarrelling. He could promise that. The one experience that he had never had he was not going to spoil now. He probably would. You spoiled everything. But perhaps he wouldn't.

"You can't take dictation, can you?"

"I never learned," she told him.

"That's all right."

There wasn't time, of course, although it seemed as though it telescoped so that you might

和肉汤开玩笑？莫洛，请拿一杯威士忌苏打来。"

"请你喝一点肉汤吧。"她温柔地说。

"好吧。"

肉汤很烫，于是他将肉汤倒进一个杯子里，凉了一会儿，才把肉汤喝下去，没有一口哽住过。

"你是一个好女人。"他说，"你就不用关心我啦。"

她微微仰起她那张出现在《激励》和《城市和乡村》上——人人皆知人人都爱——的脸望着他，这张脸因为酗酒、贪恋床第之欢而略有些逊色，可是，在《城市和乡村》上，她从未展示过自己美丽的胸部，以及她那有用的大腿和爱抚你的温柔纤小的手。当他望着她，看到莫洛著名的、动人的微笑时，他仿佛感到死神的降临。没有冲击，就像一股气，一阵使烛光摇曳、让烛火腾起的微风。

"过一会儿，他们可以将我的蚊帐拿出来，挂到树上，然后在旁边生一堆篝火。今晚我不想在帐篷里睡。也不值得搬动。看，今晚可是一个晴朗的夜晚，不会下雨的。"

这样的话，你就会死去，在你听不到的悄声低语中慢慢死了。算了，这样也不会再吵嘴了。这一点他倒是能保证。这种他始终没有经历过的经验，是不会故意去破坏它的，但他或许也会破坏。你已经把一切都毁了。但他或许不会。

"你能听写吗？"他问。

"这个，我没有学过。"她告诉他。

"哦，好吧。"

put it all into one paragraph if you could get it right.

*There was a log house, chinked white with mortar, on a hill above the lake. There was a bell on a pole by the door to call the people in to meals. Behind the house were fields and behind the fields was the timber. A line of lombardy poplars ran from the house to the dock. Other poplars ran along the point. A road went up to the hills along the edge of the timber and along that road he picked blackberries. Then that log house was burned down and all the guns that had been on deer foot racks above the open fire place were burned and afterwards their barrels, with the lead melted in the magazines, and the stocks burned away, lay out on the heap of ashes that were used to make lye for the big iron soap kettles, and you asked Grandfather if you could have them to play with, and he said, no. You see they were his guns still and he never bought any others. Nor did he hunt any more. The house was rebuilt in the same place out of lumber now and painted white and from its porch you saw the poplars and the lake beyond; but there were never any more guns. The barrels of the guns that had hung on the deer feet on the wall of the log house lay out there on the heap of ashes and no one ever touched them.*

*In the Black Forest, after the war, we rented a trout stream and there were two ways to walk to it. One was down the valley from Triberg and around the valley road in the shade of the trees that bordered the white road, and then up a side road that went up through the hills past many small farms, with the big Schwarzwald houses, until that road crossed the stream. That was where our fishing began.*

时间不多了，当然，虽然好似经过了压缩，但只要你处理得当，你只用一段文字就能将这一切都写进去。

湖畔的山上，有一座用圆木构筑的房子，表面的缝隙都用灰泥嵌成白色的。门边的柱子上还挂了一个铃铛，是用来召唤人们进屋吃饭的。房后是一片田野，再往后是森林。房子边种着长长的两排伦巴底白杨树，一排一直伸展到码头，另一排则沿着这一带逶迤而去。在森林的边缘，有一条通往山峦的小路，他曾经在经过这条小路时采过黑莓。后来，那所圆木房子在一场大火中烧坍了，甚至连挂在壁炉上鹿脚架上的猎枪都烧掉了，枪筒、枪托以及弹夹里的铅弹都熔化在了一起，摊在一堆灰上——那堆灰原本是用来为做肥皂的大铁锅熬碱水的。你问祖父，是否可以拿去玩，他说，不行。你很清楚，那些猎枪即使化成灰也仍旧是他的，祖父从此没有再买过别的猎枪，而且也不再打猎了。现在，人们在原来的位置重新盖了一所房子，同样漆成了白色。透过门廊，你可以看到一排排白杨树和对面的湖光山色。可惜没有了猎枪。昔日那个挂在墙上的鹿脚上的猎枪筒，依然摊在那堆灰上面，没有人碰。

战争结束后，我们在黑森林[1]租了一条可以钓鲑鱼的小溪，周围有两条路通向那儿。一条是从特里贝格开始，走下山谷，然后绕着覆盖在林荫（靠近那条白色的路）下的山路走上山坡的一条小道，然后翻山越岭，在经过许多矗立着许多高大的黑森林式房子的

[1] 黑森林：此地位于德国西南部山区，是著名的游览胜地。

*The other way was to climb steeply up to the edge of the woods and then go across the top of the hills through the pine woods, and then out to the edge of a meadow and down across this meadow to the bridge. There were birches along the stream and it was not big, but narrow, clear and fast, with pools where it had cut under the roots of the birches.*

*At the Hotel in Triberg the proprietor had a fine season. It was very pleasant and we were all great friends. The next year came the inflation and the money he had made the year before was not enough to buy supplies to open the hotel and he hanged himself.*

*You could dictate that, but you could not dictate the Place Contrescarpe where the flower sellers dyed their flowers in the street and the dye ran over the paving where the autobus started and the old men and the women, always drunk on wine and bad marc; and the children with their noses running in the cold; the smell of dirty sweat and poverty and drunkenness at the Café' des Amateurs and the whores at the Bal Musette they lived above. The concierge who entertained the trooper of the Garde Republicaine in her loge, his horse-hair-plumed helmet on a chair. The locataire across the hall whose husband was a bicycle racer and her joy that morning at the cremerie when she had opened L'Auto and seen where he placed third in Paris-Tours, his first big race. She had blushed and laughed and then gone upstairs crying with the yellow sporting paper in her hand. The husband of the woman who ran the Bal Musette drove a taxi and when he, Harry, had to take an early plane the husband knocked upon the door to wake him and they each drank a glass of white wine at the zinc of the bar before they started. He knew his neighbors in that quarter then because they all were poor.*

小农场后，一直向前走，走到小路与小溪交叉的地方，这里就是我们钓鱼的开始地方。

而另一条路则是先爬上树林的边沿，然后翻过山巅，经过一片松林，来到草地边沿，下山后越过草地来到一座小桥边。小溪边种着一排桦树。这是一条并不宽阔，而且有些窄小、清澈、湍急的小溪，桦树根的边上还冲出了许多小小的潭。

特里贝格客店，这一季的生意算得上是兴隆的。这也是令人愉快的事，我们与店主人是亲密的朋友。由于第二年的通货膨胀，店主人前一年赚到的钱还不够买客店经营所需的必需品，于是他选择了上吊自杀。

你能够口授这些，可是你无法将那个城堡护墙广场口授出来。那里，大街上的卖花人给他们的花卉染色，路面上随处可见那些颜料留下的痕迹。公共汽车全是从那里出发。这里，老头儿和女人们经常喝甜酒，以及那种用果渣酿制而成的低劣白兰地，个个醉醺醺；小孩儿们在寒风中流着鼻涕；空气中充满了汗臭味和贫穷的气息。还有名为“业余者咖啡馆”中的醉态，“风笛歌舞厅”的妓女们——她们都住在舞厅楼上。看门的女人正在自己的小屋里款待共和国自卫队队员，他那顶插着马鬃的帽子放在椅子上。门厅附近还有一家住户，男主人是一名自行车赛手。那天早晨，女主人在牛奶房翻开《机动车》报，看到丈夫第一次参加盛大的巴黎环城比赛中名列第三时，她十分高兴，涨红了脸放声大笑，然后跑到楼上，手里紧紧握着那张淡黄色的报纸，哭了起来。他——哈里——有一回凌晨时分要乘飞机出门，“风笛歌舞厅”女老板的丈夫驾驶一辆出租车来到他家，敲门把他叫起来。动身前，他们俩还在酒吧间的锌桌旁各喝了一杯白葡萄酒。当时他十分了解这个地区邻居的情况，因为他们都很穷。

*Around that Place there were two kinds; the drunkards and the sportifs. The drunkards killed their poverty that way; the sportifs took it out in exercise. They were the descendants of the Communards and it was no struggle for them to know their politics. They knew who had shot their fathers, their relatives, their brothers, and their friends when the Versailles troops came in and took the town after the Commune and executed any one they could catch with calloused hands, or who wore a cap, or carried any other sign he was a working man. And in that poverty, and in that quarter across the street from a Boucherie Chevaline and a wine cooperative he had written the start of all he was to do. There never was another part of Paris that he loved like that, the sprawling trees, the old white plastered houses painted brown below, the long green of the autobus in that round square, the purple flower dye upon the paving, the sudden drop down the hill of the rue Cardinal Lemoine to the River, and the other way the narrow crowded world of the rue Mouffetard. The street that ran up toward the Pantheon and the other that he always took with the bicycle, the only asphalted street in all that quarter, smooth under the tires, with the high narrow houses and the cheap tall hotel where Paul Verlaine had died. There were only two rooms in the apartments where they lived and he had a room on the top floor of that hotel that cost him sixty francs a month where he did his writing, and from it he could see the roofs and chimney pots and all the hills of Paris.*

*From the apartment you could only see the wood and coal man's place. He sold wine too, bad wine. The golden horse's head outside the Boucherie Chevaline where the carcasses hung yellow gold and red in the open window, and the green painted cooperative where they bought their wine; good wine and cheap. The rest was plaster walls and the windows of the*

在城堡护墙广场附近，经常出现两种人：酒鬼和运动员。酒鬼靠酗酒打发贫困的生活，运动员则通过锻炼来忘记贫困。这些人都属于巴黎公社的后裔，所以对于他们而言，了解他们的政治并不算难事。他们知道杀害他们的父老兄弟以及亲属朋友的凶手是谁。就在凡尔赛的军队进入巴黎，成为继公社之后另一个占领此城市的主人时，任何人，只要他们摸到手上长有趼子，或者戴便帽的，抑或是带有任何其他标志能够证明他是劳动者的，一律杀无赦。正是在这种贫困之中，在这个地方，在马路对面的那家马肉铺和酿酒合作社里，他开始了自己的写作生涯。巴黎失去让他如此热爱的地方了，那一排排蔓生的树木，白色的灰泥墙，外面涂着棕色的老房子，以及行驶在圆形广场上的长长的绿色公交车，甚至是路面上流淌着五颜六色的颜料，当然还有那条从山上通向塞纳河的急转直下的莱蒙昂红衣主教大街和狭窄却非常热闹的莫菲塔德路。那条可以抵达万神殿的大街和他经常骑着自行车经过的大街，那是这个地方唯一一条铺有沥青的大街。当车胎在这条大街上行驶时，他能感到路面的光溜平滑。街道两边都是些高耸而狭小的房子。其中有一家高耸的下等客店，而保尔·魏尔伦[1]就是在这里结束生命的。他们的公寓只有两个屋子。而在那家客店的顶楼，有一个房间是他租住的，每月的房租是六十法郎。这里就是他写作的地方。从这个房间，他能看到鳞次栉比的屋顶、烟囱，以及整座巴黎的山峦。

但是从那幢公寓向外望去，你却只能看到一家经营木柴的店铺和卖煤炭的店铺——这家店铺也卖酒，却是一些低劣的甜酒。马肉铺子门外高高挂着金黄色的马头。透过马

[1] 保尔·魏尔伦 (1844—1896)：法国著名诗人。

*neighbors. The neighbors who, at night, when some one lay drunk in the street, moaning and groaning in that typical French ivresse that you were propaganded to believe did not exist, would open their windows and then the murmur of talk.*

*"Where is the policeman? When you don't want him the bugger is always there. He's sleeping with some concierge. Get the Agent." Till some one threw a bucket of water from a window and the moaning stopped. "What's that? Water. Ah, that's intelligent."*

*And the windows shutting. Marie, his femme de ménage, protesting against the eight-hour day saying, 'If a husband works until six he gets only a little drunk on the way home and does not waste too much. If he works only until five he is drunk every night and one has no money. It is the wife of the working man who suffers from this shortening of hours.'*

"Wouldn't you like some more broth?" the woman asked him now.

"No, thank you very much. It is awfully good."

"Try just a little."

"I would like a whiskey-soda."

"It's not good for you."

"No. It's bad for me. Cole Porter wrote the words and the music. This knowledge that you're going mad for me."

"You know I like you to drink."

肉铺的橱窗，可以看到里面挂着的金黄色和红色的马肉。那间被涂成绿色的合作社，就是他们买酒喝的地方——醇美且便宜的甜酒。剩下的都是灰泥的墙壁以及邻居们的窗户。夜里，常常有喝醉了的人躺在街上，在标准的法国式的酩酊大醉中（有人告诉你，让你相信其实根本没有这种醉法）呻吟着，隔壁的邻居就会打开窗户，发出一阵喃喃低语。

"警察到哪儿去了？这个家伙总是在你不需要他的时候出现。他准是和哪个看门女人在一起亲热呢。去找警察呀。"但是当不知是谁从窗口泼下一桶水后，醉汉的呻吟声也就停止了。"泼下来的是什么？是水！哦，真是个聪明的办法。"

一系列动作结束后，窗子被关上了。他的女仆玛丽对于一天八小时的工作制提出抗议："如果一个丈夫工作到六点钟，那么他在回家的路上就只能喝一点酒，微微有些醉意，也花不了很多钱。可是，如果他的活儿只需要干到五点钟，那么他每天晚上必然会喝得烂醉，你也就一个子儿都没有。所以缩短工时受罪的却是工人的老婆。"

"你要再来点肉汤吗？"女人问他。

"不了，多谢。肉汤的味道好极了。"

"那就再喝一点儿吧。"

"我还是比较想喝威士忌苏打。"

"但是酒对你没什么好处。"

"没错，酒对我是有害的。柯尔·波特[1]曾经创作过这些歌词，还谱了曲子。这种知识正让你生我的气。"

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[1] 柯尔·波特 (1891—1964)：美国作曲家、抒情诗人。

"Oh yes. Only it's bad for me."

When she goes, he thought, I'll have all I want. Not all I want but all there is. Ayee he was tired. Too tired. He was going to sleep a little while. He lay still and death was not there. It must have gone around another street. It went in pairs, on bicycles, and moved absolutely silently on the pavements.

*No, he had never written about Paris. Not the Paris that he cared about. But what about the rest that he had never written?*

*What about the ranch and the silvered gray of the sage brush, the quick, clear water in the irrigation ditches, and the heavy green of the alfalfa. The trail went up into the hills and the cattle in the summer were shy as deer.*

*The bawling and the steady noise and slow moving mass raising a dust as you brought them down in the fall. And behind the mountains, the clear sharpness of the peak in the evening light and, riding down along the trail in the moonlight, bright across the valley. Now he remembered coming down through the timber in the dark holding the horse's tail when you could not see and all the stories that he meant to write.*

*About the half-wit chore boy who was left at the ranch that time and told not to let any one get any hay, and that old bastard from the Forks who had beaten the boy when he had worked for him stopping to get some feed. The boy refusing and the old man saying he would*

"你知道，其实我是喜欢你喝酒的。"

"是的，但酒对我有害。"

等她走开了，他想：我即将得到我所要求的一切。不，不是我所要求的一切，而是我拥有的一切。唉，他累了，太累了。他好想睡一会儿。他静静地躺下来，此刻死神好像还没有来。它这回儿一定是到另一条街上溜达去了。它骑着自行车，成双结对地、静悄悄地在人行道上行驶。

不，他从未写过巴黎，字字未提他喜爱的那个巴黎。可剩下那些他从未写过的东西又会如何呢？大牧场、银灰色的灌木丛、灌溉渠里湍急却十分清澈的流水、绿油油的苜蓿又该如何呢？如羊肠般窄小的道路蜿蜒而上伸向山里，牛群在夏天里胆小得如麋鹿一样。

一阵吆喝声和连续不断的嘈杂声，一群行动迟缓的庞大动物。秋天时，当你把它们赶下山的过程中，路上会扬起一片尘土。群山背后，嶙峋的山峰凸显在暮霭中。月光下，沿着那条小道骑马下山，山谷里倒是一片皎洁。他记得，当穿过森林向山下走去时，因为黑暗，所以看不见路，只能抓着马尾巴摸索前进。而这些正是他想写的故事。

还有那个在牧场打杂的傻小子，那次把他一个人留在了牧场，并且告诉他不准任何人来偷干草。但是那个从福克斯来的老坏蛋，在经过牧场时，特意停下来想弄一些饲料——傻小子以前为他干活时，被他揍过几次。傻小子当然不会让他拿干草，可老头儿威胁他说会再给他一顿狠揍。而就在老坏蛋即将闯进牲口栏里去时，傻小子从厨房拿来了来复枪，将老头儿打死了。于是，在他们回到牧场时，那个老头儿已经死了一个星期了，尸体直挺挺地倒在牲口栏里，狗已经把他的部分尸体吃掉了。后来，你将尸体残骸

*beat him again. The boy got the rifle from the kitchen and shot him when he tried to come into the barn and when they came back to the ranch he'd been dead a week, frozen in the corral, and the dogs had eaten part of him. But what was left you packed on a sled wrapped in a blanket and roped on and you got the boy to help you haul it, and the two of you took it out over the road on skis, and sixty miles down to town to turn the boy over. He having no idea that he would be arrested. Thinking he had done his duty and that you were his friend and he would be rewarded. He'd helped to haul the old man in so everybody could know how bad the old man had been and how he'd tried to steal some feed that didn't belong to him, and when the sheriff put the handcuffs on the boy he couldn't believe it. Then he'd started to cry. That was one story he had saved to write. He knew at least twenty good stories from out there and he had never written one. Why?*

"You tell them why," he said.

"Why what, dear?"

"Why nothing."

She didn't drink so much, now, since she had him. But if he lived he would never write about her, he knew that now. Nor about any of them. The rich were dull and they drank too much, or they played too much backgammon. They were dull and they were repetitious. He remembered poor Julian and his romantic awe of them and how he had started a story once that began, "The very rich are different from you and me." And how some one had said to

包在毯子里，捆在一架雪橇上，让那个傻小子帮你拖走。你们穿着滑雪服，带着尸体赶路。在滑行了六十英里之后，你把孩子解到城里去。他并不知道有人会逮捕他。他倒是认为自己是尽了责任的，而且你是他的朋友，他还会得到相应的报酬呢。他是帮着你将这个老坏蛋拖进城的，这样一来，谁都知道他有多坏，他是怎样想偷饲料的，可饲料并不是他的呀。然而，当行政司法官将手铐戴到孩子手上时，孩子简直无法相信这个事实。于是他放声痛哭。这是他留下准备在未来的日子里写的一个故事。从那儿，他至少了解到二十个十分有趣的故事，但他没有写一个。为什么？

"还是你去告诉他们，这是为什么吧。"他说。

"哦，亲爱的，什么为什么？"

"不为什么。"

自从有了他，她现在不再喝那么多酒了。但只要他活着，他就不会写她。对此，他现在知道了。他也绝不会写她们中的任何一个。愚蠢是属于那些有钱人的，因为他们只知道酗酒，或者就知道玩巴加门[1]。他们的确是愚蠢的，并且总是唠叨不停，叫人厌烦。他想到那个可怜的朱利安[2]，以及他对有钱人所怀有的罗曼蒂克的敬畏之情。记得有一次他是这样动手写一篇短篇小说的，他在开头部分这样写道："豪门巨富与你我不同。"曾经有人对朱利安说："的确，他们是比咱们有钱。"但对于朱利安而言，这可

[1] 巴加门：一种游戏。具体玩法是双方各有 15 枚棋子，通过掷色子的方式决定行棋的格数。

[2] 此处所说的朱利安，是指美国小说家 S. 菲茨吉拉德。

Julian, Yes, they have more money. But that was not humorous to Julian.

He thought they were a special glamourous race and when he found they weren't it wrecked him just as much as any other thing that wrecked him.

He had been contemptuous of those who wrecked. You did not have to like it because you understood it. He could beat anything, he thought, because no thing could hurt him if he did not care.

All right. Now he would not care for death. One thing he had always dreaded was the pain. He could stand pain as well as any man, until it went on too long, and wore him out, but here he had something that had hurt frightfully and just when he had felt it breaking him, the pain had stopped.

*He remembered long ago when Williamson, the bombing officer, had been hit by a stick bomb some one in a German patrol had thrown as he was coming in through the wire that night and, screaming, had begged every one to kill him. He was a fat man, very brave, and a good officer, although addicted to fantastic shows. But that night he was caught in the wire, with a flare lighting him up and his bowels spilled out into the wire, so when they brought him in, alive, they had to cut him loose. Shoot me, Harry. For Christ sake shoot me. They had had an argument one time about our Lord never sending you anything you could not bear and some one's theory had been that meant that at a certain time the pain passed you out automatically. But he had always remembered Williamson, that night. Nothing passed*

不是一句幽默的话。

在他看来，这些人倒是一种具有特殊魅力的族类，可当他发现他们事实上并非如此时，他就毁了，这也正好像其他事物将他毁了一样。

他始终对那些毁了他的人投以鄙视的目光。你也没有必要喜欢这一套，因为其中事宜你是十分了解的。任何事情都骗不过也瞒不过他。他想，因为什么都无法伤害他，假如他根本不在意的话。

好吧。即使现在就要死去，他也丝毫不在意。他只是一直害怕一点——疼痛。他和别人一样可以忍受疼痛，但前提是疼痛的时间太长，痛到他精疲力竭。好像有一种什么东西曾经令他痛得无法忍受，可就在他感觉自己好像被一种东西撕裂时，这种疼痛却突然停止了。

他还记得在很久以前，有一天晚上，投弹军官威廉逊钻过铁丝网爬回阵地时，被一名德国巡逻兵扔过来的手榴弹正好击中，他尖声大叫，恳求大家将他打死。他是一个胖子，虽然平时很喜欢炫耀自己，但他有时令人难以相信，如此勇敢，算得上是一个好军官。可是就在那天晚上，正处在铁丝网里的他被打中了，一道闪光瞬间将他照亮，他的肠子也顿时淌了出来，钩在铁丝网上。当其他人将他抬进来时，他还有一口气，可他们不得不将他的肠子割断。“把我打死吧，哈里。请看在上帝的份上，打死我吧。”

曾经，他们对“凡是上帝赐予你的，你都能忍受”这句话展开过讨论。有人认为，经过一段时间之后，疼痛就会自行消失。可是他自始至终都无法忘记威廉逊和那天晚上。威廉逊身上的痛苦没有消失，他将那些留给自己的吗啡片全部吃下去之后，都没有

*out Williamson until he gave him all his morphine tablets that he had always saved to use himself and then they did not work right away.*

Still this now, that he had, was very easy; and if it was no worse as it went on there was nothing to worry about. Except that he would rather be in better company.

He thought a little about the company that he would like to have.

No, he thought, when everything you do, you do too long, and do too late, you can't expect to find the people still there. The people all are gone. The party's over and you are with your hostess now.

I'm getting as bored with dying as with everything else, he thought.

"It's a bore," he said out loud.

"What is, my dear?"

"Anything you do too bloody long."

He looked at her face between him and the fire. She was leaning back in the chair and the firelight shone on her pleasantly lined face and he could see that she was sleepy. He heard the hyena make a noise just outside the range of the fire.

"I've been writing," he said. "But I got tired."

"Do you think you will be able to sleep?"

"Pretty sure. Why don't you turn in?"

"I like to sit here with you."

"Do you feel anything strange?" he asked her.

使疼痛立刻止住。

然而此刻他感受到的痛苦却变得非常轻松，假如能一直这样而不会变得更糟糕的话，那他就没有什么需要担心的了。但是他想，若能有更好的同伴在一起，那该有多好啊。

他开始想象他所想的同伴了。

不，他想，你做任何事情都会做很久，并且做得很晚，你不能指望别人还在那儿。人家都已经走啦，酒阑席散，留下的只有你和女主人。

我对死亡感到越来越厌倦了，如同我对其他所有东西感到厌倦一样，他心想。

"真令人厌倦。"他不禁说出声来。

"亲爱的，你说什么？"

"你做什么事情都会做很久。"

他望向自己身边的她和篝火之间。她坐在椅子里，火光正映在她那线条动人的脸上。他看出了她脸上的困意。他听见鬣狗正在那圈火光外发出一声吠叫。

"我一直在写东西。"他说，"我感到累啦。"

"你认为你能睡得着吗？"

"一定能。你怎么还不去睡？"

"我喜欢和你在一起，在这里坐着。"

"那你感到有什么奇怪的东西了吗？"他问她。

"No. Just a little sleepy."

"I do," he said.

He had just felt death come by again.

"You know the only thing I've never lost is curiosity," he said to her.

"You've never lost anything. You're the most complete man I've ever known."

"Christ," he said. "How little a woman knows. What is that? Your intuition?"

Because, just then, death had come and rested its head on the foot of the cot and he could smell its breath.

"Never believe any of that about a scythe and a skull," he told her. "It can be two bicycle policemen as easily, or be a bird. Or it can have a wide snout like a hyena."

It had moved up on him now, but it had no shape any more. It simply occupied space.

"Tell it to go away."

It did not go away but moved a little closer.

"You've got a hell of a breath," he told it. "You stinking bastard."

It moved up closer to him still and now he could not speak to it, and when it saw he could not speak it came a little closer, and now he tried to send it away without speaking, but it moved in on him so its weight was all upon his chest, and while it crouched there and he could not move or speak, he heard the woman say, "Bwana is asleep now. Take the cot up very gently and carry it into the tent."

He could not speak to tell her to make it go away and it crouched now, heavier, so he could not breathe. And then, while they lifted the cot, suddenly it was all right and the weight

"没有啊，我只是感到有一点困了。"

"我倒是感觉到了。"

就在这时，他真的感到死神又一次来临。

"你是知道的，我唯一没有失去的，只有这份好奇心。"他对她说。

"你从来都没有失去任何东西，你是我所看到的最完美的人。"

"天哪！"他说，"你们女人知道的东西简直是太少了！你这样说有什么根据？只是直觉吗？"

然而就在这时，死神来了，死神的头正靠在帆布床的床脚，他可以感受得到它的呼吸。

"你可千万不要相信死神就是镰刀和骷髅。"他告诉她，"它很可能就是两个从容骑着自行车的警察，或者是一只可爱的小鸟儿，抑或是像鬣狗那样，有一只大鼻子。"

现在，死神已经靠近他的身体了，它也不再具备某种形状了。它只是占有这个空间。

"让它走开。"

它没走，反倒离得更近了。

"你就会呼哧呼哧地喘气。"他对它说，"你是个杂种。"

它仍然一步步地向他靠近，而他不能对它说话了。就在它发现他无法说话时，又向他靠近了一些。现在，他好想默默地将它赶走，但此刻它已经爬到他的身体上来了，这样一来，它的重量就全部压在他的胸口。它趴在那儿，使他无法动弹也说不出话。他倒是能听见女人说："先生已经睡着了，轻轻地把床抬起来，搬到帐篷里去吧。"

他无法开口让她将它赶走，而它更加沉重地趴在他的身体上，使他透不过气来，可

went from his chest.

It was morning and had been morning for some time and he heard the plane. It showed very tiny and then made a wide circle and the boys ran out and lit the fires, using kerosene, and piled on grass so there were two big smudges at each end of the level place and the morning breeze blew them toward the camp and the plane circled twice more, low this time, and then glided down and levelled off and landed smoothly and, coming walking toward him, was old Compton in slacks, a tweed jacket and a brown felt hat.

"What's the matter, old cock?" Compton said.

"Bad leg," he told him. "Will you have some breakfast?"

"Thanks. I'll just have some tea. It's the Puss Moth you know. I won't be able to take the Memsahib. There's only room for one. Your lorry is on the way."

Helen had taken Compton aside and was speaking to him. Compton came back more cheery than ever.

"We'll get you right in," he said. "I'll be back for the Mem. Now I'm afraid I'll have to stop at Arusha to refuel. We'd better get going."

"What about the tea?"

"I don't really care about it, you know."

The boys had picked up the cot and carried it around the green tents and down along the rock and out onto the plain and along past the smudges that were burning brightly now, the grass all consumed, and the wind fanning the fire, to the little plane. It was difficult getting

是就当他们抬起帆布床的一瞬间，这一切突然又恢复正常了，他胸前的重压也消失了。

现在已是早晨，其实已经是上午了，他能听到飞机经过上空的声音。向天空望去，飞机显得很小，接着又飞了一大圈。两个男佣从远处跑出来，用汽油把野草堆点燃，平地两端很快就冒起两股浓烟，晨风使浓烟向着帐篷的方向吹。飞机又飞了两圈，这次飞得很低，紧接着开始往下滑翔，拉平，最终平稳地着陆。老康普顿下身穿着一条宽大的便裤，上身穿了一件花呢夹克，头上还戴了一顶棕色的毡帽，从远处向他走来。

"老伙计，怎么回事啊？"康普顿问。

"腿坏了。"他平静地告诉他，"你要来一点儿早饭吗？"

"谢谢。我只喝些茶就可以了。你知道它是一架'天社蛾'，我没有弄到那架'夫人'。只能容纳一个人。你的卡车正在路上呢。"

海伦将康普顿拉到旁边，正和他说着什么。康普顿走回来时，看上去更加兴高采烈。

"我们得立刻把你抬到飞机上去。"他说，"然后我还得回来接你的太太。现在我认为我得在阿鲁沙[1]停一下，加些油。咱们最好还是马上走。"

"坐下来，喝点茶怎么样？"

"你知道，我其实并不想喝。"

这时，两个男佣抬起了帆布床，在绿色帐篷边兜了一圈，然后沿着岩石走向那片平地，经过那两股浓烟——此刻正亮晃晃地燃烧着，风一吹火就旺了些，很快野草就全烧

[1] 阿鲁沙：坦桑尼亚的一个城市。

him in, but once in he lay back in the leather seat, and the leg was stuck straight out to one side of the seat where Compton sat. Compton started the motor and got in. He waved to Helen and to the boys and, as the clatter moved into the old familiar roar, they swung around with Compie watching for warthog holes and roared, bumping, along the stretch between the fires and with the last bump rose and he saw them all standing below, waving, and the camp beside the hill, flattening now, and the plain spreading, clumps of trees, and the bush flattening, while the game trails ran now smoothly to the dry waterholes, and there was a new water that he had never known of. The zebra, small rounded backs now, and the wildebeeste, big-headed dots seeming to climb as they moved in long fingers across the plain, now scattering as the shadow came toward them, they were tiny now, and the movement had no gallop, and the plain as far as you could see, gray-yellow now and ahead old Compie's tweed back and the brown felt hat. Then they were over the first hills and the wildebeeste were trailing up them, and then they were over mountains with sudden depths of green-rising forest and the solid bamboo slopes, and then the heavy forest again, sculptured into peaks and hollows until they crossed, and hills sloped down and then another plain, hot now, and purple brown, bumpy with heat and Compie looking back to see how he was riding. Then there were other mountains dark ahead.

And then instead of going on to Arusha they turned left, he evidently figured that they had the gas, and looking down he saw a pink sifting cloud, moving over the ground, and in the air, like the first snow in a blizzard, that comes from nowhere, and he knew the locusts were coming, up from the South. Then they began to climb and they were going to the East

光了——来到小飞机跟前。两个人好不容易将他抬进飞机，飞机一起飞，他就躺在皮椅子里，那条腿直挺挺地伸到了康普顿的座位旁。康普顿发动马达，也上了飞机。他向海伦和两个男佣挥手告别，马达发出的咔嗒声也变成了十分熟悉的吼声。他们摇摇摆摆地打着转儿，康普顿则留意着野猪们的洞穴。在两堆火光之间的平地上，飞机怒吼着，颠簸着，在最后一次颠簸中，飞机起飞了，他看到地面上的人们都站在下面向他们扬手，那个帐篷也显得扁扁的。平原好像彻底展开呈现在他们眼前一样，一簇簇的树林和那片灌木丛也看上去扁扁的，野兽经常出没的那一条条小道，此刻好像都平坦坦地通往那些干涸的水穴。他看到一处水源，这是他以前从未知晓的。斑马，现在只能看见它们隆起的圆圆的背脊了。大羚羊此刻只有人类的手指头那么大，它们穿过平原时，仿佛只是一个黑点在地上爬行。当飞机的影子临近它们身边时，它们都四散奔跑了。现在它们都显得太微小了，往日奔驰的动作也丝毫看不出来了。极目望去，看到的平原此刻只是一片灰黄色。向前看，是老康普顿穿着花呢夹克衫的背影和那顶棕色的毡帽。接着，他们飞越了第一批山峦。他看到大羚羊正向山上跑去；紧接着他们又飞过了高峻的山岭，看到在陡峭的深谷有一片斜生着的浓绿的森林和茁壮生长的竹林的山坡；在经过了一大片茂密的森林之后，又穿越了一座座尖峰和山谷。周围的山岭好像渐渐低斜下去，接下来又是一片平原。现在的天气有些热，大地呈现出一片紫棕色。飞机在颠簸中喷出热烘烘的气，康普顿则回过头来观察他在飞行中的情况。然后，他们前面又是一片片黑压压的群山峻岭。

接下来，他们的飞行方向不是阿鲁沙，而是向左转，很明显，他估计他们的燃料可能是不够了。向下面看时，他看到一片像经过筛子筛落下来的粉红色的云正掠过大地，但从空中看过去，却又像是突然出现的暴风雪来临前的第一阵飞雷。当然，他十分清楚

it seemed, and then it darkened and they were in a storm, the rain so thick it seemed like flying through a waterfall, and then they were out and Compie turned his head and grinned and pointed and there, ahead, all he could see, as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievably white in the sun, was the square top of Kilimanjaro. And then he knew that there was where he was going.

Just then the hyena stopped whimpering in the night and started to make a strange, human, almost crying sound. The woman heard it and, stirred uneasily. She did not wake. In her dream she was at the house on Long Island and it was the night before her daughter's debut. Somehow her father was there and he had been very rude. Then the noise the hyena made was so loud she woke and for a moment she did not know where she was and she was very afraid. Then she took the flashlight and shone it on the other cot that they had carried in after Harry had gone to sleep. She could see his bulk under the mosquito bar but somehow he had gotten his leg out and it hung down alongside the cot. The dressings had all come down and she could not look at it.

"Molo," she called, "Molo! Molo!"

Then she said, "Harry, Harry!" Then her voice rising, "Harry! Please. Oh Harry!"

There was no answer and she could not hear him breathing.

Outside the tent the hyena made the same strange noise that had awakened her. But she did not hear him for the beating of her heart.

那是蝗虫从南方飞过来了。

他们不断地向上飞，方向上好似在往东方飞，接着，天色有些晦暗，他们真的碰上了一场暴风雨。大雨如注，飞机就好像正穿过一道长长的瀑布。当他们穿出水帘时，康普顿转过头对他咧嘴大笑，同时用手指着前方。极目所见，他看到的一切，像整个世界那般宽广无垠，它是那么高耸、宏大，而且白得令人难以置信，它就是乞力马扎罗山方形的山巅。此刻他明白了，那就是他要飞去的地方。

正在这时，鬣狗在夜里停止了呜咽，反而发出一种奇怪的如同人的哭声一般的声音。

女人听到这个声音，在床上辗转反侧。但她没有醒。在梦中，她还在长岛的家里，就在她女儿第一次参加社交活动的前夜。好像她的父亲也在场，父亲看上去很粗暴。紧接着，鬣狗的哭声终于把她吵醒了，一时间她不知道自己身在何方，她害怕极了。她拿起手电照向另一张帆布床——哈里睡着后，他们就把床抬了进来。

在蚊帐下面，哈里的身躯隐约可见，但他将那条腿伸了出来，耷拉在帆布床沿，敷着药的纱布已经掉落下来了。她实在不忍心看这幅情景。

"莫洛！"她喊道，"莫洛！莫洛！"

随后，她说："哈里，哈里！"接着，她又提高调门喊，"哈里！请你醒一醒，啊，哈里！"

他没有回答，她也听不到他的呼吸声。

帐篷外，鬣狗依旧发出那种奇怪的叫声，她正是被那种叫声惊醒的。她听不到他的声音，因为他的心怦怦直跳。

# Old Man at the Bridge

An old man with steel rimmed spectacles and very dusty clothes sat by the side of the road. There was a pontoon bridge across the river and carts, trucks, and men, women and children were crossing it. The mule-drawn carts staggered up the steep bank from the bridge with soldiers helping push against the spokes of the wheels. The trucks ground up and away heading out of it all and the peasants plodded along in the ankle deep dust. But the old man sat there without moving. He was too tired to go any farther.

It was my business to cross the bridge, explore the bridgehead beyond and find out to what point the enemy had advanced. I did this and returned over the bridge. There were not so many carts now and very few people on foot, but the old man was still there.

"Where do you come from?" I asked him.

"From San Carlos," he said, and smiled.

That was his native town and so it gave him pleasure to mention it and he smiled.

"I was taking care of animals," he explained.

"Oh," I said, not quite understanding.

"Yes," he said, "I stayed, you see, taking care of animals. I was the last one to leave the town of San Carlos."

He did not look like a shepherd nor a herdsman and I looked at his black dusty clothes and his gray dusty face and his steel rimmed spectacles and said, "What animals were they?"

# 坐在桥边的老人

一位戴着钢边眼镜、衣服满是灰尘的老人坐在路边。河上有一座浮桥，骡车、卡车，以及男女老少正在过桥。骡拉的双轮车摇摇晃晃从桥上爬上陡岸，士兵们顶着轮辐在帮着推车。卡车嘎嘎驶上陡岸，脱离开这一群向前驶去，农民们在脚踝深的尘土中沉重缓慢地向前走。但是，老人坐在那里没动。他累得走不动了。

我的任务是过桥侦察远处的桥头堡，查明敌人推进到了什么位置。我做这个，就过桥返回。这时，车辆已经没有那么多了，行人也寥寥无几，但老人还在那里。

"你从哪里来？"我问他。

"从圣卡洛斯城，"说着，他微微一笑。

那是他的家乡，所以提到它，就使他高兴，他露出了微笑。

"我原来是在照看动物，"他解释说。

"噢，"我说，没有完全明白。

"是的，"他说，"你留下来，你瞧，照看那些动物。我是最后一个离开圣卡洛斯城。"

他看上去既不像牧羊人，也不像放牛人。我看了看他沾满尘土的黑衣服、满是尘土的灰色面孔和钢边眼镜，问道："它们是什么动物？"

"Various animals," he said, and shook his head. "I had to leave them."

I was watching the bridge and the African looking country of the Ebro Delta and wondering how long now it would be before we would see the enemy, and listening all the while for the first noises that would signal that ever mysterious event called contact, and the old man still sat there.

"What animals were they?" I asked.

"There were three animals altogether," he explained. "There were two goats and a cat and then there were four pairs of pigeons."

"And you had to leave them?" I asked.

"Yes. Because of the artillery. The captain told me to go because of the artillery."

"And you have no family?" I asked, watching the far end of the bridge where a few last carts were hurrying down the slope of the bank.

"No," he said, "only the animals I stated. The cat, of course, will be all right. A cat can look out for itself, but I cannot think what will become of the others."

"What politics have you?" I asked.

"I am without politics," he said. "I am seventy-six years old. I have come twelve kilometers now and I think now I can go no further."

"This is not a good place to stop," I said. "If you can make it, there are trucks up the road where it forks for Tortosa."

"I will wait a while," he said, "and then I will go. Where do the trucks go?"

"Towards Barcelona," I told him.

"I know no one in that direction," he said, "but thank you very much. Thank you again

"各种各样的动物，"他说着，摇了摇头，"我只得丢下它们。"

我注视着浮桥和看上去想非洲的埃布罗河三角洲乡下，想知道要过多久才会看到敌人，同时一直侧耳倾听，等待那第一阵嘈杂声，嘈杂声标志着那个永远神秘莫测的所谓接触的事件的到来，而老人还坐在那里。

"它们是什么动物？"我问。

"总共有三种动物，"他解释说，"有两只山羊、一只猫，然后还有四对鸽子。"

"而你只得丢下它们，是吗？"我问。

"是。是因为那些大炮。那个上尉叫我走，就是因为那些大炮。"

"那你没有家吗？"我注视着浮桥的另一端问，那里最后几辆骡车正匆匆驶下岸坡。

"没有，"他说，"只有我刚才说过的那些动物。当然，那只猫不会有问题。猫能照顾自己，但我想不出别的那些动物会怎么样。"

"你有什么政见？"我问。

"我跟政见无关，"他说。"我七十六岁了。我现在已经走了十二公里，我想我现在再也走不动了。"

"这不是一个久留的好地方，"我说。"如果你能走过去的话，在岔向托尔托萨的那条路上就有卡车。"

"我要等一会儿，"他说，"然后再走。卡车去哪里？"

"去巴塞罗那，"我告诉他。

"朝那个方向去，我一个人都不认识，"他说，"不过，非常感谢你。再次非常感

very much."

He looked at me very blankly and tiredly, then said, having to share his worry with some one, "The cat will be all right, I am sure. There is no need to be unquiet about the cat. But the others. Now what do you think about the others?"

"Why they'll probably come through it all right."

"You think so?"

"Why not," I said, watching the far bank where now there were no carts.

"But what will they do under the artillery when I was told to leave because of the artillery?"

"Did you leave the dove cage unlocked?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then they'll fly."

"Yes, certainly they'll fly. But the others. It's better not to think about the others," he said.

"If you are rested I would go," I urged. "Get up and try to walk now."

"Thank you," he said and got to his feet, swayed from side to side and then sat down backwards in the dust.

"I was taking care of animals," he said dully, but no longer to me. "I was only taking care of animals."

There was nothing to do about him. It was Easter Sunday and the Fascists were advancing toward the Ebro. It was a gray overcast day with a low ceiling so their planes were not up. That and the fact that cats know how to look after themselves was all the good luck that old man would ever have.

谢你。"

他非常茫然而疲惫地看着我，随后觉得要有个人和他分担他的忧愁，就说道："猫会平安无事，我敢担保。不必为猫担心。可是，还有别的那些动物。你认为别的那些动物会怎么样？"

"啊，它们说不定会平安脱险的。"

"你认为是这样吗？"

"何尝不是呢，"我注视着远处的河岸说，那里现在没有骡车了。

"可是，它们在炮火下怎么办？他们叫我走，就是因为那些大炮。"

"你没有锁上鸽笼吗？"我问。

"没有。"

"那它们会飞的。"

"是的，它们当然会飞。可是，还有别的那些动物。最好还是不要去想别的那些动物，"他说。

"要是你歇够的话，我就要走了，"我催促道。"现在起来，试着走走看。"

"谢谢你，"他说着站起来，左右摇晃了一下，然后又倒退着在尘土里坐下来。

"我原来是在照看动物，"他木然地说，但不再是对我说。"我只是在照看动物。"

我对他毫无办法了。那天是复活节，法西斯军队正在向埃布罗比逼近。天色灰蒙蒙、阴沉沉，云幕压得很低，所以他们的飞机没有升空。那样的天气和猫知道如何照顾自己这一事实，就是这位老人可能会得到的全部好运了。

# A Day's Wait

He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

"What's the matter, Schatz?"

"I've got a headache."

"You better go back to bed."

"No. I'm all right."

"You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed."

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

"You go up to bed," I said, "you're sick."

"I'm all right," he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"One hundred and two."

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different colored capsules with instructions for giving them. One was to bring down the fever, another a purgative, the third

# 一天的等待

我们还睡在被窝里时，他走进屋，关上那些窗户，我就看出他病恹恹的。他浑身颤抖，脸色苍白，走得很慢，仿佛动一下就很疼似的。

"怎么了，宝贝？"

"我头疼。"

"你最好还是回到床上。"

"不，我没事儿。"

"你上床去吧。我穿好衣服就去看你。"

但是，我下楼后，他穿好了衣服，坐在炉火边，看上去是一个病病歪歪、可怜巴巴的九岁男孩。我把手放在他的额头上，知道他在发烧。

"你上去睡觉吧，"我说，"你病了。"

"我没事儿，"他说。

医生来后，给孩子量了量体温。

"多少度？"我问他。

"一百零二度。"

楼下，医生留下三种不同的药，是三种不同颜色的胶囊，并说明了服用的方法。一

to overcome an acid condition. The germs of influenza can only exist in an acid condition, he explained. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of flu and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

"Do you want me to read to you?"

"All right. If you want to," said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

I read aloud from Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates; but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

"How do you feel, Schatz?" I asked him.

"Just the same, so far," he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed, looking very strangely.

"Why don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine."

"I'd rather stay awake."

After a while he said to me, "You don't have to stay in here with me, Papa, if it bothers you."

"It doesn't bother me."

种是退热的，另一种是泻药，第三种是克服酸性状态的。他解释说，流感病菌只能存在于酸性状态之中。他好像对流感了如指掌，说如果体温不超过一百零四度，就没什么可担心的。这是轻度流感，如果消除肺炎，就没有什么危险。

回到屋里，我写下了孩子的体温，并记下了吃各种胶囊的时间。

"你想让我给你朗读吗？"

"好吧，你想读就读，"孩子说。他脸色惨白，眼睛下面有一些黑圈。他躺在床上一动不动，仿佛与正在发生的事儿完全隔离开来。

我大声朗读霍华德·派尔[1]的《海盗集》，但我看得出他没有在听我朗读。

"你感觉怎么样，宝贝？"我问他。

"到目前为止，还是那样，"他说。

我坐在床脚边看书，等着到时候给他吃另一种胶囊。他本来睡觉非常正常，但当我抬眼看时，却见他望着床脚，样子怪怪的。

"你为什么不想法睡觉？你要吃药，我会叫醒你。"

"我宁愿醒着。"

过了一会儿，他对我说："如果这让你心烦，你就不用呆在这里陪我了，爸爸。"

"这不会让我心烦的。"

[1] 霍华德·派尔（1853 ~ 1911），美国著名插画家、作家，是在文字写作和绘画方面都造诣不凡的大师级人物。

"No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you."

I thought perhaps he was a little lightheaded and after giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven o'clock I went out for a while.

It was a bright, cold day, the ground covered with a sleet that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare trees, the bushes, the cut brush and all the grass and the bare ground had been varnished with ice. I took the young Irish setter for a little walk up the road and along a frozen creek, but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the red dog slipped and slithered and I fell twice, hard, once dropping my gun and having it slide away over the ice.

We flushed a covey of quail under a high clay bank with overhanging brush and I killed two as they went out of sight over the top of the bank. Some of the covey lit in trees, but most of them scattered into brush piles and it was necessary to jump on the ice-coated mounds of brush several times before they would flush. Coming out while you were poised unsteadily on the icy, springy brush they made difficult shooting and I killed two, missed five, and started back pleased to have found a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find on another day.

At the house they said the boy had refused to let any one come into the room.

"You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have."

I went up to him and found him in exactly the position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

"不，我是说，如果这要让你心烦的话，你就不用呆在这里了。"

我以为他可能有点儿头晕；十一点钟，我给他吃了医生开的胶囊后，就出去了一会儿。

这是晴朗寒冷的一天，地上覆盖一层雨夹雪，结成了冰，因此所有光秃秃的树木、灌木、修剪过的灌木、所有草地和空地上面都涂上了一层冰。我带着那条爱尔兰长毛小猎犬，走上那条路，沿着一条冰冻的小溪走了一会儿，但在玻璃一样光滑的河面上很难站立或行走，那条红毛狗滑脱摔倒，我也摔倒了两次，有一次我的枪都掉下来，顺着冰面滑去。

我们惊起了一群躲在悬垂灌木的高土堤下的鹌鹑，它们从土堤顶上飞起时，我打死了两只。有些鹌鹑落在树上，但大多数都四散开来，飞进一堆堆灌木丛，必须在长有灌木丛的结冰土墩上跳几下，才会惊飞。当你在覆盖着冰、富有弹性的灌木丛上摇摇晃晃想保持身体平衡时，它们就会飞出来，这时你很难向它们射击，我打死了两只，五只没有打中，动身返回时，高兴地发现房子附近也有一群鹌鹑，开心的是第二天还会发现许多。

到家后，家里人说孩子拒绝让任何人走进他的房间。

"你们不能进来，"他说。"你们不许拿走我所有的东西。"

我上楼去看他，发现他完全是我离开他时那个姿势，脸色苍白，但因为发烧而脸颊发红，他像先前那样直盯盯地望着床脚，一动不动。

我量了量他的体温。

"What is it?"

"Something like a hundred," I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenths.

"It was a hundred and two," he said.

"Who said so?"

"The doctor."

"Your temperature is all right," I said. "It's nothing to worry about."

"I don't worry," he said, "but I can't keep from thinking."

"Don't think," I said. "Just take it easy."

"I'm taking it easy," he said and looked straight ahead. He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.

"Take this with water."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"Of course it will."

I sat down and opened the Pirate Book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

"About what time do you think I'm going to die?" he asked.

"What?"

"About how long will it be before I die?"

"You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two."

"People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk."

"多少度？"

"大约一百度，"我说。是一百零二度十分之四。

"是一百零二度，"他说。

"谁这样说的？"

"是医生说的。"

"你的体温没事儿，"我说。"没什么担心的。"

"我不担心，"他说，"但我不能不想。"

"不要想了，"我说。"请不要紧张。"

"我不紧张，"他说着，直盯前方。他显然在心里藏着什么事儿。

"把这就能和水服下去。"

"你认为这会有什么用吗？"

"当然会有。"

我坐下来，打开那本《海盗集》，开始读了起来，但我可以看出他没有在听，就停了下来。

"你认为我大概什么时候会死？"他问。

"什么？"

"我大概还会活多久？"

"你不会死的。你怎么了？"

"噢，是的，我就要死了。我听到他说一百零二度。"

"I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two."

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o'clock in the morning.

"You poor Schatz," I said. "Poor old Schatz. It's like miles and kilometers. You aren't going to die. That's a different thermometer. On that thermometer thirty-seven is normal. On this kind it's ninety-eight."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," I said. "It's like miles and kilometers. You know, like how many kilometers we make when we do seventy miles in the car?"

"Oh," he said.

But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very slack and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

"人发烧一百零二度不会死的。这样说真傻。"

"我知道会死的。在法国学校时，同学们告诉过我说，四十四度就活不了了。我已经一百零二度了。"

从上午九点钟起，他就一直在等死，等了整整一天。

"你这可怜的宝贝，"我说。"可怜的宝贝。这就像英里和公里。你不会死的。那是一种不同的体温计。那种体温计三十七度是正常的。这种体温计九十八度是正常的。"

"你敢确信？"

"绝对确信，"我说。"这就像英里和公里。你知道，我们开车时车速七十英里估计是少公里吗？"

"噢，"他说。

不过，他盯住床脚的目光慢慢地放松了。他内心的紧张最后也放松了，第二天就十分松弛，对无关紧要的小事动不动就哭。

# Cat in the Rain

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They did not know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotel facing the gardens and the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was raining. The rain dropped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and slipped back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the café a waiter stood looking out at the empty square.

The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on.

"I'm going down and get that kitty," the American wife said.

"I'll do it," her husband offered from the bed.

"No, I'll get it. The poor kitty out trying to keep dry under a table."

# 雨中的猫

只有两个美国人住在这家旅馆。他们进出自己的房间时，在楼梯上碰到的一些人他们都不认识。他们的房间在二楼，面向大海，还面向公园和战争纪念碑。公园里有一些高大的棕榈树和几把绿色长椅。天气晴好时，公园里总有一名带着画架作画的画家。画家喜欢这些棕榈树的生机盎然，喜欢面对公园和大海的旅馆的明亮色彩。意大利人经过长途跋涉来瞻仰这里的战争纪念碑。纪念碑是青铜铸造的，在雨中闪闪发亮。天正下着雨。雨水从棕榈树上滴下来，在砾石小路上积成了水洼。大海在雨中翻起长长的一线浪花，海浪从沙滩上悄悄退去，随后又汹涌而来，再次在大雨中翻起长长的一线浪花。汽车驶离纪念碑旁的广场。广场对面的咖啡馆门口站着一名侍者，正注视着空旷的广场。

美国人的妻子站在窗边，向外望着。楼外，他们房间窗户的正下方有一只猫，蜷缩在一张滴着雨水的绿桌子下面。小猫正试图蜷缩得小些，不让雨水滴在身上。

"我要下楼去逮住那只猫，"美国人的妻子说。

"我去逮它，"她的丈夫在床上提议说。

"不，我去逮。可怜的小猫正蜷缩在一张桌子底下躲雨呢。"丈夫躺靠在床脚处的两个枕头上，继续看书。

The husband went on reading, lying propped up with the two pillows at the foot of the bed.

"Don't get wet," he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall.

"Il piove," the wife said. She liked the hotel-keeper.

"Si, si, signora, brutto tempo. It is very bad weather."

He stood behind his desk in the far end of the dim room. The wife liked him. She liked the deadly serious way he received any complaints. She liked his dignity. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel-keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. A man in a rubber cape was crossing the empty square to the café. The cat would be around to the right. Perhaps she could go along under the eaves. As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room.

"You must not get wet," she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the gravel path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

"Ha perduto qualque cosa, Signora? "

"There was a cat," said the American girl.

"别淋湿了，"他说。

妻子下了楼，旅馆老板在她穿过办公室时站起来向她鞠躬。他的办公桌在办公室的那一端。他是一位老人，个子很高。

"Il piove[1]，"妻子说。她喜欢旅馆老板。

"Si，si，signora，brutto tempo[2]。天气糟透了。"

他站在昏暗的房间尽头、办公桌的后面。这位妻子喜欢他。她喜欢他面对任何抱怨时非常严肃的姿态。她喜欢他的庄重。她喜欢他服务时热心的样子。她喜欢他当旅馆老板的气质。她喜欢他苍老、严肃的面容，还有那双大手。

她像旅馆老板那样，打开门，向外看。雨下得更大了。一名穿着橡胶短雨衣的男子正穿过空旷的广场，向咖啡馆走去。小猫应在右边，也许她能顺着屋檐走过去。当她站在楼梯口时，身后有人打开了一把伞。撑伞的就是负责照管他们房间的女服务员。

"你别淋湿了。"她操着意大利语笑道。当然，是旅馆老板派她来的。

在女服务员的伞下，她沿着砾石小路走到他们的窗下。那张桌子仍在那里，被雨冲洗得闪着绿光，但小猫不见了。她突然感到失望。服务员抬头看着她。

"太太，你丢了什么东西吗？"

"有只小猫，"这位美国姑娘说。

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[1] Il piovel，意大利语，意思是"下雨了"。

[2] Si，si，signora，brutto tempo，意大利语，意思是"是的，太太，这天气真不好"。

"A cat?"

"Si, il gatto."

"A cat?" the maid laughed. "A cat in the rain?"

"Yes," she said, "under the table." Then, "Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty." When she talked English the maid's face tightened.

"Come, Signora," she said. "We must get back inside. You will be wet."

"I suppose so." said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs. She opened the door of the room. George was on the bed, reading.

"Did you get the cat?" he asked, putting the book down.

"It was gone."

"Wonder where it went to," he said, resting his eyes from reading.

She sat down on the bed.

"I wanted it so much," she said. "I don't know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain."

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the

"一只小猫？"

"是的，小猫。"

"一只小猫？"女服务员笑道。"雨中的小猫？"

"是的，"她说，"刚才还在桌子下面。"又说，"噢，我非常想要它。我想要只猫。"她说英语时，女服务员的脸绷紧起来。

"来吧，太太，"她说。"我们得回到里面去。你会淋湿的。"

"我想也是，"美国姑娘说。

她们沿着砾石小路走回去，进了门。女服务员在外面合上伞。美国姑娘穿过办公室时，旅馆老板在办公桌后面向她鞠躬。她感到非常渺小，心里憋得慌。旅馆老板使她觉得非常渺小，但同时又觉得自己是个大人物。一种瞬间的至高无上的感觉涌上她的心头。她走上楼梯，打开房门。乔治在床上，正看书。

"你逮到那只猫了吗？"他放下书问道。

"它不见了。"

"不知道它跑到哪里去了，"他说着，歇了歇眼睛，没有看书。

她在床上坐下来。

"我很想要它，"她说。"我不知道我为什么那么想要它。我想要那只可怜的小猫。一只可怜的小猫下雨时在户外一定很不舒服。"

乔治又看起书来。

back of her head and her neck.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?" she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

"I like it the way it is."

"I get so tired of it," she said. "I get so tired of looking like a boy."

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

"You look pretty darn nice," he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

"I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel," she said. "I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her."

"Yeah?" George said from the bed.

"And I want to eat a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes."

"Oh, shut up and get something to read," George said. He was reading again.

His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

"Anyway, I want a cat," she said, "I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can't have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat."

她走过去，坐在梳妆台的镜子前面，照着手中的镜子。她端详着自己的侧影，先是这一边，随后又看另一边，接着仔细端详后脑勺和脖子。

"如果我把头发留长了，你觉得是不是更好一些？"她再次看着自己的侧影问道。

乔治抬头看到她的后脖颈，头发理得很短，像个男孩。

"我喜欢现在这种式样。"

"我很讨厌这种式样，"她说。"像个小男孩，我烦透了。"

乔治在床上换了一下位置。从她开始讲话起，他就一直在瞧着她。

"你看起来够漂亮的了，"他说。

她把镜子放在梳妆台上，走向窗户，向外望去。天渐渐黑了。

"我想把我的头发往后边拢紧梳平，在脑后梳个自己摸得着的大发髻，"她说。"我想要只小猫，坐在我腿上。我摸着它时，它会喵喵叫个不停。"

"是吗？"乔治在床上说。

"而且，我想用我自己的银餐具吃饭，还有蜡烛。我希望现在是春天。我想在镜子前把头发梳理一下。我想要只小猫，还想要些新衣服。"

"噢，别说了，去找点东西念念吧，"乔治说着，又看起书来。

他的妻子向窗外望去。此时，天黑下来了。雨水仍落在棕榈树上。

"反正，我想要只小猫，"她说，"我想要只小猫。我现在就想要只小猫。我要是不能留长发，又没有其他乐趣，总该有只小猫吧。"

George was not listening. He was reading his book. His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

"Avanti," George said. He looked up from his book.

In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoise-shell cat pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

"Excuse me," she said, "the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora."

乔治没听她说话，还在看书。他的妻子向外望去，窗外的广场灯已经亮起来了。

有人敲门。

"Avanti[1]，"乔治说。他停止看书，抬起头来。

女服务员站在门口。她紧抱着一只个头很大、毛色棕、黑、黄相间的猫，猫扭来扭去。

"打扰了，"她说，"旅馆老板叫我把这只猫送给太太。"

[1] Avanti，意大利语，意思是"进来"。

# A Simple Inquiry

Outside, the snow was higher than the window. The sunlight came in through the window and shone on a map on the pineboard wall of the hut. The sun was high and the light came in over the top of the snow. A trench had been cut along the open side of the hut, and each clear day the sun, shining on the wall, reflected heat against the snow and widened the trench. It was late March. The major sat at a table against the wall. His adjutant sat at another table.

Around the major's eyes were two white circles where his snow-glasses had protected his face from the sun on the snow. The rest of his face had been burned and then tanned and then burned through the tan. His nose was swollen and there were edges of loose skin where blisters had been. While he worked at the papers he put the fingers of his left hand into a saucer of oil and then spread the oil over the saucer so there was only a film of oil on them, and after he had stroked his forehead and his cheeks, he stroked his nose very delicately between his fingers. When he had finished he stood up, took the saucer of oil and went into the small room of the hut where he slept. "I'm going to take a little sleep," he said to the adjutant. In that army an adjutant is not a commissioned officer. "You will finish up."

"Yes, Signor Maggiore," the adjutant answered. He leaned back in his chair and yawned. He took a paper-covered book out of the pocket of his coat and opened it; then laid it down on the table and lit his pipe. He leaned forward on the table to read and puffed at his pipe.

# 简单的询问

外面，积雪堆得比窗户还高。阳光透过窗户射进来，照在挂在小屋松板墙上的一张地图上面。太阳高悬，光线是越过雪堆顶照进来的。小屋门外已经铲开一条雪沟；一到晴天，照在墙上的太阳便将热量反射到雪上，使雪沟越来越宽。现在是三月下旬。少校坐在靠墙的一张桌边。他的副官坐在另一张桌边。

少校的眼睛周围有两个白圈，那是他过去戴雪镜，使脸部免受雪地上的太阳光直射所留下的痕迹。他的脸的余部曾经被灼晒，变成了灰褐色，又透过灰褐色晒成了焦黑色。他的鼻子虚肿，上面的皮肤松弛，原来那里起过水疱。他一边伏案看文件，一边将左手手指伸进油碟里，然后将油轻抹在脸上。由于他把碟沿上抹干手指时非常小心，因此他的手指上只有薄薄一层油。他把油抹在前额和脸颊上后，又两指夹住鼻子非常细致地抹了一阵油。做完后，他站起身，端起油碟，走进小屋他睡觉的小屋。"我要打个盹儿，"他对副官说。在那个部队中，副官不是授衔的军官。"你干完这些活儿。"

"是的，Signor Maggiore[1]，"副官应道。他靠在椅子背上，打了个哈欠。他从大衣口袋里掏出一本简装书，打开，然后将它放在桌子上，点起烟斗。他向前倾身在桌子

[1] Signor Maggiore，意大利语，意思是"少校先生"。

Then he closed the book and put it back in his pocket. He had too much paper-work to get through. He could not enjoy reading until it was done. Outside, then sun went behind a mountain and there was no more light on the wall of the hut. A soldier came in and put some pine branches, chopped into irregular lengths, into the stove. "Be off, Pinin," the adjutant said to him. "The major is sleeping."

Pinin was the major's orderly. He was a dark-faced boy, and he fixed the stove, putting the pine wood in carefully, shut the door, and went into the back of the hut again. The adjutant went on with his papers.

"Tonani," the major called.

"Signor maggiore?"

"Send Pinin in to me."

"Pinin!" the adjutant called. Pinin came into the room. "The major wants you," the adjutant said.

Pinin walked across the main room of the hut toward the major's door. He knocked on the half-opened door. "Signor Maggiore?"

"Come in," the adjutant heard the major say, "and shut the door."

Inside the room the major lay on his bunk. Pinin stood beside the bunk. The major lay with his head on the rucksack that he had stuffed with spare clothing to make a pillow. His long, burned, oiled face looked at Pinin. His hands lay on the blankets.

"You are nineteen?" he asked.

"Yes, Signor Maggiore."

上，一边看书，一边抽着烟斗。随后，他合上书，将它放回口袋。案头文书工作太多，他得做完所有工作，才能去享受读书的乐趣。外面，太阳已经落山，小屋的墙上不再有光照了。一名士兵走进屋，把一些砍成长短不一的小松枝投进炉子。"轻点声，平宁，"副官对他说，"少校正在睡觉。"

平宁是少校的勤务兵。他是一个面色黝黑的男孩。他弄好炉子，小心翼翼地将松枝放进去，关上门，又走进了小屋的后面。副官继续做着案头工作。

"托纳尼，"少校喊道。

"少校先生，有事吗？"

"叫平宁进来见我。"

"平宁！"副官叫道。平宁走进屋里。"少校要你去，"副官说。

平宁穿过小屋的主房，向少校的门口走去。他在半开的门上敲了一下。"少校先生？"

"进来，"副官听到少校说，"关上门。"

平宁走进屋里，只见少校躺在小床上。平宁站在小床边。少校躺在那里，头枕背包，他在里边塞了几件不穿的衣服充作枕头。他的焦黑的、油光光的长脸看着平宁。他的手放在毛毯上。

"你有十九岁了吧？"他问。

"是，少校先生。"

"你曾谈过恋爱吗？"

"You have ever been in love?"
"How do you mean, Signor Maggiore?"
"In love—with a girl?"
"I have been with girls."
"I did not ask that. I asked if you had been in love—with a girl."
"Yes, Signor Maggiore."
"You are in love with this girl now? You don't write her. I read all your letters."
"I am in love with her," Pinin said, "but I do not write her."
"You are sure of this?"
"I am sure."
"Tonani," the major said in the same tone of voice, "can you hear me talking?"
There was no answer from the next room.
"He can not hear," the major said. "and you are quite sure that you love a girl?"
"I am sure."
"And," the major looked at him quickly, "that you are not corrupt?"
"I don't know what you mean, corrupt."
"All right," the major said. "You needn't be superior."
Pinin looked at the floor. The major looked at his brown face, down and up him, and at his hands. Then he went on, not smiling, "And you don't really want—" the major paused. Pinin looked at the floor. The major leaned his head back on the rucksack and smiled. He was really relieved: life in the army was too complicated. "You're a good boy," he said. "You're

"您是什么意思，少校先生？"
"跟一个女孩——相爱？"
"我曾和一些女孩子在一起过。"
"我不是问那个。我是问你否和一个女孩子——相爱过。"
"是，少校先生。"
"你现在和这个女孩子相爱吗？你没有给她写信。我看过你所有的信。"
"我和她相爱，"平宁说，"但我没有给她写信。"
"你敢肯定这一点吗？"
"我敢肯定。"
"托纳尼，"少校用同样的嗓音说道，"你能听见我说话吗？"
隔壁房间没有回答。
"他不会听见，"少校说。"你真的敢肯定你爱一个姑娘吗？"
"我敢肯定。"
"还有，"少校迅速看了他一眼，"你敢肯定你没有胡搞吗？"
"我不知道您说的胡搞是什么意思。"
"好吧，"少校说。"你不必太自负。"
平宁看着地板。少校瞅着他褐色的脸庞，上下打量了一番，然后又瞧了瞧他的两只手。随后，他板着脸，继续说道："你真的不想——"少校欲言又止。平宁看着地板。少校将头靠回背包，露出了笑容。这下他确实放心了：部队里的生活实在太复杂了。

a good boy, Pinin. But don't be superior and be careful someone else doesn't come along and take you."

Pinin stood still beside the bunk.

"Don't be afraid," the major said. His hands were folded on the blankets. "I won't touch you. You can go back to your platoon if you like. But you had better stay on as my servant. You've less chance of being killed."

"Do you want anything of me, Signor Maggiore?"

"No," the major said. "Go on and get on with whatever you were doing. Leave the door open when you go out."

Pinin went out, leaving the door open. The adjutant looked up at him as he walked awkwardly across the room and out the door. Pinin was flushed and moved differently than he had moved when he brought in the wood for the fire. The adjutant looked after him and smiled. Pinin came in with more wood for the stove. The major, lying on his bunk, looking at his cloth-covered helmet and his snow-glasses that hung from a nail on the wall, heard him walk across the floor. The little devil, he thought, I wonder if he lied to me.

"你是一个好孩子，"他说。"你是一个好孩子，平宁。但不要太自负，小心点儿，别人就不会过来纠缠你了。"

平宁站在小床边一动不动。

"别害怕，"少校说。他把两手合拢放在毛毯上。"我不会伤害你的。你愿意的话可以回到排里去。但你最好还是呆在这里当我的勤务员。这样，你被打死的机会就会少些。"

"您要我做什么事吗，少校先生？"

"不，"少校说。"去吧，你在做什么就继续做吧。你出去时不必关门。"

平宁走出去，没有关门。当他笨手笨脚穿过房间走出门时，副官抬头看了他一眼。平宁的脸腾地红了，他走出去和他先前进来添火时不大一样。副官望着他的背影，微微一笑。平宁又抱了些柴火进来添炉子。少校躺在小床上，看着挂在墙钉上的布面头盔和雪镜，听到他在地板上走路的声音。这小鬼，他心里想，我不知道他是否对我撒了谎。

# A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

It was very late and everyone 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 daytime 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

# 一个干净明亮的地方

时间很晚了，大家都已经离开了咖啡馆，只有一位老人坐在树叶遮住灯光的阴影里。白天街上尘土飞扬，但夜里露水使尘土沉落，老人喜欢坐得很晚，因为他是聋子，现在到了夜里，静悄悄的，他感觉跟白天不一样。咖啡馆里的两名服务员知道老人有点儿醉了，尽管他是个好主顾，但他们知道，如果他喝得太醉，不付账就会离开，所以他们密切注视着他。

"上周他想自杀，"一位服务员说。

"为什么？"

"他绝望。"

"怎么回事？"

"没事儿。"

"你怎么知道没事儿？"

"他有好多钱。"

他们一块坐在靠近咖啡馆门墙边的桌旁，看着平台，那里的桌子都空无一人，只有老人坐在随风微微晃动的树叶的阴影里。一位女孩和一名士兵走过大街。街灯照在他衣领的铜号码上。那个女孩没有戴帽子，匆匆走在他身边。

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."

"警卫队会把他抓走，"一名服务员说。

"如果他得到自己要找的东西，那有什么关系？"

"他现在最好从街上走开。警卫队会抓住他。他们才过去五分钟。"

坐在阴影里的老人用玻璃杯轻敲茶托。那个比较年轻的服务员朝他走过去。

"你要什么？"

老人看着他。"再来一杯白兰地，"他说。

"你会醉的，"服务员说。老人看着他。服务员走开了。

"他会呆一整夜的，"他对同事说。"我现在困了。我从来没有三点钟前睡过觉。他应该上周就自杀的。"

服务员从咖啡里的柜台上拿了一瓶白兰地和另一只茶托，大步走向老人的桌子。他放下茶托，往玻璃杯里倒满了白兰地。

"你应该上周就自杀的，"他对那个聋子说。老人用手指打了个手势。"再添点儿，"他说。服务员又向玻璃杯里倒酒，酒溢了出来，顺着杯脚流进了一叠茶托最上面的那只茶托。"谢谢你，"老人说。服务员把酒瓶拿回咖啡馆。他又和同事坐在桌边。

"他现在醉了，"他说。

"他夜夜都醉。"

"他为什么想自杀？"

"我怎么会知道。"

"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 they do it?"
"Fear 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."

"他以前是怎么自杀的？"
"他是用绳子上吊。"
"是谁砍断绳子把他放下来的？"
"他的侄女。"
"为什么要把他放下来？"
"为他的灵魂担心。"
"他有多少钱？"
"他有好多。"
"他一定有八十岁了。"
"反正我想他有八十岁了。"
"我真希望他回家。我从来没有三点钟前上床睡觉。那是何种睡觉时间啊？"
"因为喜欢他就不睡觉啊。"
"他孤独。我不孤独。我有老婆在床上等着我。"
"他以前也有过老婆。"
"现在老婆对他没有任何好处。"
"你不能这样说。他有老婆说不定会好些。"
"他的侄女照顾他。你说是她把他放下来的。"
"我知道。"

"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 brandy," 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."

"我不想活那样老。老人都邋遢。"

"不一定。这个老人就很干净。他喝酒从不洒出来。即使现在喝醉。瞧着他。"

"我不想瞧他。我真希望他回家。他根本不关心那些必须工作的人。"

老人从杯子上抬起目光看看广场，又瞧瞧两个服务员。

"再来一杯白兰地，"他指着杯子说。那个行动匆忙的服务员走了过去。

"结束了，"他用省略句说，蠢人在对醉汉或外国人说话时就这样说。"今晚没了。关门了。"

"再来一杯，"老人说。

"不。结束了。"服务员一边用毛巾擦桌沿，一边摇摇头。

老人站起来，慢慢地数着那些茶托，从口袋里掏出一只装硬币的皮夹，付了酒钱，又留下半比塞塔[1]小费。

那个服务员望着他沿街而行，只见一位垂垂暮年的老人走起路来一摇一晃，但不失体面。

"你为什么不让他留下来喝酒？"那个不慌不忙的服务员问道。他们正在关百叶窗。"还不到两点半。"

"我想回家上床睡觉。"

"一个小时算什么？"

"对他不算什么，对我却算什么。"

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[1] 比塞塔，西班牙比塞塔源自"比索"，西班牙语意思是"重量"，是西班牙和安道尔在2002年欧元流通前使用的法定货币。比塞塔2002年3月1日停止使用，当时1欧元相等于166.386比塞塔。

"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 pulling down 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 am 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

"都是一个小时。"

"你自己说话像老年人一样。他可以买一瓶在家里喝。"

"那不一样。"

"是，是不一样，"那个有老婆的服务员赞成说。他不想有失公平。他只是有些匆忙。

"那你呢？不到通常时间就回家，你不怕吗？"

"你是想变着法骂我吧？"

"不是，老兄，只是开个玩笑。"

"不，"那个行动匆忙的服务员说着，拉下金属百叶窗，站了起来。"我有信心。我完全有信心。"

"你有青春，有信心，还有工作，"年长的服务员说。"你什么都有。"

"那你缺什么呢？"

"除了工作，什么都缺。"

"我有的一切，你也都有啊。"

"不。我从来没有信心，我也不年轻啊。"

"得了。别胡说了，锁上门吧。"

"我是那种喜欢在咖啡馆呆得很晚的人，"年长的服务员说。"和所有那些不想上床睡觉的人一样。和所有那些夜里需要光亮的人一样。"

"我想回家钻进被窝。"

"我们属于两种人，"年长的服务员说。他现在穿好衣服要回家。"这不只是年轻和信心的问题，尽管那些东西都十分美好。每天夜里我都不愿打烊，因为说不定会有

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 was 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 a fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was a 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 all was nada y pues nada y 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 nadas 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.

人需要来咖啡馆。"

"老兄，通宵酒店有的是。"

"你不明白。这是一个干净舒适的咖啡馆。灯光明亮。而且现在灯光亮堂，还有树叶的影子。"

"再见，"年轻的服务员说。

"再见，"年长的服务员说。他关点电灯，继续自言自语。当然要有灯光，但那个地方也必须干净舒适。你不想听音乐。你肯定不想听音乐。你也不能自信自尊地站在酒吧前面，尽管这都是为自信时刻准备的。他害怕什么？这不是害怕或恐惧。这是他再熟悉不过的虚无。一切都是虚无，人也是虚无。就这么多，需要的只是亮光，还有某种干净和整齐。有些人生活在其中，却从来没有感觉到，但他知道一切都是虚无，都是虚无，都是虚无。我们的虚无在虚无中，虚无是你的名字，你的王国也叫虚无，你将是虚无中的虚无，因为原来就是虚无。给我们这个虚无吧，我们日常的虚无，虚无我们，我们的虚无，因为我们虚无，我们的种种虚无，虚无我们，不进入虚无，而是把我们从虚无中解救出来；因此虚无。向充满虚无的虚无欢呼，虚无与你同在。他面带微笑，站在一个带有闪光汽压咖啡机的吧台前。

"你要什么？"酒吧招待问道。

"虚无。"

"又一个疯子，"酒吧接待说着，转身走开。

"来一小杯，"那个服务员说。

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's probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

酒吧接待为他倒了一杯。

"灯很亮堂，也很舒适，但酒台擦得不光，"服务员说。

酒吧接待看着他，但没有应声。夜太深了，不便交谈。

"你要再来一杯吗？"酒吧接待问道。

"不，谢谢你，"服务员说着，走了出去。他不喜欢酒吧和酒店。一个干净明亮的咖啡馆则是截然不同的一回事。眼下，他不再多想，而是要回家到自己的屋里去。他要躺在床上，最后，天亮时，他会进入梦乡。毕竟，他对自己说，这可能只是失眠。好多人一定都会有失眠。

# Indian Camp

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

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the Indians shoved it off 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 oarlocks of the other boat quite a way ahead of them in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes. Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The 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 bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up the beach. 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 trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and

# 印第安人营地

湖岸边又有一只划船拉了上来。两个印第安人站在那里等待着。

尼克和他的父亲走进船尾，两个印第安人把船推离湖岸，其中一个跳上去划船。乔治叔坐在营船尾部。年轻的印第安人把营船推离湖岸，跳进去为乔治叔划船。

两只船在黑暗中出发。在薄雾中，尼克听到他们前面相当远的地方传来另一只船的桨架的响声。两个印第安人飞快地划动着，波浪起伏。尼克躺回去，他父亲的胳膊抱着他。水面上很冷。那个给他们划船的印第安人拼命划着，但另一只船在薄雾中始终远远低划在前面。

"我们要去哪里，爸爸？"尼克问。

"到印第安人营地去。有一位印第安女人病得很重。"

"噢，"尼克说。

海湾对岸，他们发现另一只船靠岸。乔治叔正在黑暗中抽着雪茄。年轻的印第安人把船停靠在海滩上。乔治叔给两个印第安人都递了雪茄。

他们从海滩走上去，穿过一块露水打湿的草地，跟在那个提灯的年轻印第安人后面。随后，他们走进树林，顺着一条小路走去。小路通向迂回进入小山的伐木大道。因

blew out his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the Indian barkpeelers lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two Indians sent them back to the shanties. 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 bunk 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 range 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. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an ax 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 labor. 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.

为两边的树木都被砍掉，所以这段伐木大道上明亮得多。年轻的印第安人停下脚步，吹灭提灯，他们都沿着伐木大道向前走。

他们绕过了一道弯，一只狗吠叫着跑出来。前面那些剥树皮的印第安人住的棚屋透出了灯光。又有几只狗朝他们扑过来。两个印第安人把它们打发回棚屋。最靠近大路的棚屋窗口透出了灯光。一位老太太举着灯站在门口。

屋里木板床上躺着一位年轻的印第安妇女。她一直在生孩子，都两天了，还生不出来。营地里所有的老太太都一直帮助她。男人们都走到了大路上，走到听不见她叫喊的地方，坐在黑暗中抽烟。正当尼克和两个印第安人跟着他的父亲和乔治叔走进棚屋时，她尖声叫喊。她躺在下铺，盖着被子，肚子高高鼓起，头转向一侧。上铺是她的丈夫。三天前，他用斧头把一只脚砍成了重伤。他正在抽烟袋。屋里烟味很重。

尼克的父亲吩咐人在炉子上放一些水，烧水时他对尼克说起了话。

"这位女士要生孩子，尼克，"他说。

"我知道，"尼克说。

"你不知道，"他的父亲说。"听我说。她正在经受的被称为阵痛。宝宝想出生，她也想让宝宝出生。她所有的肌肉都在尽力把宝宝生下来。她尖声叫喊就是这么回事。"

"我明白了，"尼克说。

正在这时，女人大声叫喊起来。

"噢，爸爸，你不能给她点什么，让她停止尖叫吗？"尼克问。

"No. I haven't any anesthetic," 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 doctor 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," he said, and began to scrub 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 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. 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, 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!" 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 breathe and handed it to the old woman.

"不能。我没有带麻药，"他的父亲说。"不过，她尖叫不要紧。我听不见，因为这不要紧。"

躺在上铺的丈夫翻身贴住墙壁。

厨房里那个女人向医生打了个手势，说水热了。尼克的父亲走进厨房，把大壶里的水向盆里倒了大约一半。他解开一只手帕，把好几样东西放进壶里剩下的水里。

"那些东西必须烧开，"说着，他开始用从营里拿来的一块肥皂在一盆热水里洗净双手。尼克望着父亲的双手用肥皂互相擦洗。他的父亲一边小心翼翼彻底洗净双手，一边说话。

"尼克，你明白，宝宝出生时应该是头先出来，但有时不是这样。如果不是头先出来，那就会给大家制造好多麻烦。也许我不得不给这位女士动手术。过一小会儿，我们就会知道。"

当医生对自己的一双手没有疑问时，就走进去准备接生。

"你掀开被子好吗，乔治？"他说。"我还是不碰它为好。"

稍后，当他开始手术时，乔治叔和三个印第安男人按住产妇。她咬住乔治叔的胳膊，乔治叔说："该死的女人！"那个给乔治叔划过船的年轻印第安人冲他笑。尼克为父亲端着盆。这整个花费了很长时间。

他的父亲拎起宝宝，拍了拍，让宝宝透过气来，然后递给那位老太太。

"看到了吧，是一个男孩，尼克，"他说。"做一名实习医生，你觉得怎样？"

尼克说："好吧。"他把脸转过去，免得看见父亲在干什么。

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

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

"There. That gets it," 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. You can watch this or not, Nick, just as you like. I'm going to sew up the incision I made."

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

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.

"I'll put some peroxide 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. Ignace by noon and she'll bring everything we need."

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

"That's one for the medical journal, George," he said. "Doing a Caesarian with a jackknife and sewing it up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders."

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

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

"好了，这就得了，"说着，他的父亲把什么东西放进了盆里。

尼克没有看。

"现在，"他的父亲说，"要缝几针。看不看随你，尼克。我要缝上切开的口子了。"

尼克没有看。他的好奇心早就没有了。

他的父亲做完手术，站了起来。乔治叔和三个印第安男人也站了起来。尼克把盆端进了厨房。

乔治叔看看自己的胳膊。那个年轻的印第安人回忆往事，微微一笑。

"乔治，我要在那上面放一些过氧化物，"医生说。

他弯腰去看印第安产妇。她现在平静下来，眼睛闭合，脸色惨白。她不知道宝宝怎么样。

"我早上就回去，"医生站起来说。"中午时分，护士会从圣伊格纳茨赶来，我们需要什么她就会带来什么。"

他情绪高昂，非常健谈，就像比赛一场后在更衣室的足球运动员那样。

"乔治，这个手术够上医学杂志了，"他说。"用折叠刀作剖腹产手术，并用九英尺长的细肠线缝合。"

乔治叔靠墙站在那里，看着自己的胳膊。

"噢，你确实了不起，"他说。

"该看一看那位扬眉吐气的父亲了。他们常常在这些小事上最痛苦，"医生说。

"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."

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian's head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk 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. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up, 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.

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 postoperative exhilaration gone. "It was an awful mess to put you through."

"Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?" Nick asked.

"No, that was very, very exceptional."

"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?"

"我必须说他对所有这一切都镇定自若。"

他掀起那个印第安人头上的毯子。他的手抽开时湿漉漉的。他蹬上下铺的床沿，一只手提灯，向上铺看。那个印第安人面朝墙躺在那里，喉咙被齐耳割开。鲜血已经流成了一滩，他的尸体凹陷在血泊里。他的头枕在左臂上。剃刀打开，刀刃朝上，落在毯子里。

"乔治，把尼克带出棚屋，"医生说。

根本不必这样做了。尼克正站在厨房门口，把上铺看得一清二楚，当时他的父亲一手提灯，另一只手推回那个印第安人的脑袋。

他们沿着伐木大道走回湖畔时，天刚开始放亮。

"尼基，我带你来，真对不起，"他的父亲说，他做完手术后所有的兴奋劲儿都烟消云散。"让你经受这一切真是糟透了。"

"女士们生孩子总是这样艰难吗？"尼克问。

"不是，这是非常少见的例外。"

"他为什么自杀，爸爸？"

"我不知道，尼克。我猜，他可能是对一些事儿受不了了吧。"

"许多男人都自杀吗，爸爸？"

"不是很多，尼克。"

"许多女人都自杀吗吗？"

"几乎从来没有。"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh, yes. They do sometimes."

"Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Where did Uncle George go?"

"He'll turn up all right."

"Is dying hard, Daddy?"

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

They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. 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.

"她们从来没有？"

"噢，不是。她们有时会。"

"爸爸？"

"唉。"

"乔治叔去了哪里？"

"他肯定会来的。"

"死难吗，爸爸？"

"不难，我想死相当容易，尼克。这要看情况而定。"

他们上船坐下，尼克在船尾，他的父亲在划船。太阳正从山那边冉冉升起。一条鲈鱼跃起，在水里漾出一个圆圈。尼克把手伸进水里，让一只手顺水拖行。在刺骨寒冷的清晨，水里感觉温暖。

清晨，在湖面上，尼克坐在船尾，他的父亲划着船，他确信自己永远不会死。

# The Sea Change

"All right," said the man. "what about it?"

"No," said the girl. "I can't."

"You mean you won't."

"I can't," said the girl. "That's all that I mean."

"You mean that you won't."

"All right," said the girl. "You have it your own way."

"I don't have it my own way. I wish to God I did."

"You did for a long time," the girl said.

It was early, and there was no one in the café except the barman and these two who sat together at a table in the corner. It was the end of the summer and they were both tanned, so that they looked out of place in Paris. The girl wore a tweed suit, her skin was a smooth golden brown, her blonde hair was cut short and grew beautifully away from her forehead. The man looked at her.

"I'll kill her," he said.

"Please don't," the girl said. She had very fine hands and the man looked at them. They were slim and brown and very beautiful. "I will. I swear to God I will."

"It won't make you happy."

# 突变

"好了，"男人说。"怎么样？"

"不，"女孩说。"我不能。"

"你是说你不愿意。"

"我不能，"女孩说。"我就是这个意思。"

"你是说你不愿意。"

"好吧，"女孩说。"你可以为所欲为。"

"我不会为所欲为。但愿我是那样。"

"你早就是这样，"女孩说。

天色还早，咖啡馆里只有服务员和这两个一块坐在角落桌边的人。时值夏末，他们都晒得黝黑，因此他们看上去在巴黎格格不入。女孩身穿粗花呢套装，皮肤呈柔和的金棕色，额头上的金发剪得短短的，长得很美。男人望着她。

"我要杀了她，"他说。

"请别，"女孩说。她有一双非常好看的手，男人望着她的手。这双手纤细，呈褐色，非常漂亮。

"我要杀了她。我对上帝发誓要杀了她。"

"Couldn't you have gotten into something else? Couldn't you have gotten into some other jam?"

"It seems not," the girl said. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I told you."

"No; I mean really."

"I don't know," he said. She looked at him and put out her hand. "Poor old Phil," she said. He looked at her hands, but he did not touch her hand with his.

"No, thanks," he said.

"It doesn't do any good to say I'm sorry?"

"No."

"Nor to tell you how it is?"

"I'd rather not hear."

"I love you very much."

"Yes, this proves it."

"I'm sorry," she said, "if you don't understand."

"I understand. That's the trouble. I understand."

"You do," she said. "That makes it worse, of course."

"Sure," he said, looking at her. "I'll understand all the time. All day and all night. Especially all night. I'll understand. You don't have to worry about that."

"I'm sorry," she said.

"If it was a man—"

"那不会让你快乐。"

"你不会陷入别的什么事儿吧？你不会陷进别的什么困境吧？"

"好像不会，"女孩说。"你对这件事准备怎么办？"

"我对你说过了。"

"不，我是当真。"

"我不知道，"他说。她望着他，伸出一只手。"可怜的老菲尔，"她说。他看着她的手，但他没有用自己的手去触摸她的手。

"不，谢谢，"他说。

"道歉也没用吗？"

"是的。"

"告诉你是怎么回事也没用吗？"

"我宁愿不听。"

"我非常爱你。"

"是的，是会证明这一点。"

"如果你不明白，那我就会感到遗憾，"她说。

"我明白。问题正是这个。我明白。"

"你明白，"她说。"这肯定会让事情更糟。"

"当然，"他望着她说。"我始终都会明白。整天整夜。尤其是整夜。我会明白。这你不必担心。"

"Don't say that. It wouldn't be a man. You know that. Don't you trust me?"

"That's funny," he said. "Trust you. That's really funny."

"I'm sorry," she said. "That's all I seem to say. But when we do understand each other there's no use to pretend we don't."

"No," he said. "I suppose not."

"I'll come back if you want me."

"No. I don't want you."

Then they did not say anything for a while.

"You don't believe I love you, do you?" the girl asked.

"Let's not talk rot," the man said.

"Don't you really believe I love you?"

"Why don't you prove it?"

"You didn't use to be that way. You never asked me to prove anything. That isn't polite."

"You're a funny girl."

"You're not. You're a fine man and it breaks my heart to go off and leave you—"

"You have to, of course."

"Yes," she said. "I have to and you know it."

He did not say anything and she looked at him and put her hand out again. The barman was at the far end of the bar. His face was white and so was his jacket. He knew these two and thought them a handsome young couple. He had seen many handsome young couples

"对不起，"她说。

"如果是一个男人——"

"别这样说。这不是男人的事儿。这你知道。你不信任我吗？"

"可笑。"他说。"信任你。真可笑。"

"对不起，"她说。"我好像只能这样说。但是，当我们相互了解时，假装不了解也没用。"

"不，"他说。"我想不是。"

"如果你要我，我就回来。"

"不。我不要你。"

因此，一时间，他们都一声不吭。

"你不相信我爱你，对吗？"女孩问。

"别胡说，"男人说。

"你真的不相信我爱你吗？"

"你为什么不证明呢？"

"你以前不是这样。你以前从来不要求我证明什么。那不礼貌。"

"你是一个可笑的女孩。"

"你不是。你是好人，要离开你，一走了之，让我伤心——"

"你肯定得走。"

"是，"她说。"我得走，这你知道。"

他一声不吭，她望着他，又伸出手。服务员在吧台另一端。他的脸色发白，夹克

break up and new couples form that were never so handsome long. He was not thinking about this, but about a horse. In half an hour he could send across the street to find if the horse had won.

"Couldn't you just be good to me and let me go?" the girl asked.

"What do you think I'm going to do?"

Two people came in the door and went up to the bar.

"Yes, sir," the barman took the orders.

"You can't forgive me? When you know about it?" the girl asked.

"No."

"You don't think things we've had and done should make any difference in understanding?"

"'Vice is a monster of such fearful mien,'" the young man said bitterly, "that to be something or other needs but to be seen. Then we something, something, then embrace." He could not remember the words. "I can't quote," he said.

"Let's not say vice," she said. "That's not very polite."

"Perversion," he said.

"James," one of the clients addressed the barman, "you're looking very well."

"You're looking very well yourself," the barman said.

"Old James," the other client said. "You're fatter, James."

"It's terrible," the barman said, "the way I put it on."

是发白。他认识这两个人，认为他们是一对年轻的俊男靓女。他曾经见过许多年轻的俊男靓女分手，另结新偶，绝不会长相守。他不是在想这件事，而是在想一匹马。半小时后，他就能派人到街对面看看那匹马是否已经赢赛。

"难道你不能善待我，让我走吗？"女孩问。

"你想我会怎么做？"

两个顾客走进门，来到吧台前。

"是，先生，"服务员记下他们点的菜。

"你不能原谅我吗？你知道这件事也不能吗？"女孩问。

"不能。"

"你不认为我们有过那些事，做过那些事，对相互了解有什么影响吗？"

"'堕落是一个相貌可怕的恶魔，'"年轻人痛苦地说，"下句是什么什么，但需要让人看见。然后，我们什么什么，然后拥抱。"他记不起原话了。"我无法引述了，"他说。

"别说堕落，"她说。"那很不礼貌。"

"走入邪路，"他说。

"詹姆斯，"一个顾客对服务员说，"你气色很好。"

"你自己气色也很好，"服务员说。

"老詹姆斯，"另一个顾客说。"你发福了，詹姆斯。"

"我胖成这个样子，真糟糕，"服务员说。

"别忘了加白兰地，詹姆斯，"第一个顾客说。

"Don't neglect to insert the brandy, James," the first client said.

"No, sir," said the barman. "Trust me."

The two at the bar looked over at the two at the table, then looked back at the barman again. Towards the barman was the comfortable direction.

"I'd like it better if you didn't use words like that," the girl said. "There's no necessity to use a word like that."

"What do you want me to call it?"

"You don't have to call it. You don't have to put any name to it."

"That's the name for it."

"No," she said. "We're made up of all sorts of things. You've known that. You've used it well enough."

"You don't have to say that again."

"Because that explains it to you."

"All right," he said. "All right."

"You mean all wrong. I know. It's all wrong. But I'll come back. I told you I'd come back. I'll come back right away."

"No, you won't."

"I'll come back."

"No, you won't. Not to me."

"You'll see."

"Yes," he said. "That's the hell of it. You probably will,"

"不会忘，先生，"服务员说。"相信我。"

吧台边那两位顾客朝桌边那两个人望去，然后又回头瞅瞅服务员。朝服务员这边看顺眼。

"如果你不用这样的字眼，我会更喜欢，"女孩说。"根本没有必要用这样的字眼。"

"你要我叫它什么？"

"你不必叫它。你不必叫它任何名字。"

"就是叫它这个名字。"

"不，"她说。"我们都是由各种各样的事儿构成的。你早就知道这一点。你已经司空见惯了。"

"你不必再那样说了。"

"因为这向你说明了一切。"

"好了，"他说。"好了。"

"你的意思完全错了。我知道。完全错了。但是，我会回来。我对你说过，我会回来。我马上就会回来。"

"不，你不要。"

"我会回来。"

"不，你不要。不要回到我身边。"

"你走着瞧。"

"Of course I will."

"Go on, then."

"Really?" She could not believe him, but her voice was happy.

"Go on," his voice sounded strange to him. He was looking at her, at the way her mouth went and the curve of her cheekbones, at her eyes and at the way her hair grew on her forehead and at the edge of her ear and at her neck.

"Not really. Oh, you're too sweet," she said. "You're too good to me."

"And when you come back tell me all about it." His voice sounded very strange. He did not recognize it. She looked at him quickly. He was settled into something.

"You want me to go?" she asked seriously.

"Yes," he said seriously. "Right away." His voice was not the same, and his mouth was very dry. "Now," he said.

She stood up and went out quickly. She did not look back at him. He watched her go. He was not the same-looking man as he had been before he had told her to go. He got up from the table, picked up the two checks and went over to the bar with them.

"I'm a different man, James," he said to the barman. "You see in me quite a different man."

"Yes, sir?" said James.

"Vice," said the brown young man, "is a very strange thing, James." He looked out the door. He saw her going down the street. As he looked in the glass, he saw he was really quite a different-looking man. The other two at the bar moved down to make room for him.

"是，"他说。"真让人受不了。你也许会吧。"

"我当然会。"

"那就走吧。"

"真的？"她不相信他，但她的声音非常愉快。

"走吧，"他的声音听上去怪怪的。他望着她，望着她的嘴唇蠕动的样子，望着她颧骨的曲线，望着她的眼睛，望着她额头上头发长的样子，望着她耳朵的边缘，望着她的脖子。

"不一定。噢，你太可爱了，"她说。"你对我太好了。"

"那等你回来后再把这一切告诉我吧。"他的声音听上去很怪。他都听不出来了。她飞快地看了他一眼。他对某件事已经习惯了。

"你要我走吗？"她认真地问。

"是，"他认真地说。"马上走。"他的声音都不一样了，嘴唇很干。"现在就走，"他说。

她站起来，飞快地走出去。她没有回头看他。他望着她走。他不再是先前那个告诉她走的人了。他从桌边站起来，拿起两张账单，走到吧台边付账。

"我判若两人，詹姆斯，"他对服务员说。"你看我完全判若两人。"

"什么，先生？"詹姆斯说。

"堕落，"褐色皮肤的年轻人说，"是一件很怪的事儿，詹姆斯。"他望着门外，看到她沿街走去。他照了照镜子，看到自己的确完全变了样子。吧台前那两位顾客移动

"You're right there, sir," James said.

The other two moved down a little more, so that he would be quite comfortable. The young man saw himself in the mirror behind the bar. "I said I was a different man, James," he said. Looking into the mirror he saw that this was quite true.

"You look very well, sir," James said. "You must have had a very good summer."

了一下，给他让地方。

"你说得对，先生，"詹姆斯说。

那两个顾客又移动了一点儿，这样他会看得相当顺眼。那个年轻人望着吧台后面镜子里的自己。"詹姆斯，我说过判若两人了吧，"他说。他盯着镜子，看到这完全不错。

"先生，你看上去气色很好，"詹姆斯说。"你一定是过了一个非常愉快的夏天。"

# After the Storm

It wasn't about anything, something about making punch, and then we started fighting and I slipped and he had me down kneeling on my chest and choking me with both hands like he was trying to kill me and all the time I was trying to get the knife out of my pocket to cut him loose. Everybody was too drunk to pull him off me. He was choking me and hammering my head on the floor and I got the knife out and opened it up; and I cut the muscle right across his arm and he let go of me. He couldn't have held on if he wanted to. Then he rolled and hung onto the arm and started to cry and I said: "What the hell you want to choke me for?"

I'd have killed him. I couldn't swallow for a week. He hurt my throat bad.

Well, I went out of there and there were plenty of them with him and some came out after me and I made a turn and was down by the docks and I met a fellow and he said somebody killed a man up the street. I said "Who killed him?" and he said "I don't know who killed him but he's dead all right," and it was dark and there was water standing in the street and no lights and windows broke and boats all up in the town and trees blown down and everything all blown and I got a skiff and went out and found my boat where I had her inside of Mango Key and she was all right only she was full of water. So I bailed her out and pumped her out and there was a moon but plenty of clouds and still plenty rough and I took it down along; and when it was daylight I was off Eastern Harbor.

# 暴风过后

没有什么事儿，没有什么值得动拳的事儿，后来我们打了起来，我滑了一跤，他把我按下，跪在我的胸口上，两手掐住我，像是要掐死我，我一直想从口袋里抽出刀子，摆脱他。每个人都喝醉了，无法从我身上拽开他。他掐住我，把我的头向地板上撞，我拔出刀子，将它打开；我在他的胳臂上横着划了一刀，他放开了我。他想抓我也抓不住了。于是，他打了个滚，握住那条胳膊，开始叫喊起来，我说："你到底为什么要掐住我？"

我本来要杀了他。我一周都无法咽东西。他把我的喉咙掐伤了，很重。

于是，我离开那里，那里有好多人跟他在一起，有些人还跑出来追我，我转了个弯，沿着码头走去，我碰到了一个人，他说有个人在街上杀了人。我说："是谁杀了他？"他说："我不知道是谁杀了他，但他确实死了。"天色昏暗，街上积水，没有灯光，窗户破裂，小船都漂到了镇里，树木也被刮倒，所有的东西都被刮掉了，我找到一只轻舟，划出去，找到了我停在芒果礁里面的小船，小船平安无事，只是灌满了水。因此，我把水舀出来，用水泵抽空，尽管有一轮月亮，但云彩很多，风暴仍然很大，我一路顺风划动；天亮时，我离开了东港。

Brother, that was some storm. I was the first boat out and you never saw water like that was. It was just as white as a lye barrel and coming from Eastern Harbor to Sou'west Key you couldn't recognize the shore. There was a big channel blown right out through the middle of the beach. Trees and all blown out and a channel cut through and all the water white as chalk and everything on it; branches and whole trees and dead birds, and all floating. Inside the keys were all the pelicans in the world and all kinds of birds flying. They must have gone inside there when they knew it was coming.

I lay at Sou'west Key a day and nobody came after me. I was the first boat out and I seen a spar floating and I knew there must be a wreck and I started out to look for her. I found her. She was a three-masted schooner and I could just see the stumps of her spars out of water. She was in too deep water and I didn't get anything off of her. So I went on looking for something else. I had the start on all of them and I knew I ought to get whatever there was. I went on down over the sand-bars from where I left that three-masted schooner and I didn't find anything and I went on a long way. I was way out toward the quicksands and I didn't find anything so I went on. Then when I was in sight of the Rebecca light I saw all kinds of birds making over something and I headed over for them to see what it was and there was a cloud of birds all right.

I could see something looked like a spar up out of the water and when I got over close the birds all went up in the air and stayed all around me. The water was clear out there and there was a spar of some kind sticking out just above the water and when I come up close to it I saw it was all dark under water like a long shadow and I came right over it and there under water was a liner; just lying there all under water as big as the whole world. I drifted over

老兄，风暴真猛。我是第一个把船开出去，你从来没有见过那样大的水。水就像碱水桶那样白，从东港涌进了西南礁，让人看不清海岸。海滩中央径直刮出一条大沟。树木都被刮掉，一条水沟横穿而过，所有的水像白垩一样白，水面上什么都有；树枝、整棵树和死鸟，以及所有的一切都漂浮着。世界上所有的鹈鹕和各种飞禽都在那些岩礁里面。它们一定是知道暴风要来临，才躲进了那里。

我在西南礁躺了一天，没有人来追我。我是第一个开出船，看到有一个桅杆在漂浮，我知道一定有船出事，就动身去寻找。我找到了出事船。那是一只三桅纵帆船，我刚好能看懂桅杆残柱露出水面。船沉在水里太深了，我从船里什么也没有得到。所以，我继续寻找其他东西。我对这一切有得天独厚的条件，我知道无论有什么东西我都应该得到。我继续在那只三桅纵帆船下沉处的沙洲转来转去，什么都没有找到，就又继续开了一大段路。我向流沙滩开去，什么也没有找到，于是我继续向前开。后来，我看到丽贝卡灯塔时，只见各种飞禽聚集在什么东西上面，我向前开去，想看看是什么，原来的确有乌压压一大群鸟。

我可以看到一根像桅杆似的东西露出水面；当我开近时，那些鸟都飞到空中，围在我的四周。那里的水清澈见底，只见一根桅杆似的东西伸出了水面；我走近前来，看到水下一团漆黑，像一道长长的阴影；我开过去，只见水下是一艘大型商船；就躺在那里的水下，大得就像偌大的世界一样。我坐在小船从它上面漂过。大型商船侧躺在那里，船尾深深向下，舷窗全都紧闭，我可以看到窗玻璃在水里闪闪发亮，还有整个船身；我

her in the boat. She lay on her side and the stern was deep down. The port holes were all shut tight and I could see the glass shine in the water and the whole of her; the biggest boat I ever saw in my life laying there and I went along the whole length of her and then I went over and anchored and I had the skiff on the deck forward and I shoved it down into the water and sculled over with the birds all around me.

I had a water glass like we use sponging and my hand shook so I could hardly hold it. All the port holes were shut that you could see going along over her but way down below near the bottom something must have been open because there were pieces of things floating out all the time. You couldn't tell what they were. Just pieces. That's what the birds were after. You never saw so many birds. They were all around me; crazy yelling.

I could see everything sharp and clear. I could see her rounded over and she looked a mile long under the water. She was lying on a clear white bank of sand and the spar was a sort of foremast or some sort of tackle that slanted out of water the way she was laying on her side. Her bow wasn't very far under. I could stand on the letters of her name on her bow and my head was just out of water. But the nearest port hole was twelve feet down. I could just reach it with the grains pole and I tried to break it with that but I couldn't. The glass was too stout. So I sculled back to the boat and got a wrench and lashed it to the end of the grains pole and I couldn't break it. There I was looking down through the glass at that liner with everything in her and I was the first one to her and I couldn't get into her. She must have had five million dollars worth in her.

It made me shaky to think how much she must have in her. Inside the port hole that was closest I could see something but I couldn't make it out through the water glass. I couldn't

有生以来见过的最大的一艘船躺在那里，我先顺着整个船身前进，然后再开过去抛锚，我先把轻舟放在前甲板上，然后把它推下水，在飞鸟团团围拢下划了过去。

我有一副玻璃筒镜，就像我们用来采集海绵时戴的那种，我的一只手颤抖，所以我简直握不住。你顺着船身一路看过去，就可以看到所有的舷窗都关闭着，但靠近水底的下面的地方一定有什么东西已经打开，因为始终有一片片的漂出来。你说不清它们是什么东西。仅仅是碎片。鸟群追赶的就是这个。你从来没有见过这么多鸟。它们围在我四周狂叫着。

我可以把一切都看得一清二楚。我可以看到船身，它在水下看上去有一英里长。船躺在一片洁白的沙滩上，从它侧躺的样子来看，倾斜着露出水面的桅杆是一种前桅或某种索具。船头在水下不很远的地方。我可以站在船头的船名字母上，脑袋正好露出水面。然而，就是距离最近的一个舷窗也在十二英尺深的水下。我用多齿鱼叉杆刚好能够到，我想用鱼叉杆砸破舷窗，却无法做到。玻璃太结实了。所以，我划回小船，拿了一只扳手，把扳手捆在鱼叉杆顶端，但我还是砸不破。我在那里透过玻璃筒镜向下观看那艘装有一切的大型商船，我是第一个接近客轮，但我无法进去。这艘船里一定有价值五百万美元的东西。

一想到这艘船值多少钱，我就浑身颤抖。距离最近的舷窗里，我可以看到一些东西，但我透过玻璃筒镜看不清是什么。我用鱼叉杆什么也做不了，就脱掉衣服，站在那里，深吸两口气，手握扳手，俯身游过船尾，向下游去。我可以在舷窗边坚持一会儿，

do any good with the grains pole and I took off my clothes and stood and took a couple of deep breaths and dove over off the stern with the wrench in my hand and swam down. I could hold on for a second to the edge of the port hole and I could see in and there was a woman inside with her hair floating all out. I could see her floating plain and I hit the glass twice with the wrench hard and I heard the noise clink in my ears but it wouldn't break and I had to come up.

I hung onto the dinghy and got my breath and then I climbed in and took a couple of breaths and dove again. I swam down and took hold of the edge of the port hole with my fingers and held it and hit the glass as hard as I could with the wrench. I could see the woman floated in the water through the glass. Her hair was tied once close to her head and it floated all out in the water. I could see the rings on one of her hands. She was right up close to the port hole and I hit the glass twice and I didn't ever crack it. When I came up I thought I wouldn't make it to the top before I'd have to breathe.

I went down once more and I cracked the glass, only cracked it, and when I came up my nose was bleeding and I stood on the bow of the liner with my bare feet on the letters of her name and my head just out and rested there and then I swam over to the skiff and pulled up into it and sat there waiting for my head to stop aching and looking down into the water glass, but I bled so I had to wash out the water glass. Then I lay back in the skiff and held my hand under my nose to stop it and I lay there with my head back looking up and there was a million birds above and all around.

When I quit bleeding I took another look through the glass and then I sculled over to the boat to try and find something heavier than the wrench but I couldn't find a thing; not even a sponge hook. I went back and the water was clearer all the time and you could see everything

可以看到里面，里面有一个女人，头发完全漂浮着。我可以清晰地看到她在漂浮着，就用扳手猛砸了玻璃两次，听到耳边响起当当声，但就是砸不开，所以我只好浮上来。

我抓住小舢板，喘了口气，然后爬进去，又吸了两口气，再次潜下水去。我向下游，手指紧紧抓住舷窗边，抓住后，尽最大力气用扳手砸玻璃。我透过玻璃可以看到那个漂浮在水里的女人。她的头发原来紧紧地扎在头上，现在都披散在水里。我可以看到她其中一只手上的戒指。她正好靠近舷窗，我两次砸玻璃，都不曾砸裂。我上来后，心里想道，我要到非换气不可再游上水面。

我再次下水，砸裂了玻璃，仅仅是砸裂；我上来后，鼻子正在流血，我站在大型商船的船头上，赤脚踩在船名字母上，脑袋正好露出来，在那里休息，然后游到轻舟边，用力爬进去，坐在那里一边等着头疼止住，一边透过玻璃筒镜向下看，但我流血不止，所以只好冲洗玻璃筒镜。于是，我仰躺在轻舟里，一只手压在鼻子下面止血；我仰头躺在那里，抬眼望去，只见上空和四周有上百万只鸟。

止住鼻血后，我又透过玻璃筒镜看了看，然后划到小船边，想找一个比扳手更重的东西，但一件东西也找不到，甚至连捞海绵的铁钩都找不到。我又返回去，海水始终比较清澈，你可以看到漂在那片白沙滩上的所有东西。我寻找鲨鱼，但一条都没有。你本来很远就能看到鲨鱼。海水那么清，沙滩那么白，轻舟上有一只多爪小艇锚，我把它砍下来，跳下水，带着锚向下游去。它把我一直向下拖，拖过舷窗，我伸手去抓，什么

that floated out over that white bank of sand. I looked for sharks but there weren't any. You could have seen a shark a long way away. The water was so clear and the sand white. There was a grapple for an anchor on the skiff and I cut it off and went overboard and down with it. It carried me right down and past the port hole and I grabbed and couldn't hold anything and went on down and down, sliding along the curved side of her. I had to let go of the grapple. I heard it bump once and it seemed like a year before I came up through to the top of the water. The skiff was floated away with the tide and I swam over to her with my nose bleeding in the water while I swam and I was plenty glad there weren't sharks; but I was tired.

My head felt cracked open and I lay in the skiff and rested and then I sculled back. It was getting along in the afternoon. I went down once more with the wrench and it didn't do any good. That wrench was too light. It wasn't any good diving unless you had a big hammer or something heavy enough to do good. Then I lashed the wrench to the grains pole again and I watched through the water glass and pounded on the glass and hammered until the wrench came off and I saw it in the glass, clear and sharp, go sliding down along her and then off and down to the quicksand and go in. Then I couldn't do a thing. The wrench was gone and I'd lost the grapple so I sculled back to the boat. I was too tired to get the skiff aboard and the sun was pretty low. The birds were all pulling out and leaving her and I headed for Sou'west Key towing the skiff and the birds going on ahead of me and behind me. I was plenty tired.

That night it came on to blow and it blew for a week. You couldn't get out to her. They come out from town and told me the fellow I'd had to cut was all right except for his arm and I went back to town and they put me under five hundred dollar bond. It came out all right because some of them, friends of mine, swore he was after me with an ax, but by the time we got back out to her the Greeks had blown her open and cleaned her out. They got the safe out

也没有抓住，继续向下沉啊沉，沿着弯曲的船身滑下去。我不得不松开锚。我听到它咚的撞了一下，等我又游上水面时，仿佛已经过了一年。轻舟顺着潮水漂走，我朝它划过去，一边游，鼻血一边流到水里，我非常高兴没有鲨鱼，但我很累。

我感觉头都裂开了，我躺在轻舟里休息，然后又划回去。下午向前推移。我又一次带着扳手下水，却无济于事。那把扳手太轻了。除非你有一把大铁锤或足够重的有用东西，否则潜水毫无用处。于是，我又把扳手绑在鱼叉杆上，透过玻璃筒镜观察，在舷窗玻璃上咚咚捶击，捶得扳手震脱，我在玻璃筒镜看得一清二楚，扳手沿着船身一路滑下去，然后滑开，沉到流沙里，陷了进去。所以，我一事无成。扳手没有了，多爪小艇锚也丢了，于是我又划回小船。我太累了，无法将轻舟拉上船，太阳低垂。鸟群都飞走，离开了沉船，我拖着轻舟朝西南礁划去，鸟群在我前后飞着。我相当疲惫。

那天夜里，暴风刮起，整整刮了一周。你无法出海到沉船那里去。他们从城里出来，告诉我说，我不得不划了一刀的那个家伙除了胳膊平安无事，我就回到城里，他们跟我订了五百美元的盟约。最后不错，因为其中一些人是我的朋友，发誓说他带着一把斧子追随我，但等我们回到沉船时，希腊人已经把船炸开，清扫一空。他们用炸药炸开了保险箱。没有人知道他们得到了多少钱。这艘船载着黄金，他们都拿走了。他们把船洗劫一空。是我发现了沉船，但我连一分钱都没有得到。

暴风的确不得了。他们说飓风袭击时，这艘船就在哈瓦那港口外，无法进港，否则

with dynamite. Nobody ever knows how much they got. She carried gold and they got it all. They stripped her clean. I found her and I never got a nickel out of her.

It was a hell of a thing all right. They say she was just outside of Havana harbor when the hurricane hit and she couldn't get in or the owners wouldn't let the captain chance coming in; they say he wanted to try; so she had to go with it and in the dark they were running with it trying to go through the gulf between Rebecca and Tortugas when she struck on the quicksands. Maybe her rudder was carried away. Maybe they weren't even steering. But anyway they couldn't have known they were quicksands and when she struck the captain must have ordered them to open up the ballast tanks so she'd lay solid. But it was quicksand she'd hit and when they opened the tank she went in stern first and then over on her beam ends. There were four hundred and fifty passengers and the crew on board of her and they must all have been aboard of her when I found her. They must have opened the tanks as soon as she struck and the minute she settled on it the quicksands took her down. Then her boilers must have burst and that must have been what made those pieces that came out. It was funny there weren't any sharks though. There wasn't a fish. I could have seen them on that clear white sand.

Plenty of fish now though; jewfish, the biggest kind. The biggest part of her's under the sand now but they live inside of her; the biggest kind of jewfish. Some weigh three to four hundred pounds. Sometime we'll go out and get some. You can see the Rebecca light from where she is. They've got a buoy on her now. She's right at the end of the quicksand right at the edge of the gulf. She only missed going through by about a hundred yards. In the dark

船东们不会让船长冒险进港；他们说船长想试一下，所以这艘船只好随着暴风航行，黑暗中他们正随着暴风行驶，想设法穿过丽贝卡和托尔图加岛[1]之间的海湾，这时船撞上了流沙。也许船舵已被冲走。也许他们连舵都没有掌。但是，不管怎样，他们无法知道有流沙，撞上流沙后，船长一定命令他们打开压舱层，这样船就会停稳。然而，这艘船撞上的是流沙，他们打开压舱层后，船尾先沉，船梁尾端后进。船上有四百五十名乘客和船员，我发现这艘船时，他们一定都在船上。船一撞上去，他们一定已经打开了压舱层，船一压上去，流沙就把船吸了下去。后来，锅炉一定发生了爆炸，一定是这样才让那些碎片漂了出来。不过，奇怪的是，没有任何鲨鱼。一条鱼也没有。如果有鱼的话，我可以在那片白净的沙滩上看到。

然而，现在有好多鱼，暖海鱼，是最大的一种鱼。这艘船现在绝大部分都沉到了流沙下面，但这些鱼都生活在船里；最大的暖水鱼。有的重三四百磅。哪一天我们要出海去打几条鱼。你在沉船处可以看到丽贝卡灯塔。他们如今在上面设了一个浮标。沉船就在海湾边缘流沙尽头。这艘船只有大约一百码就闯过去了；在黑暗中，在风暴中，这艘船没有闯过去；雨下得这么大，他们看不清丽贝卡灯塔。当时他们对这种事不习惯。大型商船的船长不习惯那样疾驶。他们有一条航道；他们告诉我说，他们安了一种罗盘，它可以自动导航。他们遇到那阵暴风时，可能不知道自己在什么地方，但他们差点

[1] 托尔图加岛，加勒比海岛屿，位于海地北部岸外，与和平港隔海相望。1629 年欧洲冒险家定居托尔图加岛（西班牙语意为“龟岛”）。

in the storm they just missed it; raining the way it was they couldn't have seen the Rebecca. Then they're not used to that sort of thing. The captain of a liner isn't used to scudding that way. They have a course and they tell me they set some sort of a compass and it steers itself. They probably didn't know where they were when they ran with that blow but they come close to making it. Maybe they'd lost the rudder though. Anyway there wasn't another thing for them to hit till they'd get to Mexico once they were in that gulf. Must have been something though when they struck in that rain and wind and he told them to open her tanks. Nobody could have been on deck in that blow and rain. Everybody must have been below. They couldn't have lived on deck. There must have been some scenes inside all right because you know she settled fast. I saw that wrench go into the sand. The captain couldn't have known it was quicksand when she struck unless he knew these waters. He just knew it wasn't rock. He must have seen it all up in the bridge. He must have known what it was about when she settled. I wonder how fast she made it. I wonder if the mate was there with him. Do you think they stayed inside the bridge or do you think they took it outside? They never found any bodies. Not a one. Nobody floating. They float a long way with life belts too. They must have took it inside. Well, the Greeks got it all. Everything. They must have come fast all right. They picked her clean. First there was the birds, then me, then the Greeks, and even the birds go more out of her than I did.

儿穿过去。不过，他们也许已经丢失了方向舵。无论如何，一旦他们进入那个海湾，到达墨西哥不会再碰到什么东西。但是，他们一定是在那场雨中碰到了什么东西，船长才吩咐他们打开压舱层。在那种狂风暴雨中，谁也不可能会在甲板上。每个人都一定留在船舱里。他们本来在甲板上就活不了。船舱里一定有过一些争吵，因为你知道船牢牢地定在了那里。我看到那把扳手落尽了流沙。船撞上去时，船长不可能知道那是流沙，除非他了解这些水域。他只知道那不是暗礁。他在船桥上一定都看到了。等船定住后，他一定已经知道是怎么回事了。我不知道船沉得多么快。我不知道大副是否和他在一起。你认为他们是呆在船桥里，还是认为他们在船桥外面？人们从来没有找到任何尸体。一具也没有。没有人漂浮。如果有救生圈的话，他们也会漂浮很长一大段。他们一定是在里面。于是，希腊人就全部得手了。所有的一切。他们肯定来得很快。他们扒得干干净净。先是鸟群，然后是我，最后是那些希腊人，甚至连鸟群从船上得到的东西都比我得到的多。

# An Alpine Idyll

It was hot coming down into the valley even in the early morning. The sun melted the snow from the skis we were carrying and dried the wood. It was spring in the valley but the sun was very hot. We came along the road into Galtur carrying our skis and rucksacks. As we passed the churchyard a burial was just over. I said, "Grüss Gott," to the priest as he walked past us coming out of the churchyard. The priest bowed.

"It's funny a priest never speaks to you," John said.

"You'd think they'd like to say 'Grüss Gott.'"

"They never answer," John said.

We stopped in the road and watched the sexton shoveling in the new earth. A peasant with a black beard and high leather boots stood beside the grave. The sexton stopped shoveling and straightened his back. The peasant in the high boots took the spade from the sexton and went on filling in the grave—spreading the earth evenly as a man spreading manure in a garden. In the bright May morning the grave-filling looked unreal. I could not imagine anyone being dead.

"Imagine being buried on a day like this," I said to John.

"I wouldn't like it."

"Well," I said, "we don't have to do it."

We went on up the road past the houses of the town to the inn. We had been skiing in the

# 阿尔卑斯山牧歌

即使在清晨下山，走进山谷，天也很热。太阳融化了我们携带的滑雪橇上的雪，晒干了木头。春天来到了山谷，但太阳很热。我们带着滑雪橇和帆布背包沿路走进加耳都尔。我们经过教堂墓地时，一场葬礼刚刚结束。一位神父从教堂墓地出来，经过我们身边时，我对他说"感谢主"。神父鞠了一躬。

"奇怪，神父从来不对人说话，"约翰说。

"你以为他们会喜欢说'感谢主'吧。"

"他们从不回答，"约翰说。

我们在路上停下来，望着教堂司事在铲新土。一个留着黑色络腮胡、脚穿高统皮靴的农民站在墓穴边。教堂司事停止铲土，直了直腰。那个穿高统靴的农民从教堂司事手里拿过铲子，继续往墓穴里填土，就像在菜园里撒肥料那样把土均匀撒开。在这个明亮的五月的早晨，填墓这事儿看上去很不真实。我无法想象会有什么人死亡。

"想想有一天我们也会像这样被埋葬，"我对约翰说。

"我可不想那样。"

"啊，"我说，"我们不必那样做。"

我们继续沿路而行，经过镇上的房屋，朝客栈走去。我们一直在西尔弗雷塔滑了

Silvretta for a month, and it was good to be down in the valley. In the Silvretta the skiing had been all right, but it was spring skiing, the snow was only good in the early morning and again in the evening. The rest of the time it was spoiled by the sun. We were both tired of the sun. You could not get away from the sun. The only shadows were made by rocks or by the hut that was built under the protection of a rock beside a glacier, and in the shade the sweat froze in your underclothing. You could not sit outside the hut without dark glasses. It was pleasant to be burned black but the sun had been very tiring. You could not rest in it. I was glad to be down away from snow. It was too late in the spring to be up in the Silvretta. I was a little tired of skiing. We had stayed too long. I could taste the snow water we had been drinking melted off the tin roof of the hut. The taste was a part of the way I felt about skiing. I was glad there were other things besides skiing, and I was glad to be down, away from the unnatural high mountain spring, into this May morning in the valley.

The innkeeper sat on the porch of the inn his chair tipped back against the wall. Beside him sat the cook.

"Ski-heil!" said the innkeeper.

"Heil!" we said and leaned the skis against the wall and took off our packs.

"How was it up above?" asked the innkeeper.

"Schön. A little too much sun."

"Yes. There's too much sun this time of year."

The cook sat on in his chair. The innkeeper went in with us and unlocked his office and brought out our mail. There was a bundle of letters and some papers.

一个月的雪，现在下山，来到山谷，真好。尽管在西尔弗雷塔滑雪不错，但这是春天滑雪，雪只有在清晨和晚上才合适。其他时间，雪都被太阳糟蹋了。我们俩都对太阳厌烦了。你无法逃离太阳。唯一的阴影就是岩石或棚屋投下的，棚屋建在冰川旁边，处在一块岩石的保护之下，而在这荫凉中，汗水却在你的贴身衣裤里冻结。你不戴墨镜，就无法坐在棚屋外。尽管晒黑令人愉快，但太阳让人非常疲劳。你无法在太阳地休息。离开雪，下山，我很高兴。春天上西尔弗雷塔山，太晚了。我对滑雪有点儿厌烦。我们呆得太久了。我还能体验到我们一直喝的雪水的味道，那是棚屋白铁皮顶上融化的雪水。这种味道是我对滑雪感受的一部分。我很高兴，除了滑雪，还有其他一些事儿；我很高兴下山，离开高山上那种反常的春天，进入山谷里这个五月的早晨。

客栈老板坐在门廊上，椅子向后翘起，靠着墙壁。厨师坐在他身边。

"嗨，滑雪！"客栈老板说。

"嗨！"我们说着，把滑雪橇靠在墙上，取下我们的帆布背包。

"山上怎么样？"客栈老板问。

"Schön[1]。太阳有点儿太多了。"

"是。每年这个时候，太阳是有点儿多。"

厨师继续坐在椅子里。客栈老板随我们进去，打开办公室的门锁，取出我们的邮件。有一沓信和一些报纸。

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[1] Schön，德语，意思是"魅力的；漂亮的"。

"Let's get some beer," John said.

"Good. We'll drink it inside."

The proprietor brought two bottles and we drank them while we read the letters.

"We better have some more beer," John said. A girl brought it this time. She smiled as she opened the bottles.

"Many letters," she said.

"Yes. Many."

"Prosit," she said and went out, taking the empty bottles.

"I'd forgotten what beer tasted like."

"I hadn't," John said. "Up in the hut I used to think about it a lot."

"Well," I said, "we've got it now."

"You oughtn't to ever do anything too long."

"No. We were up there too long."

"Too damn long," John said. "It's no good doing a thing too long."

The sun came through the open window and shone through the beer bottles on the table. The bottles were half full. There was a little froth on the beer in the bottles, not much, because it was very cold. It collared up when you poured it into the tall glasses. I looked out of the open window at the white road. The trees beside the road were dusty. Beyond was a green field and a stream. There were trees along the stream and a mill with a water wheel. Through the open side of the mill I saw a long log and a saw in it rising and falling. No one seemed to be tending it. There were four crows walking in the green field. One crow sat in

"我们喝些啤酒吧，"约翰说。

"好。我们到里边喝。"

客栈老板拿来两瓶啤酒，我们一边喝一边看信。

"我们最好再来些啤酒，"约翰说。这次是个女孩把酒送来的。她打开酒瓶时面带微笑。

"许多信，"她说。

"是。许多。"

"恭喜，"说着，她拿着空瓶走了出去。

"我已经忘记啤酒是什么味道了。"

"我没有忘记，"约翰说。"在山上棚屋里，我常常想起啤酒。"

"啊，"我说，"我们现在终于喝到了。"

"任何事情你都绝不应该做得太久。"

"是。我们在那里呆得太久了。"

"他娘的太久了，"约翰说。"一件事儿做得太久，没有任何好处。"

太阳透过敞开的窗户照进来，又透过啤酒瓶照在桌上。瓶里都还有一半。瓶子里的啤酒上都有一点泡沫，不多，因为天气很冷。你把啤酒倒进高脚杯，泡沫就会浮上来。我从敞开的窗户望着外面发白的大路。路边的树木尽是灰尘。远处是绿色的田野和一条小溪。顺着小溪边有一排树木和一个带有水轮的磨坊。透过磨坊空旷的一边，我看到一根长长的圆木，一把锯子在圆木里上下起伏。好像没有人在照看。四只乌鸦在绿野里走

a tree watching. Outside on the porch the cook got off his chair and passed into the hall that led back into the kitchen. Inside, the sunlight shone through the empty glasses on the table. John was leaning forward with his head on his arms.

Through the window I saw two men come up the front steps. They came into the drinking room. One was the bearded peasant in the high boots. The other was the sexton. They sat down at the table under the window. The girl came in and stood by their table. The peasant did not seem to see her. He sat with his hands on the table. He wore his old army clothes. There were patches on the elbows.

"What will it be?" asked the sexton. The peasant did not pay any attention.

"What will you drink?"

"Schnapps," the peasant said.

"And a quarter liter of red wine," the sexton told the girl.

The girl brought the drinks and the peasant drank the schnapps. He looked out of the window. The sexton watched him. John had his head forward on the table. He was asleep.

The innkeeper came in and went over to the table. He spoke in dialect and the sexton answered him. The peasant looked out of the window. The innkeeper went out of the room. The peasant stood up. He took a folded ten-thousand kronen note out of a leather pocket-book and unfolded it. The girl came up.

"Alles?" she asked.

"Alles," he said.

"Let me buy the wine," the sexton said.

动。一只乌鸦卧在树上观望。门廊外面，厨师离开他的椅子，经过门厅，走进后面的厨房。里面，阳光透过空玻璃杯，照在桌上。约翰头靠在胳膊上，倾身向前。

透过窗户，我看到两个人走上门前台阶。他们走进饮酒室。其中一个是脚穿高统靴、留着络腮胡的农民。另一个是教堂司事。他们在窗下的桌边坐下。那个女孩走进来，站在他们的桌边。那个农民好像没有看到她。他两手放在桌上，坐在那里。他穿着旧军服，肘部上有一些补丁。

"那会怎么样？"教堂司事问。那个农民没有理会。

"你要喝什么？"

"烈酒，"农民说。

"再来四分之一升红葡萄酒，"教堂司事告诉那个女孩。

女孩拿来了酒，农民喝了烈酒。他望着窗外。教堂司事盯着他。约翰把头伸向前趴在桌上，睡着了。

客栈老板进来，走到那张桌边。他用方言说话，教堂司事用方言答。那个农民望着窗外。客栈老板走出了房间。农民站起身，从皮夹里掏出一张折叠的一万克罗宁的钞票，展开。女孩走上前来。

"一块付？"她问。

"一块付，"他说。

"让我来买葡萄酒，"教堂司事说。

"一块付，"那个农民对女孩重复道。她把手伸进围裙口袋，掏出许多硬币，点了

"Alles," the peasant repeated to the girl. She put her hand in the pocket of her apron, brought it out full of coins and counted out the change. The peasant went out of the door. As soon as he was gone the innkeeper came into the room again and spoke to the sexton. He sat down at the table. They talked in dialect. The sexton was amused. The innkeeper was disgusted. The sexton stood up from the table. He was a little man with a moustache. He leaned out of the window and looked up the road.

"There he goes in," he said.

"In the Löwen?"

"Ja."

They talked again and then the innkeeper came over to our table. The innkeeper was a tall man and old. He looked at John asleep.

"He's pretty tired."

"Yes, we were up early."

"Will you want to eat soon?"

"Any time," I said. "What is there to eat?"

"Anything you want. The girl will bring the eating-card."

The girl brought the menu. John woke up. The menu was written in ink on a card and the card slipped into a wooden paddle.

"There's the Speisekarte," I said to John. He looked at it. He was still sleepy.

"Won't you have a drink with us?" I asked the innkeeper.

点找回的零钱。农民走出门。他一走，客栈老板又走进来，对教堂司事说话。他在桌边坐下，他们用方言交谈。教堂司事非常开心。客栈老板非常反感。教堂司事从桌边站起来。他是一个留着小胡子的小个子。他将身体伸出窗外，望着大路。

"他进去了，"他说。

"是进了'Löwen[1]'吗？"

"Ja[2]。"

他们又谈了起来，随后客栈老板朝我们的桌边走来。客栈老板个子高大，上了年纪，看着睡觉的约翰。

"他很累。"

"是，我们起得很早。"

"你们想马上吃东西吗？"

"什么时间都行，"我说。"有什么吃的？"

"你们要什么都有。那个女孩会拿来菜单。"

女孩拿来了菜单。约翰醒了。菜单是用墨水写在一张卡片上的，卡片则嵌入一块木板。

"菜单来了，"我对约翰说。他看了看菜单，仍然睡眼朦胧。

"你不跟我们喝一杯吗？"我问客栈老板。

他坐下来。"那些农民都没有人性，"客栈老板说。

"我们进镇时，看到那个农民在举行葬礼。"

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[1] löwen，德语，意思是"狮子"。

[2] ja，德语，意思是"是的"。

He sat down. "Those peasants are beasts," said the innkeeper.

"We saw that one at a funeral coming in to town."

"That was his wife."

"He's a beast. All these peasants are beasts."

"How do you mean?"

"You wouldn't believe it. You wouldn't believe what just happened to that one."

"Tell me."

"You wouldn't believe it." The innkeeper spoke to the sexton. "Franz, come over here." The sexton came, bringing his little bottle of wine and his glass.

"The gentlemen are just come down from the Wiesbadenerhütte," the innkeeper said. We shook hands.

"What will you drink?" I asked.

"Nothing," Franz shook his finger.

"Another quarter liter?"

"All right."

"Do you understand dialect?" the innkeeper asked.

"No."

"What's it all about?" John asked.

"He's going to tell us about the peasant we saw filling the grave, coming into town."

"I can't understand it, anyway," John said. "It goes too fast for me."

"那是他的妻子。"

"他没有人性。所有这些农民都没有人性。"

"你这是什么意思？"

"你不会相信。你无法想象刚才那家伙到底做了什么。"

"告诉我。"

"你不会相信的。"客栈老板对教堂司事说。"弗朗茨，过来这里。"教堂司事拿着一小啤瓶酒和酒杯走过来。

"这两位先生刚从威斯巴登棚屋下来，"客栈老板说。我们握了握手。

"你要喝什么？"我问。

"什么也不喝，"弗朗茨晃了晃手指。

"再来四分之一升？"

"好吧。"

"你懂方言吗？"客栈老板问。

"不懂。"

"到底是怎么回事？"约翰问。

"他就要把我们进镇时看到的那个填墓穴的农民的事儿告诉我们。"

"反正我听不懂，"约翰说。"我听上去太快了。"

"那个农民，"客栈老板说，"今天送妻子下葬。她是去年十一月死的。"

"十二月，"教堂司事说。

"这无所谓。就算她是去年十二月死的吧，他通知了镇公所。"

"That peasant," the innkeeper said, "today he brought his wife in to be buried. She died last November."

"December," said the sexton.

"That makes nothing. She died last December then, and he notified the commune."

"December eighteenth," said the sexton.

"Anyway, he couldn't bring her over to be buried until the snow was gone."

"He lives on the other side of the Paznaun," said the sexton. "But he belongs to this parish."

"He couldn't bring her out at all?" I asked.

"No. He can only come, from where he lives, on skis until the snow melts. So today he brought her in to be buried and the priest, when he looked at her face, didn't want to bury her. You go on and tell it," he said to the sexton. "Speak German, not dialect."

"It was very funny with the priest," said the sexton. "In the report to the commune she died of heart trouble. We knew she had heart trouble here. She used to faint in church sometimes. She did not come for a long time. She wasn't strong to climb. When the priest uncovered her face he asked Olz, 'Did your wife suffer much?' 'No,' said Olz. 'When I came in the house she was dead across the bed.'"

"The priest looked at her again. He didn't like it.

" 'How did her face get that way?'

" 'I don't know,' Olz said.

" 'You'd better find out,' the priest said, and put the blanket back. Olz didn't say anything. The priest looked at him. Olz looked back at the priest. 'You want to know?'

" 'I must know,' the priest said."

"十二月十八日，"教堂司事说。

"反正，雪化前，他不能送她下葬。"

"他住在帕斯瑙那边，"教堂司事说，"但他属于这个教区。"

"他根本不能送她出来？"我问。

"是。等到雪融化时，他才能从住地坐雪橇来。所以，他今天送她下葬，神父看了看她的脸，不想埋葬她。你接下去讲，"他对教堂司事说。"说德语，不要说方言。"

"神父感到很怪，"教堂司事说。"在给镇公所的报告中，她死于心脏病。我们早就知道她患有心脏病。她过去常常在礼拜时昏倒。她好长时间没有来过教堂。她没有劲儿爬山。神父揭开她脸上盖的毯子后，问奥尔兹：'你的妻子病得重吗？''不重，'奥尔兹说。'我走进屋里时，她横在床上死了。'

"神父又看了她一下。他不喜欢这样。"'她的脸上怎么变成了那个样子？'

"'我不知道，'奥尔兹说。

"'你最好查明真相，'神父说着，又盖上了毯子。奥尔兹一声不吭。神父看了看他。奥尔兹也看了看神父。'你想知道吗？'

"'我必须知道，'神父说。"

"好；就这里，"客栈老板说。"听着。弗朗茨，接着说。"

"'好，'奥尔兹说，'她死后，我向镇公所报告过，把她放进了工棚，一块大木头横在工棚顶上。当我要用那块木料时，发现她浑身僵硬，于是我就把她靠墙竖起来。

"This is where it's good," the innkeeper said. "Listen to this. Go on Franz."

" 'Well,' said Olz, 'when she died I made the report to the commune and I put her in the shed across the top of the big wood. When I started to use the big wood she was stiff and I put her up against the wall. Her mouth was open and when I came to the shed at night to cut up the big wood, I hung the lantern from it."

" 'Why did you do that?' asked the priest.

" 'I don't know,' said Olz.

" 'Did you do that many times?'

" 'Every time I went to work in the shed at night.'

" 'It was very wrong,' said the priest. 'Did you love your wife?'

"'Ja, I loved her,' Olz said. 'I loved her fine.'"

"Did you understand it all?" asked the innkeeper. "You understand it all about his wife?"

"I heard it."

"How about eating?" John asked.

"You order," I said. "Do you think it's true?" I asked the innkeeper.

"Sure it's true," he said. "These peasants are beasts."

"Where did he go now?"

"He's gone to drink at my colleague's, the Löwen!"

"He didn't want to drink with me," said the sexton.

"He didn't want to drink with him, after he knew about his wife," said the innkeeper.

"Say," said John. "How about eating?"

"All right," I said.

她的嘴大张开，夜里我走进工棚去劈那块大木头时，就把灯笼挂在她的嘴上。"

" '你为什么要那样做？' 神父问。

" '我不知道，' 奥尔兹说。

" '你那样挂过好多次吗？'

" '每次夜里我去工棚里干活都挂。'

" '这是非常错误的，' 神父说。'你爱妻子吗？'

" '对，我爱她，' " 奥尔兹说。" '我好爱她。' "

"你都明白了吗？" 客栈老板问。"你对他妻子的所有情况都明白了吗？"

"我听到了。"

"吃东西怎么样？" 约翰说。

"你点吧，" 我说。"你认为这是真的吗？" 我问客栈老板。

"肯定是真的，" 他说。"这些农民真没有人性。"

"他现在去了哪里？"

"他到我的同行 '狮子' 那里喝酒去了。"

"他不想跟我喝酒，" 教堂司事说。

"他知道妻子的情况后，就不想跟他喝酒，" 客栈老板说。

"喂，" 约翰说。"吃东西怎么样？"

"好吧，" 我说。

# On the Quai at Smyrna

The strange thing was, he said, how they screamed every night at midnight. I do not know why they screamed at that time. We were in the harbor and they were all on the pier and at midnight they started screaming. We used to turn the searchlight on them to quiet them. That always did the trick. We'd run the searchlight up and down over them two or three times and they stopped it. One time I was senior officer on the pier and a Turkish officer came up to me in a frightful rage because one of our sailors had been most insulting to him. So I told him the fellow would be sent on ship and be most severely punished. I asked him to point him out. So he pointed out a gunner's mate, most inoffensive chap. Said he'd been most frightfully and repeatedly insulting; talking to me through an interpreter. I couldn't imagine how the gunner's mate knew enough Turkish to be insulting. I called him over and said, "And just in case you should have spoken to any Turkish officers."

"I haven't spoken to any of them, sir."

"I'm quite sure of it," I said, "but you'd best go on board ship and not come ashore again for the rest of the day."

Then I told the Turk the man was being sent on board ship and would be most severely dealt with. Oh most rigorously. He felt topping about it. Great friends we were.

The worst, he said, were the women with dead babies. You couldn't get the women to give

# 在斯默纳[1]码头

他说，令人奇怪的是每到午夜时分他们就尖声叫喊。我不知道为什么他们总是在那个时刻尖声叫喊。我们驻守在港口，他们都在码头上，午夜时分就开始尖声叫喊。当时，我们常常将探照灯转向他们，使他们安静下来。那样做总是立即见效。我们将探照灯在他们身上上下晃动两、三次，他们的叫喊就戛然而止。有一次，我在码头上担任高级军官，一名土耳其军官怒气冲冲地来到我的面前，因为我们的一名船员一直对他们出言不逊。我就告诉他说，要把那家伙送到船上严惩不贷。我请他指出那个人来。于是，他指出了一名炮兵士官长的助手——最不愿惹事的一个小伙子。说他态度恶劣屡次三番出言不逊；是通过翻译给我说的。我无法想象士官长的助手怎么能用土耳其语对他出言不逊。我把他叫过来说："试想一下，也许你对哪位土耳其军官说过什么话吧。"

"我对他们谁也没有说过话，先生。"

"这我的确相信，"我说，"但你还是到船上为好，今天就别再上岸来了。"

随后，我告诉那个土耳其人说，要把那个人送到船上严肃处理。噢，非常严肃。他对此感觉好极了。我们一下子成了好朋友。

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[1] 斯默纳，伊兹密尔的旧称，土耳其西部港市，濒爱琴海。

up their dead babies. They'd have babies dead for six days. Wouldn't give them up. Nothing you could do about it. Had to take them away finally. Then there was an old lady, most extraordinary case. I told it to a doctor and he said I was lying. We were clearing them off the pier, had to clear off the dead ones, and this old woman was lying on a sort of litter. They said, "Will you have a look at her, sir?" So I had a look at her and just then she died and went absolutely stiff. Her legs drew up and she drew up from the waist and went quite rigid. Exactly as though she had been dead over night. She was quite dead and absolutely rigid. I told a medical chap about it and he told me it was impossible.

They were all out there on the pier and it wasn't at all like an earthquake or that sort of thing because they never knew about the Turk. They never knew what the old Turk would do. You remember when they ordered us not to come in to take off anj more? I had the wind up when we came in that morning. He had any amount of batteries and could have blown us clean out of the water. We were going to come in, run close along the pier, let go the front and rear anchors and then shell the Turkish quarter of the town. They would have blown us out of the water but we would have blown the town simply to hell. They just fired a few blank charges at us as we came in. Kemal came down and sacked the Turkish commander. For exceeding his authority or some such thing. He got a bit above himself. It would have been the hell of a mess.

You remember the harbor. There were plenty of nice things floating around in it. That was the only time in my life I got so I dreamed about things. You didn't mind the women who were having babies as you did those with the dead ones. They had them all right. Surprising

他说，最糟糕的是那些抱着死孩子的妇女。你无法让那些妇女丢开她们的死孩子。她们常常抱着已经死去六天的孩子。就是不愿丢开他们。你对此无能为力。最后不得不带走她们。后来，有一位老太太是最奇怪的一个例子。我把这件事告诉了一位医生，他说我是在撒谎。我们正在把他们从码头上处理掉，不得不处理掉那些死去的人，而这个老太太就躺在垃圾堆上面。他们说："你去看一下她好吗，先生？"于是，我就去看了她，就在这时她死了，浑身都僵直了。她双腿蜷起，是从腰部蜷起，已经相当僵硬了。活像她已经死去一夜似的。我把这件事告诉了一名医务兵，他对我说这是不可能的。

他们都出来，到了码头上，一点也不像要发生什么地震或诸如此类的大事，因为他们对土耳其人根本不了解。他们压根就不知道那个土耳其老家伙会干什么。你还记得他们什么时候命令我们不准再进来拿走什么吗？那天早上我们进来时，我们就听到了风声。他有好多炮台，能把我们从水域给轰得一干二净。我们准备进入，沿着码头快进，抛下前后锚。然后轰击城里的土耳其居住区。尽管他们会把我们轰出水域，但我们会将整个城市轰得净光。我们进城时，他们只是向我们空发了几颗炮弹。基马尔[1]作出决定，解除了土耳其指挥官的职。因为他越权或干了类似的事儿。他有点儿自命不凡。果真那样，会乱得不可开交。

你还记得港口吧。里面有好多漂亮东西漂浮在四周。那是我一生当中唯一梦牵魂绕的时刻。你会理会那些抱死孩子的妇女，而不理会那些生孩子的妇女。她们都把孩子

[1] 基马尔（1881 ~ 1936），土耳其将军，土耳其共和国第一任总统（1923 ~ 1938）。

how few of them died. You just covered them over with something and let them go to it. They'd always pick out the darkest place in the hold to have them. None of them minded anything once they got off the pier.

The Greeks were nice chaps too. When they evacuated they had all their baggage animals they couldn't take off with them so they just broke their forelegs and dumped them into the shallow water. All those mules with their forelegs broken pushed over into the shallow water. It was all a pleasant business. My word yes a most pleasant business.

安然生了下来。死掉的孩子那么少，令人惊奇。你仅用某种东西把她们遮盖起来，随她们去生。她们总是到船舱中最阴暗的地方去生孩子。一旦她们离开了码头，就什么也不管了。

那些希腊人也很不赖。他们疏散时，都带着他们无法带走的驮辎重的牲口，于是就折断了它们的前腿，将它们抛在浅水里。所有那些被折断前腿的骡子都挤进了浅水里。这倒是一件有趣的事儿。的确，不错，挺有趣的事儿。

# In Another Country

In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much game hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty, and small birds blew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains.

We were all at the hospital every afternoon, and there were different ways of walking across the town through the dusk to the hospital. Two of the ways were alongside canals, but they were long. Always, though, you crossed a bridge across a canal to enter the hospital. There was a choice of three bridges. On one of them a woman sold roasted chestnuts. It was warm, standing in front of her charcoal fire, and the chestnuts were warm afterward in your pocket. The hospital was very old and very beautiful, and you entered a gate and walked across a courtyard and out a gate on the other side. There were usually funerals starting from the courtyard. Beyond the old hospital were the new brick pavilions, and there we met every afternoon and were all very polite and interested in what was the matter, and sat in the machines that were to make so much difference.

The doctor came up to the machine where I was sitting and said: "What did you like best to do before the war? Did you practice a sport?"

I said: "Yes, football."

# 在异乡

秋天里，战争总在进行，但我们再也不打仗了。米兰的秋天冷，天黑很早。随后，电灯亮起，沿街看着橱窗开心极了。商店门外挂着好多猎物，雪纷纷扬扬落在狐狸们的皮毛上，风吹动着它们的尾巴。鹿挂在那里，僵硬，沉重，空洞；一些小鸟在风中飘飞，风吹动起了它们的羽毛。这是一个冷秋，风从山上刮了下来。

我们每天下午都在医院，黄昏时分走过城市到医院去有不同的途径。其中两条是沿着运河，但这两条都很长。不过，你总是走过跨越运河的一座桥，进入医院。有三座桥可供选择。在其中一座桥上，一个女人卖着炒栗子。站在她的炭火前暖烘烘的，之后炒栗子放进口袋也热乎乎的。医院很老，也很美，你走进大门，穿过一个庭院，出了对面的大门，就到了。葬礼通常从庭院里开始。老医院外面是新建的几座砖砌亭子，我们每天下午在那里碰面，都彬彬有礼，关心是什么病，然后坐在将会治好疾病的机器里。

医生走到我坐的机器边，说道："战前，你最喜欢坐什么？你锻炼吗？"

我说："是的，踢足球，"

"好，"他说。"你一定能重新踢得比以前更好。"

"Good," he said. "You will be able to play football again better than ever."

My knee did not bend and the leg dropped straight from the knee to the ankle without a calf, and the machine was to bend the knee and make it move as riding a tricycle. But it did not bend yet, and instead the machine lurched when it came to the bending part. The doctor said: "That will all pass. You are a fortunate young man. You will play football again like a champion."

In the next machine was a major who had a little hand like a baby's. He winked at me when the doctor examined his hand, which was between two leather straps that bounced up and down and flapped the stiff fingers, and said: "And will I too play football, captain-doctor?" He had been a very great fencer, and before the war the greatest fencer in Italy.

The doctor went to his office in a back room and brought a photograph which showed a hand that had been withered almost as small as the major's, before it had taken a machine course, and after was a little larger. The major held the photograph with his good hand and looked at it very carefully. "A wound?" he asked.

"An industrial accident," the doctor said.

"Very interesting, very interesting," the major said, and handed it back to the doctor.

"You have confidence?"

"No," said the major.

There were three boys who came each day who were about the same age I was. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier, and after we were finished with the machines, sometimes we walked back together to the Café Cova, which was next door to the Scala. We walked

我的膝盖无法弯曲，那条腿从膝盖到脚踝僵直，犹如没有小腿似的，机器将会使膝盖弯曲，像骑三轮车那样活动。但是，还不能弯曲，机器转到弯曲处时却突然倾斜。医生说："一切都会过去的。你是一个幸运的小伙子。你会重新像冠军那样踢足球的。"

另一台机器里是一位少校，他有一只婴儿般的小手。他那只手夹在上下跳动的皮带之间，拍打着僵硬的手指。医生检查他的手时，少校对我眨了眨眼，问道："我也会重新踢足球吗，主任医生？"他是一名出色的击剑手，战争前是意大利最伟大的击剑手。

医生走到里屋的诊所，拿来一张照片，上面显示的是一只已经萎缩的手，几乎像少校的那样小，那是机器整形前照的，治疗后大了一点。少校用那只好手拿着照片，非常细致地观看。"是枪伤吗？"他问道。

"是工伤，"医生回答。

"非常有趣，非常有趣，"说着，少校把照片还给医生。

"你有信心吗？"

"没有，"少校答道。

每天还有三个跟我年龄不相上下的小伙子到医院里来。他们三个都来自米兰，一个要当律师，一个要当画家，一个打算当兵，机器治疗结束后，有时我们一起步行回到斯卡拉[1]隔壁的科瓦咖啡馆。因为我们四个人一起，所以就走捷径穿过共产党人聚

[1] 斯卡拉，米兰著名的歌剧院。

the short way through the communist quarter because we were four together. The people hated us because we were officers, and from a wine-shop someone called out, "A basso gli ufficiali!" as we passed. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and made us five wore a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose then and his face was to be rebuilt. He had gone out to the front from the military academy and been wounded within an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time. They rebuilt his face, but he came from a very old family and they could never get the nose exactly right. He went to South America and worked in a bank. But this was a long time ago, and then we did not any of us know how it was going to be afterward. We only knew then that there was always the war, but that we were not going to it any more.

We all had the same medals, except the boy with the black silk bandage across his face, and he had not been at the front long enough to get any medals. The tall boy with a very pale face who was to be a lawyer had been lieutenant of Arditi and had three medals of the sort we each had only one of. He had lived a very long time with death and was a little detached. We were all a little detached, and there was nothing that held us together except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. Although, as we walked to the Cova through the tough part of town, walking in the dark, with light and singing coming out of the wine-shops, and sometimes having to walk into the street when the men and women would crowd together on the sidewalk so that we would have had to jostle them to get by, we felt held together by there being something that had happened that they, the people who disliked us, did not understand.

We ourselves all understood the Cova, where it was rich and warm and not too brightly lighted, and noisy and smoky at certain hours, and there were always girls at the tables and the

居区。我们是军官，他们就恨我们。我们走过时，有人从酒店里喊道："A basso gli ufficiali[1]！"还有一个小伙子，有时跟我们同行，凑成了五个人，他当时鼻子毁了，等着重新整形，脸上戴着一块黑丝巾。他从陆军军官学校上了前线，第一次上战场不到一小时就负了伤。大夫们给他整的形，但因为他出身于一个非常古老的家族，所以医生怎么也无法完全矫正他的鼻子。他去过南美洲，在一家银行工作。不过，那是很久以前的事儿了。当时，我们谁都不知道战争以后会如何发展。我们只知道总是打仗，但我们不再上前线了。

除了那个脸上扎着黑丝巾的小伙子之外，我们都戴着同样的勋章；他在前线时间不够长，没有得到任何勋章。那个要当律师、脸色苍白、身材高大的小伙子是敢死队的中尉，得了三枚勋章，我们各自都只有一枚。他跟死神已经相处了很长时间，有点儿超然。我们都有点超然，除了我们每天下午在医院相聚之外，没有什么把我们聚在一起。我们穿过城里的艰难地段去科瓦咖啡馆，走在黑暗中，酒店里射出灯光，飘出歌声，有时人行道上男男女女熙熙攘攘，我们不得不推挤过去，走进大街，这时我们感到某种遭遇使我们团结一致，而那些讨厌我们的人是不会明白的。

我们自己都了解科瓦咖啡馆，那里富丽温暖，灯光不是太亮，某段时间人声嘈杂、烟雾缭绕，姑娘们总是坐在桌边，壁架上放着几份有插图的报纸。科瓦的姑娘们都很爱

[1] A basso gli ufficiali，意大利语，意思是"打倒军官"。

illustrated papers on a rack on the wall. The girls at the Cova were very patriotic, and I found that the most patriotic people in Italy were the café girls—and I believe they are still patriotic.

The boys at first were very polite about my medals and asked me what I had done to get them. I showed them the papers, which were written in very beautiful language and full of fratellanza and abnegazione, but which really said, with the adjectives removed, that I had been given the medals because I was an American. After that their manner changed a little toward me, although I was their friend against outsiders. I was a friend, but I was never really one of them after they had read the citations, because it had been different with them and they had done very different things to get their medals. I had been wounded, it was true; but we all knew that being wounded, after all, was really an accident. I was never ashamed of the ribbons, though, and sometimes, after the cocktail hour, I would imagine myself having done all the things they had done to get their medals; but walking home at night through the empty streets with the cold wind and all the shops closed, trying to keep near the street lights, I knew that I would never have done such things, and I was very much afraid to die, and often lay in bed at night by myself, afraid to die and wondering how I would be when back to the front again.

The three with the medals were like hunting-hawks; and I was not a hawk, although I might seem a hawk to those who had never hunted; they, the three, knew better and so we drifted apart. But I stayed good friends with the boy who had been wounded his first day at the front, because he would never know now how he would have turned out; so he could never be accepted either, and I liked him because I thought perhaps he would not have turned out to be a hawk either.

国，我发现意大利最爱国的人是咖啡馆的姑娘们——我相信她们现在依然爱国。

那些小伙子起初对我戴勋章很有礼貌，问我是如何得到的。我就给他们看那些奖状，那些文件都是用非常优美的语言写的，净是fratellanza[1]和abnegazione[2]，但去掉那些形容词，真正的意思是说，我之所以受奖，是因为我是美国人。之后，他们对我的态度发生了一点变化，尽管相对局外人来说我还是他们的朋友。我是一位朋友，但他们看过那些嘉奖后，我就再也不是他们当中的一员了，因为这跟他们不一样，他们是做了迥然不同的事儿才得到了勋章。不错，是我曾经负过伤；然而，我们都知道，毕竟负伤的确是一次意外。不过，我从来没有感到受奖有愧，有时鸡尾酒时间过后，我常常会想象自己曾经历过他们为得到勋章所做的一切；但是，夜里走回家时，穿过空荡荡的街道，冷风飕飕，所有商店关门，尽力靠近路灯，我知道自己绝不会做这种事儿，我非常害怕死亡，经常夜里独自躺在床上，害怕死亡，不知道自己重返前线后会是什么样子。

三个戴勋章的人像猎鹰一样；尽管对从来没有打过猎的人来说我可能是一只鹰，但我不是鹰；他们三个都心知肚明，于是我们就疏远了。但是，我跟那个第一天上前线就受伤的小伙子还是好朋友，因为他现在绝不会明白他会变成什么样的人；他也绝不可能被人接纳，我之所以喜欢他，是因为我想他也不可能成为一只鹰。

[1] fratellanza，意大利语，意思是“友爱”。

[2] abnegazione，意大利语，意思是“克己”。

The major, who had been a great fencer, did not believe in bravery, and spent much time while we sat in the machines correcting my grammar. He had complimented me on how I spoke Italian, and we talked together very easily. One day I had said that Italian seemed such an easy language to me that I could not take a great interest in it; everything was so easy to say. "Ah, yes," the major said. "Why, then, do you not take up the use of grammar?" So we took up the use of grammar, and soon Italian was such a difficult language that I was afraid to talk to him until I had the grammar straight in my mind.

The major came very regularly to the hospital. I do not think he ever missed a day, although I am sure he did not believe in the machines. There was a time when none of us believed in the machines, and one day the major said it was all nonsense. The machines were new then and it was we who were to prove them. It was an idiotic idea, he said, "a theory like another." I had not learned my grammar, and he said I was a stupid impossible disgrace, and he was a fool to have bothered with me. He was a small man and he sat straight up in his chair with his right hand thrust into the machine and looked straight ahead at the wall while the straps thumbed up and down with his fingers in them.

"What will you do when the war is over if it is over?" he asked me. "Speak grammatically!"

"I will go to the States."

"Are you married?"

"No, but I hope to be."

"The more a fool you are," he said. He seemed very angry. "A man must not marry."

"Why, Signor Maggiore?"

"Don't call me Signor Maggiore."

那位曾是伟大击剑手的少校不相信勇气，我们坐在机器里时，他花费很多时间纠正我的语法。他称赞我意大利语说得多好，我们轻松自如地一起聊天。有一天，我说意大利语对我来说好像是一种易如反掌的语言，我可能不大感兴趣。"啊，是的，"少校说。"那么，你为什么不使用语法呢？"于是，我们就使用语法，不久意大利语就成了如此难的一种语言，所以直到我脑海里完全有了语法概念时才敢跟他交谈。

少校总是按时到医院里来。我想他没有错过一天，尽管我敢肯定他不相信机器治疗。有一段时间，我们谁都不相信那些机器，有一天少校说那都是扯淡。那些机器当时都是新玩意，我们就是来验证它们的。这是一个愚蠢的想法，他说，"就像任何理论一样。"我学不会语法，他说我愚蠢丢人，让他难以忍受，他费心教我，也是一个傻瓜。少校个子矮小，挺直身体坐在椅子里，右手插进机器，皮带夹着他的手指上下翻动，他直盯着前面的墙壁。

"要是战争结束，到那时候你要做什么？"少校问我。"说时要注意语法！"

"我要回美国。"

"你结婚了吗？"

"没有，但我希望结婚。"

"你越来越傻，"他说。他好像很生气。"一个男人切不看结婚。"

"为什么，少校先生？"

"不要叫我少校先生。"

"Why must not a man marry?"

"He cannot marry. He cannot marry," he said angrily. "If he is to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose that. He should not place himself in a position to lose. He should find things he cannot lose."

He spoke very angrily and bitterly, and looked straight ahead while he talked.

"But why should he necessarily lose it?"

"He'll lose it," the major said. He was looking at the wall. Then he looked down at the machine and jerked his little hand out from between the straps and slapped it hard against his thigh. "He'll lose it," he almost shouted. "Don't argue with me!" Then he called to the attendant who ran the machines. "Come and turn this damned thing off."

He went back into the other room for the light treatment and the massage. Then I heard him ask the doctor if he might use his telephone and he shut the door. When he came back into the room, I was sitting in another machine. He was wearing his cape and had his cap on, and he came directly toward my machine and put his arm on my shoulder.

"I am sorry," he said, and patted me on the shoulder with his good hand. "I would not be rude. My wife has just died. You must forgive me."

"Oh—" I said, feeling sick for him. "I am so sorry."

He stood there biting his lower lip. "It is very difficult," he said. "I cannot resign myself."

He looked straight past me and out through the window. Then he began to cry. "I am utterly unable to resign myself," he said and choked. And then crying, his head up looking at nothing, carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both cheeks and biting his lips, he walked past the machines and out the door.

"为什么男人切不可结婚？"

"他不能结婚，就是不能结婚，"他生气地说。"即使他要失去所有的一切，他也不应该把自己放在失去一切的位置。他应该找到他不能失去的一些东西。"

他非常生气而又痛苦地说，而且他说话时直盯着前面。

"可为什么他必然会失去呢？"

"他会失去，"他说。他望着墙壁。随后，低下头看着机器，猛地把小手从皮带间抽出来，在大腿上狠狠地拍着。"他会失去的，"他几乎喊道。"不要跟我争辩！"接着，他对操作机器的护理员叫道，"过来，关掉这该死的东西。"

他回到另一个房间接受光疗和按摩。这时，我听到他问医生他是不是可以用电话，他关上门。当他又回到房间时，我正坐在另一个机器里。他穿着披风，戴着帽子，直接向我的机器走来，把一条胳膊放在我的肩上。

"对不起，"他说着，用那只好手拍了拍我的肩膀。"我不该失礼。我的妻子刚刚去世。你一定原谅我。"

"噢——"我说，为他感到不快。"真对不起。"

他站在那里，咬着下嘴唇。"这很难，"他说。"我自己不甘心啊。"

他直盯着，越过我，望着窗外。随后，他开始哭了起来。"我完全不甘心啊，"他说着，哽咽起来。接着，他哭着抬起头，茫然望着，泪流满面，咬着嘴唇，直起腰，像战士一样，走过那些机器，出了房门。

The doctor told me that the major's wife, who was very young and whom he had not married until he was definitely invalided out of the war, had died of pneumonia. She had been sick only a few days. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he came at the usual hour, wearing a black band on the sleeve of his uniform. When he came back, there were large framed photographs around the wall, of all sorts of wounds before and after they had been cured by the machines. In front of the machine the major used were three photographs of hands like his that were completely restored. I do not know where the doctor got them. I always understood we were the first to use the machines. The photographs did not make much difference to the major because he only looked out of the window.

医生告诉我说，少校的妻子非常年轻，死于肺炎，少校直到残废打不成仗后才娶她。她只病了几天。谁都没有料到她会死。少校三天没有到医院里来。之后，他按正常时间来时，军衣袖戴着一条黑带。他回来时，墙壁上挂有镶框的大幅照片，上面有机器治疗前后的各种创伤。在少校使用的机器前面是三张照片，都是像他的手一样，完全修复。我不知道医生是从哪里得到的这些照片。我始终理解为我们是第一批使用这些机器。那些照片对少校没有多大影响，因为他只是望着窗外。

# Hills Like White Elephants

The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went to Madrid.

"What should we drink?" the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

"It's pretty hot," the man said.

"Let's drink beer."

"Dos cervezas," the man said into the curtain.

"Big ones?" a woman asked from the doorway.

"Yes. Two big ones."

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glass on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

# 白象般的群山

埃布罗河[1]河谷对面的群山绵长雪白。这边没有阴凉，没有树木，车站位于阳光下两条铁路线之间。紧靠车站那边有一座处于温暖阴影里的建筑，一道由竹珠编成的门帘挂在酒吧敞开的门口，以便阻止苍蝇飞入。美国人和跟他一起的姑娘坐在那座建筑外面阴凉处的桌边。天很热，来自巴塞罗纳的快车四十分钟后才会来。列车在这个交叉路口停靠两分钟，然后开往马德里。

"我们喝什么？"姑娘问。她已经摘下了帽子，放在了桌子上。

"天相当热，"男人说。

"我们喝啤酒吧。"

"Dos cervezas[2]，"男人对门帘里说。

"大杯的吗？"一个女人从门口问道。

"是。两大杯。"

那个女人端来两杯啤酒，拿来两只毡垫。她把毡垫和啤酒杯放在桌子上，瞧瞧那个男人，又瞅瞅那个姑娘。那个姑娘正眺望着远处群山的轮廓。群山在阳光下呈白色，乡

[1] 埃布罗河，910公里长，欧洲伊比利亚半岛北部第二长河，也是完全在西班牙境内最长的河流。

[2] Dos cervezas，西班牙语，意思是"来两杯啤酒"。

"They look like white elephants," she said.

"I've never seen one," the man drank his beer.

"No, you wouldn't have."

"I might have," the man said. "Just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything."

The girl looked at the bead curtain. "They've painted something on it," she said. "What does it say?"

"Anis del Toro. It's a drink."

"Could we try it?"

The man called "Listen" through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

"Four reales."

"We want two Anis del Toro."

"With water?"

"Do you want it with water?"

"I don't know," the girl said. "Is it good with water?"

"It's all right."

"You want them with water?" asked the woman.

"Yes, with water."

"It tastes like liquorice," the girl said and put the glass down.

"That's the way with everything."

"Yes," said the girl. "Everything tastes of liquorice. Especially all the things you've

野干燥，呈褐色。

"看上去它们好似一群白象，"她说。

"我从来没有见过一头象，"男人喝着啤酒。

"是的，你不会见过。"

"我也许见到过，"男人说。"只因为你说我不会见过，证明不了什么。"

姑娘看着珠帘。"他们在上面画了一些东西，"她说。"画的是什么？"

"Anis del Toro[1]。是一种饮料。"

"我们能尝一下吗？"

男人透过珠帘喊了一声。那个女人从酒吧走了出来。

"四雷亚尔[2]。"

"我们要两杯茴香酒。"

"掺水吗？"

"你想掺水吗？"

"我不知道，"姑娘说。"掺水好喝吗？"

"还行。"

"你们要掺水吗？"那个女人问道。

"要，掺水。"

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[1] Anis del Toro，西班牙语，意思是"茴香酒"。

[2] 雷亚尔，西班牙和拉丁美洲国家通用的一种银币。

waited so long for, like absinthe."

"Oh, cut it out."

"You started it," the girl said. "I was being amused. I was having a fine time."

"Well, let's try and have a fine time."

"All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn't that bright?"

"That was bright."

"I wanted to try this new drink. That's all we do, isn't it—look at things and try new drinks?"

"I guess so."

The girl looked across at the hills.

"They're lovely hills," she said. "They don't really look like white elephants. I just meant the colouring of their skin through the trees."

"Should we have another drink?"

"All right."

The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.

"The beer's nice and cool," the man said.

"It's lovely," the girl said.

"It's really an awfully simple operation, Jig," the man said. "It's not really an operation at all."

The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on.

"这像甘草的味道，"姑娘说着，放下杯子。

"一切都是这样。"

"是的，"姑娘说。"一切都像甘草的味道。尤其是你等待好久的所有东西，就像苦艾酒一样。"

"噢，省省吧。"

"是你起的头，"姑娘说。"我刚才挺开心的。我刚才玩得尽兴。"

"好，我们就设法玩得尽兴吧。"

"好的。我刚才就在设法。我说过这些山看上去像白象似的。这样说不巧妙？"

"这样说巧妙。"

"我想尝尝这种新饮料。我们做的就这些，不是吗——看看世事，尝尝新饮料？"

"我想是这样。"

姑娘眺望着群山。

"它们是可爱的群山，"她说。"看上去其实不像是白象。我刚才只是说，透过树木，它们的色调是白的。"

"我们再喝一杯好吗？"

"好。"

暖风把珠帘吹拂到了桌子上。

"这啤酒凉爽好喝，"男人说。

"美妙，"姑娘说。

"I know you wouldn't mind it, Jig. It's really not anything. It's just to let the air in."

The girl did not say anything.

"I'll go with you and I'll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it's all perfectly natural."

"Then what will we do afterwards?"

"We'll be fine afterwards. Just like we were before."

"What makes you think so?"

"That's the only thing that bothers us. It's the only thing that's made us unhappy."

The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the strings of beads.

"And you think then we'll be all right and be happy."

"I know we will. Yon don't have to be afraid. I've known lots of people that have done it."

"So have I," said the girl. "And afterwards they were all so happy."

"Well," the man said, "if you don't want to you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to. But I know it's perfectly simple."

"And you really want to?"

"I think it's the best thing to do. But I don't want you to do it if you don't really want to."

"And if I do it you'll be happy and things will be like they were and you'll love me?"

"I love you now. You know I love you."

"I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you'll like it?"

"吉格，那的确是一种非常简单的手术，"男人说。"其实根本不算一个手术。"

姑娘望着桌腿下的地面。

"吉格，我知道你不会介意。真的没什么。只是让空气进一下。"

姑娘没有说话。

"我跟你一起去，我要一直守在你身边。要是他们仅仅让空气进一下，那一切就再自然不过了。"

"那我们以后做什么？"

"我们以后万事大吉了。就像我们以前那样。"

"是什么让你这样想的呢？"

"这是唯一让我们烦心的事儿。这是唯一使我们不快的事儿。"

姑娘望着珠帘，伸出一只手抓住两串珠子。

"那你以为我们以后就会顺利开心了。"

"我知道我们会的。你不必害怕。我认识好多人都这样做过。"

"我也认识，"姑娘说。"之后，他们都很幸福。"

"好吧，"男人说，"你要是不想做，那就不必做。你要是不想做，我就不会强迫你坐。不过，我知道这非常简单。"

"你真的想让我做吗？"

"我认为这样做是最好的事儿。不过，你要是真不想做，我就不要你做。"

"要是我做，你就会高兴、事情就会像以前一样，你会爱我？"

"I'll love it. I love it now but I just can't think about it. You know how I get when I worry."

"If I do it you won't ever worry?"

"I won't worry about that because it's perfectly simple."

"Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't care about me."

"Well, I care about you."

"Oh, yes. But I don't care about me. And I'll do it and then everything will be fine."

"I don't want you to do it if you feel that way."

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

"And we could have all this," she said. "And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible."

"What did you say?"

"I said we could have everything."

"We can have everything."

"No, we can't."

"我现在就爱你。你知道我爱你。"

"我知道。但要是我做，那要是我说一些东西像白象，情况就会再次好起来，你就会喜欢吗？"

"我会非常喜欢。我现在就非常喜欢，但我只是无法去想这件事。我知道我烦恼时会变成什么样子。"

"要是我做，你就不会烦恼了吗？"

"我不会为此烦恼，因为这非常简单。"

"那我就做。因为我对自己无所谓。"

"你是什么意思？"

"我对自己无所谓。"

"那我就你有所谓。"

"噢，是的。但是，我对自己无所谓。我要做，然后就会万事大吉。"

"你要是有这种感觉，那我就不想让你做。"

姑娘站起来，走到车站尽头。在对面，在那边，在埃布罗河两岸，是田野和树木。远处，在河那边，是一座座山。一片云影掠过田野，她透过树木看到了大河。

"我们本来能拥有这一切，"她说。"我们本来能拥有所有的一切，每天我们都让它变得更不可能。"

"你刚才说什么？"

"我说我们本来能拥有所有的一切。"

"我们能拥有所有的一切。"

"We can have the whole world."

"No, we can't."

"We can go everywhere."

"No, we can't. It isn't ours any more."

"It's ours."

"No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back."

"But they haven't taken it away."

"We'll wait and see."

"Come on back in the shade," he said. "You mustn't feel that way."

"I don't feel any way," the girl said. "I just know things."

"I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do—"

"Nor that isn't good for me," she said. "I know. Could we have another beer?"

"All right. But you've got to realize—"

"I realize," the girl said. "Can't we maybe stop talking?"

They sat down at the table and the girl looked across at the hills on the dry side of the valley and the man looked at her and at the table.

"You've got to realize," he said, "that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you."

"Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along."

"Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want anyone else. And I

"不，我们不能。"

"我们能拥有整个世界。"

"不，我们不能。"

"我们能去任何地方。"

"不，我们不能。这不再是我们的了。"

"是我们的。"

"不，不是。一旦他们拿走它，你就再也拿不回来了。"

"但是，他们没有拿走它。"

"我们等等看。"

"回到阴凉地吧，"他说。"你不能有那种感觉。"

"我没有任何感觉，"姑娘说。"我只是了解情况。"

"我不想要你做你不想做的任何事儿——"

"也不想让我做对我不好的事儿，"她说。"我知道。我们能再喝一杯啤酒吗？"

"好。但是，你得明白——"

"我明白，"姑娘说。"我们能不能不谈呢？"

他们在桌边坐下来，姑娘望着干涸的河谷对面的群山，男人则看着姑娘和桌子。

"你得明白，"他说，"要是你不想做，我就不要你做。要是这对你非常重要，我就甘心情愿坚持到底。"

"这对你不重要吗？我们能过得去。"

"当然对我重要。但是，我只要你。我不要别人。况且，我知道这非常简单。"

know it's perfectly simple."

"Yes, you know it's perfectly simple."

"It's all right for you to say that, but I do know it."

"Would you do something for me now?"

"I'd do anything for you."

"Would you please please please please please please please stop talking?"

He did not say anything but looked at the bags against the wall of the station. There were labels on them from all the hotels where they had spent nights.

"But I don't want you to," he said, "I don't care anything about it."

"I'll scream," the girl said.

The woman came out through the curtains with two glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads. "The train comes in five minutes," she said.

"What did she say?" asked the girl.

"That the train is coming in five minutes."

The girl smiled brightly at the woman, to thank her.

"I'd better take the bags over to the other side of the station," the man said. She smiled at him.

"All right. Then come back and we'll finish the beer."

He picked up the two heavy bags and carried them around the station to the other tracks. He looked up the tracks but could not see the train. Coming back, he walked through the bar-room, where people waiting for the train were drinking. He drank an Anis at the bar and

"是的，你知道它非常简单。"

"你这样说没错，但我真的知道是怎么回事。"

"你现在为我做点事儿好吗？"

"我愿意为你做任何事儿。"

"请请请请请请请请你不要再说了，好吗？"

他没有说话，而是望着车站靠墙放着的那些包。包上贴有他们曾经过夜的所有旅馆的标签。

"但是，我不想要你去做，"他说，"我什么都不在乎。"

"我要尖叫了，"姑娘说。

女人端着两杯啤酒，掀起珠帘，走出来，把它们放在潮湿的毡垫上。"火车五分钟后到站，"她说。

"她刚才说什么？"姑娘问。

"她说火车五分钟后到站。"

姑娘对女人愉快地微微一笑，表示感谢。

"我最好把那些包拿到车站那边，"男人说。姑娘对他微微笑了一下。

"好吧。放好后就回来，我们喝完这啤酒。"

他提起两只沉甸甸的旅行包，绕过车站，把它们送到了另外的轨道边。他抬头望着轨道，但看不到火车。回来时，他走过酒吧，那里候车的人们都在喝酒。他在酒吧喝了一杯茴香酒，望着那些人。他们都在理性地等候着火车。他掀起珠帘，走了出去。她正

looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train. He went out through the bead curtain. She was sitting at the table and smiled at him.

"Do you feel better?" he asked.

"I feel fine," she said. "There's nothing wrong with me. I feel fine."

坐在桌边，对他微笑。

"你感觉好些了吗？"他问。

"我感觉良好，"她说。"我没有什么病。我感觉良好。"

# The Three-Day Blow

The rain stopped as Nick turned into the road that went up through the orchard. The fruit had been picked and the fall wind blew through the bare trees. Nick stopped and picked up a Wagner apple from beside the road, shiny in the brown grass from the rain. He put the apple in the pocket of his Mackinaw coat.

The road came out of the orchard on to the top of the hill. There was the cottage, the porch bare, smoke coming from the chimney. In back was the garage, the chicken coop and the second-growth timber like a hedge against the woods behind. The big trees swayed far over in the wind as he watched. It was the first of the autumn storms.

As Nick crossed the open field above the orchard the door of the cottage opened and Bill came out. He stood on the porch looking out.

"Well, Wemedge," he said.

"Hey, Bill," Nick said, coming up the steps.

They stood together, looking out across the country, down over the orchard, beyond the road, across the lower fields and the woods of the point to the lake. The wind was blowing straight down the lake. They could see the surf along Ten Mile point.

"She's blowing," Nick said.

"She'll blow like that for three days," Bill said.

# 三天大风

尼克转向穿过果园的那条路时，雨停了。果子都已经摘过了，秋风吹过光秃秃的树木。尼克停下来，从路边拾起一只瓦格纳苹果，只见那只苹果在雨水淋湿的褐色草丛里闪着光泽。他把苹果装进厚呢短大衣的口袋。

那条路出了果园，通向山顶。山顶有一座小屋，门廊空荡荡的，烟囱里冒着袅袅青烟。屋后是车库、鸡窝，二茬木材像一道树篱似的贴着后面的树林。他观察时，只见大树在风中晃到了很远处。这是秋天的第一场风暴。

尼克穿过果园上方那块开阔地时，小屋的门开了，比尔走了出来。他站在门廊上向外张望。

"啊，威米兹，"他说。

"嘿，比尔，"尼克走上台阶说。

他们站在一起，眺望原野，俯瞰果园，张望路那边、低处的田野和湖岬的树林。风向下直扫过湖面。他们可以看到十里岬沿岸的湖浪。

"天在刮风，"尼克说。

"这样要连刮三天，"比尔说。

"你的爸爸在家吗？"尼克说。

"Is your dad in?" Nick said.

"No. He's out with the gun. Come on in."

Nick went inside the cottage. There was a big fire in the fireplace. The wind made it roar. Bill shut the door.

"Have a drink?" he said.

He went out to the kitchen and came back with two glasses and a pitcher of water. Nick reached the whisky bottle from the shelf above the fireplace.

"All right?" he said.

"Good," said Bill.

They sat in front of the fire and drank the Irish whisky and water.

"It's got a swell, smoky taste," Nick said, and looked at the fire through the glass.

"That's the peat," Bill said.

"You can't get peat into liquor," Nick said.

"That doesn't make any difference," Bill said.

"You ever seen any peat?" Nick asked.

"No," said Bill.

"Neither have I," Nick said.

His shoes, stretched out on the hearth, began to steam in front of the fire.

"Better take your shoes off," Bill said.

"I haven't got any socks on."

"Take them off and dry them and I'll get you some," Bill said. He went upstairs into the

"不在。他带枪出去了。进来吧。"

尼克走进小屋。壁炉里生有一堆旺火。风刮得炉火呼呼作响。比尔关上屋门。

"喝一杯？"他说。

他走到厨房，端回来两只玻璃杯和一罐水。尼克伸手从壁炉上方的架子上拿下了威士忌酒瓶。

"没事吧？"他说。

"没事，"比尔说。

他们坐在火堆前，喝起了兑水的爱尔兰威士忌。

"有一股刺鼻的烟熏味，"尼克说，两眼透过玻璃杯看着火。

"那是泥炭，"比尔说。

"不能在酒里放泥炭，"尼克说。

"那不要紧，"比尔说。

"你曾经见过什么泥炭吗？"尼克问。

"没有，"比尔说。

"我也没有，"尼克说。

他伸出脚，放在炉边，鞋在火堆前冒出了蒸汽。

"最好脱掉鞋，"比尔说。

"我没有穿袜子。"

"脱掉烘干吧，我去给你拿一双，"比尔说。他走上阁楼，尼克听到他在头顶走来

loft and Nick heard him walking about overhead. Upstairs was open under the roof and was where Bill and his father and he, Nick, sometimes slept. In back was a dressing room. They moved the cots back out of the rain and covered them with rubber blankets.

Bill came down with a pair of heavy wool socks.

"It's getting too late to go around without socks," he said.

"I hate to start them again," Nick said. He pulled the socks on and slumped back in the chair, putting his feet up on the screen in front of the fire.

"You'll dent in the screen," Bill said. Nick swung his feet over to the side of the fireplace.

"Got anything to read?" he asked.

"Only the paper."

"What did the Cards do?"

"Dropped a double header to the Giants."

"That ought to cinch it for them."

"It's a gift," Bill said. "As long as McGraw can buy every good ball player in the league there's nothing to it."

"He can't buy them all," Nick said.

"He buys all the ones he wants," Bill said. "Or he makes them discontented so they have to trade them to him."

"Like Heinie Zim," Nick agreed.

"That bonehead will do him a lot of good."

走去。楼顶下面的房间打开，比尔父子和他尼克有时睡在楼上。后面是一个化妆室。他们向后移动小床，不让雨淋，上面盖着橡皮毯。

比尔拿下来一双厚羊毛袜。

"天太晚了，不穿袜子，无法四处走动，"他说。

"我不喜欢再穿上去，"尼克说。他穿上袜子，扑通坐在椅子里，把两只脚翘在在炉火前的屏风上。

"你会把屏风压凹的，"比尔说。尼克晃了晃两只脚，放在炉边。

"有什么读的吗？"他问。

"只有报纸。"

"卡斯队[1]打得怎样？"

"连赛两场都输给了巨人队[2]。"

"他们应该有把握赢的。"

"这是送的，"比尔说。"只要麦格劳[3]能在联赛中收买每个出色球员，那就没有什么可说的了。"

"他不能买通所有人，"尼克说。

"他会买通他想要的所有人，"比尔说。"否则他会使他们不满，所以他们只好跟他做买卖。"

[1] 卡斯队，美国圣路易市卡迪纳尔棒球队。

[2] 巨人队，美国纽约市棒球队。

[3] 麦格劳，全称约翰·麦格劳，曾担任美国巨人队教练。

Bill stood up.

"He can hit," Nick offered. The heat from the fire was baking his legs.

"He's a sweet fielder, too," Bill said. "But he loses ball games."

"Maybe that's what McGraw wants him for," Nick suggested.

"Maybe," Bill agreed.

"There's always more to it than we know about," Nick said.

"Of course. But we've got pretty good dope for being so far away."

"Like how much better you can pick them if you don't see the horses."

"That's it."

Bill reached down for the whisky bottle. His big hand went all the way around it. He poured the whisky into the glass Nick held out.

"How much water?"

"Just the same."

He sat down on the floor beside Nick's chair.

"It's good when the fall storms come, isn't it?" Nick said.

"It's swell."

"It's the best time of year," Nick said.

"Wouldn't it be hell to be in town?" Bill said.

"I'd like to see the World Series," Nick said.

"Well, they're always in New York or Philadelphia now," Bill said. "That doesn't do us

"就像海尼·齐姆，"尼克随声附和说。

"那个笨蛋对他大有好处。"

比尔站起来。

"他能得分，"尼克提议说。炉火热烤热了他的腿。

"他也是一个出色的守场员，"比尔说。"但他也会输球。"

"也许是麦格劳要他输的，"尼克建议说。

"也许吧，"比尔随声附和说。

"总有比我们了解的更多的情况，"尼克说。

"当然。不过，尽管离得很远，但我们还是有相当不错的内幕消息。"

"就像即使看不到赛马，你也能更加出色地选马。"

"是这样。"

比尔伸手拿下威士忌酒瓶。他的大手一路伸过去，把威士忌倒进尼克伸出的酒杯。

"兑多少水？"

"还是老样。"

他在尼克椅边的地板上坐下来。

"秋天的风暴来时真好，不是吗？"尼克说。

"好极了。"

"这是一年里最好的时节，"尼克说。

"城里不会天翻地覆吧？"比尔说。

"我喜欢看世界职业棒球大赛，"尼克说。

any good."

"I wonder if the Cards will ever win a pennant?"

"Not in our lifetime," Bill said.

"Gee, they'd go crazy," Nick said.

"Do you remember when they got going that once before they had the train wreck?"

"Boy!" Nick said, remembering.

Bill reached over to the table under the window for the book that lay there, face down, where he had put it when he went to the door. He held his glass in one hand and the book in the other, leaning back against Nick's chair.

"What are you reading?"

"Richard Feverel."

"I couldn't get into it."

"It's all right," Bill said. "It ain't a bad book, Wemedge."

"What else have you got I haven't read?" Nick asked. "Did you read the Forest Lovers?"

"Yup. That's the one where they go to bed every night with the naked sword between them." "That's a good book, Wemedge."

"It's a swell book. What I couldn't ever understand was what good the sword would do. It would have to stay edge up all the time because if it went over flat you could roll right over it and it wouldn't make any trouble."

"It's a symbol," Bill said.

"啊，现在大赛总是在纽约或费城进行，"比尔说。"那对我们没有任何好处。"

"我不知道卡斯队会不会赢得锦旗？"

"我们这辈子都不会，"比尔说。

"哎呀，他们会发疯的，"尼克说。

"你还记得他们碰到火车事故前那次发生的情况吗？"

"当然记得！"尼克想起来说。

比尔伸手去拿那本扣在窗下桌上的书，他走到门口时放在了那里。他一手端杯，一手拿书，向后靠着尼克的椅子。

"你在看什么？"

"《理查德·费弗雷尔》。"

"我看不进去。"

"这本书还可以，"比尔说。"它不是坏书，威米兹。"

"你还有我没有看过的什么书吗？"尼克问。

"你看过《森林情人》吗？"

"看过。就是那本书，里面里写他们每天夜里上床睡觉，两人之间都放着出鞘的剑。"

"那是一本好书，威米兹。"

"那是一本顶好的书。我始终不明白的是那把剑会有什么用。那把剑得始终剑锋朝上，因为要是干脆翻倒，你就可能直接滚过去，那不会产生任何麻烦。"

"这是一种象征，"比尔说。

"Sure," said Nick, "but it isn't practical."

"Did you ever read Fortitude?"

"It's fine," Nick said. "That's a real book. That's where his old man is after him all the time. Have you got any more by Walpole?"

"The Dark Forest," Bill said. "It's about Russia."

"What does he know about Russia?" Nick asked.

"I don't know. You can't ever tell about those guys. Maybe he was there when he was a boy. He's got a lot of dope on it.

"I'd like to meet him," Nick said.

"I'd like to meet Chesterton," Bill said.

"I wish he was here now," Nick said. "We'd take him fishing to the 'Voix tomorrow."

"I wonder if he'd like to go fishing," Bill said.

"Sure," said Nick. "He must be about the best guy there is. Do you remember the Flying Inn?"

*"'If an angel out of heaven*
*Gives you something else to drink,*
*Thank him for his kind intentions;*
*Go and pour them down the sink.'"*

"当然是，"尼克说，"但这不实际。"

"你看过《不屈不挠》吗？"

"是好书，"尼克说。"那是一本真正的书。那本书是写老爷子一直在找他。你还有沃波尔的作品吗？"

"《黑森林》，"比尔说。"是关于俄国的。"

"他对俄国了解多少？"尼克问。

"我不知道。你永远说不清那些家伙。说不定小时候他在那里。他有好多俄国的内幕消息。"

"我想会会他，"尼克说。

"我想会会切斯特顿，"比尔说。

"但愿他眼下就在这里，"尼克说。"我们明天就可以带他去夏洛瓦钓鱼。"

"我不知道他想不想去钓鱼，"比尔说。

"当然想，"尼克说。"他一定是顶呱呱的钓鱼手。你还记得《飞行客栈》吗？"

"'天使要下凡，
给你一杯喝，
感谢他好意；
倒进污水坑。'"

"说得对，"尼克说。"我想他比沃波尔强。"

"That's right," said Nick. "I guess he's a better guy than Walpole."

"Oh, he's a better guy, all right," Bill said.

"But Walpole's a better writer."

"I don't know," Nick said. "Chesterton's a classic."

"Walpole's a classic, too," Bill insisted.

"I wish we had them both here," Nick said. "We'd take them both fishing to the 'Voix tomorrow."

"Let's get drunk," Bill said.

"All right," Nick agreed.

"My old man won't care," Bill said.

"Are you sure?" said Nick.

"I know it," Bill said.

"I'm a little drunk now," Nick said.

"You aren't drunk," Bill said.

He got up from the floor and reached for the whisky bottle. Nick held out his glass. His eyes fixed on it while Bill poured.

Bill poured the glass half full of whisky.

"Put in your own water," he said. "There's just one more shot."

"Got any more?' Nick asked.

"There's plenty more but dad only likes me to drink what's open."

"Sure," said Nick.

"噢，没错，他是较强，"比尔说。

"不过，沃波尔写得比他强。"

"我不知道，"尼克说。"切斯特顿是一位大作家。"

"沃波尔也是一位大作家，"比尔坚称。

"但愿他们俩都在这里，"尼克说。"我们明天就可以带他们去夏洛瓦钓鱼。"

"我们喝个一醉方休，"比尔说。

"好啊，"尼克随声附和说。

"老爷子不在乎，"比尔说。

"你确信吗？"尼克说。

"我知道，"比尔说。

"我现在有点醉了，"尼克说。

"你没有醉，"比尔说。

他从地板上站起来，伸手去拿威士忌酒瓶。尼克举过酒杯。比尔倒酒时，他的眼睛凝视着。

比尔倒了半杯威士忌。

"你自己兑水，"他说。"只有一小杯了。"

"还有吗？"尼克问。

"还有好多，但爸爸只喜欢让我喝打开的。"

"当然，"尼克说。

"He says opening bottles is what makes drunkards," Bill explained.

"That's right," said Nick. He was impressed. He had never thought of that before. He had always thought it was solitary drinking that made drunkards.

"How is your dad?" he asked respectfully.

"He's all right," Bill said. "He gets a little wild sometimes."

"He's a swell guy," Nick said. He poured water into his glass out of the pitcher. It mixed slowly with the whisky. There was more whisky than water.

"You bet your life he is," Bill said.

"My old man's all right," Nick said.

"You're damn right he is," said Bill.

"He claims he's never taken a drink in his life," Nick said, as though announcing a scientific fact.

"Well, he's a doctor. My old man's a painter. That's different."

"He's missed a lot," Nick said sadly.

"You can't tell," Bill said. "Everything's got its compensations."

"He says he's missed a lot himself," Nick confessed.

"Well, dad's had a tough time," Bill said.

"It all evens up," Nick said.

They sat looking into the fire and thinking of this profound truth.

"I'll get a chunk from the back porch," Nick said. He had noticed while looking into the fire that the fire was dying down. Also he wished to show he could hold his liquor and be

"他说打开酒瓶会成为酒鬼，"比尔解释说。

"说得对，"尼克说。他印象深刻。他以前从来没有想到这一点。他总是认为独自喝酒才会成为酒鬼。

"你的爸爸怎么样？"他恭敬地问。

"他不错，"比尔说。"他有时有点狂。"

"他人很好，"尼克说。他从罐子里向自己的杯里倒水。水慢慢地跟威士忌混在一起。威士忌比水多。

"你敢说他不错吧，"比尔说。

"老爷子也不错，"尼克说。

"你说得太对了，"比尔说。

"他说他一辈子没有喝过酒，"尼克说，好像在宣布一项科学事实。

"啊，他是大夫。老爷子是画家。这不一样。"

"他错过好多，"尼克伤心地说。

"说不清，"比尔说。"每件事都有它的补偿。"

"他说他自己错过了好多，"尼克坦白说。

"嗯，爸爸过得很艰难，"比尔说。

"一切都扯平了，"尼克说。

他们坐在哪里，一边望着炉火，一边想着这个深刻的真理。

"我去后门廊拿一块木柴，"尼克说。他望着炉火时注意到火快要熄灭了。他也希

practical. Even if his father had never touched a drop Bill was not going to get him drunk before he himself was drunk.

"Bring one of the big beech chunks," Bill said. He was also being consciously practical.

Nick came in with the log through the kitchen and in passing knocked a pan off the kitchen table. He laid the log down and picked up the pan. It had contained dried apricots, soaking in water. He carefully picked up all the apricots off the floor, some of them had gone under the stove, and put them back in the pan. He dipped some more water onto them from the pail by the table. He felt quite proud of himself. He had been thoroughly practical.

He came in carrying the log and Bill got up from the chair and helped him put it on the fire.

"That's a swell log," Nick said.

"I'd been saving it for the bad weather," Bill said. "A log like that will burn all night."

"There'll be coals left to start the fire in the morning," Nick said.

"That's right," Bill agreed. They were conducting the conversation on a high plane.

"Let's have another drink," Nick said.

"I think there's another bottle open in the locker," Bill said.

He kneeled down in the corner in front of the locker and brought out a square-faced bottle.

"It's Scotch," he said.

"I'll get some more water," Nick said. He went out into the kitchen again. He filled the pitcher with the dipper dipping cold spring water from the pail. On his way back to the living room he passed a mirror in the dining room and looked in it. His face looked strange. He smiled at the face in the mirror and it grinned back at him. He winked at it and went on. It

望显示自己能喝，讲究实际。即使他的父亲一辈子滴酒不沾，比尔自己还没有醉就灌醉不了他。

"拿一块大山毛榉木柴，"比尔说。他也有意识地讲究实际。

尼克拿来柴火，穿过厨房，走过时从厨桌上碰翻了一只锅。他放下柴火，拾起锅。锅里有浸在水里的杏脯。他仔细地从地板上拾起杏脯，其中几颗已经滚到了炉灶下面，他把杏脯放回锅里。他从桌边的桶里舀了些水泡在杏脯上。他自己感到非常自豪。他完全讲究实际。

他抱着木柴进来，比尔从椅子上站起来，帮他把木柴放在火上。

"这是上好的木柴，"尼克说。

"我一直留着等恶劣天气用，"比尔说。"这样的木柴会燃烧整整一夜。"

"第二天早上回留下木炭生火，"尼克说。

"说得对，"比尔表示同意。他们正在进行高水平的谈话。

"我们再喝一杯吧，"尼克说。

"我想储物柜里还有一瓶打开的，"比尔说。

他在墙角储物柜前跪下来，拿出一只方脸瓶。

"这是苏格兰威士忌，"他说。

"我会再兑些水，"尼克说。他又出去，走进了厨房。他用长柄勺从桶里舀出冷泉水，灌满水罐。在返回起居室的路上，她经过餐厅的一面镜子，在里面照了照。看上去他的脸怪怪的。他对着镜子理的脸微微一笑，镜子理的脸也对咧嘴笑了笑。他对那张脸

was not his face but it didn't make any difference.

Bill had poured out the drinks.

"That's an awfully big shot," Nick said.

"Not for us, Wemedge," Bill said.

"What'll we drink to?" Nick asked, holding up the glass.

"Let's drink to fishing," Bill said.

"All right," Nick said. "Gentlemen, I give you fishing."

"All fishing," Bill said. "Everywhere."

"Fishing," Nick said. "That's what we drink to."

"It's better than baseball," Bill said.

"There isn't any comparison," said Nick. "How did we ever get talking about baseball?"

"It was a mistake," Bill said. "Baseball is a game for louts."

They drank all that was in their glasses.

"Now let's drink to Chesterton."

"And Walpole," Nick interposed.

Nick poured out the liquor. Bill poured in the water. They looked at each other. They felt very fine.

"Gentlemen," Bill said, "I give you Chesterton and Walpole."

"Exactly, gentlemen," Nick said.

They drank. Bill filled up the glasses. They sat down in the big chairs in front of the fire.

"You were very wise, Wemedge," Bill said.

眨了眨眼，继续前行。这不是他的脸，但这没什么差别。

比尔已经倒好了酒。

"这可是一大杯，"尼克说。

"威米兹，对我们来说没事，"比尔说。

"我们为什么干杯？"尼克举起杯问道。

"让我们为钓鱼干杯，"比尔说。

"好，"尼克说。"先生们，我为你钓鱼干杯。"

"所有钓鱼，"比尔说。"无处不在。"

"钓鱼，"尼克说。"那我们就为钓鱼干杯。"

"这比棒球强，"比尔说。

"这没有什么可比性，"尼克说。"我们怎么会说起了棒球？"

"搞错了，"比尔说。"棒球是粗人玩的游戏。"

他们喝完了杯中酒。

"现在我们为切斯特顿干杯。"

"还有沃波尔呢，"尼克插话说。

尼克倒酒。比尔兑水。他们面面相觑，感觉良好。

"先生们，"比尔说，"我提议为切斯特顿和沃波尔干杯。"

"说得对，先生们，"尼克说。

他们干杯。比尔倒满杯子。他们在炉火前的两把大椅子里坐下来。

"What do you mean?" asked Nick.

"To bust off that Marge business," Bill said.

"I guess so," said Nick.

"It was the only thing to do. If you hadn't, by now you'd be back home working trying to get enough money to get married."

Nick said nothing.

"Once a man's married he's absolutely bitched," Bill went on. "He hasn't got anything more. Nothing. Not a damn thing. He's done for. You've seen the guys that get married."

Nick said nothing.

"You can tell them," Bill said. "They get this sort of fat married look. They're done for."

"Sure," said Nick.

"It was probably bad busting it off," Bill said. "But you always fall for somebody else and then it's all right. Fall for them but don't let them ruin you."

"Yes," said Nick.

"If you'd have married her you would have had to marry the whole family. Remember her mother and that guy she married."

Nick nodded.

"Imagine having them around the house all the time and going to Sunday dinners at their house, and having them over to dinner and her telling Marge all the time what to do and how to act."

Nick sat quiet.

"你非常聪明，威米兹，"比尔说。

"你是什么意思？"尼克问。

"跟玛吉那事儿黄了吧，"比尔说。

"我想是这样，"尼克说。

"只有这样做了。你要是没有的话，此刻就要回家干活，设法攒够钱结婚呢。"

尼克没有说话。

"一旦男人结婚，就彻底搞砸了，"比尔继续说道。"他什么也不再有。什么也没有。一无所有。他疲惫不堪。你见过那些结婚的家伙吧。"

尼克一声不吭。

"你能看出他们，"比尔说。"他们都有这种结过婚的憨相。他们疲惫不堪。"

"当然，"尼克说。

"黄了可能糟糕，"比尔说。"但你总是爱上别人，这很好。你爱上她们，但别让她们毁了你。"

"是的，"尼克说。

"你要是娶了她，那就得娶她全家人。记住还有她的母亲和她嫁的那个家伙。"

尼克点了点头。

"想象一下吧，他们始终在家里，礼拜天去他们家吃饭，还要请他们过来吃饭，她的母亲一直叫玛吉去做什么、怎么做。"

尼克默坐在那里。

"You came out of it damned well," Bill said. "Now she can marry somebody of her own sort and settle down and be happy. You can't mix oil and water and you can't mix that sort of thing any more than if I'd marry Ida that works for Strattons. She'd probably like it, too."

Nick said nothing. The liquor had all died out of him and left him alone. Bill wasn't there. He wasn't sitting in front of the fire or going fishing tomorrow with Bill and his dad or anything. He wasn't drunk. It was all gone. All he knew was that he had once had Marjorie and that he had lost her. She was gone and he had sent her away. That was all that mattered. He might never see her again. Probably he never would. It was all gone, finished.

"Let's have another drink,' Nick said.

Bill poured it out. Nick splashed in a little water.

"If you'd gone on that way we wouldn't be here now," Bill said.

That was true. His original plan had been to go down home and get a job. Then he had planned to stay in Charlevoix all winter so he could be near Marge. Now he did not know what he was going to do.

"Probably we wouldn't even be going fishing tomorrow," Bill said. "You had the right dope, all right."

"I couldn't help it," Nick said.

"I know. That's the way it works out," Bill said.

"All of a sudden everything was over," Nick said. "I don't know why it was. I couldn't help it. Just like when the three-day blows come now and rip all the leaves off the trees."

"Well, it's over. That's the point," Bill said.

"你走了出来，真是太好了，"比尔说。"现在她可以嫁给像她自己那种类型的人，安定下来，幸福快乐。你不能把油和水混在一起，你不能把那种事再混在一起，就像我不会娶给斯特拉顿家干活的艾达一样。她可能也喜欢这样。"

尼克什么也不说。酒劲已经完全消失了，留下了他一个人。比尔不在那里。他不坐在炉火前，也不跟比尔和他的爸爸明天去钓鱼什么的。他没有醉。一切都过去了。他知道的一切就是他曾经有过玛乔丽，又失去了她。她走了，是他把她打发走的。那才是一切的关键。他说不定再也见不到她了。他说不定永远也见不到她了。一切都过去了，都结束了。

"我们再喝一杯吧，"尼克说。

比尔倒酒。尼克溅了一点水。

"要是你走了那条路，那我们现在就不会在这里了，"比尔说。

这话没错。他的原计划是回家去找一份工作。然后，他计划整个冬天都留在夏洛瓦，这样他就能亲近玛吉。现在他不知道他要做什么。

"说不定我们明天连鱼也钓不成了，"比尔说。"你猜得对，真不错。"

"我是情不自禁，"尼克说。

"我知道。只有这样才行得通，"比尔说。

"突然间，一切都结束了，"尼克说。"我不知道这是为什么。我情不自禁。就像现在连刮三天的大风，把树上的叶子都拽下来了。"

"啊，结束了。这是关键，"比尔说。

"It was my fault," Nick said.

"It doesn't make any difference whose fault it was," Bill said.

"No, I suppose not," Nick said.

The big thing was that Marjorie was gone and that probably he would never see her again. He had talked to her about how they would go to Italy together and the fun they would have. Places they would be together. It was all gone now.

"So long as it's over that's all that matters," Bill said. "I tell you, Wemedge, I was worried while it was going on. You played it right. I understand her mother is sore as hell. She told a lot of people you were engaged."

"We weren't engaged," Nick said.

"It was all around that you were."

"I can't help it," Nick said. "We weren't."

"Weren't you going to get married?" Bill asked.

"Yes. But we weren't engaged," Nick said.

"What's the difference?" Bill asked judicially.

"I don't know. There's a difference."

"I don't see it," said Bill.

"All right," said Nick. "Let's get drunk."

"All right," Bill said. "Let's get really drunk."

"Let's get drunk and then go swimming," Nick said.

He drank off his glass.

"这是我的过错，"尼克说。

"是谁的过错都无所谓，"比尔说。

"不，我不这样认为，"尼克说。

玛乔丽走了，他可能再也见不到她，这才是大事。他对她说过他们如何一起去意大利，他们会多么开心。说过他们一起要去的地方。现在一切都过去了。

"只要这结束，那才是最重要的，"比尔说。"威米兹，我告诉你，这事儿进行下去，我还真担心。你做得对。我听说她的母亲痛苦得要死。她告诉好多人说你们订了婚。"

"我们没有订婚，"尼克说。

"到处都说你们订了婚。"

"我无能为力，"尼克说。"我们没有订婚。"

"你们不是准备结婚吗？"比尔问。

"是的。但是，我们没有订婚，"尼克说。

"有什么区别吗？"比尔像法官那样问道。

"我不知道。是有区别。"

"我看不出来，"比尔说。

"好了，"尼克说。"我们喝醉吧。"

"好吧，"比尔说。"我们就真的喝个一醉方休吧。"

"我们喝醉了，就去游泳，"尼克说。

他喝光了杯中酒。

"I'm sorry as hell about her but what could I do?" he said. "You know what her mother was like!"

"She was terrible," Bill said.

"All of a sudden it was over," Nick said. "I oughtn't to talk about it."

"You aren't," Bill said. "I talked about it and now I'm through. We won't ever speak about it again. You don't want to think about it. You might get back into it again."

Nick had not thought about that. It had seemed so absolute. That was a thought. That made him feel better.

"Sure," he said. "There's always that danger."

He felt happy now. There was not anything that was irrevocable. He might go into town Saturday night. Today was Thursday.

"There's always a chance," he said.

"You'll have to watch yourself," Bill said.

"I'll watch myself," he said.

He felt happy. Nothing was finished. Nothing was ever lost. He would go into town on Saturday. He felt lighter, as he had felt before Bill started to talk about it. There was always a way out.

"Let's take the guns and go down to the point and look for your dad," Nick said.

"All right."

Bill took down the two shotguns from the rack on the wall. He opened a box of shells. Nick put on his Mackinaw coat and his shoes. His shoes were stiff from the drying. He was

"我对她内疚死了，但我能做什么呢？"他说。"你知道她的母亲是什么样子！"

"她真可怕，"比尔说。

"突然间，一切都结束了，"尼克说。"我不应该说这件事。"

"不是你，"比尔说。"是我说起了这件事，现在说完了。我们再也不会说起这件事了。你不要想这件事了。说不定你又会陷进去。"

尼克没有想到过这件事。这好像很绝。那是一个想法。那样会使他感觉好些。

"当然，"他说。"总有那种危险。"

他现在感到开心。没有什么不可挽回的事儿。星期六夜里他可以进城。今天是星期四。

"总会有机会的，"他说。

"你自己得当心，"比尔说。

"我自己会当心的，"他说。

他感到开心。任何事儿都没有了结。任何东西都失去过。他星期六要进城。他感觉更轻松了，就像比尔开始谈论这件事前那样的感觉。总有一条出路。

"我们带上枪去岬角寻找你的爸爸，"尼克说。

"好吧。"

比尔从墙壁的机架上取下两支猎枪。他打开子弹盒。尼克穿上厚呢短大衣和鞋子。他的鞋烤干后硬邦邦的。他还醉醺醺的，但头脑清醒。

"你感觉怎样？"尼克问。

still quite drunk but his head was clear.

"How do you feel?" Nick asked.

"Swell. I've just got a good edge on." Bill was buttoning up his sweater.

"There's no use getting drunk."

"No. We ought to get outdoors."

They stepped out the door. The wind was blowing a gale.

"The birds will lie right down in the grass with this," Nick said.

They struck down toward the orchard.

"I saw a woodcock this morning," Bill said.

"Maybe we'll jump him," Nick said.

"You can't shoot in this wind," Bill said.

Outside now the Marge business was no longer so tragic. It was not even very important. The wind blew everything like that away.

"It's coming right off the big lake," Nick said.

Against the wind they heard the thud of a shotgun.

"That's dad," Bill said. "He's down in the swamp."

"Let's cut down that way," Nick said.

"Let's cut across the lower meadow and see if we jump anything," Bill said.

"All right," Nick said.

None of it was important now. The wind blew it out of his head. Still he could always go into town Saturday night. It was a good thing to have in reserve.

"好极了。我只是刚才醉醺醺的。"比尔正扣上毛衣扣。

"喝醉白搭。"

"是的。我们应该去户外。"

他们走出门。狂风大作。

"刮风时，小鸟会趴在草丛里，"尼克说。

他们向下面的果园走去。

"我今天早上看到一只山鹬，"比尔说。

"也许我们会把它惊飞，"尼克说。

"这风天，你不能开枪，"比尔说。

到了外面，玛吉的事儿再也没有那样悲悲切切了。那件事甚至不是很重要了。风把类似的一切都刮跑了。

"风正从大湖那边刮来，"尼克说。

他们逆风听到了一声枪响。

"是爸爸，"比尔说。"他在沼泽地。"

"我们沿着那条路走下去，"尼克说。

"我们穿过下面的草地，看我们会不会惊起什么东西，"比尔说。

"好吧，"尼克说。

现在没有什么要事了。大风把它从他的脑海里刮跑了。星期六夜里，他还能总是进城。留着备用就是好啊。

# The Battler

Nick stood up. He was all right. He looked up the track at the lights of the caboose going out of sight around the curve. There was water on both sides of the track, then tamarack swamp.

He felt of his knee. The pants were torn and the skin was barked. His hands were scraped and there were sand and cinders driven up under his nails. He went over to the edge of the track down the little slope to the water and washed his hands. He washed them carefully in the cold water, getting the dirt out from the nail. He squatted down and bathed his knee.

That lousy crut of a brakeman. He would get him some day. He would know him again. That was a fine way to act.

"Come here, kid," he said. "I got something for you."

He had fallen for it. What a lousy kid thing to have done. They would never suck him in that way again.

"Come here, kid, I got something for you." Then wham and he lit on his hands and knees beside the track.

Nick rubbed his eye. There was a big bump coming up. He would have a black eye, all right. It ached already. That son of a crutting brakeman.

He touched the bump over his eye with his fingers. Oh, well, it was only a black eye. That was all he had gotten out of it. Cheap at the price. He wished he could see it. Could not see

# 拳击家

尼克站起来，一切正常。他抬眼望着轨道，看到守车拐过弯，车灯从视野中消失。轨道两边都是水，随后远处是落叶松湿地。

他摸了摸膝盖。裤子撕裂，皮肤擦破，两手擦伤，指甲里都是沙子和煤碴。他走到轨道边，顺着小坡来到水边洗手。他在冷水里仔细清洗，洗净指甲里的污垢。他蹲下来，泡了泡膝盖。

这个扳闸工真恶心。他总有一天要找到这个人。这个人一定会再次领教他的厉害。这是一个很好的做法。

"过来，小子，"他说。"我给你看一件东西。"

他已经上当了。这臭小子做得真够呛。他们再也不会那样欺骗他了。

"过来，小子，我给你看一件东西。"这时，砰的一声，他手膝并用落在了轨道边。

尼克揉了揉眼睛。肿起了一个大包。他肯定是眼圈发黑。扳闸工那个混小子。

他用手指摸了摸眼上的肿块。噢，还好，仅仅是一只眼圈发黑。他就受了这一点伤。这个代价够便宜了。他希望能看到自己那只眼睛。然而，水里照不出来。天昏地

it looking into the water, though. It was dark and he was a long way off from anywhere. He wiped his hands on his trousers and stood up, then climbed the embankment to the rails.

He started up the track. It was well ballasted and made easy walking, sand and gravel packed between the ties, solid walking. The smooth roadbed like a causeway went on ahead through the swamp. Nick walked along. He must get to somewhere.

Nick had swung on to the freight train when it slowed down for the yards outside of Walton Junction. The train, with Nick on it, had passed through Kalkaska as it started to get dark. Now he must be nearly to Mancelona. Three or four miles of swamp. He stepped along the track, walking so he kept on the ballast between the ties, the swamp ghostly in the rising mist. His eye ached and he was hungry. He kept on hiking, putting the miles of track back of him. The swamp was all the same on both sides of the track.

Ahead there was a bridge. Nick crossed it, his boots ringing hollow on the iron. Down below the water showed black between the slits of ties. Nick kicked a loose spike and it dropped into the water. Beyond the bridge were hills. It was high and dark on both sides of the track. Up the track Nick saw a fire.

He came up the track toward the fire carefully. It was off to one side of the track, below the railway embankment. He had only seen the light from it. The track came out through a cut and where the fire was burning the country opened out and fell away into woods. Nick dropped carefully down the embankment and cut into the woods to come up to the fire through the trees. It was a beechwood forest and the fallen beechnut burrs were under his shoes as he walked between the trees. The fire was bright now, just at the edge of the trees. There was a man sitting by it. Nick waited behind the tree and watched. The man looked to

暗，他离哪个地方都很远。他在裤子上擦擦手，站起来，然后爬上路堤，走上铁轨。

他开始沿着轨道向前走。道碴铺得均匀，走起来非常轻松，枕木间铺满了沙子和砾石，路面结实。平滑的路基像一条穿越沼泽的堤道向前延伸。尼克向前走。他必须走到某个地方落脚。

当货运车减速开往沃尔顿联轨点外的调车场时，尼克轻松快步走到了车上。天开始黑下来时，尼克乘坐的这辆货运车已经驶过卡尔卡斯卡。现在他一定快到曼斯洛纳了。要走三四英里的沼泽。他继续走在枕木间的道碴上，沿着轨道前行，沼泽在升起的薄雾中幽灵般可怕。他眼睛疼痛，饥肠辘辘。他继续徒步旅行，走了好几英里。轨道两边还是沼泽。

前面有一座桥。尼克走过桥，靴子在铁桥上发出空洞的声音。桥下的水在枕木的狭缝间显得黑漆漆的。尼克踢着一颗脱落的道钉，道钉落进了水里。桥外是一座座小山。桥在轨道两边又高又黑。尼克顺着轨道看到了一堆火。

他沿着轨道小心翼翼地走向那堆火。这堆火在轨道一侧，位于铁道路堤下面。他只看到了火光。轨道穿过一条隧道，火堆燃烧的地方出现一块旷野，消失在树林里。尼克小心翼翼地下了路堤，走进树林，穿过树木，走到火堆边。这是一个山毛榉林，他走过林间时，山毛榉坚果在他的鞋底下面嘎吱作响。火堆就在林边，现在非常明亮。有个人坐在火堆边。尼克在树后等待观望。看上去只有一个人。他坐在那里，两手抱头看着火。尼克跨步出来，走近火光。

be alone. He was sitting there with his head in his hands looking at the fire. Nick stepped out and walked into the firelight.

The man sat there looking into the fire. When Nick stopped quite close to him he did not move.

"Hello!" Nick said.

The man looked up.

"Where did you get the shiner?" he said.

"A brakeman busted me."

"Off the through freight?"

"Yes."

"I saw the bastard," the man said. "He went through here about an hour and a half ago. He was walking along the top of the cars slapping his arms and singing."

"The bastard!"

"It must have made him feel good to bust you," the man said seriously.

"I'll bust him."

"Get him with a rock sometime when he's going through," the man advised.

"I'll get him."

"You're a tough one, aren't you?"

"No," Nick answered.

"All you kids are tough."

"You got to be tough," Nick said.

"That's what I said."

那个人坐在那里盯着火。当尼克贴近他身边停下来时，他一动不动。

"喂！"尼克说。

那个人抬起头。

"你是在哪里搞的黑眼圈？"他问。

"一个扳闸工捣了我一拳。"

"是从直达货运车上下来的吗？"

"是的。"

"我见过那个杂种，"那个人说。"大约一个半小时前他路过这里。他在车厢顶上走着，又是拍打胳膊，又是唱歌。"

"这个杂种！"

"他揍你一定感觉良好，"那个人严肃地说。

"我一定会揍他。"

"哪天等他经过时，用石头砸他，"那个人劝道。

"我要揍他。"

"你是硬汉，不是吗？"

"不是，"尼克答道。

"你们这些小子都是硬汉。"

"你不得不硬啊，"尼克说。

The man looked at Nick and smiled. In the firelight Nick saw that his face was misshapen. His nose was sunken, his eyes were slits, he had queer-shaped lips. Nick did not perceive all this at once, he only saw the man's face was queerly formed and mutilated. It was like putty in colour. Dead looking in the firelight.

"Don't you like my pan?" the man asked.

Nick was embarrassed.

"Sure," he said.

"Look here!" the man took off his cap.

He had only one ear. It was thickened and tight against the side of his head. Where the other ear should have been there was a stump.

"Ever see one like that?"

"No," said Nick. It made him a little sick.

"I could take it," the man said. "Don't you think I could take it, kid?"

"You bet!"

"They all bust their hands on me," the little man said. "They couldn't hurt me."

He looked at Nick. "Sit down," he said. "Want to eat?"

"Don't bother," Nick said. "I'm going on to the town."

"Listen!" the man said. "Call me Ad."

"Sure!"

"Listen," the little man said. "I'm not quite right."

"我说的就是这个。"

那个人望着尼克，微微一笑。在火光中，尼克看到他的脸奇形怪状。他的鼻子凹陷，眼睛眯成了两条细缝，嘴唇奇怪。尼克没有马上看清这一切，他只是看到这个人的脸奇形怪状，遭到了毁形。就像彩色油灰似的。火光中看上去像死人一样。

"你不喜欢我的脸吗？"那个人问。

尼克感到尴尬。

"当然喜欢，"他说。

"看！"那个人脱下帽子。

他只有一个耳朵。那只耳朵变粗，紧紧地贴在脑袋半边，本来另一个耳朵应该所在的地方则是一截耳根。

"见过这样的脸吗？"

"没有，"尼克说。这使他有点儿恶心。

"我能接受，"那个人说。"你以为我不能接受吗，小子？"

"当然能！"

"他们的手都砸在我的身上，"小个子说。"他们都伤不了我。"

他望着尼克。"坐下，"他说。"想吃吗？"

"别操心了，"尼克说。"我要进城去。"

"听着！"那个人说。"叫我阿德吧。"

"当然可以！"

"听着，"小个子说。"我不大正常。"

"What's the matter?"

"I'm crazy."

He put on his cap. Nick felt like laughing.

"You're all right," he said.

"No, I'm not. I'm crazy. Listen, you ever been crazy?"

"No," Nick said. "How does it get you?"

"I don't know," Ad said. "When you got it, you don't know about it. You know me, don't you?"

"No."

"I'm Ad Francis."

"Honest to God?"

"Don't you believe it?"

"Yes."

Nick knew it must be true.

"You know how I beat them?"

"No," Nick said.

"My heart's slow. It only beats forty a minute. Feel it."

Nick hesitated.

"Come on," the man took hold of his hand. "Take hold of my wrist. Put your fingers there."

The little man's wrist was thick and the muscles bulged above the bone. Nick felt the slow

"怎么了？"

"我是疯子。"

他戴上帽子。尼克感到想笑。

"你很正常，"他说。

"不，我不正常。我是疯子。听着，你发过疯吗？"

"没有，"尼克说。"你是怎么发疯的？"

"我不知道，"阿德说。"你发疯后，就不知道是怎么回事了。你认识我，不是吗？"

"是不认识。"

"我是阿德·弗朗西斯。"

"实话实说？"

"你不相信？"

"相信。"

尼克知道这肯定没错。

"你知道我是怎么打败他们的吗？"

"不知道，"尼克说。

"我的心脏跳得慢。一分钟只跳四十下。摸一下。"

尼克举棋不定。

"快点，"那个人抓住了他的手。"抓住我的手腕。手指按在那里。"

小个子的手腕很粗，骨头上面的肌肉凸出。尼克感到手指下面那个人的脉搏跳动

pumping under his fingers.

"Got a watch?"

"No."

"Neither have I," Ad said. "It ain't any good if you haven't got a watch."

Nick dropped his wrist.

"Listen," Ad Francis said. "Take ahold again. You count and I'll count up to sixty."

Feeling the slow hard throb under his fingers Nick started to count. He heard the little man counting slowly, one, two, three, four, five, and on—aloud.

"Sixty," Ad finished. "That's a minute. What did you make it?"

"Forty," Nick said.

"That's right," Ad said happily. "She never speeds up."

A man dropped down the railroad embankment and came across the clearing to the fire.

"Hello, Bugs!" Ad said.

"Hello!" Bugs answered. It was a negro's voice. Nick knew from the way he walked that he was a negro. He stood with his back to them, bending over the fire. He straightened up.

"This is my pal Bugs," Ad said. "He's crazy, too."

"Glad to meet you," Bugs said. "Where you say you're from?"

"Chicago," Nick said.

"That's a fine town," the negro said. "I didn't catch your name."

"Adams. Nick Adams."

很慢。

"有手表吗？"

"没有。"

"我也没有，"阿德说。"没有手表真不方便，"

尼克放下那个人的手腕。

"听着，"阿德·弗朗西斯说。"再按一下。你数一下，我会数到六十。"

尼克感到手指下面缓慢有力的脉动，就开始数了起来。他听到小个子慢慢地数着：一，二，三，四，五——声音洪亮。

"六十，"阿德最后数道。"一分钟。你数是几下？"

"四十下，"尼克说。

"对，"阿德高兴说。"从来不会加速。"

一个人下了铁道路堤，穿过空地，走到火边。

"喂，巴格斯！"阿德说。

"喂！"巴格斯应道。这是一个黑人的声音。从他走路的样子，尼克就知道他是一个黑人。他弯腰烤火，背对他们站在那里。他直起了腰。

"这是我的老友巴格斯，"阿德说。"他也疯了。"

"很高兴见到你，"巴格斯说。"你说你从哪里来？"

"芝加哥，"尼克说。

"那是一座好城市，"黑人说。"我还不知道你的名字呢。"

"亚当斯。尼克·亚当斯。"

"He says he's never been crazy, Bugs," Ad said.

"He's got a lot coming to him," the negro said. He was unwrapping a package by the fire.

"When are we going to eat, Bugs?" the prizefighter asked.

"Right away."

"Are you hungry, Nick?"

"Hungry as hell."

"Hear that, Bugs?"

"I hear most of what goes on."

"That ain't what I asked you."

"Yes. I heard what the gentleman said."

Into a skillet he was laying slices of ham. As the skillet grew hot the grease sputtered and Bugs, crouching on long nigger legs over the fire, turned the ham and broke eggs into the skillet, tipping it from side to side to baste the eggs with the hot fat.

"Will you cut some bread out of that bag. Mister Adams?" Bugs turned from the fire.

Nick reached in the bag and brought out a loaf of bread. He cut six slices. Ad watched him and leaned forward.

"Let me take your knife, Nick," he said.

"No, you don't," the negro said. "Hang on to your knife, Mister Adams."

The prizefighter sat back.

"Will you bring me the bread, Mister Adams?" Bugs asked. Nick brought it over.

"他说他从来没有发过疯，巴格斯，"阿德说。

"他运气真好，"黑人说。他在火边解开一个包裹。

"巴格斯，我们打算什么时候吃饭？"那个职业拳击手问。

"马上。"

"尼克，你饿吗？"

"快饿死了。"

"听到了吗，巴格斯？"

"你们说的大多数话，我都听到了。"

"我问你的不是这个。"

"是。我听到的是这位先生说的话。"

他正在向平底锅里放火腿片。平底锅越来越热，油嚓啪作响，巴格斯弯下黑人的两条长腿，蹲在火边，翻转火腿，在锅里打了几只鸡蛋，来回倾翻，用热油浸着鸡蛋。

"亚当斯先生，你把那只袋子里的面包切几片好吗？"巴格斯从火边转过身来。

尼克把手伸进袋子，掏出一条面包。他切了六七片。阿德望着他，倾身向前。

"尼克，让我用用你的刀子，"他说。

"不，你不要，"黑人说。"握住刀子，亚当斯先生。"

职业拳击手坐了回去。

"亚当斯先生，你把面包给我好吗？"巴格斯问。尼克把面包递过去。

"你喜欢面包蘸火腿油吗？"黑人问。

"当然喜欢！"

"Do you like to dip your bread in the ham fat?" the negro asked.

"You bet!"

"Perhaps we'd better wait until later. It's better at the finish of the meal. Here."

The negro picked up a slice of ham and laid it on one of the pieces of bread, then slid an egg on top of it.

"Just close that sandwich, will you, please, and give it to Mister Francis."

Ad took the sandwich and started eating.

"Watch out how that egg runs," the negro warned. "This is for you, Mister Adams. The remainder for myself."

Nick bit into the sandwich. The negro was sitting opposite him beside Ad. The hot fried ham and eggs tasted wonderful.

"Mister Adams is right hungry," the negro said. The little man whom Nick knew by name as a former champion fighter was silent. He had said nothing since the negro had spoken about the knife.

"May I offer you a slice of bread dipped right in the hot ham fat?" Bugs said.

"Thanks a lot."

The little white man looked at Nick.

"Will you have some, Mister Adolph Francis?" Bugs offered from the skillet.

Ad did not answer. He was looking at Nick.

"Mister Francis?" came the nigger's soft voice.

Ad did not answer. He was looking at Nick.

"I spoke to you, Mister Francis," the nigger said softly.

"也许我们最好等一会儿。还是等吃完饭好。给！"

黑人拿起一片火腿，放在一片面包上，然后悄悄把煎蛋放在上面。

"请你夹好那个三明治，给弗朗西斯先生吧。"

阿德接过三明治，开始吃了起来。

"当心鸡蛋流下来，"黑人警告说。"这个给你，亚当斯先生。剩下的归我自己。"

尼克咬了一口三明治。黑人挨着阿德坐在他的对面。热火腿煎蛋味道真妙。

"亚当斯先生的确饿了，"黑人说。小个子没有说话，尼克知道他的大名，明白他是前任拳击冠军。自从黑人说起刀子的事儿以来，他还没有说过话。

"我给你一片蘸热火腿油的面包好吗？"巴格斯说。

"多谢。"

小个子白人望着尼克。

"你来些好吗，阿道夫·弗朗西斯先生？"巴格斯从平底锅里拿出面包递过来。

阿德没有回答。他望着尼克。

"弗朗西斯先生？"传来黑鬼的温柔的声音。

阿德没有回答。他望着尼克。

"我对你说过话，弗朗西斯先生，"黑人柔声说道。

阿德一直望着尼克。他拉下帽子盖住眼睛。尼克感到不安。

"你怎么竟敢这样？"他从帽子下面对尼克厉声喝道。

Ad kept on looking at Nick. He had his cap down over his eyes. Nick felt nervous.

"How the hell do you get that way?" came out from under the cap sharply at Nick.

"Who the hell do you think you are? You're a snotty bastard. You come in here where nobody asks you and eat a man's food and when he asks to borrow a knife you get snotty."

He glared at Nick, his face was white and his eyes almost out of sight under the cap.

"You're a hot sketch. Who the hell asked you to butt in here?"

"Nobody."

"You're damn right nobody did. Nobody asked you to stay either. You come in here and act snotty about my face and smoke my cigars and drink my liquor and then talk snotty. Where the hell do you think you get off?"

Nick said nothing. Ad stood up.

"I'll tell you, you yellow-livered Chicago bastard. You're going to get your can knocked off. Do you get that?"

Nick stepped back. The little man came toward him slowly, stepping flat-footed forward, his left foot stepping forward, his right dragging up to it.

"Hit me," he moved his head. "Try and hit me."

"I don't want to hit you."

"You won't get out of it that way. You're going to take a beating, see? Come on and lead at me."

"Cut it out," Nick said.

"All right, then, you bastard."

The little man looked down at Nick's feet. As he looked down, the negro, who had

"你到底以为你是谁？你这个讨厌的杂种。没有人请你，你进来这里，吃了人家的东西，人家问你借刀子，你却变得无礼。"

他怒视着尼克，脸色苍白，眼睛在帽子下面几乎看不到。

"你真是一个可笑的怪人。到底是谁请你到这里来的？"

"没有人。"

"你说得太他娘的对了，没有人请你来。也没有人请你呆在这里。你到这里来，在我面前傲慢无礼，抽我的雪茄，喝我的酒，然后还说话傲慢。你到底认为我们会容忍你到什么地步？"

尼克没有说话。阿德站起来。

"我告诉你，你这个胆小的芝加哥杂种。你的脑袋就要被拧下来了。你明白吗？"

尼克退后一步。小个子慢慢向他走来，拖着脚步向前走，左脚向前迈步，右脚拖着跟上。

"打我，"他晃着脑袋。"试试看，打我。"

"我不想打你。"

"你不会这样脱身的。你会挨打的，明白吗？过来，先打我一下。"

"住手，"尼克说。

"那好吧，你这个杂种。"

小个子低头看着尼克的两只脚。刚才他离开火堆时，黑人跟在他后面，当他低头时，黑人稳住身体，在他的后脑勺拍一下。他向前扑倒，巴格斯把裹着布的棍子扔在草

followed behind him as he moved away from the fire, set himself and tapped him across the base of the skull. He fell forward and Bugs dropped the cloth-wrapped blackjack on the grass. The little man lay there, his face in the grass. The negro picked him up, his head hanging, and carried him to the fire. His face looked bad, the eyes open. Bugs laid him down gently.

"Will you bring me the water in the bucket, Mister Adams?" he said. "I'm afraid I hit him just a little hard."

The negro splashed water with his hand on the man's face and pulled his ear gently. The eyes closed.

Bugs stood up.

"He's all right," he said. "There's nothing to worry about. I'm sorry, Mister Adams."

"It's all right." Nick was looking down at the little man. He saw the blackjack on the grass and picked it up. It had a flexible handle and was limber in his hand. It was made of worn black leather with a handkerchief wrapped around the heavy end.

"That's a whalebone handle," the negro smiled. "They don't make them anymore. I didn't know how well you could take care of yourself and, anyway, I didn't want you to hurt him or mark him up no more than he is."

The negro smiled again.

"You hurt him yourself."

"I know how to do it. He won't remember nothing of it. I have to do it to change him when he gets that way."

Nick was still looking down at the little man, lying, his eyes closed in the firelight. Bugs put some wood on the fire.

地上。小个子躺在那里，脸趴在草里。黑人抱起他，把他抱到火边。他耷拉着头，脸色难看，眼睛睁着。巴格斯把他轻轻放下。

"你把桶里的水给我提来好吗，亚当斯先生？"他说。"我怕我打他要狠点儿，"

黑人用手向那个人的脸上洒水，又轻轻地拽他的耳朵。那双眼睛才闭上。

巴格斯站起来。

"他没事儿了，"他说。"没什么担心的了。对不起，亚当斯先生。"

"没事儿。"尼克正低头看着小个子。他看见草地上的棍子，拾了起来。棍子有一个软柄，抓在手里非常柔顺。这是用旧黑皮革做的，重的那端用手绢裹着。

"这是鲸骨柄，"黑人笑道。"没有人再做了。我不知道你如何能照顾好自己，反正我不想要你打伤他，也不想要你打中他。"

黑人又微微一笑。

"你自己都把他打伤了。"

"我知道怎么做。他根本不会记得。每当他变成这样时，我就不得不这样做，让他转变过来。"

尼克仍然低头看着躺在地上的小个子，他在火光中闭着眼睛。巴格斯向火堆上放了些木柴。

"你根本不要为他担心，亚当斯先生。他这个样子我以前见过多次了。"

"Don't you worry about him none, Mister Adams. I seen him like this plenty of times before."

"What made him crazy?" Nick asked.

"Oh, a lot of things," the negro answered from the fire. "Would you like a cup of this coffee, Mister Adams?"

He handed Nick the cup and smoothed the coat he had placed under the unconscious man's head.

"He took too many beatings, for one thing," the negro sipped the coffee. "But that just made him sort of simple. Then his sister was his manager and they was always being written up in the papers all about brothers and sisters and how she loved her brother and how he loved his sister, and then they got married in New York and that made a lot of unpleasantness."

"I remember about it."

"Sure. Of course they wasn't brother and sister no more than a rabbit, but there was a lot of people didn't like it either way and they commenced to have disagreements, and one day she just went off and never come back."

He drank the coffee and wiped his lips with the pink palm of his hand.

"He just went crazy. Will you have some more coffee, Mister Adams?"

"Thanks."

"I seen her a couple of times," the negro went on. "She was an awful good-looking woman. Looked enough like him to be twins. He wouldn't be bad-looking without his face all busted."

He stopped. The story seemed to be over.

"是什么让他发疯的？"尼克问。

"噢，好多事儿，"黑人在火边回答说。"你想喝杯咖啡吗，亚当斯先生？"

他把杯子递给尼克，抻了抻他放在那个不省人事的人头下面的衣服。

"首先，他挨打的次数太多了，"黑人呷着咖啡。"但是，挨打只是让他头脑有些简单。其次，当时他的妹妹是他的经纪人，他们总是在报纸上刊登兄妹这些事儿，说她多么爱她的哥哥，他多么爱他的妹妹，后来他们在纽约结了婚，这闹出了好多不愉快。"

"我记得这事儿。"

"当然。他们肯定不是兄妹，这是子虚乌有的事儿，但好多人不喜欢他们这样，开始意见相左，于是有一天，她就一走了之，再也没有回来。"

他喝了咖啡，用粉红色的掌心擦了擦嘴。

"他就这样发疯了。你再来些咖啡好吗，亚当斯先生？"

"谢谢。"

"我见过她几次，"黑人接着说道。"她是一个非常漂亮的女人。看上去简直跟他是双胞胎。要不是他的脸被打烂，他也不会难看。"

他停住话头。看来故事要结束了。

"你是在哪里认识他的？"尼克问。

"Where did you meet him?" asked Nick.

"I met him in jail," the negro said. "He was busting people all the time after she went away and they put him in jail. I was in for cuttin' a man."

He smiled, and went on soft-voiced: "Right away I liked him and when I got out I looked him up. He likes to think I'm crazy and I don't mind. I like to be with him and I like seeing the country and I don't have to commit no larceny to do it. I like living like a gentleman."

"What do you all do?" Nick asked.

"Oh, nothing. Just move around. He's got money."

"He must have made a lot of money."

"Sure. He spent all his money, though. Or they took it away from him. She sends him money."

He poked up the fire.

"She's a mighty fine woman," he said. "She looks enough like him to be his own twin."

The negro looked over at the little man, lying breathing heavily. His blond hair was down over his forehead. His mutilated face looked childish in repose.

"I can wake him up any time now, Mister Adams. If you don't mind I wish you'd sort of pull out. I don't like to not be hospitable, but it might disturb him back again to see you. I hate to have to thump him and it's the only thing to do when he gets started. I have to sort of keep him away from people. You don't mind, do you, Mister Adams? No, don't thank me, Mister Adams. I'd have warned you about him but he seemed to have taken such a liking to you and I thought things were going to be all right. You'll hit a town about two miles up the

"我在牢房认识他的，"黑人说。"她走后，他一直打人，他们就把他送进了牢房。我因为砍伤一个人也进了牢房。"

他微微一笑，接着柔声说道："我跟他一见如故，我出牢后，就去看望他。他总以为我是疯子，我不在乎。我喜欢跟他在一起，我喜欢见见世面，我再也不必去偷了。我喜欢像绅士一样生活。"

"你们都干什么？"尼克问。

"噢，什么也不干。就是到处走走。他有钱。"

"他一定赚了好多钱。"

"当然。然而，他花光了所有的钱。不然就是他们从他手里夺走了。她常常给他寄钱。"

他把火堆拨旺。

"她是一个特好的女人。"他说。"看上去她简直跟他是双胞胎。"

黑人看着这个躺在地上粗重喘息的小个子。他的金发盖在额头上。他被打伤的脸看上去像孩子一样安详。

"我现在可以随时叫醒他，亚当斯先生。如果你不介意，你就早些离开。我不是不想热情招待，而是见到你又可能会打扰他。我不喜欢砸他的脑袋，而他犯病时，你只有这样做。 我只好尽量让他远离人群。亚当斯先生，你不介意，对吗？不，不要谢我，亚当斯先生。我早就应该警告你注意他，但他好像还是如此喜欢你，我想事情会正常的。你沿着轨道走大约两英里就到城里了。人们都叫它曼斯洛纳。再见。我真想我们能

track. Mancelona they call it. Good-bye. I wish we could ask you to stay the night but it's just out of the question. Would you like to take some of that ham and some bread with you? No? You better take a sandwich," all this in a low, smooth, polite nigger voice.

"Good. Well, good-bye, Mister Adams. Good-bye and good luck!"

Nick walked away from the fire across the clearing to the railway tracks. Out of the range of the fire he listened. The low soft voice of the negro was talking. Nick could not hear the words. Then he heard the little man say, "I got an awful headache, Bugs."

"You'll feel better, Mister Francis," the negro's voice soothed. "Just you drink a cup of this hot coffee."

Nick climbed the embankment and started up the track.

He found he had a ham sandwich in his hand and put it in his pocket. Looking back from the mounting grade before the track curved into the hills he could see the firelight in the clearing.

请你过夜，但只是不可能做到。你愿意随身带些火腿和面包吗？不愿意？你最好带一份三明治。”黑鬼这番话说得客气，声音低沉、温和。

“好。那就再见了，亚当斯先生。再见，祝你好运！”

尼克离开火堆，穿过空地，走向铁轨。他走出火堆的范围，侧耳倾听。黑人低沉柔和的声音在说话。尼克听不清出说些什么。后来，他听到小个子说：“我的头疼得厉害，巴格斯。”

“你会感觉良好的，弗朗西斯先生，”黑人的声音安慰道。“请你喝这杯热咖啡。”

尼克爬上路堤，开始沿着轨道走了起来。

他发现自己手里拿着一份火腿三明治，就放入口袋。在轨道拐进山里之前，他站在缓缓升高的斜坡上回首望去，可以看到空地上的那片火光。

# The Light of the World

When he saw us come in the door the bartender looked up and then reached over and put the glass covers on the two free-lunch bowls.

"Give me a beer," I said. He drew it, cut the top off with the spatula and then held the glass in his hand. I put the nickel on the wood and he slid the beer toward me.

"What's yours?" he said to Tom.

"Beer."

He drew that beer and cut it off and when he saw the money he pushed the beer across to Tom.

"What's the matter?" Tom asked.

The bartender didn't answer him. He just looked over our heads and said, "What's yours?" to a man who'd come in.

"Rye," the man said. The bartender put out the bottle and glass and a glass of water.

Tom reached over and took the glass off the free-lunch bowl. It was a bowl of pickled pig's feet and there was a wooden thing that worked like a scissors, with two wooden forks at the end to pick them up with.

"No," said the bartender and put the glass cover back on the bowl. Tom held the wooden scissors fork in his hand. "Put it back," said the bartender.

# 世上的光

服务员看到我们走进门，抬起头来，随后伸手把玻璃罩盖在两碗免费午餐上。

"给我来杯啤酒，"我说。他接了一杯酒，用刮铲刮掉杯子上的泡沫，然后把酒拿在手中。当我把五分硬币放在酒桶上后，他把啤酒推向我。

"你要什么？"他对汤姆说。

"啤酒。"

他接了杯酒，刮掉泡沫，看到钱后把那杯酒推向汤姆。

"怎么了？"汤姆问。

服务员没有回答他，只是绕过我们的脑袋，对着一位刚进来的客人说："你要什么？"

"黑麦威士忌，"那个人说。服务员摆出酒瓶、杯子和一杯水。

汤姆伸手掀起免费午饭上的玻璃罩。这是一碗腌猪蹄，碗里放着一个剪子一样的木制东西，这个东西末端有两只用来叉肉的木叉。

"不，"说着，服务员把玻璃罩又盖在碗上。汤姆手里握着剪刀似的木叉。"放回去，"服务员说。

"你知道在哪里，"汤姆说。

"You know where," said Tom.

The bartender reached a hand forward under the bar, watching us both. I put fifty cents on the wood and he straightened up.

"What was yours?" he said.

"Beer," I said, and before he drew the beer he uncovered both the bowls.

"Your goddam pig's feet stink," Tom said, and spit what he had in his mouth on the floor. The bartender didn't say anything. The man who had drunk the rye paid and went out without looking back.

"You stink yourself," the bartender said. "All you punks stink."

"He says we're punks," Tommy said to me.

"Listen," I said. "Let's get out."

"You punks clear the hell out of here," the bartender said.

"I said we were going out," I said. "It wasn't your idea."

"We'll be back," Tommy said.

"No you won't," the bartender told him.

"Tell him how wrong he is," Tom turned to me.

"Come on," I said.

Outside it was good and dark.

"What the hell kind of place is this?" Tommy said.

"I don't know," I said. "Let's go down to the station."

We'd come in that town at one end and we were going out the other. It smelled of hides

服务员在吧台下面向前伸出一只手，望着我们俩。我在吧台上放了五角钱，他直起身。

"你要什么？"他说。

"啤酒，"我说，他掀起两只碗上的盖子，然后才放酒。

"你们店该死的猪蹄臭烘烘的，"汤姆说着把嘴里的东西都吐在了地板上。服务员一言不发。那个喝黑麦威士忌的人付了账，头也不回就走了出去。

"你们自己才臭烘烘呢，"服务员说。"你们所有这些阿飞都是臭烘烘的。"

"他说我们是阿飞，"汤米对我说。

"听，"我说。"我们出去吧。"

"你们这些阿飞赶快离开这里，"服务员说。

"我们本来就打算要走的，"我说。"不用你说。"

"我们会回来的，"汤米说。

"不，你们别回来，"服务员告诉他。

"告诉他是多么错误，"汤姆转向我。

"走吧，"我说。

外面一团漆黑。

"这到底是什么地方？"汤米说。

"我不知道，"我说。"我们去车站吧。"

我们从这头进城，又从那头出城。城里有一股兽皮、鞣树皮和大堆大堆木屑发出的

and tan bark and the big piles of sawdust. It was getting dark as we came in, and now that it was dark it was cold and the puddles of water in the road were freezing at the edges.

Down at the station there were five whores waiting for the train to come in, and six white men and four Indians. It was crowded and hot from the stove and full of stale smoke. As we came in nobody was talking and the ticket window was down.

"Shut the door, can't you!" somebody said.

I looked to see who said it. It was one of the white men. He wore stagged trousers and lumbermen's rubbers and a mackinaw shirt like the others, but he had no cap and his face was white and his hands were white and thin.

"Aren't you going to shut it?"

"Sure," I said, and shut it.

"Thank you," he said. One of the other men snickered.

"Ever interfere with a cook?" he said to me.

"No."

"You can interfere with this one," he looked at the cook. "He likes it."

The cook looked away from him holding his lips tight together.

"He puts lemon juice on his hands," the man said. "He wouldn't get them in dishwater for anything. Look how white they are."

One of the whores laughed out loud. She was the biggest whore I ever saw in my life and the biggest woman. And she had on one of those silk dresses that change colours. There were two other whores that were nearly as big but the big one must have weighed three hundred

的气味。我们进城时，夜更深了，又黑又冷，路上的水坑边都结了冰。

车站上有五个风尘女子在等火车进站，还有六个白人和四个印第安人。车站拥挤，火炉烧得很热，弥漫着混浊的烟雾。我们进来时，没有人说话，售票窗口关闭。

"你关上门，不行吗？"有人说。

我看看说话的是谁。原来是其中的一个白人。他像其他几个人一样上穿方格花纹衬衣，下穿截短的长裤，脚蹬伐木工橡胶套鞋，但没有戴帽子，脸色发白，两手又白又瘦。

"你不打算关吗？"

"当然关，"我说着上去关了。

"谢谢，"他说。另外几个人中有一个窃笑着。

"曾经干扰过厨师吗？"他跟我说。

"没有。"

"你可以干扰一下这位，"他望着厨师。"他喜欢这样。"

厨师转过脸，紧闭嘴唇。

"他在手上抹了柠檬原汁，"这个人说。"他绝不会把手放在洗碗水里。看那双手是多么白。"

其中一个风尘女哈哈大笑。我有生以来还是第一次见到这么高大的风尘女子。她穿着一种转色的丝绸衣服。另外两个风尘女子差不多和她一样高大，但这个大个子一定有三百五十磅。你看着她时不相信她会是真人。这三个女人身上都穿着会变色的丝绸衣

and fifty pounds. You couldn't believe she was real when you looked at her. All three had those changeable silk dresses. They sat side by side on the bench. They were huge. The other two were just ordinary looking whores, peroxide blondes.

"Look at his hands," the man said and nodded his head at the cook. The whore laughed again and shook all over.

The cook turned and said to her quickly, "You big disgusting mountain of flesh."

She just keep on laughing and shaking.

"Oh, my Christ," she said. She had a nice voice. "Oh, my sweet Christ."

The two other whores, the big ones, acted very quiet and placid as though they didn't have much sense, but they were big, nearly as big as the biggest one. They'd have both gone well over two hundred and fifty pounds. The other two were dignified.

Of the men, besides the cook and the one who talked, there were two other lumberjacks, one that listened, interested but bashful, and the other that seemed getting ready to say something, and two Swedes. Two Indians were sitting down at the end of the bench and one standing up against the wall.

The man who was getting ready to say something spoke to me very low, "Must be like getting on top of a hay mow."

I laughed and said it to Tommy.

"I swear to Christ I've never been anywhere like this," he said. "Look at the three of them." Then the cook spoke up.

"How old are you boys?"

服，并肩坐在长椅上。她们都人高马大。另外两个相貌平常——染成金发的女郎。

"看他的手，"那个人说着又向厨师那边点点头。那个风尘女又哈哈大笑，笑得浑身颤动。

厨师转过身，对她飞快地说："你这令人讨厌的大块头。"

她只管哈哈大笑，浑身颤动。

"噢，我的上帝，"她说。她有一副好嗓子。"噢，我亲爱的上帝。"

另外两个风尘女，也是大个子，装得文文静静，心平气和，好像没有多大见识似的，但她们都人高马大，差不多和个子最高的一样高。她们俩都远远超过两百五十磅。还有两个显得非常高贵。

男人中，除了厨师和那个说话的人，还有两个伐木工人，一个倾听，虽感兴趣，但很羞怯，另一个好像准备说些什么，还有两个瑞典人。两个印第安人一个坐在长椅一端，另一个靠墙而立。

那个准备说话的人压低声音对我说："一定会像躺在干草堆上一样。"

我哈哈大笑，又把这话对汤米说了一遍。

"我向上帝发誓，我从来没有去过这种地方，"他说。"看这三个。"这时，厨师大声说起了话。

"你们这些小伙子多大了？"

"我九十六，他六十九，"汤米说。

"嗬！嗬！嗬！"那个大个子风尘女笑得浑身颤动。她有一副真正漂亮的嗓音。另

"I'm ninety-six and he's sixty-nine," Tommy said.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" the big whore shook with laughing. She had a really pretty voice. The other whores didn't smile.

"Oh, can't you be decent?" the cook said. "I asked just to be friendly."

"We're seventeen and nineteen," I said.

"What's the matter with you?" Tommy turned to me.

"That's all right."

"You can call me Alice," the big whore said and then she began to shake again.

"Is that your name?" Tommy asked.

"Sure," she said. "Alice. Isn't it?" she turned to the man who sat by the cook.

"Alice. That's right."

"That's the sort of name you'd have," the cook said.

"It's my real name," Alice said.

"What's the other girls' names?" Tom asked.

"Hazel and Ethel," Alice said. Hazel and Ethel smiled. They weren't very bright.

"What's your name?" I said to one of the blondes.

"Frances," she said.

"Frances what?"

"Frances Wilson. What's it to you?"

"What's yours?" I asked the other one.

"Oh, don't be fresh," she said.

外几个风尘女却不苟言笑。

"噢，你就不能体面些吗？"厨师说。"我只是要求友好些。"

"我们分别是十七岁和十九岁，"我说。

"你怎么了？"汤姆转向我。

"没事儿。"

"你可以叫我爱丽丝，"大个子风尘女说着有开始颤动。

"这是你的名字吗？"汤米问。

"当然是，"她说。"爱丽丝。不是吗？"她转向那个坐在厨师身边的人。

"爱丽丝。说得不错。"

"这是你们常常取的那种名字吧，"厨师说。

"这是我的真名，"爱丽丝说。

"另外几个女孩叫什么名字？"汤姆问。

"黑兹尔和埃塞尔，"爱丽丝说。黑兹尔和埃塞尔微微一笑。她们不很开心。

"你叫什么名字？"我问其中一个金发女郎。

"弗朗西丝，"她说。

"弗朗西丝什么？"

"弗朗西丝·威尔逊。你问这个干什么？"

"你叫什么？"我问另一个。

"噢，不要鲁莽，"她说。

"He just wants us all to be friends," the man who talked said. "Don't you want to be friends?"

"No," the peroxide one said. "Not with you."

"She's just a spitfire," the man said. "A regular little spitfire."

The one blonde looked at the other and shook her head.

"Goddamned mossbacks," she said.

Alice commenced to laugh again and to shake all over.

"There's nothing funny," the cook said. "You all laugh but there's nothing funny. You two young lads; where are you bound for?"

"Where are you going yourself?" Tom asked him.

"I want to go to Cadillac," the cook said. "Have you ever been there? My sister lives there."

"He's a sister himself," the man in the stagged trousers said.

"Can't you stop that sort of thing?" the cook asked. "Can't we speak decently?"

"Cadillac is where Steve Ketchel came from and where Ad Wolgast is from," the shy man said.

"Steve Ketchel," one of the blondes said in a high voice as though the name had pulled a trigger on her. "His own father shot and killed him. Yes, by Christ, his own father. There aren't any more men like Steve Ketchel."

"Wasn't his name Stanley Ketchel?" asked the cook.

"Oh, shut up," said the blonde. "What do you know about Steve? Stanley. He was no

"他只是想要我们大家做朋友，"那个先前说话的人说。"你不想做朋友吗？"

"不想，"染成金发的风尘女说。"不跟你做朋友。"

"她就是烈性子，"那个人说。"一个彻头彻尾的小烈性子。"

一个金发女郎看着另一个，摇了摇头。

"该死的乡巴佬，"她说。

爱丽丝又开始大笑起来，笑得浑身颤动。

"没有什么可笑的，"厨师说。"你们大家都笑，但没有什么可笑的。你们两个小伙子，你们要去哪里？"

"你自己要去哪里？"汤姆问他。

"我想上卡迪拉克，"厨师说。"你们去过那里吗？我的妹妹住在那里。"

"他自己也是妹妹，"那个穿截短长裤的人说。

"你不能不说这种话吗？"厨师说。"我们不能说得体面点吗？"

"卡迪拉克是史蒂夫·凯切尔的故乡，艾达·沃盖斯特也来自那里，"那个羞怯的人说。

"史蒂夫·凯切尔，"一个金发女郎高声说道，好像这个名字向她扣动了扳机。"他自己的父亲开枪杀了他。是的，上帝作证，他自己的父亲。再也没有像史蒂夫·凯切尔这样的人了。"

"他不是叫史坦利·凯切尔吗？"厨师问。

"噢，闭嘴，"金发女郎说。"你对史蒂夫了解什么？史坦利。他绝不是史坦利。

Stanley. Steve Ketchel was the finest and most beautiful man that ever lived. I never saw a man as clean and as white and as beautiful as Steve Ketchel. There never was a man like that. He moved just like a tiger and he was the finest, freest, spender that ever lived."

"Did you know him?" one of the men asked.

"Did you know him? Did I know him? Did I love him? You ask me that? I knew him like you know nobody in the world and I loved him like you love God. He was the greatest, finest, whitest, most beautiful man that ever lived, Steve Ketchel, and his own father shot him down like a dog."

"Were you out on the coast with him?"

"No. I knew him before that. He was the only man I ever loved."

Everyone was very respectful to the peroxide blonde, who said all this in a high stagey way, but Alice was beginning to shake again. I felt it sitting by her.

"You should have married him," the cook said.

"I wouldn't hurt his career," the peroxide blonde said. "I wouldn't be a drawback to him. A wife wasn't what he needed. Oh, my God, what a man he was."

"That was a fine way to look at it," the cook said. "Didn't Jack Johnson knock him out though?"

"It was a trick," Peroxide said. "That big dinge took him by surprise. He'd just knocked Jack Johnson down, the big black bastard. That nigger beat him by a fluke."

The ticket window went up and the three Indians went over to it.

"Steve knocked him down," Peroxide said. "He turned to smile at me."

史蒂夫·凯切尔是有生以来最好的美男子。我从未见过像史蒂夫·凯切尔这样白净、漂亮的男人。从来没有这样的男人。他行动起来虎虎生威，是有生以来最出色、最大方的人。"

"你认识他吗？"其中一个男人问。

"我认识他吗？我认识他吗？我爱他吗？你是问我这个吗？我认识他就像你认识世界上的无名小卒一样，我爱他就像你爱上帝一样。史蒂夫·凯切尔，他是有生以来最伟大、最出色、最白净、最漂亮的男人，而他自己的父亲把他当狗一样一枪打死了。"

"你跟他去过沿岸吗？"

"没有。我此前就认识他了。他是我爱过的唯一的男人。"

染成金发的女郎把所有这一切说得活灵活现，所以人人都对她肃然起敬，但爱丽丝又颤动起来。坐在她身边，我感觉得到。

"你应该嫁给他才是，"厨师说。

"我不愿危害他的事业，"染成金发的女郎。"我不愿拖他的后腿。他需要的不是妻子。噢，我的上帝，他是多么了不起的人。"

"这种看法很好，"厨师说。"但是，杰克·约翰逊不是把他打倒了吗？"

"这是一种诡计，"染成金发的女郎说。"那个大黑个冷不防给了他一拳。他刚刚把杰克·约翰逊这个大黑杂种打倒在地。那个黑鬼是侥幸打败了他。"

售票窗口打开了，三个印第安人走到了窗口。

"史蒂夫把他打倒了，"染成金发的女郎说。"他还转过来对我微笑。"

"I thought you said you weren't on the coast," someone said.

"I went out just for that fight. Steve turned to smile at me and that black son of a bitch from hell jumped up and hit him by surprise. Steve could lick a hundred like that black bastard."

"He was a great fighter," the lumberjack said.

"I hope to God he was," Peroxide said. "I hope to God they don't have fighters like that now. He was like a god, he was. So white and clean and beautiful and smooth and fast and like a tiger or like lightning."

"I saw him in the moving pictures of the fight," Tom said. We were all very moved. Alice was shaking all over and I looked and saw she was crying. The Indians had gone outside on the platform.

"He was more than any husband could ever be," Peroxide said. "We were married in the eyes of God and I belong to him right now and always will and all of me is his. I don't care about my body. They can take my body. My soul belongs to Steve Ketchel. By God, he was a man."

Everybody felt terribly. It was sad and embarrassing. Then Alice, who was still shaking, spoke, "You're a dirty liar," she said in that low voice. "You never laid Steve Ketchel in your life and you know it."

"How can you say that?" Peroxide said proudly.

"I say it because it's true," Alice said. "I'm the only one here that ever knew Steve Ketchel and I come from Mancelona and I knew him there and it's true and you know it's true and

"我还以为你说过你没有在沿岸呢，"有人说。

"我就是为了那场拳赛才出门的。史蒂夫转身对我微笑，那个该死的黑狗崽跳起来，冷不防给他他一拳。史蒂夫能打败这个黑杂种。"

"他是一个大拳击手，"伐木工人说。

"我的确希望他是，"染成金发的女郎说。"我的确希望现在没有他这样的拳手。他就像神一样，他就是神。那么白净，那么漂亮，那么平滑，那么快速，就像一头猛虎或者闪电一样。"

"我在拳赛电影中见过他，"汤姆说。我们都非常感动。爱丽丝浑身颤抖，我拿眼望去，只见她在哭泣。那些印第安人已经走到外面，来到了月台上。

"任何做丈夫的都不可能超过他，"染成金发的女郎说。"我们在上帝的见证下结了婚，我马上就成了他的人，而且我的全部永远都会是他的。我不担心自己的身体。他们可以占有我的身体。我的灵魂属于史蒂夫·凯切尔。他以前的确一个男子汉。"

每个人都感到糟心。这让人伤心尴尬。随后，仍在颤抖的爱丽丝开口说话。"你是一个下流的骗子，"他低声说道。"你从来没有跟史蒂夫·凯切尔睡过，这你知道。"

"你怎么能这样说？"染成金发的女郎傲慢地说。

"我这样说，是因为这是事实。"爱丽丝说。"我是这里唯一认识史蒂夫·凯切尔的人，我来自曼斯洛纳，是在那里认识他的，这是事实，你知道这是事实，如果这不是事实，上天就可以击死我。"

"他也可以打死我，"染成金发的女郎说。

God can strike me dead if it isn't true."

"He can strike me too," Peroxide said.

"This is true, true, true, and you know it. Not just made up and I know exactly what he said to me."

"What did he say?" Peroxide asked, complacently.

Alice was crying so she could hardly speak from shaking so. "He said, 'You're a lovely piece, Alice.' That's exactly what he said."

"It's a lie," Peroxide said.

"It's true," Alice said. "That's truly what he said."

"It's a lie," Peroxide said proudly.

"No, it's true, true, true, to Jesus and Mary true."

"Steve couldn't have said that. It wasn't the way he talked," Peroxide said happily.

"It's true," said Alice in her nice voice. "And it doesn't make any difference to me whether you believe it or not." She wasn't crying any more and she was calm.

"It would be impossible for Steve to have said that," Peroxide declared.

"He said it," Alice said and smiled. "And I remember when he said it and I was a lovely piece then exactly as he said, and right now I'm a better piece than you, you dried up old hot-water bottle."

"You can't insult me," said Peroxide. "You big mountain of pus. I have my memories."

"No," Alice said in that sweet lovely voice, "you haven't got any real memories except having your tubes out and when you started C. and M. Everything else you just read in the

"这是真的，真的，真的，这你知道。不仅仅是编造的，我对他跟我说的话都一清二楚。"

"他说过什么？"染成金发的女郎洋洋得意地说。

爱丽丝在哭泣，哭得浑身颤抖，连话都说不出来了。"他说：'你是可爱性感的人儿，爱丽丝。'这是他说的原话。"

"这是撒谎，"染成金发的女郎说。

"这是真话。他真的是这样说的，"爱丽丝说。

"这是撒谎，"染成金发的女郎傲慢地说。

"不，这是真的，真的，真的，千真万确。"

"史蒂夫不可能那样说。这不是他说话的风格，"染成金发的女郎愉快地说。

"这是真的，"爱丽丝声音好听地说。"你信不信对我都无所谓。"她不再哭泣，平静了下来。

"史蒂夫不可能这样说，"染成金发的女郎断言说。

"他说了，"爱丽丝说着，微微一笑。"我记得他说这话时，我就是他说的那样，我是一个可爱性感的人儿，而且现在我也是一个比你强的性感人儿，你这个干涸的旧热水瓶。"

"你不能侮辱我，"染成金发的女郎说。"你这个大脓包。我的记忆力很好。"

"不，"爱丽丝用甜美可爱的声音说。"除了你露出管状器官和你开始用可卡因和吗啡，你的记忆没有什么是真的。其他的一切你都是在报纸上看到的。我清白，这你知

papers. I'm clean and you know it, and men like me, even though I'm big, and you know it, and I never lie and you know it."

"Leave me with my memories," Peroxide said. "With my true, wonderful memories."

Alice looked at her and then at us and her face lost that hurt look and she smiled and she had about the prettiest face I ever saw. She had a pretty face and a nice smooth skin and a lovely voice and she was nice all right and really friendly. But my God she was big. She was as big as three women. Tom saw me looking at her and he said, "Come on. Let's go."

"Good-bye," said Alice. She certainly had a nice voice.

"Good-bye," I said.

"Which way are you boys going?" asked the cook.

"The other way from you," Tom told him.

道，即使我身材高大，男人们夜喜欢我，这你也知道，我从不撒谎，这你也知道。"

"别管我记的是什么事儿，"染成金发的女郎说。"我记的都是真正的妙事儿。"

爱丽丝看看她，又看看我们，脸上忧伤的神情消失了；她微微一笑；她一张我从未见过的大概最漂亮的脸蛋。她有漂亮的脸蛋、细滑的皮肤和动听的声音，她确实很好，真的非常友好。但是，我的上帝，她身材高大。她有三个女人那样大。汤姆看到我在看着她，就说道："快点儿，我们走吧。"

"再见，"爱丽丝说。她的确有一副好嗓子。

"再见，"我说。

"你们这些小子要走哪条路？"厨师问。

"跟你走的不是一条路，"汤姆告诉他。

# The Butterfly and the Tank

On 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

# 蝴蝶与坦克

这天傍晚，我走出审查办公室，回我住的佛罗里达旅馆，天正下着雨。这样走了大约一半路，我渐渐厌倦了这场雨，就顺便走进奇科特咖啡馆，匆匆喝上一杯。在马德里遭到围困中，这是炮击的第二个冬天，一切都短缺，包括烟草，人们的好脾气也没有了，你总是有点儿饿，你对坏天气这样无可奈何的一些事儿，常常会突发无名火。我本该继续走回去。再过五个街区就到了，但当我看到奇科特咖啡馆的门口时，我就想，我要马上喝一杯，然后穿过炮击过后泥石满地的街道，沿着格兰路走完那六个街区。

这个地方挤满了人。你无法靠近吧台，所有的餐桌都坐满了人。咖啡馆里烟雾弥漫，歌声响亮，都是穿军装的人，还有一股淋湿的皮外套的气味，吧台前围了有三层多的人，酒从人群的头顶上递出来。

我认识的一个服务员从另一张桌边找来一把椅子，我坐下来，同桌的是一个我认识的面容苍白、喉结突出、身材瘦削的德国人，他是在审查办公室工作，还有两个人我不认识。这张桌子在房间中央，你进门时，它稍微靠右。

歌声响亮，你连自己说的话都听不到。我点了姜酒加安古斯图拉树皮[1]，喝下去，

[1] 安古斯图拉树皮，用于饮料中的调味品。

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.

以抵御雨的寒气。这个地方真是人满为患，每个人都兴高采烈；他们大多数喝的是新酿的加泰罗尼亚酒，可能喝得太点儿喜不自胜。我不认识的两个人拍了拍我的背，我们同桌的那个姑娘对我说了些什么，我听不见，就说道："当然。"

此时，我环顾完四周后，又看看我们的桌子，只见她相当难看，真是难看极了。但是，等到服务员过来时，我最终才明白她是想请我喝一杯。尽管那个跟她在一起的家伙不会给人留下深刻的印象，但他俩要是加起来，她给人的印象足够深刻。她长着那种坚强、带有一半古风的脸庞，身材则像一位驯狮员；那个跟她一起的小伙子看上去好像应该佩戴一条母校领带。然而，他没有。他就像我们所有其他人一样穿着皮外套。只是他的皮外套并不湿，因为还没有开始下雨他们就来了。她也穿着皮外套，这适合她那副长相。

这时，我真希望自己没有顺便走进奇科特咖啡馆，而是直接走回去，到了旅馆，你可以换一身衣服，干干爽爽，躺在床上，翘起脚，安心地喝一杯，再说我也看腻了这一对年轻人。人生苦短，丑女苦长，我坐在桌边，打定主意，纵然我是一位作家，应该对各种各样的人感到好奇不厌其烦，我真不愿知道这两个年轻人是否结婚，他们看中了对方什么，他们的政见是什么，他是否有点钱，她是否也有点钱，也不愿知道他们的一切。我断定他们一定是在广播电台。无论何时你在马德里见到相貌真正奇怪的公务员，他们总是在广播电台工作。所以，为了说些什么，我提高声音，压过喧闹声，问道："你们是在广播电台吗？"

"我们是，"那个姑娘说。果然如此。他们是在广播电台。

"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

"你好吗，同志？"我对那个德国人说。

"很好。你呢？"

"淋湿了，"我说，他将头歪向一边，放声大笑。

"你有没有香烟？"他问。我把最后第二包香烟递给他，他抽了两根。那个给人留下深刻印象的姑娘也抽了两根，那个模样像佩戴母校领带的年轻人抽了一根。

"再抽一根，"我大声说。

"不，谢谢，"他答道，那个德国人却接了过去。

"你介意吗？"他微微一笑。

"当然不，"我说。其实我介意，这他知道。但是，因为他特别想要香烟，所以就不管不顾了。要么是歌声已经暂时渐渐停止，要么是有时像暴风雨那样出现一次停顿，所以我们都能听见对方说的话。

"你到这里很久了吧？"那个给人留下深刻印象的姑娘问我。她把"到"发成了"豆汤"的"豆"。

"断断续续，"我说。

"我们必须认真谈一下，"那个德国人说。"我想跟你谈谈。我们什么时候能谈？"

"我会给你打电话，"我说。这个德国人的确非常古怪，那些正派的德国人谁也不喜欢他。他生活在错觉中，以为他会钢琴，但如果你让他远离钢琴，他还算正常，除非他酗酒或有机会闲聊，但谁也不能让他远离这两样。闲聊是他的拿手好戏，无论是在马

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 strain, 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

德里、巴伦西亚、巴塞罗纳，还是在其他政治中心，你只要能说出那里的什么人，他总是对这个人声名狼藉的新闻略知一二。

正在这时，歌声又开始真正响了起来；说闲话，你不能大声喧哗说，所以看来在奇科特咖啡馆是一个沉闷的下午，我决定回请一杯后，就尽快离开。

事情就是这个时候发生的。一个公务员身穿白衬衣和褐色套装，打黑领带，前额稍高，头发向后直梳，他一直在插科打诨挨桌逗笑，用一只家用喷雾器喷向一个服务员。大家都哈哈大笑，只有那个服务员勃然大怒，当时他正端着摆满酒的一只托盘。

"No hay derecho，"服务员说。意思是说："你无权这样做。"这在西班牙是最简单、最强烈的抗议。

那个手拿喷雾器的人对自己的成功非常开心，好像对早已进入战争的第二个年头这个事实毫不重视，也不重视他处在人人紧张的围城里，更不重视他是这个地方连他在内只有四个男人是平民服装，又向另一个服务员喷射。

我环顾四周想找个地方躲藏。这个服务员也勃然大怒，那个手拿喷雾器的人自由自在地又对他喷了两次。有些人仍然认为这非常有趣，包括那个给人留下深刻印象的姑娘。但是，这个服务员站在那里，摇了摇头。他嘴唇颤抖。他上了年纪，我知道他已经在奇科特咖啡馆工作十年了。

"No hay derecho，"他神情庄重地说。

然而，一些人哈哈大笑，那个手拿喷雾器的人没有注意到歌声已经渐渐消失，又拿喷雾器冲一个服务员的脖颈喷了起来。那个服务员举起盘子，转过身来。

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 white-faced, 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

"No hay derecho，" 他说。这次绝不是抗议，而是控告。我看到三个穿制服的人从一张桌边站起来，向那个手拿喷雾器的人走去，接下来四个人蜂拥着冲出旋转门，只听到啪的一声，有人在那个拿喷雾器的人嘴上打了一巴掌。另一个人拾起喷雾器，扔到了门外。

三个人回到店里，神情严肃，气势汹汹，大义凛然。随后，门旋转，那个拿喷雾器的人走了进来。他的头发耷拉在眼上，脸上血迹斑斑，领带被拉到了一边，衬衫也被撕开了。他又拿起了喷雾器，推门进来时，怒目而视，脸色苍白，举起喷雾器对着店里所有的人漫无目标挑衅似的喷了起来。

我看到三个人中有一个向他冲去，而且我看到了这个人的脸。现在又有几个人跟他一起上，他们把那个手拿喷雾器的人逼回来，夹在两张桌子中间，你进门时是在房间的左边。那个手拿喷雾器的人现在拼命挣扎；而当枪声响起时，我一把抓住那个给人留下深刻印象的姑娘的胳膊，俯身向厨房门冲去。

厨房门关着，我用肩膀顶，门没有开。

"在这吧台角后面趴下，" 我说。她跪在那里。

"趴下，" 我说着把她按下。她怒气冲冲。

房间里的每个男人都拔出了枪，只有两个人例外，一个是德国人，他趴在一张桌子后面，另一个是公立学校学生模样的小伙子，他贴墙站在一个角落里。靠墙的一把长椅上站着三个女孩，她们的金发过深，发根处露出了黑色，只见她们踮起脚尖看，不断尖

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.

叫着。

"我不怕，"那个给人留下深刻印象的姑娘说。"这真荒唐。"

"你不想在咖啡馆的斗殴中挨枪子吧，"我说。"如果那个喷雾大王在这里有同伙，这可能会遭得很。"

但是，显然他没有同伙，因为人们开始收起了枪，有人把那三个尖叫的金发女郎抱了下来，枪声传来时跑过去的每个人都退了回来，那个喷雾的人静静地仰躺在地上。

"警察不来，谁也不要离开，"有人在门口喊道。

两名在街上巡逻挎着步枪的警察已经赶来，正站在门口。听到这个声明，我看到六个人像橄榄球队队员聚集完后列队站好，朝门外走去。其中三个就是当初把喷雾大王赶出去的那三个人。有一个是朝他开枪的那个人。他们径直从两个挎着步枪的警察中间穿过，就像完成出色掩护阻截一样。而当他们出门时，其中一位警察拿枪横在门口，大声喊道："谁也不能离开。一个也绝不能离开。"

"那些人为什么走了？有人走了，为什么要扣住我们？"

"他们是机修工，必须得赶回机场，"有人说。

"但如果有人走，扣住别人就是犯傻。"

"大家必须等保安部门来。事情必须依法照章办理。"

"但如果有人走，扣住别人就是犯傻，你们不明白吗？"

"谁也不能离开。大家必须等。"

"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 detec 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

"真滑稽，"我对那个给人留下深刻印象的姑娘说。

"不，不滑稽。这简直可怕。"

我们现在站了起来，她愤怒地盯着喷雾大王躺着的地方。只见他两臂张开，一条腿竖起。

"我要过去救那个可怜的受伤的人。为什么没有人救他，为他做些什么他呢？"

"我不会管他，"我说。"你不要管这件事。"

"但是，这简直没有人性。我受过护理训练，我要去对他急救。"

"我不会去，"我说。"不要靠近他。"

"为什么不？"她忐忑不安，快要发疯了。

"因为他死了，"我说。

警察来后，把大家扣了三个小时。他们先闻了闻所有人的手枪。他们用这个办法会查出最近开过的枪。闻了大约四十把手枪后，他们好像闻烦了，总之所能闻到的都是淋湿的皮外套的气味。随后，他们在已故的喷雾大王后面直接摆上一张桌子，坐在那里查看人们的证件。喷雾大王躺在地上，看上去像他本人的灰色蜡像，灰色的蜡手，灰色的蜡脸。

因为喷雾大王的衬衣已被撕开，所以你可以看到他没有穿贴身内衣，他的鞋底都磨透了。他躺在地上，显得渺小，可怜巴巴。要走到那张桌边必须得从他身上跨过去，两位便衣警察坐在那里查看每个人的身份证件。那位丈夫因为紧张，证件找了又丢丢了

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 Andalucia, 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

又找，反复了好几次。他随身带有一张安全通行证，但放错了口袋，所以他一直寻找，找得头上冒汗才找到。于是，他就放进另一只口袋，不得不又找了起来。他找得满头是汗，头发打卷，面色通红。看上去他现在好像不仅应该系一条母校领带，而且应该戴一顶低年级学生戴的学童帽。你听说过事件催人老吧。然而，这次开枪事件却使他看上去年轻了十几岁。

在我们空等的同时，我对那个给人留下深刻印象的姑娘说，我认为整个事情是一篇相当不错的故事，我日后要把它写出来。那六个人排成一列纵队冲出门去的情景非常令人难忘。她大吃一惊，说这我之所以不能写，是因为这会损害西班牙共和国的事业。我说，我已经在西班牙呆了很长时间；君主统治时期巴伦西亚一带开枪射击事件数量常常惊人；共和国成立前安达卢西亚人一直用一种名叫navajas的大刀互相砍杀了几百年；如果战争期间我在奇科特咖啡馆看到一起滑稽的枪杀事件，我可以撰写有关的故事，就像是在纽约、芝加哥、基韦斯特或马赛一样。这跟政治没有任何关系。她说我不应该写。说不定好多其他人也会说我不应该写。然而，那个德国人似乎认为这是一个相当不错的故事，我把最后几支骆驼牌香烟都给了他。那么，不管怎么说，大约三个小时后，警察终于说我们可以走了。

在落炮弹的那些日子里，他们对我有些担心，如果开始步行回旅馆，七点半咖啡馆关门后没有到达那里，他们就会担心。我很高兴到家，我们在电炉上做晚饭时，我讲了这个故事，这取得了相当大的成功。

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.

后来，夜间雨停了，第二天早上，天气晴朗，是一个寒冷的初冬天；十二点四十五分，我推开奇科特咖啡馆的旋转门，想在午饭前喝点姜酒补剂。这个时刻那里的人寥寥无几，两个服务员和经理来到桌前。他们都面带微笑。

"他们抓住凶手了吗？"我问。

"别这么早就开玩笑，"经理说。"你看到他开枪了吗？"

"看到了，"我告诉他。

"我也看到了，"他说。"出事时我就在这里。"他指着墙角的一张桌子。"他开火时把手枪直顶在那个人的胸膛上。"

"他们怎么把人们扣到那么晚？"

"噢，一直到今天凌晨两点。"

"他们今天上午十一点才来弄走fiambre。"这里用的fiambre是西班牙俚语，意思是"尸体"，跟菜单上的"冷盘肉"是一个用法。

"但是，你还不知道这一点，"经理说。

"不。他不知道，"一个服务员说。

"这是一件非常稀奇的事儿，"另一个服务员说。"Muy raro[1]。"

"而且也让人伤心，"经理说着，摇了摇头。

"是的。伤心离奇，"服务员说。"非常伤心。"

"告诉我。"

"这是一件非常稀奇的事儿，"经理说。

[1] Muy raro，西班牙语，意思是"非常罕见"。

"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.'"

"告诉我。快，告诉我。"

经理非常机密地俯身在桌子上面。

"你知道，在那只喷雾器里，"他说。"他装的是eau de cologne[1]。可怜的家伙。"

"这不算是低级趣味的笑话，你明白吗？"服务员说。

"这的确只是为了开心。谁也不该生气，"经理说。"可怜的家伙。"

"我明白，"我说。"他只是想要大家过得快乐。"

"是的，"经理说。"这其实只是一次不幸的误会。"

"那喷雾器怎么样了呢？"

"警察拿走了。他们送还给了他的家人。"

"我想他们一定会很高兴自己留着，"我说。

"是的，"经理说。"当然会。喷雾器总是会派上用场。"

"他是谁？"

"一个做橱柜的木匠。"

"结婚了吗？"

"是的，他的妻子今天早上跟警察一起来了。"

"她说了什么？"

"她跪在他身边说：'佩德罗，他们对你做了什么，佩德罗？是谁对你下的手？噢，佩德罗。'"

[1] eau de cologne，法语，意思是"科隆香水"。

"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 intention. He bought them across the street. There was a label on the cologne bottle with the address. The bottle was in the washroom. It was there he filled the flit gun. After buying them he must have come in here when the rain started."

"I remember when he came in," a waiter said.

"In the gaiety, with the singing, he became gay too."

"He was gay all right," I said. "He was practically floating around."

The manager kept on with the relentless Spanish Logic.

"That is the gaiety of drinking with a weakness of the chest," he said.

"I don't like this story very well," I said.

"Listen," said the manager. "How rare it is. His gaiety comes in contact with the seriousness of the war like a butterfly—"

"Oh, very like a butterfly," I said. "Too much like a butterfly."

"后来警察不得不把她带走，因为她无法控制自己，"服务员说。

"好像他的肺部虚弱，"经理说。"运动开始的几天他参加过战斗。他们说他在山地里作过战，但他肺部太虚弱，就没有继续。"

"那昨天下午他是到城里寻欢作乐鼓劲儿了，"我建议说。

"不是，"经理说。"你明白这非常稀奇。一切稀奇极了。这我是从警察那里听说的，如果时间充足，他们非常高效。他们已经审问了他干活的那个车间的伙伴。他们是从他口袋里装的工会证上查到的。昨天他买了喷雾器和科隆香水，准备在一个婚礼上开个玩笑。他已经正式宣布了这个意图。那些东西他是在街对面买的。科隆香水瓶上有商标，也带有地址。香水瓶在厕所里。他就是在那里灌的喷雾器。买来后，他一定是在天开始下雨时走进了这里。"

"我记得他是什么时候进来的，"一个服务员说。

"在伴随着歌声的欢乐气氛，他也快乐了起来。"

"他确实非常快乐，"我说。"简直是飘飘欲仙。"

经理继续发挥穷追猛打的西班牙逻辑。

"患有肺病的人喝了酒才会这样高兴，"他说。

"我不大喜欢这个故事，"我说。

"听着，"经理说。"这是多么稀奇！他的快乐和战争的严肃有联系，就像一只蝴蝶——"

"噢，非常像蝴蝶，"我说。"太像蝴蝶了。"

"I am not joking," said the manager. "You see it? Like a butterfly and a tank."

This pleased him enormously. He was getting into the real Spanish metaphysics.

"Have a drink on the house," he said. "You must write a story about this."

I remembered the flit gun man with his grey wax hands and his grey wax face, his arms spread wide and his legs drawn up and he did look a little like a butterfly; not too much, you know. But he did not look very human either. He reminded me of more of a dead sparrow.

"I'll take gin and Schweppes quinine tonic water," I said.

"You must write a story about it," the manager said. "Here. Here's luck."

"Luck," I said. "Look, an English girl last night told me I shouldn't write about it. That it would be very bad for the cause."

"What nonsense," the manager said. "It is very interesting and important, the misunderstood gaiety coming in contact with the deadly seriousness that is here always. To me it is the rarest and most interesting thing which I have seen for some time. You must write it."

"All right," I said. "Sure. Has he any children?"

"No," he said. "I asked the police. But you must write it and you must call it 'The Butterfly and the Tank.'"

"All right," I said. "Sure. But I don't like the title much."

"The title is very elegant," the manager said. "It is pure literature."

"All right," I said. "Sure. That's what we'll call it. 'The Butterfly and the Tank.'"

And I sat there on that bright cheerful morning, the place smelling clean and newly aired

"我不是在开玩笑，"经理说。"你明白吗？就像一只蝴蝶碰上了一辆坦克。"

这使他大为高兴。他是在发挥真正的西班牙玄学。

"本店请你喝一杯，"他说。"你一定把这个故事写出来。"

我想起了那个拿喷雾器的人，他灰色的蜡手，灰色的蜡脸、双臂大大地张开，两腿竖起，他确实看上去有点儿像蝴蝶；但不是太像，你知道。不过，他看上去也不是很像一个人样。他使我联想起他更像一只死麻雀。

"我要一杯姜酒加百利奎宁开胃水，"我说。

"你一定要把这个写成一篇小说，"经理说。"给。祝你好运。"

"也祝你好运，"我说。"听我说，昨晚一个英国姑娘对我说我不应该写这件事。这会对事业非常不利。"

"真是胡说，"经理说。"这非常有趣，也很重要，得不到理解的欢乐气氛和总在这里的死一般的严肃发生联系。在我看来，这是我一段时间以来见过的最稀奇、最有趣的一件事。你一定要写。"

"好吧，"我说。"当然写。他有孩子吗？"

"没有，"他说。"我问过警察了。但是，你一定要写，而且你一定命名为《蝴蝶与坦克》。"

"好吧，"我说。"一定写。我不大喜欢这个题目。"

"这个题目非常精彩，"经理说。"这是纯文学。"

"好吧，"我说。"一定写。我们就叫这个题目。《蝴蝶与坦克》。"

and swept, with the manager who was an old friend and who was now very pleased with the literature we were making together and I took a sip of the gin and tonic water and I looked out the sandbagged window and thought of the wife kneeling there and saying, "Pedro. Pedro, who has done this to thee, Pedro?" And I thought that the police would never be able to tell her that even if they had the name of the man who pulled the trigger.

而在那个明快的早晨，店里空气清新，散发出一股打扫过的气息，我跟经理坐在那里，他是一位老朋友，现在很高兴跟我一起合作这个文学作品，我呷了一口姜酒开胃水，透过垒着沙袋的窗户向外望去，想起了那个人的妻子跪在那里说过的话："佩德罗。佩德罗，是谁对你下的手，佩德罗？"于是，我想，即使警察查出那个开枪者的名字，也永远不能告诉她了。

# The Killers

The door of Henry's lunchroom opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark. The streetlight came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potatoes," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

"What the hell do you put it on the card for?"

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

"It's twenty minutes fast."

# 杀手

亨利餐厅的门打开，两个人走了进来。他们在柜台边坐下来。

"你们要点什么？"乔治问他们。

"我不知道，"其中一个说。"你想吃什么，艾尔？"

"我不知道，"艾尔说。"我不知道想吃什么。"

外面，天色渐暗。窗外，街灯亮起。柜台边的两个人看着菜单。尼克·亚当斯从柜台另一端留神观察他们。他们进来时，他一直在对乔治说话。

"我要一份烤猪里脊，加苹果酱和土豆泥，"第一个人说。

"还没有准备好。"

"那你把它写在菜单上到底要干什么？"

"那是正餐，"乔治解释说。"你们六点钟就能吃到。"

乔治看着柜台后面墙上的钟表。

"五点了。"

"钟表上是五点二十分，"第二个人说。

"钟表快了二十分钟。"

"Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak."

"Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

"I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver—"

"I'll take ham and eggs," the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

"Give me bacon and eggs," said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

"Got anything to drink?" Al asked.

"Silver beer, bevo, ginger-ale," George said.

"I mean you got anything to drink?"

"Just those I said."

"This is a hot town," said the other. "What do they call it?"

"Summit."

"Ever hear of it?" Al asked his friend.

"噢，让这钟表见鬼去吧，"第一个人说。"你有什么吃的？"

"我可以给你们各种三明治，"乔治说。"你们可以点火腿蛋、熏肉蛋、肝熏肉或牛排。"

"给我炸鸡肉饼带青豆、奶油沙司和土豆泥。"

"那是正餐。"

"我们要的都是正餐，对吧？你就这样工作啊。"

"我可以给你火腿蛋、熏肉蛋，肝——"

"我要火腿蛋，"那个名叫艾尔的人说。他头戴圆顶窄边礼帽，身穿纽扣横扣在胸前的黑大衣。他的脸庞又小又白，嘴唇紧闭。他围丝围巾，戴着手套。

"给我熏肉蛋，"另一个人说。他的身材和艾尔差不多。他们的脸长得不一样，但他们穿得像双胞胎。两人都穿着过于紧身的大衣。他们倾身向前坐在那里，胳膊肘放在柜台上。

"有什么喝的吗？"艾尔问。

"淡啤酒、麦芽酒、姜汁饮料，"乔治说。

"我是说你们有什么喝的？"

"就是我说过的那些。"

"这是一座热闹的城镇，"另一个人说。"人们叫它什么？"

"萨米特。"

"听说过吗？"艾尔问他的朋友。

"没有，"他的朋友说。

"No," said the friend.

"What do they do here nights?" Al asked.

"They eat the dinner," his friend said. "They all come here and eat the big dinner."

"That's right," George said.

"So you think that's right?" Al asked George.

"Sure."

"You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you?"

"Sure," said George.

"Well, you're not," said the other little man. "Is he, Al?"

"He's dumb," said Al. He turned to Nick. "What's your name?"

"Adams."

"Another bright boy," Al said. "Ain't he a bright boy, Max?"

"The town's full of bright boys," Max said.

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.

"Which is yours?" he asked Al.

"Don't you remember?"

"Ham and eggs."

"Just a bright boy," Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.

"他们夜里在这里做什么？"艾尔问。

"他们吃晚饭，"他的朋友说。"他们都来这里吃大餐。"

"说得对，"乔治说。

"这么说，你认为说得对了？"艾尔问乔治。

"当然。"

"你是一个相当聪明的小伙子，不是吗？"

"当然。"

"唉，你不是，"小个子说。"他是吗，艾尔？"

"他是聋子，"艾尔说。他转向尼克。"你叫什么名字？"

"亚当斯。"

"又一个聪明的小伙子，"艾尔说。"难道他不是一个聪明的小伙子吗，马克斯？"

"这个城镇到处都是聪明的小伙子，"马克斯说。

乔治在柜台上放了两只大浅盘，一盘是火腿蛋，另一盘是熏肉蛋。他又放下两碟炸土豆小菜，关上通向厨房的小门。

"哪个是你的？"他问艾尔。

"你不记得了吗？"

"火腿蛋？"

"真是一个聪明的小伙子，"马克斯说。他倾身向前去拿火腿蛋。两个人戴着手套吃。乔治看着他们吃。

"What are you looking at?" Max looked at George.

"Nothing."

"The hell you were. You were looking at me."

"Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max," Al said.

George laughed.

"You don't have to laugh," Max said to him. "You don't have to laugh at all, see?'

"All right," said George.

"So he thinks it's all right." Max turned to Al. "He thinks it's all right. That's a good one."

"Oh, he's a thinker," Al said. They went on eating.

"What's the bright boy's name down the counter?" Al asked Max.

"Hey, bright boy," Max said to Nick. "You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend."

"What's the idea?" Nick asked.

"There isn't any idea."

"You better go around, bright boy," Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

"What's the idea?" George asked.

"None of your damned business," Al said. "Who's out in the kitchen?"

"The nigger."

"What do you mean the nigger?"

"The nigger that cooks."

"你在看什么？"马克斯看着乔治。

"没看什么。"

"你该死。你刚才在看我。"

"也许这小伙子以为这是玩笑，马克斯，"艾尔说。

乔治笑出了声。

"你不必笑，"马克斯对他说。"你根本不必笑，明白吗？"

"没事儿，"乔治说。

"这么说，他认为没事儿。"马克斯转向艾尔。"他认为没事儿。真是一个好小伙子。"

"噢，他是一个思想家，"艾尔说。两人继续吃。

"柜台那边的聪明小伙子叫什么名字？"艾尔问马克斯。

"嘿，聪明小伙子，"马克斯对尼克说。"你到柜台那边和你的男朋友在一起。"

"这是想干什么？"尼克问。

"不想干什么。"

"你最好过去，聪明的小伙子，"艾尔说。尼克走到柜台后面。

"这是想干什么？"乔治问。

"该死的，不关你的事儿，"艾尔说。"谁在厨房里？"

"那个黑鬼。"

"你说那个黑鬼是什么意思？"

"就是那个做饭的黑鬼。"

"Tell him to come in."

"What's the idea?"

"Tell him to come in."

"Where do you think you are?"

"We know damn well where we are," the man called Max said. "Do we look silly?"

"You talk silly," A1 said to him. "What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen," he said to George, "tell the nigger to come out here."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?"

George opened the slit that opened back into the kitchen. "Sam," he called. "Come in here a minute."

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. "What was it?" he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

"All right, nigger. You stand right there," Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. "Yes, sir," he said. Al got down from his stool.

"I'm going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy," he said. "Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, bright boy." The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn't look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along

"叫他进来。"

"这是想干什么？"

"叫他进来。"

"你以为自己是在哪里？"

"我们肯定知道自己在哪里，"那个名叫马克斯的人说。"我们看起来傻吗？"

"你说话真傻，"艾尔对他说。"你到底跟这小子争吵什么？听着，"他对乔治说，"叫那个黑鬼到这里来。"

"你们要对他做什么？"

"不做什么。动动脑子，聪明的小伙子。我们对一个黑鬼会做什么？"

乔治打开通向厨房的小窗。"萨姆，"他叫道。"马上到这里来。"

厨房门打开，那个黑鬼走了进来。"什么事儿？"他问。柜台边的两个人看了他一眼。

"好了，黑鬼。你就站在那里。"艾尔说。

那个黑鬼萨姆穿着围裙，站在那里，望着坐在柜台边的两个人。"是，先生，"他说。艾尔从凳子上下来。

"我跟黑鬼和聪明小伙子一起到厨房去，"他说。"回厨房去，黑鬼。你跟他走，聪明的小伙子。"小个子走在尼克和厨师萨姆后面，回到厨房。门在他们身后关上。那个叫马克斯的男子面对乔治坐在柜台边。他没有看乔治，而是看着柜台后面墙上挂的一面镜子。亨利餐厅是由一间酒吧改成的便餐馆。

"唔，聪明的小伙子，"马克斯看着镜子说，"你何不说点儿什么？"

back of the counter. Henry's had been made over from a saloon into a lunch counter.

"Well, bright boy," Max said, looking into the mirror, "why don't you say something?"

"What's it all about?"

"Hey, Al," Max called, "bright boy wants to know what it's all about."

"Why don't you tell him?" Al's voice came from the kitchen.

"What do you think it's all about?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think?"

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking.

"I wouldn't say."

"Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn't say what he thinks it's all about."

"I can hear you, all right," Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through into the kitchen with a catsup bottle. "Listen, bright boy," he said from the kitchen to George. "Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max." He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.

"Talk to me, bright boy," Max said. "What do you think's going to happen?"

George did not say anything.

"I'll tell you," Max said. "We're going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Anderson?"

"Yes."

"He comes here to eat every night, don't he?"

"这到底是怎么回事？"

"嘿，艾尔，"马克斯喊道，"聪明的小伙子想知道这到底是怎么回事。"

"你何不告诉他呢？"艾尔的声音从厨房里传来。

"你认为这到底是怎么回事。"

"我不知道。"

"你认为是什么？"

马克斯说话时，一直照镜子。

"我不会说的。"

"嘿，艾尔，聪明的小伙子说他不会说他认为这到底是怎么回事的。"

"我能听到你说话，好吧，"艾尔在厨房里说。他已经用一只番茄酱瓶撑开小窗，盘子就是从那里递进厨房的。"听着，聪明的小伙子，"他从厨房里对乔治说。"沿餐柜站远点儿。你向左移一下，马克斯。"他像摄影师安排照合影照一样。

"对我说说，聪明的小伙子，"马克斯说。"你认为将会发生什么事儿？"

乔治什么也没说。

"我要告诉你，"马克斯说。"我们要杀一个瑞典人。你认识一个名叫奥尔·安德森的大个子瑞典人吗？"

"认识。"

"他每天夜里都到这里吃饭，对吗？"

"他有时来这里。"

"Sometimes he comes here."

"He comes here at six o'clock, don't he?"

"If he comes."

"We know all that, bright boy," Max said. "Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?"

"Once in a while."

"You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you."

"What are you going to kill Ole Anderson for? What did he ever do to you?"

"He never had a chance to do anything to us. He never even seen us."

"And he's only going to see us once," Al said from the kitchen.

"What are you going to kill him for, then?" George asked.

"We're killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy."

"Shut up," said Al from the kitchen. "You talk too goddamn much."

"Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don't I, bright boy?"

"You talk too damn much," Al said. "The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the convent."

"I suppose you were in a convent."

"You never know."

"You were in a kosher convent. That's where you were."

George looked up at the clock.

"If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off, and if they keep after it, you tell them

"他是六点钟来这里，对吗？"

"如果他来的话。"

"这我们都知道，聪明的小伙子，"马克斯说。"说点别的事儿吧。常去看电影吗？"

"偶尔去。"

"你应该多去看电影。电影对一个像你这样聪明的小伙子有好处。"

"你们为什么要杀奥尔·安德鲁逊？他对你们做过什么？"

"他从来没有机会对我们做什么。他从来没有见过我们。"

"而且他只会看到我们一次，"艾尔在厨房里说。

"那你们为什么要杀他？"乔治问。

"我们是替一位朋友杀他。只是帮一位朋友的忙，聪明的小伙子。"

"闭嘴，"艾尔在厨房里说。"你说得该死的太多了。"

"啊，我得让聪明的小伙子开开心。我不对吗，聪明的小伙子？"

"你说得该死的太多了，"艾尔说。"让黑鬼和我的聪明小伙子自己开心去吧。我把他们捆得像女修道院里的一对女友一样。"

"我猜想你是在女修道院里呆过。"

"你绝不会知道。"

"你是在一座清净的女修道院里呆过。你就是在那里。"

乔治抬头看着时钟。

you'll go back and cook yourself. Do you get that, bright boy?"

"All right," George said. "What you going to do with us afterward?"

"That'll depend," Max said. "That's one of those things you never know at the time."

George looked up at the clock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A streetcar motorman came in.

"Hello, George," he said. "Can I get supper?"

"Sam's gone out," George said. "He'll be back in about half an hour."

"I'd better go up the street," the motorman said. George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past six.

"That was nice, bright boy," Max said. "You're a regular little gentleman."

"He knew I'd blow his head off," Al said from the kitchen.

"No," said Max. "It ain't that. Bright boy is nice. He's a nice boy. I like him."

At six-fifty-five George said: "He's not coming."

Two other people had been in the lunchroom. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich "to go" that a man wanted to take with Him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back to back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out.

"Bright boy can do everything," Max said. "He can cook and everything. You'd make

"如果有人进来，你就告诉他们说厨师不在；如果他们执意在这里吃饭，你就告诉他们说你亲自去厨房做。你明白吗，聪明的小伙子？"

"好吧，"乔治说。"你打算事后怎么处理我们？"

"要看情况而定，"马克斯说。"那是你们现在绝不会知道的一件命中注定的事儿。"

乔治抬头看着时钟。现在是六点一刻。通向大街的门打开了。一位电车司机走了进来。

"喂，乔治，"他说。"我可以吃晚饭了吗？"

"萨姆出去了，"乔治说。"他大约半小时后回来。"

"我还是上街为好，"司机说。乔治看了看时钟。是六点二十分。

"很好，聪明的小伙子，"马克斯说。"你是一位十足的小绅士。"

"他就知道我会崩掉他的脑袋，"艾尔在厨房里说。

"不，"马克斯说。"不是这样。聪明的小伙子很好。我喜欢他。"

六点五十分，乔治说："他不会来了。"

还有两个人到过餐厅。有一次，乔治走到厨房，给一个想随身带走的人做了一道火腿蛋三明治"外卖"。在厨房里，他看到艾尔，圆领窄边礼帽斜戴在后脑勺上，坐在小窗边的凳子上，一支枪身锯短的猎枪的枪口放在壁架上。尼克和厨师背靠背坐在墙角，个子的嘴力都塞着毛巾。乔治做完了三明治，用油纸包起来，放进一只袋子，拿进餐厅。那个人付过钱，就走了出去。

"聪明的小伙子无所不能，"马克斯说。"他会做菜，样样都会。你一定会把大姑

some girl a nice wife, bright boy."

"Yes?" George said, "Your friend, Ole Anderson, isn't going to come."

"We'll give him ten minutes," Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o'clock, and then five minutes past seven.

"Come on, Al," said Max. "We better go. He's not coming."

"Better give him five minutes," Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick.

"Why the hell don't you get another cook?" the man asked. "Aren't you running a lunch-counter?" He went out.

"Come on, Al," Max said.

"What about the two bright boys and the nigger?"

"They're all right."

"You think so?"

"Sure. We're through with it."

"I don't like it," said Al. "It's sloppy. You talk too much."

"Oh, what the hell," said Max. "We got to keep amused, haven't we?"

"You talk too much, all the same," Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

娘变成好老婆，聪明的小伙子。"

"是吗？"乔治说。"你的朋友奥尔·安德森不会来了。"

"我们再给他十分钟，"马克斯说。

马克斯注视着镜子和时钟。时钟指针指向七点钟，然后指向七点五分。

"快点，艾尔，"马克斯说。"我们最好还是走吧。他不会来了。"

"最好再给他五分钟，"艾尔在厨房里说。

还不到五分钟，一个人走了进来，乔治解释说厨师病了。

"你们究竟为什么不再找一个厨师？"那个人问。"你们不是开餐馆吗？"他走了出去。

"快点，艾尔，"马克斯说。

"两个聪明的小伙子和那个黑鬼怎么办？"

"他们没事儿。"

"你这么想？"

"当然。我们完事了。"

"我不喜欢这样，"艾尔说。"这太随便了。你说话太多了。"

"噢，你究竟听到了什么，"马克斯说。"我们得让他们开开心，不是吗？"

"你还是说得太多，"艾尔说。他从厨房里走出来。猎枪截短的枪管别在过于紧身的大衣下面，微微鼓起。他用两只戴手套的手抻了抻衣服。

"再见，聪明的小伙子，"他对乔治说。"你真是走运。"

"那话没错，"马克斯说。"你应该去赌赛马，聪明的小伙子。"

"So long, bright boy," he said to George. "You got a lot of luck."

"That's the truth," Max said. "You ought to play the races, bright boy."

The two of them went out the door. George watched them, through the window, pass under the arc-light and across the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before.

"Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to swagger it off.

"They were going to kill Ole Anderson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."

"Ole Anderson?"

"Sure."

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

"They all gone?" he asked.

"Yeah," said George. "They're gone now."

"I don't like it," said the cook. "I don't like any of it at all."

"Listen," George said to Nick. "You better go see Ole Anderson."

"All right."

"You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam, the cook, said. "You better stay way out of it."

他们俩走出门。乔治透过窗户注视着他们从弧光灯下经过，穿过街道。他们身穿紧身大衣，头戴圆顶窄边礼帽，看上去就像歌舞杂耍队的。乔治穿过旋转门，走回厨房，给尼克和厨师松绑。

"我再也不想这样了，"厨师萨姆说。"我再也不想这样了。"

尼克站起来。他的嘴里以前从来没有塞过毛巾。

"喂，"他说。"你究竟听到了什么？"他这是在设法虚张声势。

"他们刚才是要杀奥尔·安德森，"乔治说。"他们是打算在他进来吃饭时枪杀他。"

"奥尔·安德森？"

"当然。"

厨师用大拇指摸了摸嘴角。

"他们都走了吗？"他问。

"走了，"乔治说。"他们现在走了。"

"我不喜欢这样，"厨师说。"我根本不喜欢这样。"

"听着，"乔治对尼克说。"你最好去看看奥尔·安德森。"

"好吧。"

"你最好不要和这件事发生任何关系，"厨师萨姆说。"你最好不要插手这件事。"

"你不想去就不要去，"乔治说。

"Don't go if you don't want to," George said.

"Mixing up in this ain't going to get you anywhere," the cook said. "You stay out of it."

"I'll go see him," Nick said to George. "Where does he live?"

The cook turned away.

"Little boys always know what they want to do," he said.

"He lives up at Hirsch's rooming-house," George said to Nick.

"I'll go up there."

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side-street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch's rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

"Is Ole Anderson here?"

"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, if he's in."

Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's somebody to see you, Mr. Anderson," the woman said.

"It's Nick Adams."

"Come in."

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Anderson was lying on the bed with all

"掺和这件事不会对你有任何好处，"厨师说。"你不要插手这件事。"

"我要去见他，"尼克对乔治说。"他住在哪里？"

厨师转身离去。

"小男孩总是知道自己想干什么，"他说。

"他住在赫希的公寓，"乔治对尼克说。

"我要上那里去。"

外面，弧光灯透过光秃秃的树枝间照过来。尼克顺着汽车道旁边的那条街走去，在下一个弧光灯处转向一条小巷。沿街走过三座房子就是赫希的公寓。尼克走上二级台阶，按了按门铃。一个女人来到门口。

"奥尔·安德森是住在这里吗？"

"你想见他？"

"是的，如果他在家的话。"

尼克跟着那个女人走上一段楼梯，回到走廊尽头。她敲了敲门。

"是谁啊？"

"有人要见你，安德森先生，"女人说。

"是尼克·亚当斯。"

"进来。"

尼克打开门，走进房间。奥尔·安德森和衣躺在床上。他曾经是一个最重量级职业拳击手，他人高马大，床显得短小。他头枕两个枕头躺在那里，没有看尼克。

his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prizefighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

"What was it?" he asked.

"I was up at Henry's," Nick said, "and two fellows came in and tied up me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you."

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Anderson said nothing.

"They put us out in the kitchen," Nick went on. "They were going to shoot you when you came in to supper."

Ole Anderson looked at the wall and did not say anything.

"George thought I better come and tell you about it."

"There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Anderson said.

"I'll tell you what they were like."

"I don't want to know what they were like," Ole Anderson said. He looked at the wall. "Thanks for coming to tell me about it."

"That's all right."

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

"Don't you want me to go and see the police?"

"No," Ole Anderson said. "That wouldn't do any good."

"Isn't there something I could do?"

"No. There ain't anything to do."

"Maybe it was just a bluff."

"什么事儿？"他问。

"我在亨利餐厅做事，"尼克说，"后来两个家伙走进来，把我和厨师绑了起来。他们还说要杀你。"

他说这话时听上去很蠢。奥尔·安德森一声不吭。

"他们把我们关在厨房里，"尼克继续说道。"他们打算等你进来吃晚饭时枪杀你。"

奥尔·安德森望着墙壁，什么也没说。

"乔治认为我最好来这里告诉你这件事。"

"我对这件事无能为力，"奥尔·安德森说。

"我会把他们长的模样告诉你。"

"我不想知道他们长什么模样，"奥尔·安德森说。他看着墙壁。"谢谢你来告诉我。"

"没事儿。"

尼克看着躺在床上的大个子。

"你不想要我去报警吗？"

"不，"奥尔·安德森说。"那不会有任何好处。"

"没有什么事儿我可以做吗？"

"是的。没有什么事儿做。"

"也许这只是虚张声势。"

"No. It ain't just a bluff."

Ole Anderson rolled over toward the wall.

"The only thing is," he said, talking toward the wall, "I just can't make up my mind to go out. I been here all day."

"Couldn't you get out of town?"

"No," Ole Anderson said. "I'm through with all that running around."

He looked at the wall.

"There ain't anything to do now."

"Couldn't you fix it up some way?"

"No. I got in wrong." He talked in the same flat voice. "There ain't anything to do. After a while I'll make up my mind to go out."

"I better go back and see George," Nick said.

"So long," said Ole Anderson. He did not look toward Nick. "Thanks for coming around."

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Anderson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

"He's been in his room all day," the landlady said downstairs. "I guess he don't feel well. I said to him: 'Mr. Anderson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,' but he didn't feel like it."

"He doesn't want to go out."

"I'm sorry he don't feel well," the woman said. "He's an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know."

"不。这不只是虚张声势。"

奥尔·安德森翻身转向墙壁。

"唯一的事儿就是，"他对着墙壁说，"我只是不能下定决心走出去。我整天呆在这里。"

"难道你不能出城吗？"

"不能，"奥尔·安德森。"我厌倦跑来跑去。"

他看着墙壁。

"现在没事可做。"

"你不能想个办法解决吗？"

"不能。我陷入了困境，"他还有用那种单调的声音说。"没什么事儿可做的。过了一会儿，我会下决心出去的。"

"我最好回去见乔治，"尼克说。

"再见，"奥尔·安德森说。他没有看尼克。"谢谢你过来。"

尼克出去。他关门时，看到奥尔·安德森和衣躺在床上看着墙壁。

"他整天都呆在房间，"女房东在楼下说。"我猜他身体不适。我对他说：'安德森先生，像这样美好的秋日，你应该出去散散步，'但他好像不愿那样做。"

"他不想出去。"

"对不起，他身体不适，"女人说。"他是一个特好的人。他以前是搞拳击的，你知道。"

"I know it."

"You'd never know it except from the way his face is," the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door. "He's just as gentle."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Hirsch,' Nick said.

"I'm not Mrs. Hirsch," the woman said. "She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I'm Mrs. Bell."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Bell," Nick said.

"Good night," the woman said.

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry's eating-house. George was inside, back of the counter.

"Did you see Ole?"

"Yes," said Nick. "He's in his room and he won't go out."

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick's voice.

"I don't even listen to it," he said and shut the door.

"Did you tell him about it?" George asked.

"Sure. I told him but he knows what it's all about."

"What's he going to do?"

"Nothing."

"They'll kill him."

"I guess they will."

"这我知道。"

"除非从他脸上的表情看出来，否则你绝不会知道这一点，"女人说。他们就站在临街大门里说着话。"他真是温文尔雅。"

"好，晚安，赫希太太，"尼克说。

"我不是赫希太太，"女人说。"这地方归她所有。我只是为她看房子。我是贝尔太太。"

"好，晚安，贝尔太太，"尼克说。

"晚安，"女人说。

尼克走上黑暗的街道，来到弧光灯下那个街角，然后沿着汽车道向亨利餐馆走去。乔治在里面，在柜台后面。

"你见到奥尔了吗？"

"见到了，"尼克说。"他在屋里，不愿出去。"

厨师在厨房里听到尼克的声音，打开门。

"我甚至不愿听，"他说着关上了门。

"你把这事儿告诉他了吗？"乔治问。

"当然。我告诉了他，但他对这一切都知道。"

"他打算做什么？"

"什么也不做。"

"他们会杀死他。"

"我想他们会。"

"He must have got mixed up in something in Chicago."

"I guess so," said Nick.

"It's a hell of a thing!"

"It's an awful thing," Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.

"I wonder what he did?" Nick said.

"Double-crossed somebody. That's what they kill them for."

"I'm going to get out of this town," Nick said.

"Yes," said George. "That's a good thing to do."

"I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to get it. It's too damned awful."

"Well," said George, "you better not think about it."

"他一定是在芝加哥卷入了某件事儿。"

"我猜也是这样，"尼克说。

"这事儿真让人受不了。"

"这是一件可怕的事儿，"尼克说。

他们没有说什么。乔治向下伸手拿了一条毛巾，擦了擦柜台。

"我不知道他做了什么？"尼克说。

"出卖了某个人。这就是他们要杀死他的原因。"

"我要离开这个小镇，"尼克说。

"对，"乔治说。"离开是一件好事。"

"一想到他知道要发生什么事儿还在房间里等，我就受不了。这真他妈的可怕。"

"好了，"乔治说，"你最好别想它了。"

# Fifty Grand

"How are you going yourself, Jack?" I asked him.

"You seen this Walcott?" he says.

"Just in the gym."

"Well," Jack says, "I'm going to need a lot of luck with that boy."

"He can't hit you, Jack," Soldier said.

"I wish to hell he couldn't."

"He couldn't hit you with a handful of bird-shot."

"Bird shot'd be all right," Jack said. "I wouldn't mind bird-shot any."

"He looks easy to hit," I said.

"Sure," Jack says, "he ain't going to last long. He ain't going to last like you and me, Jerry. But right now he's got everything."

"You'll left hand him to death."

"Maybe," Jack says. "Sure I got a chance to."

"Handle him like you handled Kid Lewis."

"Kid Lewis," Jack said. "That kike."

The three of us, Jack Brennan, Soldier Bartlett, and I were in Hanley's. There were a couple of broads sitting at the next table to us. They had been drinking.

# 五万美元

"你自己的情况进展得怎么样，杰克？"我问他。

"你见过这个奥尔科特吗？"他说。

"只是在健身房里。"

"噢，"杰克说，"我和那个小伙子在一起需要好运多多。"

"他打不了你，杰克，"大兵说。

"我从心里希望他打不了。"

"他不可能用一把猎鸟子弹打你。"

"猎鸟子弹不会有事儿，"杰克说。"我不会乎任何猎鸟子弹。"

"看上去他不难打败，"我说。

"当然，"杰克说，"他不会坚持多久的。他不会像你和我那样坚持，杰里。但是，他现在一切俱全。"

"你左手就会把他打死。"

"也许吧，"杰克说。"我肯定有机会。"

"像对付基德·刘易斯那样对付他。"

"基德·刘易斯，"杰克说。"那个犹太佬。"

"What do you mean kike?" one of the broads says. "What do you mean, kike, you big Irish bum?"

"Sure," Jack says. "That's it."

"Kikes," this broad goes on. "They're always talking about kikes, these big Irishmen. What do you mean, kikes?"

"Come on. Let's get out of here."

"Kikes," this broad goes on. "Whoever saw you ever buy a drink? Your wife sews your pockets up every morning. These Irishmen and their kikes. Ted Lewis could lick you too."

"Sure," Jack says. "And you give away a lot of things free too, don't you?"

We went out. That was Jack. He could say what he wanted to when he wanted to say it.

Jack started training out at Danny Hogan's health farm over in Jersey. It was nice out there but Jack didn't like it much. He didn't like being away from his wife and the kids, and he was sore and grouchy most of the time. He liked me and we got along fine together, and he liked Hogan, but after a while Soldier Bartlett commenced to get on his nerves. A kidder gets to be an awful thing around a camp if his stuff goes sort of sour. Soldier was always kidding Jack, just sort of kidding him all the time. It wasn't very funny and it wasn't very good, and it began to get to Jack. It was sort of stuff like this. Jack would finish up with the weights and the bag and pull on the gloves.

"You want to work," he'd say to Soldier.

"Sure. How you want me to work?" Soldier would ask. "Want me to treat you rough like Walcott? Want me to knock you down a few times?"

我和杰克·布伦南、大兵巴特利特我们三人在汉利的店里。有两个娘们坐在我们旁边的桌边。她们一直在喝酒。

"你说犹太佬是什么意思？"其中一个娘们说。"你说犹太佬是什么意思，你这个爱尔兰大笨蛋？"

"的确，"杰克说。"说得对。"

"犹太佬，"那个娘们继续说道。"他们总是说起犹太佬，这些大个子的爱尔兰人。你说犹太佬是什么意思？"

"得了。我们离开这里吧。"

"犹太佬，"那个娘们接着说道。"谁见你买过一杯酒？你的老婆每天早上都缝住你的口袋。这些爱尔兰人和他们的犹太佬！特德·刘易斯也会揍你。"

"当然，"杰克说。"你也白白送掉好多东西，不是吗？"

我们走了出去。这就是杰克。他想说什么，他就能说他想说的。

杰克离开家，开始在泽西市丹尼·霍根的健身庄训练。那里很好，但杰克不大喜欢。他不喜欢离开妻子和孩子们，所以他大多数时间伤心忧虑，爱发牢骚。他喜欢我，我们一起相处融洽；他喜欢霍根，但不久，大兵巴特利特开始让他不安。如果一个爱开玩笑的人在营地上讲的笑话变得有点酸腐，就会变成一件可怕的事儿。大兵总是跟杰克开玩笑，几乎总是跟他开玩笑。玩笑不是很有趣，也不是很好，所以这开始让杰克心烦。在一定程度上，就是这样的笑话。杰克常常会结束举重和打沙袋，戴上拳击手套。

"你想要干活吧，"他常常对大兵说。

"That's it," Jack would say. He didn't like it any, though.

One morning we were all out on the road. We'd been out quite a way and now we were coming back. We'd go along fast for three minutes and then walk a minute, and then go fast for three minutes again. Jack wasn't ever what you would call a sprinter. He'd move around fast enough in the ring if he had to, but he wasn't any too fast on the road. All the time we were walking, Soldier was kidding him. We came up the hill to the farmhouse.

"Well," says Jack, "you better go back to town, Soldier."

"What do you mean?"

"You better go back to town and stay there."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm sick of hearing you talk."

"Yes?" says Soldier.

"Yes," says Jack.

"You'll be a damn sight sicker when Walcott gets through with you."

"Sure," says Jack, "maybe I will. But I know I'm sick of you."

So Soldier went off on the train to town that same morning. I went down with him to the train. He was good and sore.

"I was just kidding him," he said. We were waiting on the platform. "He can't pull that stuff with me, Jerry."

"He's nervous and crabby," I said. "He's a good fellow, Soldier."

"当然。你想要我怎么干活？"大兵常常问。"要我像奥尔科特那样对你动粗吗？想要我把你打倒几次吗？"

"说得对，"杰克常常说。然而，他根本不喜欢这样。

一天早上，我们都走在外面的大路上。我们已经走了相当远的路，现在正在往回走。我们快走三分钟，然后步行一分钟，然后再快走三分钟。杰克根本不是你称为短跑选手的那种人。如果他在拳击场上不得不迅速转动，他就会这样，但他在大路上不是太快。我们一路走着，大兵都在跟他开玩笑。 我们爬上通向农舍的小山。

"喂，"杰克说，"你最好回城，大兵。"

"你这是什么意思？"

"你最好回城呆在那里。"

"怎么了？"

"我讨厌听到你说话。"

"是吗？"大兵说。

"是的，"杰克说。

"等奥尔科特收拾完你，你看到该死的东西就会更厌恶。"

"当然，"杰克说，"也许我会。但是，我知道我讨厌你。"

于是，当天早上，大兵就去搭进城的火车。我送他上车。他非常生气。

"我只是跟他开玩笑，"他说。我们在月台上等待。"他不能这样跟我说话，杰里。"

"他紧张暴躁，"我说。"他是个好人，大兵。"

"The hell he is. The hell he's ever been a good fellow."

"Well," I said, "so long, Soldier."

The train had come in. He climbed up with his bag.

"So long, Jerry," he says. "You be in town before the fight?"

"I don't think so."

"See you then."

He went in and the conductor swung up and the train went out. I rode back to the farm in the cart. Jack was on the porch writing a letter to his wife. The mail had come and I got the papers and went over on the other side of the porch and sat down to read. Hogan came out the door and walked over to me.

"Did he have a jam with Soldier?"

"Not a jam," I said. "He just told him to go back to town."

"I could see it coming," Hogan said. "He never liked Soldier much."

"No. He don't like many people."

"He's a pretty cold one," Hogan said.

"Well, he's always been fine to me."

"Me too," Hogan said. "I got no kick on him. He's a cold one, though."

Hogan went in through the screen door and I sat there on the porch and read the papers. It was just starting to get fall weather and it's nice country there in Jersey, up in the hills, and after I read the paper through I sat there and looked out at the country and the road below

"他该死。他是好人，真该死。"

"啊，"我说，"再见，大兵。"

火车已经进站。他提包爬上车。

"再见，杰里，"他说。"拳击之前，你在城里吗？"

"我想不在。"

"到时见。"

他走进车厢，列车员快步上车，火车出站。我坐轻便送货车回到健身庄。杰克在门廊上给他的妻子写信。邮件已经来过，我拿着报纸到门廊另一头坐下看报。霍根出了房门，走到我面前。

"他跟争执了吗？"

"没有争执，"我说。"他只是叫他回城。"

"我看得出这事儿会来，"霍根说。"他从来就不大喜欢大兵。"

"是。他不喜欢好多人。"

"他是一个相当冷淡的人，"霍根说。

"啊，他对我一向很好。"

"对我也好，"霍根说。"他没有对我发过牢骚。但是，他是个冷淡的人。"

霍根穿过纱门走进屋里，我坐在走廊上看报。秋天刚刚开始；在泽西，在小山上，这里是个好地方；于是，我看过报纸后，坐在那里，眺望着这片乡土和下面树林边的大路，大路上车来车往，扬起一阵阵尘埃。这是一个天气美好、风景相当漂亮的乡土。霍根走到门边，我说："喂，霍根，你这里有什么可以猎杀的吗？"

against the woods with cars going along it, lifting the dust up. It was fine weather and pretty nice-looking country. Hogan came to the door and I said, "Say, Hogan, haven't you got anything to shoot out here?"

"No," Hogan said. "Only sparrows."

"Seen the paper?" I said to Hogan.

"What's in it?"

"Sande booted three of them in yesterday."

"I got that on the telephone last night."

"You follow them pretty close, Hogan?" I asked.

"Oh, I keep in touch with them," Hogan said.

"How about Jack?" I says. "Does he still play them?"

"Him?" said Hogan. "Can you see him going it?"

Just then Jack came around the corner with the letter in his hand. He's wearing a sweater and an old pair of pants and boxing shoes.

"Got a stamp, Hogan?" he asks.

"Give me the letter," Hogan said. "I'll mail it for you."

"Say, Jack," I said, "didn't you used to play the ponies?"

"Sure."

"I knew you did. I knew I used to see you out at Sheepshead."

"What did you lay off them for?" Hogan asked.

"Lost money."

"没有，"霍根说。"只有燕子。"

"看过报纸吗？"我对霍根说。

"报纸上有什么？"

"桑德昨天赢了其中三场。"

"我昨晚从电话里听到了。"

"你密切注意他们了吗，霍根？"我问。

"噢，我跟他们保持联络，"霍根说。

"杰克怎么样？"我说。"他还在赌赛马？"

"他？"霍根说。"你能看到他赌赛马？"

就在这时，杰克绕过角落，手里拿着一封信。他穿着厚运动衫、旧裤子和拳击鞋。

"有邮票吗，霍根？"他问。

"把信给我，"霍根说。"我为你邮寄。"

"喂，杰克，"我说，"你以前不是经常赌赛马吗？"

"当然。"

"我知道你赌过。我知道我以前经常在羊头赛马场见到你。"

"你为什么停止了呢？"霍根问。

"输钱了呗。"

杰克在身边的门廊上坐下来。他向后靠在一根柱子上，在阳光下闭着眼睛。

"要椅子吗？"霍根问。

Jack sat down on the porch by me. He leaned back against a post. He shut his eyes in the sun.

"Want a chair?" Hogan asked.

"No," said Jack. "This is fine."

"It's a nice day," I said. "It's pretty nice out in the country."

"I'd a damn sight rather be in town with the wife."

"Well, you only got another week."

"Yes," Jack says. "That's so."

We sat there on the porch. Hogan was inside at the office.

"What do you think about the shape I'm in?" Jack asked me.

"Well. You can't tell," I said. "You got a week to get around into form."

"Don't stall me."

"Well," I said, "You're not right."

"I'm not sleeping," Jack said.

"You'll be all right in a couple of days."

"No," says Jack, "I got the insomnia."

"What's on your mind?"

"I miss the wife."

"Have her come out."

"No. I'm too old for that."

"We'll take a long walk before you turn in and get you good and tired."

"不要，"杰克说。"这就好。"

"天气真好，"我说。"这乡下真好。"

"我他妈的宁愿跟老婆呆在城里。"

"啊，你只要再呆一个星期。"

"是，"杰克说。"是这样。"

我们坐在门廊上。霍根在办公室里面。

"你认为我的情况怎样？"杰克问我。

"噢。你说不清，"我说。"你一个星期就能恢复状态。"

"不要敷衍我。"

"啊，"我说，"你气色不好。"

"我睡不着，"杰克说。

"你两天后会好起来的。"

"不，"杰克说，"我得了失眠症。"

"你有什么心事？"

"我想念老婆。"

"叫她来嘛。"

"不。我年纪太大了，不能这样。"

"我们要走一段长路，然后你再上床睡觉，这会让你很累。"

"累！"杰克说。"我一直都很累。"

"Tired!" Jack says. "I'm tired all the time."

He was that way all week. He wouldn't sleep at night and he'd get up in the morning feeling that way, you know, when you can't shut your hands.

"He's stale as poorhouse cake," Hogan said. "He's nothing."

"I never seen Walcott," I said.

"He'll kill him," said Hogan. "He'll tear him in two."

"Well," I said, "everybody's got to get it sometime."

"Not like this, though," Hogan said. "They'll think he never trained. It gives the farm a black eye."

"You hear what the reporters said about him?"

"Didn't I! They said he was awful. They said they oughtn't to let him fight."

"Well," I said, "They're always wrong, ain't they?"

"Yes," said Hogan. "But this time they're right."

"What the hell do they know about whether a man's right or not?"

"Well," said Hogan, "They're not such fools."

"All they did was pick Willard at Toledo. This Lardner he's so wise now, ask him about when he picked Willard at Toledo."

"Aw he wasn't out," Hogan said. "He only writes the big fights."

"I don't care who they are," I said. "What the hell do they know? They can write maybe, but what the hell do they know?"

他整整一周都是这样。他会夜里睡不着觉，早晨起床就会有那种感觉，你知道，就是你握不紧手时的那种感觉。

"他像救济院里的蛋糕一样乏味，"霍根说。"他什么也不是。"

"我从来没有见过奥尔科特，"我说。

"他会打死他，"霍根说。"他会把他撕成两半。"

"噢，"我说，"人人有一天都会遇到这种情况。"

"但是，不像这样，"霍根说。"他们会认为他从来没有训练过。这会给健身庄带来恶名。"

"你听到记者们都说他什么？"

"我听不到啊！他们说他糟透了。他们说不应该让他拳击。"

"噢，"我说，"他们总是说错，不是吗？"

"是，"霍根说。"但这次他们说得对。"

"谁对谁错他们究竟知道什么？"

"啊，"霍根说，"他们不是那种傻瓜。"

"他们做的所有事儿就是在托莱多[1]挑衅威拉德。这个拉德纳，他现在非常聪明，问问他什么时候在托莱多挑衅过威拉德。"

"啊，他当时不在，"霍根说。"他只写大拳击比赛。"

"我不在乎他们是谁，"我说。"他们到底知道什么？他们可以写，但他们到底知

[1] 托莱多，美国俄亥俄州埃丽湖边的一座城市。

"You don't think Jack's in any shape, do you?" Hogan asked.

"No. He's through. All he needs is to have Corbett pick him to win for it to be all over."

"Well, Corbett's pick him," Hogan says.

"Sure. He's pick him."

That night Jack didn't sleep any either. The next morning was the last day before the fight. After breakfast we were out on the porch again.

"What do you think about, Jack, when you can't sleep?" I said.

"Oh, I worry," Jack says. "I worry about property I got up in the Bronx, I worry about property I got in Florida. I worry about the kids. I worry about the wife. Sometimes I think about fights. I think about that kike Ted Lewis and I get sore. I got some stocks and I worry about them. What the hell don't I think about?"

"Well," I said, "tomorrow night it'll all be over."

"Sure," said Jack. "That always helps a lot, don't it? That just fixes everything all up, I suppose. Sure."

He was sore all day. We didn't do any work. Jack just moved around a little to loosen up. He shadow-boxed a few rounds. He didn't even look good doing that. He skipped the rope a little while. He couldn't sweat.

"He'd be better not do any work at all," Hogan said. We were standing watching him skip rope. "Don't he ever sweat at all any more?"

"He can't sweat."

道什么？"

"你不认为杰克处在良好状态，对吗？"霍根问。

"对。他完了。他需要的一切就是让科贝特挑衅他，去赢得比赛，一了百了。"

"啊，科贝特会挑衅他的，"霍根说。

"当然。他一定会挑衅他。"

那天夜里，杰克也没有睡着。第二天是比赛前的最后一天。早饭后，我们又来到门廊上。

"杰克，你睡不着时想些什么？"我说。

"噢，我担心，"杰克说。"我担心我在布朗克斯置办的产业，我担心我在佛罗里达置办的产业。我担心孩子们。我担心老婆。有时，我想到拳击比赛。我想到那个犹太佬特德·刘易斯，就会生气。我买了一些股票，我担心它们。我到底还有什么想不到呢？"

"噢，"我说，"明天夜里一切都会结束。"

"当然，"杰克说。"这总会大有帮助，不对吗？我想，只要事情结束，一切都会解决。肯定会。"

他整天生气。我们什么也没做。杰克只是四处转一下放松肌肉。他像打太极拳一样打了几圈。他甚至连这样做也不看好。他跳了一小会儿绳。他出不了汗。

"他最好什么也不要做，"霍根说。我们站在那里看着他跳绳。"难道他再也出不了汗吗？"

"他出不了汗。"

"Do you suppose he's got the con? He never had any trouble making weight, did he?"

"No, he hasn't got any con. He just hasn't got anything inside any more."

"He ought to sweat," said Hogan.

Jack came over, skipping the rope. He was skipping up and down in front of us, forward and back, crossing his arms every third time.

"Well," he says. "What are you buzzards talking about?"

"I don't think you ought to work any more," Hogan says. "You'll be stale."

"Wouldn't that be awful?" Jack says and skips away down the floor, slapping the rope hard.

That afternoon John Collins showed up out at the farm. Jack was up in his room. John came out in a car from town. He had a couple of friends with him. The car stopped and they all got out.

"Where's Jack?" John asked me.

"Up in his room, lying down."

"Lying down?"

"Yes," I said.

"How is he?"

I looked at the two fellows that were with John.

"They're friends of his," John said.

"He's pretty bad," I said.

"What's the matter with him?"

"你认为他有肺病吗？他在体重上从来没有任何麻烦，对吗？"

"对，他没有肺病。他就是身体里什么也没有了。"

"他应该出汗，"霍根说。

杰克跳着绳走过来。他在我们面前上下前后跳，每跳三次交叉一下胳膊。

"啊，"他说。"你们这些贪婪的人在谈什么？"

"我认为你不应该再锻炼身体了，"霍根说，"你会疲倦的。"

"那不会糟糕吧？"杰克说着，狠狠地甩起绳子，顺着地板跳去。

那天下午，约翰·柯林斯出现在健身庄。杰克在上面自己的屋里。约翰走出来自城里的汽车。他有两位朋友跟他在一起。汽车停住，他们都下了车。

"杰克在哪里？"约翰问我。

"在上面他的屋里躺下。"

"躺下？"

"是的，"我说。

"他怎么样？"

我望着跟约翰在一起的那两个人。

"他们是他的朋友，"约翰说。

"他情况很糟，"我说。

"他怎么了？"

"他睡不着。"

"He don't sleep."

"Hell," said John. "That Irishman could never sleep."

"He isn't right," I said.

"Hell," John said. "He's never right. I've had him for ten years and he's never been right yet."

The fellows who were with him laughed.

"I want you to shake hands with Mr. Morgan and Mr. Steinfelt," John said. "This is Mr. Doyle. He's been training Jack."

"Glad to meet you," I said.

"Let's go up and see the boy," the fellow called Morgan said.

"Let's have a look at him," Steinfelt said.

We all went upstairs.

"Where's Hogan?" John asked.

"He's out in the barn with a couple of his customers," I said.

"He got many people out here now?" John asked.

"Just two."

"Pretty quiet, ain't it?" Morgan said.

"Yes," I said. "It's pretty quiet."

We were outside Jack's room. John knocked on the door. There wasn't any answer.

"Maybe he's asleep," I said.

"What the hell's he sleeping in the daytime for?"

"该死，"约翰说。"那个爱尔兰人从来都睡不着。"

"他情况不好，"我说。

"该死，"约翰说。"他从来没有好过。我跟他打了十年交道，他还从来没有好过。"

那两个跟他在一起的人放声大笑。

"我想要你跟摩根先生和斯坦菲尔特先生握手，"约翰说。"这是多伊尔先生。他一直在训练杰克。"

"很高兴见到你们，"我说。

"我们上去看看那个小伙子，"那个叫摩根的人说。

"我们去看看他吧，"斯坦菲尔特说。

我们都走上楼去。

"霍根在哪里？"约翰问。

"他在外面那个空荡荡的房子里，跟两个顾客在一起，"我说。

"现在他这里有许多人吧？"约翰问。

"只有两个。"

"相当安静，不是吗？"摩根说。

"是，"我说。"相当安静。"

我们来到杰克的房门外。约翰敲了敲门。没有人应声。

"可能他睡着了，"我说。

John turned the handle and we all went in. Jack was lying asleep on the bed. He was face down and his face was in the pillow. Both his arms were around the pillow.

"Hey, Jack!" John said to him.

Jack's head moved a little on the pillow. "Jack!" John says, leaning over him. Jack just dug a little deeper in the pillow. John touched him on the shoulder. Jack sat up and looked at us. He hadn't shaved and he was wearing an old sweater.

"Christ! Why can't you let me sleep?" he says to John.

"Don't be sore," John says. "I didn't mean to wake you up."

"Oh no," Jack says. "Of course not."

"You know Morgan and Steinfelt," John said.

"Glad to see you," Jack says.

"How do you feel, Jack?" Morgan asks him.

"Fine," Jack says. "How the hell would I feel?"

"You look fine," Steinfelt says.

"Yes, don't I," says Jack. "Say," he says to John. "You're my manager. You get a big enough cut. Why the hell don't you come out here when the reporters was out! You want Jerry and me to talk to them?"

"I had Lew fighting in Philadelphia," John said.

"What the hell's that to me?" Jack says. "You're my manager. You get a big enough cut, don't you? You aren't making me any money in Philadelphia, are you? Why the hell aren't

"他到底为什么大白天睡觉？"

约翰转动门把手，我们都走进去。杰克躺在床上睡觉。他面朝下，埋在枕头里，两条胳膊抱着枕头。

"嘿，杰克！"约翰对他说。

杰克的脑袋在枕头上动了一下。"杰克！"约翰俯身向他说。杰克只是把脸往枕头里埋得更深了点儿。约翰碰了碰他的肩膀。杰克坐起来，望着我们。他没有刮胡子，身穿一件旧运动衫。

"上帝！你为什么不让我睡觉？"他对约翰说。

"别生气，"约翰说。"我不是有意要叫醒你。"

"噢，不是，"杰克说。"当然不是。"

"你认识摩根和斯坦菲尔特吧，"约翰说。

"很高兴见到你们，"杰克说。

"你感觉怎样，杰克？"摩根问他。

"很好，"杰克说。"该死的，我会感觉怎样？"

"你气色很好，"斯坦菲尔特说。

"是，不是吗？"杰克说。"喂，"他对约翰说，"你是我的经理人。你抽走的一份够大的。记者们在外面时，你到底为什么不出来！你想要我和杰里对他们谈吗？"

"我安排卢在费城比赛，"约翰说。

"那到底跟我有什么关系？"杰克说。"你是我的经理人。你抽走的一份够大的，不是吗？你不是为我在费城挣钱，是吗？我应该利用你时，你到底为什么不出来？"

you out here when I ought to have you?"

"Hogan was here."

"Hogan," Jack says. "Hogan's as dumb as I am."

"Soldier Bahtlett was out here wukking with you for a while, wasn't he?" Steinfelt said to change the subject.

"Yes, he was out here." Jack says. "He was out here all right."

"Say, Jerry," John said to me. "Would you go and find Hogan and tell him we want to see him in about half an hour?"

"Sure," I said.

"Why the hell can't he stick around?" Jack says. "Stick around, Jerry."

Morgan and Steinfelt looked at each other.

"Quiet down, Jack," John said to him.

"I better go find Hogan," I said.

"All right, if you want to go," Jack says. "None of these guys are going to send you away, though."

"I'll go find Hogan," I said.

Hogan was out in the gym in the barn. He had a couple of his health-farm patients with the gloves on. They neither one wanted to hit the other, for fear the other would come back and hit him.

"That'll do," Hogan said when he saw me come in. "You can stop the slaughter. You

"霍根在这里。"

"霍根，"杰克说。"霍根像我一样愚蠢。"

"大兵巴特利特原来在这里陪你训练了一阵，不是吗？"为了改变话题，斯坦菲尔特说。

"是的，他原来在这里，"杰克说。"他原来的确在这里。"

"喂，杰里，"约翰对我说。"你去找霍根，告诉他，我们半小时后见他，好吗？"

"当然可以，"我说。

"他到底为什么不能呆在这里？"杰克说。"呆在这里，杰里。"

摩根和斯坦菲尔特面面相觑。

"安静，杰克，"约翰对他说。

"我最好去找霍根，"我说。

"好，你想去就去吧，"杰克说。"但是，这里没有人要打发你走。"

"我要去找霍根，"我说。

霍根在外面空屋的健身房里。他跟两个住在健身庄的戴着拳击手套的顾客在一起。他们都不想打对方，因为害怕对方赶回来打他。

"行了，"霍根看到我进来，就说道，"你们可以停止残杀。你们两位先生去洗个淋浴，布鲁斯会给你们按摩。"

他们从围起的绳圈里爬出来，霍根走到我面前。

"约翰·柯林斯跟两位朋友来看杰克，"我说。

gentlemen take a shower and Bruce will rub you down."

They climbed out through the ropes and Hogan came over to me.

"John Collins is out with a couple of friends to see Jack," I said.

"I saw them come up in the car."

"Who are the two fellows with John?"

"They're what you call wise boys," Hogan said. "Don't you know them two?"

"No," I said.

"That's Happy Steinfelt and Lew Morgan. They got a poolroom."

"I been away a long time," I said.

"Sure," said Hogan. "That Happy Steinfelt's a big operator."

"I've heard his name," I said.

"He's a pretty smooth boy," Hogan said. "They're a couple of sharpshooters."

"Well," I said. "They want to see us in half an hour."

"You mean they don't want to see us until a half an hour?"

"That's it."

"Come on in the office," Hogan said. "To hell with those sharpshooters."

After about thirty minutes or so Hogan and I went upstairs. We knocked on Jack's door. They were talking inside the room.

"Wait a minute," somebody said.

"To hell with that stuff," Hogan said. "When you want to see me I'm down in the office."

We heard the door unlock. Steinfelt opened it.

"我看到他们坐汽车过来的。"

"跟约翰在一起的那两个家伙是什么人？"

"他们都是你们所谓的聪明人，"霍根说。"难道你不认识他们俩？"

"不认识，"我说。

"那是开心斯坦菲尔特和卢·摩根。他们开了个赌场。"

"我离开好长时间了，"我说。

"当然，"霍根说。"那个开心斯坦菲尔特是个大骗子。"

"我听过他的名字，"我说。

"他是一个相当圆滑的家伙，"霍根说。"他们是两个奸商。"

"啊，"我说。"他们想半小时后见我们。"

"你是说他们要等半小时后才想见我们？"

"说得对。"

"到办公室来，"霍根说。"让那些奸商见鬼去吧。"

大约三十分钟后，我和霍根走上楼。我们敲了敲杰克的房门。他们正在房间里谈话。

"等一会儿，"有人说。

"让那东西见鬼去吧，"霍根说。"你们想见我时，我在下面办公室里。"

我们听到房门开锁的声音。斯坦菲尔特打开了门。

"进来，霍根，"他说。"我们大家来喝一杯。"

"Come on in, Hogan," he says. "We're all going to have a drink."

"Well," says Hogan. "That's something."

We went in. Jack was sitting on the bed. John and Morgan were sitting on a couple of chairs. Steinfelt was standing up.

"You're a pretty mysterious lot of boys," Hogan said.

"Hello, Danny," John says.

"Hello, Danny," Morgan says and shakes hands.

Jack doesn't say anything. He just sits there on the bed. He ain't with the others. He's all by himself. He was wearing an old blue jersey and pants and had on boxing shoes. He needed a shave. Steinfelt and Morgan were dressers. John was quite a dresser too. Jack sat there looking Irish and tough.

Steinfelt brought out a bottle and Hogan brought in some glasses and everybody had a drink. Jack and I took one and the rest of them went on and had two or three each.

"Better save some for your ride back," Hogan said.

"Don't you worry. We got plenty," Morgan said.

Jack hadn't drunk anything since the one drink. He was standing up and looking at them. Morgan was sitting on the bed where Jack had sat.

"Have a drink, Jack," John said and handed him the glass and the bottle.

"No," Jack said. "I never liked to go to these wakes."

They all laughed. Jack didn't laugh.

They were all feeling pretty good when they left. Jack stood on the porch when they got

"啊，"霍根说。"这还差不多。"

我们走进去。杰克正坐在床上。约翰和摩根坐在两把椅子上。斯坦菲尔特站了起来。

"你们是一帮相当神秘的家伙，"霍根说。

"你好，丹尼，"约翰说。

"你好，丹尼，"摩根说着握了握手。

杰克什么也不说。他只是坐在床上。他不跟其他人在一起。他独自一人。他穿着蓝色旧运动衫裤和拳击鞋。他需要刮脸。斯坦菲尔特和摩根是服装考究的人。约翰也是相当讲究服装的人。杰克坐在那里，看上去像爱尔兰人，身强体壮。

斯坦菲尔特拿出一瓶啤酒，霍根拿来了几只玻璃杯。人人都喝酒。我和杰克喝了一杯，其他人继续喝，每人喝了两三杯。

"最好留些你们回去时在汽车上喝，"霍根说。

"你别担心。我们多着呢，"摩根说。

杰克喝了一杯，就没有再喝。他站起来，望着他们。摩根正坐在杰克刚才坐的床上。

"杰克，喝一杯，"约翰说着把酒瓶和杯子递给他。

"不喝，"杰克说。"我从来不喜欢去参加这些守丧。"

他们都放声大笑。杰克没有笑。

他们离开时，感觉相当不错。他们走进汽车时，杰克站在门廊上。他们向他挥手。

into the car. They waved to him.

"So long," Jack said.

We had supper. Jack didn't say anything all during the meal except, "Will you pass me this?" or "Will you pass me that?" The two health-farm patients ate at the same table with us. They were pretty nice fellows. After we finished eating we went out on the porch. It was dark early.

"Like to take a walk, Jerry?" Jack asked.

"Sure," I said.

We put on our coats and started out. It was quite a way down to the main road and then we walked along the main road about a mile and a half. Cars kept going by and we would pull out to the side until they were past. Jack didn't say anything. After we had stepped out into the bushes to let a big car go by Jack said, "To hell with this walking. Come on back to Hogan's."

We went along a side road that cut up over the hill and cut across the fields back to Hogan's. We could see the lights of the house up on the hill. We came around to the front of the house and there standing in the doorway was Hogan.

"Have a good walk?" Hogan asked.

"Oh, fine," Jack said. "Listen, Hogan. Have you got any liquor?"

"Sure," says Hogan. "What's the idea?"

"Send it up to the room," Jack says. "I'm going to sleep tonight."

"You're the doctor," Hogan says.

"Come on up to the room, Jerry," Jack says.

"再见，"杰克说。

我们吃晚饭。吃饭时，除了"你把这个递给我好吗？"或者"你把那个递给我好吗？"杰克什么也没有说。那两个住在健身庄的顾客跟我们同桌吃饭。他们是相当不错的家伙。吃过晚饭，我们来到门廊上。天黑得早。

"喜欢散步吗，杰里？"杰克问。

"当然，"我说。

我们穿上外套出发。走到大路上有相当长的一段路，然后我们沿着大路走了大约一英里半。汽车不停地驶过，我们常常躲到一边，让它们过去。杰克一言不发。当我们走进灌木丛让一辆大汽车过去后，杰克说："让这次散步见鬼去吧。回霍根那里去吧。"

我们沿着一条翻山越野的小路返回霍根那里。我们可以看到小山顶上房子的点点灯光。我们走到房前，霍根正站在门口。

"散步不错吧？"霍根说。

"噢，很好，"杰克说。"听着，霍根。你有什么酒吗？"

"当然有，"霍根说。"有什么想法？"

"送到屋里来，"杰克说。"我今晚要睡觉。"

"你是医生啊，"霍根说。

"到楼上屋里来，杰里，"杰克说。

到了楼上，杰克两手抱头坐在床上。

Upstairs Jack sat on the bed with his head in his hands.

"Ain't it a life?" Jack says.

Hogan brought in a quart of liquor and two glasses.

"Want some ginger ale?"

"What do you think I want to do, get sick?"

"I just asked you," said Hogan.

"Have a drink?" said Jack.

"No, thanks," said Hogan. He went out.

"How about you, Jerry?"

"I'll have one with you," I said.

Jack poured out a couple of drinks. "Now," he said, "I want to take it slow and easy."

"Put some water in it," I said.

"Yes," Jack said. "I guess that's better."

We had a couple of drinks without saying anything.

Jack started to pour me another.

"No," I said, "that's all I want."

"All right," Jack said. He poured himself out another big shot and put water in it. He was lighting up a little.

"That was a fine bunch out here this afternoon," he said. "They don't take any chances, those two."

Then a little later, "Well," he says, "they're right. What the hell's the good in taking chances?"

"难道这不是生活吗？"杰克说。

霍根拿进来一夸特白酒和两只玻璃杯。

"要些姜汁啤酒吗？"

"你认为我想干什么，生病吗？"

"我只是问问你，"霍根说。

"喝一杯？"杰克说。

"不，谢谢，"霍根说。他走了出去。

"你怎么样，杰里？"

"我要跟你喝一杯，"我说。

杰克倒了两杯。"啊，"他说，"我要慢慢悠悠地喝。"

"往里面兑些水，"我说。

"对，"杰克说。"我想这样更好。"

我们喝了两杯，一言不发。

杰克开始给我倒第二杯。

"不，"我说，"我就要这么多。"

"好吧，"杰克说。他又给自己倒了一大杯，兑了些水。他容光焕发了些。

"今天下午，这里来了一大帮人，"他说。"他们没有冒什么险，那两个人。"

又过了一会儿，"好了，"他说，"他们是对的。冒险到底有什么好处？"

"Don't you want another, Jerry?" he said. "Come on, drink along with me."

"I don't need it, Jack," I said. "I feel all right."

"Just have one more," Jack said. It was softening him up.

"All right," I said.

Jack poured one for me and another big one for himself.

"You know," he said, "I like liquor pretty well. If I hadn't been boxing I would have drunk quite a lot."

"Sure," I said.

"You know," he said, "I missed a lot, boxing."

"You made plenty of money."

"Sure, that's what I'm after. You know I miss a lot, Jerry."

"How do you mean?"

"Well," he says, "like about the wife. And being away from home so much. It don't do my girls any good. 'Who's your old man?' some of those society kids'll say to them. 'My old man's Jack Brennan.' That don't do them any good."

"Hell," I said, "all that makes a difference is if they got dough."

"Well," says Jack, "I got the dough for them all right."

He poured out another drink. The bottle was about empty.

"Put some water in it," I said. Jack poured in some water.

"You know," he says, "you ain't got any idea how I miss the wife."

"你不想再来一杯吗，杰里？"他说。"来，跟我喝一杯。"

"我不需要了，杰克，"我说。"我感觉不错了。"

"就再喝一杯，"杰克说。他喝得身体发软。

"好吧，"我说。

杰克给我倒了一杯，给自己倒了一大杯。

"你知道，"他说，"我特爱喝酒。要不是干拳击，我就会喝好多好多。"

"当然，"我说。

"你知道，"他说，"我拳击，损失了好多。"

"你赚了好多钱。"

"当然，我追求的就是这个。你知道我损失好多，杰里。"

"你这是什么意思？"

"啊，"他说，"比如说老婆的事儿。而且经常离开家。这对我的那些女孩没有什么好处。'你的老爷子是谁？'社交界的小伙子中会有一些人对她们说。'我的老爷子是杰克·布伦南。'这对她们没有任何好处。"

"该死，"我说，"至关重要的就是她们是否有钱。"

"啊，"杰克说，"我的确为她们赚了好多钱。"

他又倒了一杯。瓶子差不多都空了。

"兑些水，"我说。杰克倒了些水。

"你知道，"他说，"你想不到我是多么想念自己的老婆。"

"当然。"

"Sure."

"You ain't got any idea. You can't have an idea what it's like."

"It ought to be better out in the country than in town."

"With me now," Jack said, "it don't make any difference where I am. You can't have an idea what it's like."

"Have another drink."

"Am I getting soused? Do I talk funny?"

"You're coming on all right."

"You can't have an idea what it's like. They ain't anybody can have an idea what it's like."

"Except the wife," I said.

"She knows," Jack said. "She knows all right. She knows. You bet she knows."

"Put some water in that," I said.

"Jerry," says Jack, "you can't have an idea what it gets to be like."

He was good and drunk. He was looking at me steady. His eyes were sort of too steady.

"You'll sleep all right," I said.

"Listen, Jerry," Jack says. "You want to make some money? Get some money down on Walcott."

"Yes?"

"Listen, Jerry," Jack put down the glass. "I'm not drunk now, see? You know what I'm betting on him? Fifty grand."

"你想不到。你想不出这是什么样子。"

"在乡下应该比在城里更好。"

"现在对我来说，"杰克说，"我在哪里，都没有任何关系。你想不出这是什么样子。"

"再来一杯。"

"我要喝醉了吧？我说话可笑吗？"

"你表现不错嘛。"

"你想不出这是什么样子。没有人能想出这是什么样子。"

"除了老婆，"我说。

"她知道，"杰克说。"她的确知道。她知道。她肯定知道。"

"兑些水，"我说。

"杰里，"杰克说，"你想不出这是什么样子。"

他喝得酩酊大醉。他定定地看着我。他的目光有些过于呆滞。

"你肯定会睡着的，"我说。

"听着，杰里，"杰克说。"你想赚些钱吗？在奥尔科特身上赚些钱。"

"是吗？"

"听着，杰里，"杰克放下酒杯。"我现在没有醉，看到了吧？你知道我在他身上下了多少赌注吗？五万美元。"

"钱真多啊。"

"五万美元，"杰克说，"二比一。我会得到两万五千美元。在他身上赚些钱，杰

"That's a lot of dough."

"Fifty grand," Jack says, "at two to one. I'll get twenty-five thousand bucks. Get some money on him, Jerry."

"It sounds good," I said.

"How can I beat him?" Jack says. "It ain't crooked. How can I beat him? Why not make money on it?"

"Put some water in that," I said.

"I'm through after this fight," Jack says. "I'm through with it. I got to take a beating. Why shouldn't I make money on it?"

"Sure."

"I ain't slept for a week," Jack says. "All night I lay awake and worry my can off. I can't sleep, Jerry. You ain't got an idea what it's like when you can't sleep."

"Sure."

"I can't sleep. That's all. I just can't sleep. What's the use of taking care of yourself all these years when you can't sleep?"

"It's bad."

"You ain't got an idea what it's like, Jerry, when you can't sleep."

"Put some water in that," I said.

Well, about eleven o'clock Jack passes out and I put him to bed. Finally he's so he can't keep from sleeping. I helped him get his clothes off and got him into bed.

"You'll sleep all right, Jack," I said.

里。"

"这听起来不错，"我说。

"我怎么能打败他呢？"杰克说。"这不是欺骗。我怎么能打败他呢？为什么不在这上面赚些钱呢？"

"兑些水，"我说。

"我打完这一场就结束了，"杰克说。"我厌倦了。我得挨顿打。为什么我不应该在这上面赚些钱呢？"

"当然。"

"我一周都睡不着，"杰克说。"我彻夜醒着躺在那里，担心自己被打得屁滚尿流。我睡不着，杰里。你想不出，你睡不着时，那是什么样子。"

"当然。"

"我睡不着。仅此而已。我就是睡不着。这些年你睡不着，你当心自己的身子又有什么用？"

"真糟。"

"杰里，你想不出，睡不着觉是什么滋味。"

"兑些水，"我说。

那么，十一点左右，杰克醉倒，我把他扶到床上。他不能一直不睡觉，最后就成了这样。我帮他脱下衣服，给他盖上被子。

"你肯定会睡着，杰克，"我说。

"Sure," Jack says, "I'll sleep now."

"Good night, Jack," I said.

"Good night, Jerry," Jack says. "You're the only friend I got."

"Oh, hell," I said.

"You're the only friend I got," Jack says, "the only friend I got."

"Go to sleep," I said.

"I'll sleep," Jack says.

Downstairs Hogan was sitting at the desk in the office reading the papers. He looked up. "Well, you get your boy friend to sleep?" he asks.

"He's off,"

"It's better for him than not sleeping," Hogan said.

"Sure."

"You'd have a hell of a time explaining that to these sport writers though," Hogan said.

"Well, I'm going to bed myself," I said.

"Good night," said Hogan.

In the morning I came downstairs about eight o'clock and got some breakfast. Hogan had his two customers out in the barn doing exercises. I went out and watched them.

"One! Two! Three! Four!" Hogan was counting for them. "Hello, Jerry," he said. "Is Jack up yet?"

"No. He's still sleeping."

I went back to my room and packed up to go in to town. About nine-thirty I heard Jack

"当然，"杰克说，"我现在会睡着的。"

"晚安，杰克，"我说。

"晚安，杰里，"杰克说。"你是我唯一的朋友。"

"啊，去你的，"我说。

"你是我唯一的朋友，"杰克说，"我唯一的朋友。"

"去睡吧，"我说。

"我会睡着的，"杰克说。

霍根坐在楼下办公桌边看报。他抬起头。"啊，你让你的男朋友睡着了吗？"他问。

"他醉了。"

"对他来说，这比睡不着好，"霍根说。

"当然。"

"可是，你要用多少时间对这些体育记者解释这一点啊，"霍根说。

"啊，我自己也要上床睡觉了，"我说。

"晚安，"霍根说。

早上八点左右，我走下楼来，吃了些早饭。霍根跟两位顾客在空房里训练。我走出去望着他们。

"一！二！三！四！"霍根正在为他们计数。"你好，杰里，"他说。"杰克起床了吗？"

"没有。他还在睡觉。"

getting up in the next room. When I heard him go downstairs I went down after him. Jack was sitting at the breakfast table. Hogan had come in and was standing beside the table.

"How do you feel, Jack?" I asked him.

"Not so bad."

"Sleep well?" Hogan asked.

"I slept all right," Jack said. "I got a thick tongue but I ain't got a head."

"Good," said Hogan. "That was good liquor."

"Put it on the bill," Jack says.

"What time you want to go into town?" Hogan asked.

"Before lunch," Jack says. "The eleven o'clock train."

"Sit down, Jerry," Jack said. Hogan went out.

I sat down at the table. Jack was eating a grapefruit. When he'd find a seed he'd spit it out in the spoon and dump it on the plate.

"I guess I was pretty stewed last night," he started.

"You drank some liquor."

"I guess I said a lot of fool things."

"You weren't bad."

"Where's Hogan?" he asked. He was through with the grapefruit.

"He's out in front in the office."

"What did I say about betting on the fight?" Jack asked. He was holding the spoon and sort of poking at the grapefruit with it.

我回到自己的房间，打点行装，准备进城。九点半左右，我听到隔壁杰克起床的声音。我听到他下楼去时，就跟着他下楼。杰克坐在早餐桌边。霍根已经进来，正站在桌边。

"你感觉怎么样，杰克？"我问他。

"不那么糟。"

"睡得好吗？"霍根问。

"我睡得很好，"杰克说。"我当时舌头不利索，但头并不难受。"

"好，"霍根说。"这是好酒。"

"开在账单上，"杰克说。

"你想什么时候进城？"霍根问。

"午饭前，"杰克说。"十一点的火车。"

"坐下来，杰里，"杰克说。霍根走了出去。

我在桌边坐下来。杰克在吃一只柚子。他吃到柚籽后，吐在匙子里，倒在盘子上。

"我想昨晚我喝得酩酊大醉，"他开口说道。

"你喝了些白酒。"

"我想我说了好多蠢话。"

"你没有那么糟。"

"霍根在哪里？"他问。他吃完了柚子。

"他在前面办公室里。"

"我对比赛打赌的事儿说了什么？"杰克问。他拿着匙子，随手拨弄着柚皮。

The girl came in with some ham and eggs and took away the grapefruit.

"Bring me another glass of milk," Jack said to her. She went out.

"You said you had fifty grand on Walcott," I said.

"That's right," Jack said.

"That's a lot of money."

"I don't feel too good about it," Jack said.

"Something might happen."

"No," Jack said. "He wants the title bad. They'll be shooting with him all right."

"You can't ever tell."

"No. He wants the title. It's worth a lot of money to him."

"Fifty grand is a lot of money," I said.

"It's business," said Jack. "I can't win. You know I can't win anyway."

"As long as you're in there you got a chance."

"No," Jack says. "I'm all through. It's just business."

"How do you feel?"

"Pretty good," Jack said. "The sleep was what I needed."

"You might go good."

"I'll give them a good show," Jack said.

After breakfast Jack called up his wife on the long-distance. He was inside the booth telephoning.

"That's the first time he's called her up since he's out here," Hogan said.

女仆端来一些火腿蛋，拿走了柚子。

"再给我来杯牛奶，"杰克对她说。她走了出去。

"你说你在奥尔科特身上下了五万美元，"我说。

"这话不错，"杰克说。

"这有好多钱啊。"

"我对这件事感觉不太好，"杰克说。

"可能会发生什么事儿。"

"不会，"杰克说。"他特想当冠军。他们肯定会跟他谈好的。"

"你说不清。"

"不会。他想当冠军。这对他来说值好多钱。"

"五万美元是一大笔钱，"我说。

"这是买卖，"杰克说。"我赢不了。你知道我怎么也赢不了。"

"只要你在那里，就有机会。"

"不，"杰克说。"我完了。这只是买卖。"

"你感觉怎么样？"

"很好，"杰克说。"我就需要睡一觉。"

"你可能会打得好。"

"我会给他们看一场出色的表演，"杰克说。

早饭后，杰克给他的老婆打长途电话。他是在电话间里打的。

"He writes her every day."

"Sure," Hogan says, "a letter only costs two cents."

Hogan said good-by to us and Bruce, the nigger rubber, drove us down to the train in the cart.

"Good-by, Mr. Brennan," Bruce said at the train, "I sure hope you knock his can off."

"So long," Jack said. He gave Bruce two dollars. Bruce had worked on him a lot. He looked kind of disappointed. Jack saw me looking at Bruce holding the two dollars.

"It's all in the bill," he said. "Hogan charged me for the rubbing."

On the train going into town Jack didn't talk. He sat in the corner of the seat with his ticket in his hat-band and looked out of the window. Once he turned and spoke to me.

"I told the wife I'd take a room at the Shelby tonight," he said. "It's just around the corner from the Garden. I can go up to the house tomorrow morning."

"That's a good idea," I said. "Your wife ever see you fight, Jack?"

"No," Jack says. "She never seen me fight."

I thought he must be figuring on taking an awful beating if he doesn't want to go home afterward. In town we took a taxi up to the Shelby. A boy came out and took our bags and we went in to the desk.

"How much are the rooms?" Jack asked.

"We only have double rooms," the clerk says. "I can give you a nice double room for ten dollars."

"That's too steep."

"这是他到这里以来第一次给她打电话，"霍根说。

"他每天给她写信。"

"当然，"霍根说，"一封信只花两分钱。"

霍根与我们告别，那个黑人按摩员布鲁斯用轻便货车送我们去火车站。

"再见，布伦南先生，"布鲁斯在火车边说，"我当然希望你揍得他屁滚尿流。"

"再见，"杰克说。他给布鲁斯两美元。布鲁斯为他干了好多活。他看上去有点儿失望。杰克看到我望着布鲁斯拿的两美元。

"账都付过了，"他说。"霍根向我收过了按摩费。"

在进城的火车上，杰克没有说话。他坐在座位的角落望着窗外，车票插在帽边的缎带里。有一次，他转过来对我说话。

"我告诉老婆说，我今晚要在谢尔比订一个房间，"他说。"就在公园附近的街角。我明天早上就能回家了。"

"这是个好主意，"我说。"你的老婆看过你比赛吗，杰克？"

"没有，"杰克说。"她从来没有看过我比赛。"

我想，如果他在比赛结束后不想回家，他肯定估计到自己会挨一顿暴揍。在城里，我们坐出租汽车去谢尔比。一个男侍者走出来，接过我们的提包；我们走进去，来到办公桌前。

"房间多少钱？"杰克问。

"我们只有双人间，"那个职员说。"十美元，我可以给你个漂亮的双人间。"

"I can give you a double room for seven dollars."

"With a bath?"

"Certainly."

"You might as well bunk with me, Jerry," Jack says.

"Oh," I said, "I'll sleep down at my brother-in-law's."

"I don't mean for you to pay it," Jack says. "I just want to get my money's worth."

"Will you register, please?" the clerk says. He looked at the name. "Number 238, Mister Brennan."

We went up in the elevator. It was a nice big room with two beds and a door opening into a bath-room.

"This is pretty good," Jack says.

The boy who brought us up pulled up the curtains and brought in our bags. Jack didn't make any move, so I gave the boy a quarter. We washed up and Jack said we better go out and get something to eat.

We ate a lunch at Jimmy Hanley's place. Quite a lot of the boys were there. When we were about half through eating, John came in and sat down with us. Jack didn't talk much.

"How are you on the weight, Jack?" John asked him. Jack was putting away a pretty good lunch.

"I could make it with my clothes on," Jack said. He never had to worry about taking off weight. He was a natural welterweight and he'd never gotten fat. He'd lost weight out at Hogan's.

"那太贵了。"

"七美元，我可以给你一个双人间。"

"有浴室吗？"

"当然有。"

"你最好跟我一起住宿，杰里，"杰克说。

"噢，"我说，"我会睡在内弟家里。"

"我不是想要你花这笔钱，"杰克说。"我只是想要自己的钱花得值。"

"请你登记一下好吗？"那个职员说。他看着那个名字。"二百三十八号房间，布伦南先生。"

我们乘电梯上楼。这是一个漂亮的大房间，有两张床，一扇门通向一个浴室。

"这里相当好，"杰克说。

那个领我们上来的男侍者拉开窗帘，拿进我们的提包。杰克一动不动，于是我给了侍者二角五分硬币。我们洗了洗脸，杰克说我们最好出去吃点东西。

我们在吉米·汉利的馆子里吃午饭。好多小伙子都在那里。当我们差不多吃到一半时，约翰走进来，跟我们坐在一起。约翰话语不多。

"你的体重怎样，杰克？"约翰问他。杰克正在吃一份丰盛的午餐。

"我穿着衣服也可以，"杰克说。他从来不必但减轻体重。他是一个天生的次中量级拳击手，他从来没有变胖过。他已经在霍根那里减肥。

"啊，只有这一件事你从来不必担心，"约翰说。

"Well, that's one thing you never had to worry about," John said.

"That's one thing," Jack says.

We went around to the Garden to weight in after lunch. The match was made at a hundred forty-seven pounds at three o'clock. Jack stepped on the scales with a towel around him. The bar didn't move. Walcott had just weighed and was standing with a lot of people around him.

"Let's see what you weigh, Jack," Freedman, Walcott's manager, said.

"All right, weigh him then," Jack jerked his head toward Walcott.

"Drop the towel," Freedman said.

"What do you make it?" Jack asked the fellows who were weighing.

"One hundred and forty-three pounds," the fat man who was weighing said.

"You're down fine, Jack," Freedman says.

"Weigh him," Jack says.

Walcott came over. He was a blond with wide shoulders and arms like a heavyweight. He didn't have much legs. Jack stood about half a head taller than he did.

"Hello, Jack," he said. His face was plenty marked up.

"Hello," said Jack. "How you feel?"

"Good," Walcott says. He dropped the towel from around his waist and stood on the scales. He had the widest shoulders and back you ever saw.

"One hundred and forty-six pounds and twelve ounces."

Walcott stepped off and grinned at Jack.

"就一件事，"杰克说。

午饭后，我们走到公园去称体重。比赛对手三点钟要在一百四十七磅。杰克围着一条毛巾站在磅秤上。秤杆没有动。奥尔科特刚刚称过，站在那里，身边围了好多人。

"让我们看看你有多重，杰克，"奥尔科特的经理人弗里曼说。

"好吧，那称他一下，"杰克把头猛地转向奥尔科特。

"丢下毛巾，"弗里曼说。

"你有多重？"杰克问那些称重的人。

"一百四十三磅，"那个称体重的胖子说。

"你的体重降了不少，杰克，"弗里曼说。

"称称他，"杰克说。

奥尔科特走过来。他一头金发，肩膀和胳膊宽阔得像最重量级拳击手。他的腿不大粗壮。杰克站在那里，比他高大约半头。

"你好，杰克，"他说。他的脸上伤痕累累。

"你好，"杰克说，"你感觉怎样？"

"很好，"奥尔科特说。他丢开围在腰间的毛巾，站在磅秤上。他拥有你见过的最宽阔的肩膀和后背。

"一百四十六磅十二盎斯。"

奥尔科特走下磅秤，对杰克咧嘴笑笑。

"啊，"约翰对他说，"杰克让你大约四磅。"

"小伙子，我进来时，不止这一点，"奥尔科特说。"我现在要去吃东西了。"

"Well," John says to him, "Jack's spotting you about four pounds."

"More than that when I come in, kid," Walcott says. "I'm going to go and eat now."

We went back and Jack got dressed. "He's a pretty tough-looking boy," Jack says to me.

"He looks as though he'd been hit plenty of times."

"Oh, yes," Jack says. "He ain't hard to hit."

"Where are you going?" John asked when Jack was dressed.

"Back to the hotel," Jack says. "You looked after everything?"

"Yes," John says. "It's all looked after."

"I'm going to lie down a while," Jack says.

"I'll come around for you about a quarter to seven and we'll go and eat."

"All right."

Up at the hotel Jack took off his shoes and his coat and lay down for a while. I wrote a letter. I looked over a couple of times and Jack wasn't sleeping. He was lying perfectly still but every once in a while his eyes would open. Finally he sits up.

"Want to play some cribbage, Jerry?" he says.

"Sure," I said.

He went over to his suitcase and got out the cards and the cribbage board. We played cribbage and he won three dollars off me. John knocked at the door and came in.

"Want to play some cribbage, John?" Jack asked him.

John put his hat down on the table. It was all wet. His coat was wet too.

我们走回去，杰克穿起了衣服。"他是一个相当健壮的小伙子，"杰克对我说。

"看上去他好像被揍过好多次。"

"噢，是的，"杰克说。"他不难打败。"

"你们要去哪里？"杰克穿好衣服后，约翰问。

"回旅馆，"杰克说。"你事事都关心吗？"

"是的，"约翰说。"一切都要关心。"

"我要躺一会儿，"杰克说。

"我六点三刻左右来找你们，我们去吃饭。"

"好吧。"

回到旅馆，杰克脱下皮鞋和外套，躺了一会儿。我写了一封信。我看了两次，杰克都没有睡着。他一动不动地躺着，但偶尔他的眼睛会睁开。最后，他坐起来。

"想打一会儿克里比奇牌[1]吗，杰里？"他说。

"当然想，"我说。

他走到手提箱面前，拿出克里比奇纸牌和记分板。我们打起了克里贝奇牌，他赢了我三美元。约翰敲敲门，走了进来。

"想打一会儿克里贝奇牌吗，约翰？"杰克问他。

约翰把帽子放在桌子上。帽子全都湿了。他的外套也湿了。

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[1] 克里比奇牌，是一种纸牌游戏，据称是十七世纪时约翰·萨克林爵士（Sir John Suckling）发明的。游戏有三个等级难度，目的就是成为第一个获得 121 得分的玩家或两圈记录为正。玩家在每回合反查和记分时要小心选牌，得到最多的分数。

"Is it raining?" Jack asks.

"It's pouring," John says. "The taxi I had got tied up in the traffic and I got out and walked."

"Come on, play some cribbage," Jack says.

"You ought to go and eat."

"No," says Jack. "I don't want to eat yet."

So they played cribbage for about half an hour and Jack won a dollar and a half off him.

"Well, I suppose we got to go eat," Jack says. He went to the window and looked out.

"Is it still raining?"

"Yes."

"Let's eat in the hotel," John says.

"All right," Jack says, "I'll play you once more to see who pays for the meal."

After a little while Jack gets up and says, "You buy the meal, John," and we went downstairs and ate in the big dining-room.

After we ate we went upstairs and Jack played cribbage with John again and won two dollars and a half off him. Jack was feeling pretty good. John had a bag with him with all his stuff in it. Jack took off his shirt and collar and put on a jersey and a sweater, so he wouldn't catch cold when he came out, and put his ring clothes and his bathrobe in a bag.

"You all ready?" John asks him. "I'll call up and have them get a taxi."

Pretty soon the telephone rang and they said the taxi was waiting.

We rode down in the elevator and went out through the lobby, and got in a taxi and rode around to the Garden. It was raining hard but there was a lot of people outside on the streets.

"下雨了吗？"杰克问。

"倾盆大雨，"约翰说。"我坐的出租车发生了交通阻塞，我就下车步行。"

"来，打一会儿牌，"杰克说。

"你应该去吃饭。"

"不，"杰克说。"我还不想吃。"

于是，他们打了大约半小时牌，杰克赢了他一美元五角。

"啊，我想我们得去吃饭，"杰克说。他走到窗边，向外望去。

"还在下雨吗？"

"是。"

"我们在旅馆里吃吧，"约翰说。

"好吧，"杰克说，"我跟你再打一次，看谁付饭钱。"

过了一小会儿，杰克站起来，说："约翰，你付饭钱，"随后我们下楼，在大餐厅里吃饭。

吃过饭后，我们走上楼；杰克又跟约翰打起了克里贝奇牌，赢了他两美元五角。杰克感觉良好。约翰随身带有一个提包，包里都是他的东西。杰克脱下衬衣，解开衣领，穿上针织运动衫和厚运动衫，以免出来时受凉，然后把拳击服和浴衣放进提包。

"你都准备好了吗？"约翰问他。"我去打电话，让他们叫一辆出租车。"

不久，电话响起，他们说出租车在等着。

The Garden was sold out. As we came in on our way to the dressing-room I saw how full it was. It looked like half a mile down to the ring. It was all dark. Just the lights over the ring.

"It's a good thing, with this rain, they didn't try and pull this fight in the ball park," John said.

"They got a good crowd," Jack says.

"This is a fight that would draw a lot more than the Garden could hold."

"You can't tell about the weather," Jack says.

John came to the door of the dressing-room and poked his head in. Jack was sitting there with his bathrobe on, he had his arms folded and was looking at the floor. John had a couple of handlers with him. They looked over his shoulder. Jack stood up.

"Is he in?" he asked.

"He's just gone down," John said.

We started down. Walcott was just getting into the ring. The crowd gave him a big hand. He climbed through between the ropes and put his two fists together and smiled, and shook them at the crowd, first at one side of the ring, then at the other, and then sat down. Jack got a good hand coming down through the crowd. Jack is Irish and the Irish always get a pretty good hand. An Irishman don't draw in New York like a Jew or an Italian but they always get a good hand. Jack climbed up and bent down to go through the ropes and Walcott came over from his corner and pushed the rope down for Jack to go through. The crowd thought that was wonderful. Walcott put his hand on Jack's shoulder and they stood there just for a second.

"So you're going to be one of these popular champions," Jack says to him. "Take your

我们乘电梯下楼，穿过门厅，走出去，坐进出租车，向公园驶去。雨下得很大，但外面街上有好多人。公园门票卖完了。我们朝更衣室走去时，我看到人真多啊。看上去到拳击场有半英里。一片漆黑。只有拳击场上空有灯光。

"下了这场雨，他们没有设法把这场比赛安排在棒球场，是一件好事，"约翰说。

"人真多啊，"杰克说。

"这场比赛吸引来的人多得公园里都容纳不下。"

"你说不准天气，"杰克说。

约翰来到更衣室门口，探进头。杰克身穿浴衣坐在那里，两臂交叉，看着地板。约翰带着两个照料杰克比赛的人。他们从他的肩膀上望过去。杰克站起来。

"他进场了吗？"他问。

"他刚刚下去，"约翰说。

我们开始走下来。奥尔科特正走进拳击场。观众向他热烈鼓掌。他从两根绳子中间爬过去，两拳合在一起，微微一笑，对观众摇摇拳头，先是向拳击场的一边，再向另一边，随后坐下。杰克穿过人群走下来时，受到热烈欢迎。杰克是爱尔兰人，爱尔兰人总是受到相当热烈的欢迎。爱尔兰人在纽约不像犹太人或意大利人那样吸引人，但他们总是受到热烈欢迎。杰克爬上去，弯下腰，从两根绳子中间钻过去。奥尔科特从角落走过来，压低下面的绳子，让杰克钻过去。观众们认为这真奇妙。奥尔科特把一只手放在杰克的肩上，他们只在那里站了一秒钟。

goddam hand off my shoulder."

"Be yourself," Walcott says.

This is all great for the crowd. How gentlemanly the boys are before the fight. How they wish each other luck.

Solly Freedman came over to our corner while Jack is bandaging his hands and John is over in Walcott's corner. Jack puts his thumb through the slit in the bandage and then wrapped his hand nice and smooth. I taped it around the wrist and twice across the knuckles.

"Hey," Freedman says. "Where do you get all that tape?"

"Feel of it," Jack says. "It's soft, ain't it? Don't be a hick."

Freedman stands there all the time while Jack bandages the other hand, and one of the boys that's going to handle him brings the gloves and I pull them on and work them around.

"Say, Freedman," Jack asks, "what nationality is this Walcott?"

"I don't know," Solly says. "He's some sort of a Dane."

"He's a Bohemian," the lad who brought the gloves said.

The referee called them out to the center of the ring and Jack walks out. Walcott comes out smiling. They met and the referee put his arm on each of their shoulders.

"Hello, popularity," Jack says to Walcott.

"Be yourself."

"What do you call yourself 'Walcott' for?" Jack says. "Didn't you know he was a nigger?"

"Listen—" says the referee, and he gives them the same old line. Once Walcott interrupts him. He grabs Jack's arm and says, "Can I hit when he's got me like this?"

"这么说，你就要成为一位广受欢迎的冠军了，"杰克对他说。"把你那只该死的手从我的肩上拿开。"

"别慌张，"奥尔科特说。

这让观众们看来真了不起。两个小伙子比赛前是多么绅士啊。他们都多么希望对方幸运。

杰克在包扎手时，索利·弗里德曼走到我们的角落，约翰则走到奥尔科特的角落。杰克把大拇指从绷带的裂缝处伸出来，随后把他的手裹得齐整平滑。我用胶布在他的手腕和指关节上缠了两圈。

"嘿，"弗里德曼说。"你是从哪里搞来这胶布？"

"摸一下，"杰克说。"是软的，不是吗？别像乡巴佬。"

杰克包扎另一只手时，弗里德曼一直站在那里；其中一个给杰克按摩的小伙子递过拳击手套；我为他戴上系好。

"喂，弗里德曼，"杰克说，"这个奥尔科特是哪国人？"

"我不知道，"索利说。"他有点像丹麦人。"

"他是波希米亚人，"那个递手套的小伙子说。

裁判员叫他们到拳击场中央，杰克走过去。奥尔科特微笑着走出来。他们相遇，裁判员把手臂在他们各自的肩上。

"你好，愿你走红，"杰克对奥尔科特说。

"别慌张。"

"Keep your hands off me," Jack says. "There ain't no moving pictures of this."

They went to their corners. I lifted the bathrobe off Jack and he leaned on the ropes and flexed his knees a couple of times and scuffed his shoes in the rosin. The gong rang and Jack turned quick and went out. Walcott came toward him and they touched gloves and as soon as Walcott dropped his hands Jack jumped his left into his face twice. There wasn't anybody ever boxed better than Jack. Walcott was after him, going forward all the time with his chin on his chest. He's a hooker and he carries his hands pretty low. All he knows is to get in there and sock. But every time he gets in there close, Jack has the left hand in his face. It's just as though it's automatic. Jack just raises the left hand up and it's in Walcott's face. Three or four times Jack brings the right over but Walcott gets it on the shoulder or high up on the head. He's just like all these hookers. The only thing he's afraid of is another one of the same kind. He's covered everywhere you can hurt him. He don't care about a left-hand in his face.

After about four rounds Jack has him bleeding bad and his face all cut up, but every time Walcott's got in close he's socked so hard he's got two big red patches on both sides just below Jack's ribs. Every time he gets in close, Jack ties him up, then gets one hand loose and uppercuts him, but when Walcott gets his hands loose he socks Jack in the body so they can hear it outside in the street. He's a socker.

It goes along like that for three rounds more. They don't talk any. They're working all the time. We worked over Jack plenty too, in between the rounds. He don't look good at all but he never does much work in the ring. He don't move around much and that left-hand is just automatic. It's just like it was connected with Walcott's face and Jack just had to wish

"你为什么叫自己‘奥尔科特’？"杰克说。"你不知道他是黑鬼吗？"

"听着——"裁判员说，他向他们宣布老行规。奥尔科特打断他一次。他抓住杰克的胳膊说："他这样抓住我时，我能打他吗？"

"把你的手拿开，"杰克说。"这又不是拍电影。"

他们回到各自的角落。我揭去杰克的浴衣；他趴在绳子上，弯曲了两次膝关节，在松香里擦了擦拳击鞋。铃声响了，杰克飞快转身走出去。奥尔科特向他走来；他们的拳击手套碰了一下；奥尔科特一放下手，杰克就挥起左手，在他的脸上连捣了两下。谁也没有杰克的拳法好。奥尔科特在追他，一直把下巴抵在胸口向前冲。他打的是钩拳，手举得很低。他知道的就是贴近重击。但是，他每一次贴近，杰克的左手拳就捣在他的脸上，就像是自动装置一样。杰克只要举起左手，就会捣在奥尔科特的脸上。有三四次，杰克右手出拳，但奥尔科特会让他打在肩上或使他打高落在头上。他就像所有那些钩拳手一样。他唯一害怕的就是另一个同类型的拳击手。凡是你能伤到他的地方，他都会加以保护。他不在乎脸上挨一左拳。

大约四个回合后，杰克打得他鲜血淋漓；他的脸都被打破了，但每一次奥尔科特贴近杰克，他出手很重，他在杰克的肋骨正下两面打出了两块大红斑。每一次他贴近时，杰克逼住他，然后抽出一只手，用上钩拳打他，但奥尔科特抽出双手后，捣在杰克的身上，外面街上都能听到。他是一个重拳手。

这样又打了三个回合。他们一声不吭，一直在搏击。在回合中间，我们也多多为杰克按摩。他看上去气色不好，但他在拳击场从不多运动。他不大移动，左手不过是无

it in every time. Jack is always calm in close and he doesn't waste any juice. He knows everything about working in close too and he's getting away with a lot of stuff. While they were in our corner I watched him tie Walcott up, get his right hand loose, turn it and come up with an uppercut that got Walcott's nose with the heel of the glove. Walcott was bleeding bad and leaned his nose on Jack's shoulder so as to give Jack some of it too, and Jack sort of lifted his shoulder sharp and caught him against the nose, and then brought down the right hand and did the same thing again.

Walcott was sore as hell. By the time they'd gone five rounds he hated Jack's guts. Jack wasn't sore; that is, he wasn't any sorer than he always was. He certainly did used to make the fellows he fought hate boxing. That was why he hated Kid Lewis so. He never got the Kid's goat. Kid Lewis always had about three new dirty things Jack couldn't do. Jack was as safe as a church all the time he was in there, as long as he was strong. He certainly was treating Walcott rough. The funny thing was it looked as though Jack was an open classic boxer. That was because he had all that stuff too.

After the seventh round Jack says, "My left's getting heavy."

From then he started to take a beating. It didn't show at first. But instead of him running the fight it was Walcott was running it, instead of being safe all the time now he was in trouble. He couldn't keep him out with the left hand now. It looked as though it was the same as ever, only now instead of Walcott's punches just missing him they were just hitting him. He took an awful beating in the body.

"What's the round?" Jack asked.

"The eleventh."

意识的行动。它就像跟奥尔科特的脸连在一起，杰克每一次只是不得不希望如此。杰克贴近时总是冷静，不浪费任何活力。他也对贴近时进行的动作了如指掌，而且他会用许多招式避开对方。当他们到我们的角落时，我看到他逼住奥尔科特，抽出右手，旋转，来了个上钩拳，拳击手套的后部打中了奥尔科特的鼻子。奥尔科特鲜血淋漓，把鼻子贴在杰克的肩上，也是为了给杰克来一拳。杰克突然微抬肩膀，撞他的鼻子，随后放下右手，又来了一下。

奥尔科特非常恼火。这时，他们已经来了五个回合，他恨透了杰克。杰克并不恼火；也就是说，他并没有平常那样恼火。他以前肯定经常使那些跟他比赛的人憎恨拳击，这就是他如此憎恨基德·刘易斯的原因。他从来没有使这个小伙子恼怒。基德·刘易斯总是有大约三种杰克不会的新花招。只要身强力壮，杰克在比赛场上就始终像教堂一样安全。他肯定是在对奥尔科特动粗。有趣的是，看上去好像杰克是一个不管防御的一流拳击手。这是因为他也掌握了所有那些招式。

第七个回合后，杰克说："我的左手越来越沉重。"

从那时起，他就开始挨打。开始还不明显。但是，不再是他在追击比赛，而是奥尔科特在追击比赛；现在不再是始终安全，而是陷入了麻烦。他现在不能用左手避免挨打了。看上去好像还跟先前一样，只是现在奥尔科特的拳击不再失手，而是打在他身上。他的身体遭到了一顿痛打。

"第几个回合了？"杰克问。

"I can't stay," Jack says. "My legs are going bad."

Walcott had been just hitting him for a long time. It was like a baseball catcher pulls the ball and takes some of the shock off. From now on Walcott commenced to land solid. He certainly was a socking-machine. Jack was just trying to block everything now. It didn't show what an awful beating he was taking. In between the rounds I worked on his legs. The muscles would flutter under my hands all the time I was rubbing them. He was sick as hell.

"How's it go?" he asked John, turning around, his face all swollen.

"It's his fight."

"I think I can last," Jack says. "I don't want this bohunk to stop me."

It was going just the way he thought it would. He knew he couldn't beat Walcott. He wasn't strong any more. He was all right though. His money was all right and now he wanted to finish it off right to please himself. He didn't want to be knocked out.

The gong rang and we pushed him out. He went out slow. Walcott came right out after him. Jack put the left in his face and Walcott took it, came in under it and started working on Jack's body. Jack tried to tie him up and it was just like trying to hold on to a buzz-saw. Jack broke away from it and missed with the right. Walcott clipped him with a left-hook and Jack went down. He went down on his hands and knees and looked at us. The referee started counting. Jack was watching us and shaking his head. At eight John motioned to him. You couldn't hear on account of the crowd. Jack got up. The referee had been holding Walcott back with one arm while he counted. When Jack was on his feet Walcott started toward him.

"Watch yourself, Jimmy," I heard Solly Freedman yell to him.

Walcott came up to Jack looking at him. Jack stuck the left hand at him. Walcott just

"第十一个回合。"

"我坚持不了了，"杰克说。"我的腿不行了。"

奥尔科特一直揍了他好长时间。这就像棒球接球手把球拖一下，以减少球的一些冲力。从现在起，奥尔科特开始结结实实地打下来。他肯定是一台重击机器。杰克现在只是设法在处处拦挡。看不出他挨到了多么可怕的痛打。在回合中间，我给他按摩腿。他腿上的肌肉始终在我按摩的手下悸动。他病得要死。

"打得怎样？"他转过脸问约翰，他的脸全肿了。

"这是他在拳击。"

"我想我能坚持，"杰克说。"我不想让这个粗人打垮我。"

这就像他预料的那样。他知道他打不败奥尔科特。他不再身强力壮了。但是，他没事儿。他的钱也没事儿，现在他爱怎么结束这场比赛都行。他不想被打倒。

铃声响了，我们把他推出去。他慢慢地出场。奥尔科特直向他追来。杰克将左拳打在他的脸上；奥尔科特挨了一下，在杰克的打击下挺进，开始打起了杰克的身体。杰克想设法逼住他，这就像想设法抓住一把圆锯。杰克突然远离，右拳没有打中。奥尔科特猛地给了他一个左钩拳，杰克倒下。他倒下时手膝着地，望着我们。裁判员开始计数。杰克注视着我们，摇了摇头。数到了八，约翰向他打了个手势。因为观众嘈嘈，什么也听不到。杰克站起来。裁判员计数时，一直在用一只胳膊拦住奥尔科特。

杰克站起来后，奥尔科特开始向他走去。

shook his head. He backed Jack up against the ropes, measured him and then hooked the left very light to the side of Jack's head and socked the right into the body as hard as he could sock, just as low as he could get it. He must have hit him five inches below the belt. I thought the eyes would come out of Jack's head. They stuck way out. His mouth come open.

The referee grabbed Walcott. Jack stepped forward. If he went down there went fifty thousand bucks. He walked as though all his insides were going to fall out.

"It wasn't low," he said. "It was a accident."

The crowd were yelling so you couldn't hear anything.

"I'm all right," Jack says. They were right in front of us. The referee looks at John and then he shakes his head.

"Come on, you polak son-of-a-bitch," Jack says to Walcott.

John was hanging onto the ropes. He had the towel ready to chuck in. Jack was standing just a little way out from the ropes. He took a step forward. I saw the sweat come out on his face like somebody had squeezed it and a big drop went down his nose.

"Come on and fight," Jack says to Walcott.

The referee looked at John and waved Walcott on.

"Go in there, you slob," he says.

Walcott went in. he didn't know what to do either. He never thought Jack could have stood it. Jack put the left in his face. There was such a hell of a lot of yelling going on. They were right in front of us. Walcott hit him twice. Jack's face was the worst thing I ever saw—the look on it! He was holding himself and all his body together and it all showed on his face.

"当心，吉米，"我听到索利·弗里德曼冲他大声叫道。

奥尔科特走到杰克面前，望着他。杰克向他伸出左手。奥尔科特只是摇了摇头。他把杰克逼得背靠绳索，打量着他，然后左钩拳轻轻地打杰克其中一边的脑袋，然后尽最大力气用右手尽可能低地猛击杰克的身体。他一定是打在了腰带下面五英寸处。我想杰克的眼睛会从脑袋上掉出来。他的眼睛突出，嘴巴张开。

裁判员一把抓住奥尔科特。杰克走上前。如果他倒下来，五万块钱就没有了。他走着，仿佛五脏六腑都要掉出来了。

"没有击低，"他说。"这是一次意外。"

观众在大声叫喊，所以你什么也听不到。

"我没事儿，"杰克说。他们就在我们面前。裁判员瞧瞧约翰，然后又摇了摇头。

"来吧，你这个波兰杂种，"杰克对奥尔科特说。

约翰紧紧抓住绳索。他拿着一条毛巾准备进去抚慰。杰克站的跟绳索只有一点距离。他向前走了一步。我看到汗水从他的脸上冒出来，就像有人挤过他的脸一样，一大滴汗珠顺着他的鼻子流下来。

"来打呀，"杰克对奥尔科特说。

裁判员瞧瞧约翰，朝奥尔科特挥挥手。

"去吧，你这笨蛋，"他说。

奥尔科特走过去。他也不知道怎么办。他从来没有想到杰克能挺得住。杰克用左拳打他的脸。此起彼伏拼命叫喊的声音响个不停。他们就在我们面前。奥尔科特击中他两

All the time he was thinking and holding his body in where it was busted.

Then he started to sock. His face looked awful all the time. He started to sock with his hands low down by his side, swinging at Walcott. Walcott covered up and Jack was swinging wild at Walcott's head. Then he swung the left and it hit Walcott in the groin and the right hit Walcott right bang where he'd hit Jack. Way low below the belt. Walcott went down and grabbed himself there and rolled and twisted around.

The referee grabbed Jack and pushed him toward his corner. John jumps into the ring. There was all this yelling going on. The referee was talking with the judges and then the announcer got into the ring with the megaphone and says, "Walcott on a foul."

The referee is talking to John and he says, "What could I do? Jack wouldn't take the foul. Then when he's groggy he fouls him."

"He'd lost it anyway," John says.

Jack's sitting on the chair. I've got his gloves off and he's holding himself in down there with both hands. When he's got something supporting it his face doesn't look so bad.

"Go over and say you're sorry," John says into his ear. "It'll look good."

Jack stands up and the sweat comes out all over his face. I put the bathrobe around him and he holds himself in with one hand under the bathrobe and goes across the ring. They've picked Walcott up and they're working on him. There're a lot of people in Walcott's corner. Nobody speaks to Jack. He leans over Walcott.

"I'm sorry," Jack says. "I didn't mean to foul you."

Walcott doesn't say anything. He looks too damned sick.

次。杰克的脸是我见过的最糟糕的脸——那副模样！他硬撑着不让自己倒下来，脸上的表情完全说明了这一点。他一直想着守住自己被打裂的地方。

随后，他开始重击。他的脸色始终非常难看。他开始用低贴在体侧的双手挥向奥尔科特重击起来。奥尔科特遮挡，杰克拼命挥向奥尔科特的脑袋。接着，他挥起左拳，打在了奥尔科特的腹股沟，随后他的右拳咚地打在奥尔科特打中他的地方。比腰带低得多。奥尔科特倒了下去，抓住自己，扭曲身体，在地上滚来滚去。

裁判员抓住杰克，把他推向那个角落。约翰跳进拳击场。此起彼伏的叫喊声还是响成一片。裁判员在跟评判员们交谈，随后解说员拿着扩音器走进拳击场说："奥尔科特被犯规击中。"

裁判员在对约翰说话，他说："我能做什么呢？杰克不愿接受犯规击中。随后，他头昏眼花，就犯规打了对方。"

"总之，他输了，"约翰说。

杰克坐在椅子上。我为他脱去手套，他两只手按着痛处。他有了一些支撑后，脸色不那么难看了。

"过去说一声对不起，"约翰在他的耳边说。"这会好看些。"

杰克站起来，满脸冒汗。我把浴衣披在他的身上；他一只手伸到浴衣下面按着痛处，走过拳击场。他们已经扶起奥尔科特，在给他按摩。奥尔科特的角落有许多人。没有一个人对杰克说话。他朝奥尔科特俯过身。

"对不起，"杰克说。"我不是有意对你犯规。"

"Well, you're the champion now," Jack says to him. "I hope you get a hell of a lot of fun out of it."

"Leave the kid alone," Solly Freedman says.

"Hello, Solly," Jack says. "I'm sorry I fouled your boy."

Freedman just looks at him.

Jack went to his corner walking that funny jerky way and we got him down through the ropes and through the reporters' tables and out down the aisles. A lot of people want to slap Jack on the back. He goes out through all that mob in his bathrobe to the dressing-room. It's a popular win for Walcott. "I'm all busted inside," Jack says.

"I'm sorry as hell, Jack," John says.

"It's all right," Jack says.

He lies there with his eyes shut.

"They certainly tried a nice double-cross," John said.

"Your friends Morgan and Steinfelt," Jack said. "You got nice friends."

He lies there, his eyes are open now. His face has still got that awful drawn look.

"It's funny how fast you can think when it means that much money," Jack says.

"You're some boy, Jack," John says.

"No," Jack says. "It was nothing."

奥尔科特一言不发。看上去他的脸色糟糕极了。

"啊，你现在是冠军喽，"杰克对他说。"我希望你其乐无穷啊。"

"别管那小子，"索利·弗里德曼说。

"你好，索利，"杰克说。"对不起，我犯规打了你的小伙子。"

弗里德曼只是看了他一眼。

杰克迈着他可笑颠簸的步子走到他的角落；我们帮他钻过绳索下来，穿过记者席，走到外面的过道。许多人想拍一下杰克的后背。他穿着浴衣穿过这群嗷嗷叫喊的观众，来到更衣室。大家都料到奥尔科特会打赢。公园里的人都是这样押的赌注。

我们一旦走进更衣室，杰克就躺下来，闭上了眼睛。

"我们要赶到旅馆请一位医生，"约翰说。

"我的体内都打烂了，"杰克说。

"我非常抱歉，杰克，"约翰说。

"没事儿，"杰克说。

他闭着眼睛躺在那里。

"他们肯定是设了一个漂亮的骗局，"约翰说。

"你的朋友摩根和斯坦菲尔特，"杰克说。"你交了两个好朋友。"

他躺在那里，现在睁开了眼睛。他的脸上仍然带着那种可怕憔悴的表情。

"有趣，当打算押那么多钱时，你思想转得可真快啊，"杰克说。

"杰克，你好样的，"约翰说。

"不，"杰克说。"这不算什么。"

# The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio

They brought them in around mid-night and then, all night long, everyone along the corridor heard the Russian.

"Where is he shot?" Mr. Frazer asked the night nurse.

"In the thigh, I think."

"What about the other one?"

"Oh, he's going to die, I'm afraid."

"Where is he shot?"

"Twice in the abdomen. They only found one of the bullets."

They were both beet workers, a Mexican and a Russian, and they were sitting drinking coffee in an all-night restaurant when someone came in the door and started shooting at the Mexican. The Russian crawled under a table and was hit, finally, by a stray shot fired at the Mexican as he lay on the floor with two bullets in his abdomen. That was what the paper said.

The Mexican told the police he had no idea who shot him. He believed it to be an accident.

"An accident that he fired eight shots at you and hit you twice, there?"

"Sí, señor," said the Mexican, who was named Cayetano Ruiz.

# 赌徒、修女和收音机

他们大约午夜时分把这两个人送了进来；随后，整整一夜，走廊边的每个人都听到了那个俄国人的叫声。

"他被打在了哪里？"弗雷泽先生问夜班护士。

"在大腿上，我想。"

"另一个人怎么样？"

"噢，我怕他快要死了。"

"他被打在了哪里？"

"腹部中了两枪。他们只找到了一颗子弹。"

他们俩都是甜菜工，一个是墨西哥人，一个是俄国人；他们坐在一家通宵餐馆喝咖啡，突然一个人走进门，开始朝那个墨西哥人开枪。墨西哥人倒在地上，腹部中了两颗子弹；俄国人爬到桌下时，被一颗射向墨西哥人的流弹打中。报纸上是这样说的。

墨西哥人告诉警察说，他根本不知道是谁开枪打的他。他相信是一个意外事件。

"一个意外事件，他就向你开了八枪，打中了你两枪，是吗？"

"Sí，señor[1]，"那个墨西哥人说，他名叫卡耶塔诺·鲁伊斯。

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[1] Sí，señor，西班牙语，意思是"是，先生"。

"An accident that he hit me at all, the cabrón," he said to the interpreter.

"What does he say?" asked the detective sergeant, looking across the bed at the interpreter.

"He says it was an accident."

"Tell him to tell the truth, that he is going to die," the detective said.

"Na," said Cayetano. "But tell him that I feel very sick and would prefer not to talk so much."

"He says that he is telling the truth," the interpreter said. Then, speaking confidently, to the detective, "He don't know who shot him. They shot him in the back."

"Yes," said the detective. "I understand that, but why did the bullets all go in the front?"

"Maybe he is spinning around," said the interpreter.

"Listen," said the detective, shaking his finger almost at Cayetano's nose, which projected, waxen yellow, from his dead-man's face in which his eyes were alive as a hawk's, "I don't give a damn who shot you, but I've got to clear this thing up. Don't you want the man who shot you to be punished? Tell him that," he said to the interpreter.

"He says to tell who shot you."

"Mandarlo al carajo," said Cayetano, who was very tired.

"He says he never saw the fellow at all," the interpreter said. "I tell you straight they shot him in the back."

"Ask him who shot the Russian."

"Poor Russian," said Cayetano. "He was on the floor with his head enveloped in his arms.

"他向我开枪就是一件意外事件，cabrón[1]，"他对那个译员说。

"他说什么？"那个警官看着床对面的译员问道。

"他说那是一个意外事件。"

"告诉他说实话，他快要死了，"警官说。

"不，"卡耶塔诺说。"但要告诉他，我感到恶心想吐，不喜欢多说什么。"

"他说，他说的是实话，"译员说。随后，自信地对警官说："他不知道是谁开枪打的他。他们从他的背后开的枪。"

"是，"警官说。"这我明白，但子弹为什么都是从前面打进去的呢？"

"也许他在瞎说，"译员说。

"听着，"警官说，他的手指几乎是对着卡耶塔诺的鼻子摇晃，那只蜡黄的鼻子突出在他死人般的脸上，眼睛却像鹰眼一样灵活，"我根本不在乎是谁开枪打的你，但我不得不澄清这件事儿。你不想让那个开枪打你的人受到惩罚吗？把这话告诉他，"他对译员说。

"他说要说出是谁向他开的枪。"

"Mandarlo al carajo[2]，"卡耶塔诺说，他非常疲倦。

"他说他根本没有看到那个家伙，"译员说。"我可以直接告诉你，他们从他背后开的枪。"

"问他是谁向那个俄国人开的枪。"

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[1] cabrón，西班牙语，意思是"那个混蛋"。

[2] Mandarlo al carajo，西班牙语，意思是"见鬼去吧"。

He started to give cries when they shoot him and he is giving cries ever since. Poor Russian."

"He says some fellow that he don't know. Maybe the same fellow that shot him."

"Listen," the detective said. "This isn't Chicago. You're not a gangster. You don't have to act like a moving picture. It's all right to tell who shot you. Anybody would tell who shot them. That's all right to do. Suppose you don't tell who he is and he shoots somebody else. Suppose he shoots a woman or a child. You can't let him get away with that. You tell him," he said to Mr. Frazer. "I don't trust that damn interpreter."

"I am very reliable," the interpreter said. Cayetano looked at Mr. Frazer.

"Listen, amigo," said Mr. Frazer. "The policeman says that we are not in Chicago but in Hailey, Montana. You are not a bandit and this has nothing to do with the cinema."

"I believe him," said Cayetano softly. "Ya lo creo."

"One can, with honour, denounce one's assailant. Every one does it here, he says. He says what happens if after shooting you, this man shoots a woman or a child?"

"I am not married," Cayetano said.

"He says any woman, any child."

"The man is not crazy," Cayetano said.

"He says you should denounce him," Mr. Frazer finished.

"Thank you," Cayetano said. "You are of the great translators. I speak English, but badly. I understand it all right. How did you break your leg?"

"A fall off a horse."

"可怜的俄国人，"卡耶塔诺说。"他趴在地上，两臂抱着头。他们开枪打他时，他开始大叫起来，一直叫到现在。可怜的俄国人。"

"他说是一个他不认识的家伙。也许就是那个开枪打他的家伙。"

"听着，"警官说。"这里不是芝加哥。你不是一个歹徒。你不必像演电影一样。说出开枪打你的人没错。任何人都会说出开枪打他们的人。这样做没错。假如你不说出他是谁，他还会开枪打别人。假如他去开枪打女人或孩子怎么办。你不能让他逃之夭夭。你告诉他，"他对弗雷泽先生说。"我不信任那个该死的译员。"

"我非常可靠，"译员说。卡耶塔诺望着弗雷泽先生。

"听着，朋友，"弗雷泽先生说。"警察说，我们不是在芝加哥，而是在蒙大拿州海利市。你不是强盗，这跟演电影没有关系。"

"我相信他，"卡耶塔诺轻声说道。"我相信他。"

"一个人可以揭发加害自己的人，这不丢人。他说这里每个人都会这样做。他说，如果那个人开枪打你后，又去开枪打女人或孩子，会怎么样？"

"我没有结婚，"卡耶塔诺说。

"他说的是任何女人、任何孩子。"

"那个人不是疯子，"卡耶塔诺说。

"他说你应该揭发他，"弗雷泽先生最后说。

"谢谢你，"卡耶塔诺说。"你是了不起的翻译。我会说英语，但说得不好。我肯定会听懂。你的腿是怎么断的？"

"从马背上摔了下来。"

"What bad luck. I am very sorry. Does it hurt much?"

"Not now. At first, yes."

"Listen, amigo," Cayetano began, "I am very weak. You will pardon me. Also I have much pain; enough pain. It is very possible that I die. Please get this policeman out of here because I am very tired." He made as though to roll to one side; then held himself still.

"I told him everything exactly as you said and he said to tell you, truly, that he doesn't know who shot him and that he is very weak and wishes you would question him later on," Mr. Frazer said.

"He'll probably be dead later on."

"That's quite possible."

"That's why I want to question him now."

"Somebody shot him in the back, I tell you," the interpreter said.

"Oh, for Chrisake," the detective sergeant said, and put his notebook in his pocket.

Outside in the corridor the detective sergeant stood with the interpreter beside Mr. Frazer's wheeled chair.

"I suppose you think somebody shot him in the back too?"

"Yes," Frazer said. "Somebody shot him in the back. What's it to you?"

"Don't get sore," the sergeant said. "I wish I could talk spick."

"Why don't you learn?"

"You don't have to get sore. I don't get any fun out of asking that spick question. If I

"真倒霉。我很难过。疼得很吗？"

"现在不很疼了。起初疼得很。"

"听着，朋友，"卡耶塔诺开口说道，"我很虚弱。你会原谅我。我也很痛苦，痛得够受。很可能我会死。请让这个警察离开这里，因为我很累。"他作出要侧向一边的样子，然后就一动不动了。

"我把你的话完完整整告诉了他；　他说确实对你说过他不知道是谁开枪打的他，还说他很虚弱，希望你稍后再问他，"弗雷泽先生说。

"他稍后说不定会死去。"

"这很有可能。"

"这就是我要现在问他的原因。"

"我告诉你，是有人从他背后开的枪，"译员说。

"噢，天知道，"警官说着，把笔记本放进了口袋。

外面走廊里，警官和译员站在弗雷泽先生的轮椅旁边。

"我想你也认为是有人从他背后开的枪吧？"

"是，"弗雷泽说。"有人从他背后开的枪。你认为怎么样？"

"不要生气，"警官说。"我真希望自己会说西班牙语。"

"你为什么不学？"

"你不必生气。我问了那个西班牙语问题，没有得到任何乐趣。如果我能说西班牙

could talk spick it would be different."

"You don't need to talk Spanish," the interpreter said. "I'm a very reliable interpreter."

"Oh, for Chrisake," the sergeant said. "Well, so long. I'll come up and see you."

"Thanks. I'm always in."

"I guess you are all right. That was bad luck all right. Plenty bad luck."

"It's coming along good now since he spliced the bone."

"Yes, but it's a long time. A long, long time."

"Don't let anybody shoot you in the back."

"That's right," he said. "That's right. Well, I'm glad you're not sore."

"So long," said Mr. Frazer.

Mr. Frazer did not see Cayetano again for a long time, but each morning Sister Cecilia brought news of him. He was so uncomplaining she said and he was very bad now. He had peritonitis and they thought he could not live. Poor Cayetano, she said. He had such beautiful hands and such a fine face and he never complains. The odour, now, was really terrific. He would point toward his nose with one finger and smile and shake his head, she said. He felt badly about the odour. It embarrassed him, Sister Cecilia said. Oh, he was such a fine patient. He always smiled. He wouldn't go to confession to Father but he promised to say his prayers, and not a Mexican had been to see him since he had been brought in. The Russian was going out at the end of the week. I could never feel anything about the Russian, Sister Cecilia said. Poor fellow, he suffered too. It was a greased bullet and dirty and the wound infected, but

语，情况就会不一样。"

"你无需说西班牙语，"译员说，"我是一个非常可靠的译员。"

"噢，天知道，"警官说。"好，再见，我会来看你的。"

"谢谢。我总在这里。"

"我想你没事儿。当时确实倒霉。非常倒霉。"

"他接好了骨头，就会一路变好。"

"是，但时间很长。很长很长时间。"

"不要让任何人在你背后开枪。"

"说得对，"他说。"说得对。啊，我很高兴你没有生气。"

"再见，"弗雷泽先生说。

弗雷泽好长时间没有再见卡耶塔诺，但每天早上塞西莉亚修女带来他的消息。她说，他从来没有怨言，现在非常糟糕。他患有腹膜炎，他们认为他活不了了。可怜的卡耶塔诺，她说。他有一双如此美观的手和一张如此漂亮的脸，而且从不抱怨。现在，气味真让人难受。她说，他会用一根手指指向自己的鼻子，微微一笑，摇摇头。他对那种气味感到遗憾。这使他感到尴尬，塞西莉亚修女说。噢，他是一个多好的病人。他总是微笑。他不愿去向神父忏悔，但他答应祷告；他被送进来后，没有一个墨西哥人来看过他。那个俄国人周末就要出院。我从来无法关心那个俄国人的事儿，塞西莉亚修女说。可怜的人，他也受了害。那是一颗涂油的、肮脏的子弹，伤口感染，但他嚷嚷得非常

he made so much noise and then I always like the bad ones. That Cayetano, he's a bad one. Oh, he must really be a bad one, a thoroughly bad one, he's so fine and delicately made and he's never done any work with his hands. He's not a beet worker. I know he's not a beet worker. His hands are as smooth and not a callus on them. I know he's a bad one of some sort. I'm going down and pray for him now. Poor Cayetano, he's having a dreadful time and he doesn't make a sound. What did they have to shoot him for? Oh, that poor Cayetano! I'm going right down and pray for him.

She went right down and prayed for him.

In that hospital a radio did not work very well until it was dusk. They said it was because there was so much ore in the ground or something about the mountains, but anyway it did not work well at all until it began to get dark outside; but all night it worked beautifully and when one station stopped you could go farther west and pick up another. The last one that you could get was Seattle, Washington, and due to the difference in time, when they signed off at four o'clock in the morning it was five o'clock in the morning in the hospital; and at six o'clock you could get the morning revelers in Minneapolis. That was on account of the difference in time, too, and Mr. Frazer used to like to think of the morning revelers arriving at the studio and picture how they would look getting off a street-car before daylight in the morning carrying their instruments. Maybe that was wrong and they kept their instruments at the place they reveled, but he always pictured them with their instruments. He had never been in Minneapolis and believed he probably would never go there, but he knew what it looked like that early in the morning.

Out of the window of the hospital you could see a field with tumbleweed coming out of the snow, and a bare clay butte. One morning the doctor wanted to show Mr. Grazer

厉害，而且我一向喜欢坏人。那个卡耶塔诺，他是一个坏人。噢，他一定真的是一个坏人，一个彻头彻尾的坏人，他长得如此漂亮优雅，从来没有用手做过任何工作。他不是一个甜菜工。我知道他不是一个甜菜工。他的手光滑，没有老茧。我知道他是某种坏人。我要下去为他祈祷。可怜的卡耶塔诺，他正非常难受，一声不吭。他们为什么开枪打他？噢，这个可怜的卡耶塔诺！我要马上下去为他祈祷。

她马上下去为他祈祷。

在这座医院里，收音机要到黄昏后才运转良好。他们说，那是因为地里有许多矿石，或者山里有什么东西；但是，整个夜晚它运转极好，而且一个电台停止后，你可以再向西拧，收听另一个电台。你可以收到的最后一个电台是华盛顿州西雅图；因为时差，他们在凌晨四点停止广播，这时医院里是凌晨五点；而在六点，你可以听到明尼阿波利斯市的那些早晨狂欢曲。这也是因为时差；弗雷泽先生经常喜欢想那些早晨狂欢演奏者到达演播室的情景，想象他们在凌晨破晓之前带着乐器从电车上下来的情景。也许这样做不对，他们会把乐器放在他们演奏音乐的地方，但他总是想象他们随身带着乐器。他从来没有到过明尼阿波利斯，而且相信他可能永远不会去那里，但他知道那里早晨是什么样子。

你从医院的窗口可以看到一片长有风滚草的雪野和一座光秃秃的土丘。一天早晨，医生想让弗雷泽先生看那里雪地上的两只野鸡，就把他的床拉向窗口，那盏看书用的

two pheasants that were out there in the snow, and pulling the bed toward the window, the reading light fell off the iron bedstead and hit Mr. Frazer on the head. This does not sound so funny now but it was very funny then. Everyone was looking out the window, and the doctor, who was a most excellent doctor, was pointing at the pheasants and pulling the bed toward the window, and then, just as in a comic section, Mr. Frazer was knocked out by the leaded base of the lamp hitting the top of his head. It seemed the antithesis of healing or whatever people were in the hospital for, and everyone thought it was very funny, as a joke on Mr. Frazer and on the doctor. Everything is much simpler in a hospital, including the jokes.

From the other window, if the bed was turned, you could see the town, with a little smoke above it, and the Dawson mountains looking like real mountains with the winter snow on them. Those were the two views since the wheeled chair had proved to be premature. It is really best to be in bed if you are in a hospital; since two views, with time to observe them, from a room the temperature of which you control, are much better than any number of views seen for a few minutes from hot, empty rooms that are waiting for someone else, or just abandoned, which you are wheeled in and out of. If you stay long enough in a room the view, whatever it is, acquires a great value and becomes very important and you would not change it, not even by a different angle. Just as, with the radio, there are certain things that you become fond of, and you welcome them and resent the new things. The best tunes they had that winter were "Sing Something Simple", "Singsong Girl", and "Little White Lies". No other tunes were as satisfactory, Mr. Frazer felt. "Betty Co-ed," was a good tune too, but the parody of the words which came unavoidably into Mr. Frazer's mind, grew so steadily and increasingly obscene that there being no one to appreciate it, he finally abandoned it and let the song go back to football.

灯从铁床架上掉下来，砸在了弗雷泽先生的头上。现在这件事听起来不那么可笑了，但当时非常可笑。每个人都在望着窗外；那个医生是一位极其出色的医生，他一边指着野鸡，一边把床拉向窗口；随后，就像在连环画里那样，弗雷泽先生被那盏灯的铅底座砸在了头顶上，昏了过去。 这好像跟治病救人或跟医院里的人做的事儿相反，所以每个人都认为非常可笑，是对弗雷泽先生和那个医生开了个玩笑。一切都比医院里简单得多，包括玩笑。

如果把床转过来，你就可以从另一个窗口看到那座城市，城市上空有一点小小的烟雾， 道森山覆盖着冬雪，看上去像真正的山脉。既然事实证明坐轮椅太早，那就是这两个风景了。如果你住在医院，其实最好是卧床；因为从一个你控制温度的房间有时间观察这两个风景，比从一些炎热的空屋里看几分钟许多风景要好得多，你坐着轮椅在那些等着病人搬进或病人刚搬走的空屋里进进出出。如果你在一个房间里呆得太久，无论什么风景都有重大价值，变得非常重要，你不会去改变它，甚至连不同的角度也改变不了。就像听收音机那样，有些东西你渐渐喜欢后，就会欢迎它们，讨厌那些新东西。那年冬天他们听到的最好曲子是《唱一件简单事儿》、《歌女》和《没有恶意的小谎》。弗雷泽先生感到其他曲子没有那样让人满意。尽管《女学生贝蒂》也是一支好曲子，但那些不得已传到弗雷泽先生脑海里的滑稽模拟歌词越来越令人厌恶，所以没有一个人会欣赏它，他最后放弃，让那首曲子重新回到了橄榄球比赛中。

About nine o'clock in the morning they would start using the X-ray machine, and then the radio, which, by then, was only getting Hailey, became useless. Many people in Hailey who owned radio protested about the hospital's X-ray machine which ruined their morning reception, but there was never any action taken, although many felt it was a shame the hospital could not use their machine at a time when people were not using their radios.

About the time when it became necessary to turn off the radio, Sister Cecilia came in.

"How's Cayetano, Sister Cecilia?" Mr. Frazer asked.

"Oh, he's very bad."

"Is he out of his head?"

"No, but I'm afraid he's going to die."

"How are you?"

"I'm very worried about him, and do you know that absolutely no one has come to see him? He could die just like a dog for all those Mexicans care. They're really dreadful."

"Do you want to come up and hear the game this afternoon?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I'd be too excited. I'll be in the chapel praying."

"We ought to be able to hear it pretty well," Mr. Frazer said. "They're playing out on the coast and the difference in time will bring it late enough so we can get it all right."

"Oh, no. I couldn't do it. The world series nearly finished me. When the Athletics were at bat I was praying right out loud: 'Oh, Lord, direct their batting eyes! Oh, Lord, may he hit

上午九点钟左右，他们会开始使用X光机，这时收音机只能收听海利的广播，变得没有价值。许多有收音机的海利人抗议医院里的X光机，因为它破坏了他们早晨的收听，但从来没有采取任何行动，尽管许多人觉得医院每次都在人们听收音机时使用X光机，是一直可耻的事儿。

大约到了必须关收音机的时刻，塞西莉亚修女走了进来。

"卡耶塔诺怎么样，塞西莉亚嬷嬷？"弗雷泽先生问。

"噢，他很糟。"

"他神志不清了吗？"

"没有，但我怕他快要死了。"

"你觉得怎么样？"

"我很为他担心，你知道没有根本一个人来看过他吗？他可能像一条狗那样死去，因为所有的墨西哥人都不管。他们真可怕。"

"你今天下午想上来听比赛吗？"

"噢，不想，"她说。"我会太激动。我要在小礼拜堂里祈祷。"

"我们应该能听得相当清楚，"弗雷泽先生说。"他们在沿岸比赛；时差会使比赛进行得足够晚，所以我们肯定能听清。"

"噢，不。我做不到。世界职业棒球大赛差点儿毁掉我。运动员队上场击球时，我马上大声祈祷：'噢，主啊，指引他们击球员的眼力吧！噢，主啊，祝愿他击中！噢，主啊，祝愿他安全击中！'后来，你还记得吧，他们第三局跑完时，我真受不了了。

one! Oh, Lord, may he hit safely!' Then when they filled the bases in the third game, you remember, it was too much for me. 'Oh, Lord, may he hit it out of the lot! Oh, Lord, may he drive it clean over the fence!' Then you know when the Cardinals would come to bat it was simply dreadful. 'Oh, Lord, may they not see it! Oh, Lord, don't let them even catch a glimpse of it! Oh, Lord, may they fan!' and this game is even worse. It's Notre Dame. Our Lady. No, I'll be in the chapel. For Our Lady. They're playing for Our Lady. I wish you'd write something sometime for Our Lady. You could do it. You know you could do it, Mr. Frazer."

"I don't know anything about her that I could write. It's mostly been written already," Mr. Frazer said. "You wouldn't like the way I write. She wouldn't care for it either."

"You'll write about her sometime," Sister said. "I know you will. You must write about Our Lady."

"You'd better come up and hear the game."

"It would be too much for me. No, I'll be in the chapel doing what I can."

That afternoon they had been playing about five minutes when a probationer came into the room and said, "Sister Cecilia wants to know how the game is going?"

"Tell her they have a touchdown already."

In a little while the probationer came into the room again.

"Tell her they're playing them off their feet," Mr. Frazer said.

A little later he rang the bell for the nurse who was on floor duty. "Would you mind going

'噢，主啊，祝愿他把球击出场去！噢，主啊，祝愿他干脆把球击过围墙！'后来，你知道，当红雀队要击球时，简直太可怕了。'噢，主啊，但愿他们看不见球！噢，主啊，甚至连球都不让他们看见！噢，主啊，但愿他们退场！'而这次比赛甚至更糟。是Notre Dame[1]。我们的圣母队。不，我要呆在小礼拜堂里。为我们的圣母队祈祷。他们要为我们的圣母比赛。我希望你有一天为我们的圣母写点儿东西。你能做到。你知道你能做到，弗雷泽先生。"

"我不知道我能写她的什么东西。大部分已经写出来了，"弗雷泽先生说。"你不会喜欢我那样写的。她也不会喜欢的。"

"你终有一天会写出她的东西，"塞西莉亚修女说。"我知道你会。你一定要写我们圣母的东西。"

"你最好上来听比赛。"

"我会受不了的。不，我要呆在教堂里做我能做的事儿。"

那天下午，他们一直进行了大约五分钟比赛，这时一个见习护士走进房间说："塞西莉亚嬷嬷想知道比赛进行得怎样？"

"告诉她，他们已经有一次触地得分。"

过了一小会儿，那个见习护士又走进了房间。

"告诉她，他们把对方打得手足无措，"弗雷泽先生说。

过了一小会儿，他按铃叫病房值班护士。"你下楼去小礼拜堂里，或者转告塞西

[1] Notre Dame，法语，意思是"圣母玛利亚"。

down to the chapel or sending word to Sister Cecilia that Notre Dame has them fourteen to nothing at the end of the first quarter and that it's all right. She can stop praying."

In a few minutes Sister Cecilia came into the room. She was very excited. "What does fourteen to nothing mean? I don't know anything about this game. That's a nice safe lead in baseball. But I don't know anything about football. It may not mean a thing. I'm going right back down to the chapel and pray until it's finished."

"They have them beaten," Frazer said. "I promise you. Stay and listen with me."

"No. No. No. No. No. No. No," she said. "I'm going right down to the chapel to pray."

Mr. Frazer sent down word whenever Notre Dame scored, and finally, when it had been dark a long time, the final result.

"How's Sister Cecilia?"

"They're all at chapel," she said.

The next morning Sister Cecilia came in. She was very pleased and confident.

"I knew they couldn't beat Our Lady," she said. "They couldn't. Cayetano's better too. He's much better. He's going to have visitors. He can't see them yet, but they are going to come and that will make him feel better and know he's not forgotten by his own people. I went down and saw that O'Brien boy at Police Headquarters and told him that he's got to send some Mexicans up to see poor Cayetano. He's going to send some this afternoon. Then that poor man will feel better. It's wicked the way no one has come to see him."

That afternoon about five o'clock three Mexicans came into the room.

"Can one?" asked the biggest one, who had very thick lips and was quite fat.

莉亚嬷嬷，第一个四分之一场比赛结束时，圣母队十四比零，这很好。她可以停止祈祷了。"

几分钟后，塞西莉亚修女走进房间。她非常激动。"十四比零是什么意思？我对这种比赛一窍不通。在棒球比赛中，这是漂亮安全的先行离垒。但是，我对橄榄球一窍不通。这也许不算什么。我要直接下楼回到小礼堂去祈祷，直到比赛结束。"

"他们已经打败了对方，"弗雷泽说。"我向你保证。呆在这里，和我一起听。"

"不。不。不。不。不。不。不，"她说。"我要直接下楼去教堂祈祷。"

圣母队每次得分，弗雷泽捎信传到楼下，最后传来比赛结果时，天已经黑了好长时间了。

"塞西莉亚嬷嬷怎样？"

"她们都在小礼拜堂里，"她说。

第二天早上，塞西莉亚修女进来。她兴高采烈，充满自信。

"我知道他们打不败我们圣母队，"她说。"他们打不败。卡耶塔诺也好转了。他好得多了。他就要有客人了。他还不能看到他们，但他们就要来了，这会使他感觉好些，让他知道他还没有被自己人忘记。我刚才下楼，看到警察总局那个叫奥布赖恩的小伙子，告诉他必须得派几个墨西哥人来看看可怜的卡耶塔诺。他今天下午会派一些来。那么，这个可怜人会感觉好些。没有一个人来看他，真是太糟了。"

那天下午五点左右，三个墨西哥人走进房间。

"能喝一杯吗？"个子最大的那个问道，他嘴唇厚厚的，相当胖。

"Why not?" Mr. Frazer answered. "Sit down, gentlemen. Will you take something?"

"Many thanks," said the big one.

"Thanks," said the darkest and smallest one.

"Thanks, no," said the thin one. "It mounts to my head." He tapped his head.

The nurse brought some glasses. "Please give them the bottle," Frazer said. "It is from Red Lodge," he explained.

"That of Red Lodge is the best," said the big one. "Much better than that of Big Timber."

"Clearly," said the smallest one, "and costs more too."

"In Red Lodge it is of all prices," said the big one.

"How many tubes has the radio?" asked the one who did not drink.

"Seven."

"Very beautiful," he said. "What does it cost?"

"I don't know," Mr. Frazer said. "It is rented."

"You gentlemen are friends of Cayetano?"

"No," said the big one. "We are friends of he who wounded him."

"We were sent here by the police," the smallest one said.

"We have a little place," the big one said. "He and I," indicating the one who did not drink. "He has a little place too," indicating the small, dark one. "The police tell us we have to come—so we come."

"I am very happy you have come."

"Equally," said the big one.

"为什么不喝？"弗雷泽先生答道。"坐下，先生们。你们要喝吗？"

"多谢，"大个子说。

"谢谢，"皮肤最黑、个子最小的那个说。

"谢谢，不喝，"瘦个子说。"喝了上头。"他拍了拍透。

护士拿来一些玻璃杯。"请把酒递给他们，"弗雷泽说。"这是从红草屋买来的，"他解释道。

"红草屋的酒最好，"大个子说。"比大木屋的好得多。"

"显而易见，"个子最小的那个说，"价钱也比较贵。"

"红草屋里的都很贵，"大个子说。

"这台收音机有多少管？"不喝酒的那个问。

"七管。"

"很美，"他说。"这要多少钱？"

"我不知道，"弗雷泽先生说。"是租来的。"

"你们自信先生是卡耶塔诺的朋友吗？"

"不是，"大个子说。"我们是打伤他的那个人的朋友。"

"是警察派我们来这里的，"个子最小的那个说。

"我们有一点小地位，"大个子说。"他和我，"指着那个不喝酒的。"他也有一点小地位，"指着黑皮肤的小个子。"警察告诉我们必须得来——所以我们就来了。"

"你们来了，我很高兴。"

"Will you have another little cup?"

"Why not?" said the big one.

"With your permission," said the smallest one.

"Not me," said the thin one. "It mounts to my head."

"It is very good," said the smallest one.

"Why not try some," Mr. Frazer asked the thin one. "Let a little mount to your head."

"Afterwards comes the headache," said the thin one.

"Could you not send friends of Cayetano to see him?" Frazer asked.

"He has no friends."

"Every man has friends."

"This one, no."

"What does he do?"

"He is a card-player."

"Is he good?"

"I believe it."

"From me," said the smallest one, "he won one hundred and eighty dollars. Now there is no longer one hundred and eighty dollars in the world."

"From me," said the thin one, "he won two hundred and eleven dollars. Fix yourself on that figure."

"I never played with him," said the fat one.

"我们也高兴，"大个子说。

"你们再来一小杯吗？"

"何乐不为？"大个子说。

"如果你容许的话，"个子最小的那个说。

"我不喝，"瘦个子说。"喝了上头。"

"酒很好，"个子最小的那个说。

"何不不试一下，"弗雷泽先生问瘦个子。"让上有点儿头吧。"

"随后还会头疼，"瘦个子说。

"你不能派卡耶塔诺的朋友们来看他吗？"弗雷泽问。

"他没有朋友。"

"每个人都有朋友。"

"这个人没有。"

"他是干什么的？"

"他是一个玩牌的人。"

"他出色吗？"

"我相信是这样。"

"从我这里，"个子最小的那个说，"他赢了一百八十美元。唉，一百八十美元就不见了。"

"从我这里，"瘦个子说，"他赢了二百十一美元。你想想这个数目吧。"

"我从来没有跟他玩过，"那个胖子说。

"He must be very rich," Mr. Frazer suggested.

"He is poorer than we," said the little Mexican. "He has no more than the shirt on his back."

"And that shirt is of little value now," Mr. Frazer said. "Perforated as it is."

"Clearly."

"The one who wounded him was a card-player?"

"No, a beet worker. He has had to leave town."

"Fix yourself on this," said the smallest one. "He was the best guitar player ever in this town. The finest."

"What a shame."

"I believe it," said the biggest one. "How he could touch the guitar."

"There are no good guitar players left?"

"Not the shadow of a guitar player."

"There is an accordion player who is worth something," the thin man said.

"There are a few who touch various instruments," the big one said. "You like music?"

"How would I not?"

"We will come one night with music? You think the sister would allow it? She seems very amiable."

"I am sure she would permit it when Cayetano is able to hear it."

"Is she a little crazy?" asked the thin one.

"他一定非常富有，"弗雷泽先生暗示说。

"他比我们穷，"那个身材矮小的墨西哥人说。"他只有身上那件衬衣。"

"而且那件衬衣现在也不大值钱了，"弗雷泽先生说。"实际上有了窟窿。"

"显而易见。"

"打伤他的那个人是玩牌的人吗？"

"不是，是甜菜工，"个子最小的那个说。

"你想想这件事吧，"个子最小的那个说。"他曾经是在这个城里最好的吉他手。最出色。"

"真遗憾。"

"我相信是这样，"个子最大的那个说。"他吉他弹得多好啊！"

"没有剩下好吉他手了吗？"

"丝毫没有一个能弹吉他的人。"

"有一个人手风琴拉得值得一听，"瘦个子说。

"还有几个会演奏各种乐器的人，"大个子说。"你喜欢音乐吗？"

"我怎么会不喜欢呢？"

"我们哪一天晚上来点音乐怎么样？你认为那个修女会允许吗？她看上去非常和善。"

"只要卡耶塔诺能听到，我相信她会同意。"

"她有点儿疯狂吗？"瘦个子问。

"谁？"

"Who?"

"That sister."

"No," Mr. Frazer said. "She is a fine woman of great intelligence and sympathy."

"I distrust all priests, monks, and sisters," said the thin one.

"He had bad experiences when a boy," the smallest one said.

"I was acolyte," the thin one said proudly. "Now I believe in nothing. Neither do I go to mass."

"Why? Does it mount to your head?"

"No," said the thin one. "It is alcohol that mounts to my head. Religion is the opium of the poor."

"I thought marijuana was the opium of the poor," Frazer said.

"Did you ever smoke opium?" the big one asked.

"No."

"Nor I," he said. "It seems it is very bad. One commences and cannot stop. It is a vice."

"Like religion," said the thin one.

"This one," said the smallest Mexican, "is very strong against religion."

"It is necessary to be very strong against something," Mr. Frazer said politely.

"I respect those who have faith even though they are ignorant," the thin one said.

"Good," said Mr. Frazer.

"What can we bring you?" asked the big Mexican. "Do you lack for anything?"

"I would be glad to buy some beer if there is good beer."

"那个修女。"

"不，" 弗雷泽先生说。 "她是一个既聪明决定又有同情心的好女人。"

"我对是由的牧师、僧侣和修女都不信任，" 瘦个子说。

"他小时候有过糟糕的经历，" 个子最小的那个说。

"我当过侍僧，" 瘦个子骄傲地说。 "现在我什么都不相信。我也不去做弥撒。"

"为什么？那会上头吗？"

"不是，" 瘦个子说。 "是酒精会上头。宗教是穷人的鸦片。"

"我还以为大麻是穷人的鸦片，" 弗雷泽说。

"你抽过鸦片吗？" 大个子问。

"没有。"

"我也没有，" 他说。 "这似乎很糟。只要一开始，就停不下来。这是一种恶习。"

"就像宗教一样，" 瘦个子说。

"这个人，" 那个身材最小的墨西哥人说， "非常坚决地反对宗教。"

"有必要非常坚决地反对某些东西，" 弗雷泽先生客气地说。

"我尊重那些有信仰的人，尽管他们是无知的，" 瘦个子说。

"好，" 弗雷泽先生说。

"我们能给你带什么呢？" 大个子墨西哥人问道。 "你缺少什么？"

"如果有好啤酒的话，我很高兴买些啤酒。"

"We will bring beer."

"Another copita before you go?"

"It is very good."

"We are robbing you."

"I can't take it. It goes to my head. Then I have a bad headache and sick at the stomach."

"Good-by, gentlemen."

"Good-by and thanks."

They went out and there was supper and then the radio, turned to be as quiet as possible and still be heard, and the stations finally signing off in this order: Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, and Seattle. Mr. Frazer received no picture of Denver from the radio. He could see Denver from the Denver Post, and correct the picture from the Rocky Mountain News. Nor did he ever have any feel of Salt Lake City or Los Angeles from what he heard from those places. All he felt about Salt Lake City was that it was clean, but dull, and there were too many ballrooms mentioned in too many big hotels for him to see Los Angeles. He could not feel it for the ballrooms. But Seattle he came to know very well, the taxicab company with the big white cabs (each cab equipped with radio itself) he rode in every night out to the roadhouse on the Canadian side where he followed the course of parties by the musical selections they phoned for. He lived in Seattle from two o'clock on, each night, hearing the pieces that all the different people asked for, and it was as real as Minneapolis, where the revellers left their beds each morning to make that trip down to the studio. Mr. Frazer grew very fond of Seattle, Washington.

"我们会带啤酒来的。"

"你走前再来一杯吗？"

"那很好。"

"我们让你破费了。"

"我不能喝。那会让我上头。随后，我会有严重的头疼，也会反胃。"

"再见，各位先生。"

"再见，谢谢。"

他们走了出去，他吃过晚饭，然后听收音机，把收音机的声音尽可能调低，但仍可听到，　而各地电台最后以这个顺序——丹佛、盐湖城、洛杉矶和西雅图——停止广播。弗雷泽先生从收音机里得不到丹佛的任何景象。他可以从《丹佛邮报》上看到丹佛，从《落基山新闻》上纠正他看到的景象。从他听到的对那些地方的描述，他也感觉不出盐湖城或洛杉矶是什么样子。他对盐湖城的所有感觉就是清洁而又沉闷；而且因为提到的太多大旅馆里有太多的舞厅，所以他不明白洛杉矶是什么样子。他无法感受到哪里的舞厅是什么样子。但是，西雅图他终于一清二楚了，出租车公司里停着一些白色大出租车（每辆车里都配有收音机），他每天夜里坐着出租车去加拿大境内的那个路边客栈，他在那里依据他们打电话点的那些音乐追随一些晚会的过程。他每天夜里从两点钟起住在西雅图，听到各种各样的人点的那些曲子，西雅图像明尼阿波利斯一样真实，哪里音乐演奏者每天早晨起床赶到广播室。弗雷泽先生越来越喜欢华盛顿州西雅图市。

The Mexicans came and brought beer but it was not good beer. Mr. Frazer saw them but he did not feel like talking, and when they went he knew they would not come again. His nerves had become tricky and he disliked seeing people while he was in this condition. His nerves went bad at the end of five weeks, and while he was pleased they lasted that long yet he resented being forced to make the same experiment when he already knew the answer. Mr. Frazer had been through this all before. The only thing which was new to him was the radio. He played it all night long, turned so low he could barely hear it, and he was learning to listen to it without thinking.

Sister Cecilia came into the room about ten o'clock in the morning on that day and brought the mail. She was very handsome, and Mr. Frazer liked to see her and to hear her talk, but the mail, supposedly coming from a different world, was important. However, there was nothing in the mail of any interest.s

"You look so much better," she said. "You'll be leaving us soon."

"Yes," Mr. Frazer said. "You look very happy this morning."

"Oh, I am. This morning I feel as though I might be a saint."

Mr. Frazer was a little taken aback at this.

"Yes," Sister Cecilia went on. "That's what I want to be. A saint. Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted to be a saint. When I was a girl I thought if I renounced the world and went into the convent I would be a saint. That was what I wanted to be and that was what I thought I had to do to be one. I expected I would be a saint. I was absolutely sure I would be one. For

那些墨西哥人来了，带来了啤酒，但不是好啤酒。弗雷泽先生见到了他们，但他不想说话；他们走后，他知道他们不会再来了。他的神经已经变得非常脆弱；他在这种情况下不喜欢见人。五周结束时，他的神经变得糟糕；尽管他为神经坚持那么久感到高兴，但他已经知道答案，不喜欢被迫做同样的试验。弗雷泽先生以前曾经做过这种事儿。唯一对他新鲜的东西就是收音机。他整夜收听，调的声音非常低，低得他几乎听不见，他在学不用思考地收听。

那天上午十点左右，塞西莉亚修女走进房间，带来了邮件。她非常端庄，弗雷泽先生喜欢看到她，听她说话，但据说邮件来自一个不同的世界，非常重要。然而，邮件里没有任何有趣的东西。

"你看上去好多了，"她说。"你马上就要离开我们了。"

"是，"弗雷泽先生说。"你今天早上看上去很开心。"

"噢，我是很开心。今天早上我感到自己好像可能会成为一名圣徒。"

听了这话，弗雷泽微微吃了一惊。

"是，"塞西莉亚修女接着说道。"这就是我想要做的。做一个圣徒。从小时候起，我就想成为一名圣徒。我小时候就想，如果我退隐，走进修道院，就要做一名圣徒。这就是我想要做的，这就是我认为必须做的。我指望自己会成为圣徒。我完全相信我会做的。片刻之前，我还认为自己是圣徒了呢。我非常开心，这好像非常简单和容易。每当我早上醒来时，就盼望自己成为圣徒，但我不是。我从来没有变成圣徒。我是

just a moment I thought I was one. I was so happy and it seemed so simple and easy. When I awoke in the morning I expected I would be a saint, but I wasn't. I've never become one. I want so to be one. All I want is to be a saint. That is all I've ever wanted. And this morning I feel as though I might be one. Oh, I hope I will get to be one."

"You'll be one. Everybody gets what they want. That's what they always tell me."

"I don't know now. When I was a girl it seemed so simple. I knew I would be a saint. Only I believed it took time when I found it did not happen suddenly. Now it seems almost impossible."

"I'd say you had a good chance."

"Do you really think so? No, I don't want just to be encouraged…Don't just encourage me. I want to be a saint. I want to be a saint."

"Of course you'll be a saint," Mr. Frazer said.

"No, probably I won't be. But, oh, if I could only be a saint! I'd be perfectly happy."

"You're three to one to be a saint."

"No, don't encourage me. But, oh, if I could only be a saint! If I could only be a saint!"

"How's your friend Cayetano?"

"He's going to get well, but he's paralysed. One of the bullets hit the big nerve that goes down through his thigh and that leg is paralysed. They only found it out when he got well enough so that he could move."

"Maybe the nerve will regenerate."

"I'm praying that it will," Sister Cecilia said. "You ought to see him."

那么想。我想要的就是成为一名圣徒。这就是我曾想做的。今天早上，我感到自己好像可能会成为圣徒。噢，我希望自己能做到。"

"你会成为圣徒的。每个人都会得到他们想要的东西。这就是他们总是告诉我的话。"

"我现在不知道。我小时候，这好像非常简单。我知道自己会成为一名圣徒。等发现突然不凑巧后，我才相信需要一段时间。现在看来几乎不可能了。"

"我要说你大有可能。"

"你真的是这么想的吗？不，我不想让别人给我鼓劲……不要给我鼓劲。我要成为圣徒。我想成为圣徒。"

"你当然会成为圣徒，"弗雷泽先生说。

"不，我可能不会成为圣徒。但是，噢，如果我能成为圣徒，该多好！我会非常开心。"

"三比一打赌，你会成为圣徒。"

"不，不要给我鼓劲。但是，噢，如果我能成为圣徒，该多好！如果我能成为圣徒，该多好！"

"你的朋友卡耶塔诺怎么样？"

"他会康复，但他瘫痪了。一颗子弹打中了通向大腿的大神经，那条腿瘫痪了。等到他好转，可以移动时，他们才发现这一点。"

"说不定神经会再生。"

"I don't feel like seeing anybody."

"You know you'd like to see him. They could wheel him in here."

"All right."

They wheeled him in, thin, his skin transparent, his hair black and needing to be cut, his eyes very laughing, his teeth bad when he smiled.

"Hola, amigo! Qué tal?"

"As you see," said Mr. Frazer. "And thou?"

"Alive and with the leg paralysed."

"Bad," Mr. Frazer said. "But the nerve can regenerate and be as good as new."

"So they tell me."

"What about the pain?"

"Not now. For a while I was crazy with it in the belly. I thought the pain alone would kill me."

Sister Cecilia was observing them happily.

"She tells me you never made a sound," Mr. Frazer said.

"So many people in the ward," the Mexican said deprecatingly. "What class of pain do you have?"

"Big enough. Clearly not as bad as yours. When the nurse goes out I cry an hour, two hours. It rests me. My nerves are bad now."

"我在祈祷，它会再生，"塞西莉亚修女说。"你应该见见他。"

"我不想见任何人。"

"你知道你喜欢见他。他们可以用轮椅把他送进这里。"

"好吧。"

他们用轮椅把他送了进来，他身材瘦小，皮肤透明，头发乌黑，需要理了，眼里充满笑意，微笑时露出一口坏牙。

"喂，朋友！Qué tal[1]？"

"就像你看到的这样，"弗雷泽先生说。"你呢？"

"活着，一条腿瘫痪。"

"真糟，"弗雷泽先生说。"但是，神经可以再生，而且像新的一样好。"

"他们也这样告诉我。"

"疼得怎么样？"

"现在不疼了。有一阵子，我的腹部有病。我还以为仅仅这疼痛就会把我疼死。"

塞西莉亚修女高兴地观察着他们。

"她告诉我，你从不吭声，"弗雷泽先生说。

"病房里有好多人，"那个墨西哥人不以为然地说。"你疼到了什么程度？"

"疼得很。显然没有你那么糟。护士出去时，我会叫喊一两个小时。这使我静下心

[1] Qué tal，西班牙语，意思是"怎么样"。

"You have the radio. If I had a private room and a radio I would be crying and yelling all night long."

"I doubt it."

"Hombre, sí. It's very healthy. But you cannot do it with so many people."

"At least," Mr. Frazer said, "the hands are still good. They tell me you make your living with the hands."

"And the head," he said, tapping his forehead, "But the head isn't worth as much."

"Three of your countrymen were here."

"Sent by the police to see me."

"They brought some beer."

"It probably was bad."

"It was bad."

"Tonight, sent by the police, they come to serenade me." He laughed, then tapped his stomach. "I cannot laugh yet. As musicians, they are fatal."

"And the one who shot you?"

"Another fool. I won thirty-eight dollars from him at cards. That is not to kill about."

"The three told me you win much money."

"And am poorer than the birds."

"How?"

"I am a poor idealist. I am the victim of illusions." He laughed, then grinned, and tapped

来。我的神经现在很糟。"

"你有收音机。如果我有一个私人房间和一台收音机，就会整夜大喊大叫。"

"我不相信。"

"伙计，会叫的。这样非常有益健康。但是，跟这么多人在一起，你不能这样做。"

"至少，"弗雷泽先生说，"你的一双手还是好的。他们告诉我，你是以双手为生。"

"还有脑袋，"他拍了拍额头说。"但脑袋的价值没有那么大。"

"你的三个同胞来过这里。"

"是警察派他们来看我的。"

"他们带来了一些啤酒。"

"可能很糟。"

"是很糟。"

"今晚警察派他们来给我演奏小夜曲。"他笑道，随后拍了拍肚子。"我还不能笑。作为音乐家，他们非常糟糕。"

"还有那个开枪打你的人呢？"

"也是一个笨蛋。我打牌赢了他三十八块。这不会让人到处杀人啊。"

"那三个人告诉我说你赢了好多钱。"

"可还是比那些人穷。"

"怎么回事？"

"我是一个可怜的理想主义者。我是种种幻觉的受害者。"他笑道，然后咧开嘴，

his stomach. "I am a professional gambler but I like to gamble. To really gamble. Little gambling is all crooked. For real gambling you need luck. I have no luck."

"Never?"

"Never. I am completely without luck. Look, this carbón who shoots me just now. Can he shoot? No. The first shot he fires into nothing. The second is intercepted by a poor Russian. That would seem to be luck. What happens? He shoots me twice in the belly. He is a lucky man. I have no luck. He could not hit a horse if he were holding the stirrup. All luck."

"I thought he shot you first and the Russian after."

"No, the Russian first, me after. The paper was mistaken."

"Why didn't you shoot him?"

"I never carry a gun. With my luck, if I carried a gun I would be hanged ten times a year. I am a cheap card player, only that." He stopped, then continued. "When I make a sum of money I gamble and when I gamble I lose. I have passed at dice for three thousand dollars and crapped out for the six. With good dice. More than once."

"Why continue?"

"If I live long enough the luck will change. I have bad luck now for fifteen years. If I ever get any good luck I will be rich." He grinned. "I am a good gambler, really I would enjoy being rich."

"Do you have bad luck with all games?"

"With everything and with women." He smiled again, showing his bad teeth.

"Truly?"

拍了拍肚子。"我是一个职业赌徒，但我喜欢赌钱。真正地赌。小赌博都是诈骗的。真正地赌博需要运气。我没有运气。"

"从来没有？"

"从来没有。我完全没有运气。听我说，就说刚刚开枪打我的那个混蛋。他能开枪吗？不能。第一枪他打空了。第二枪被一个可怜的俄国人中途挡住。看来运气不错。结果怎样呢？他在我的腹部打了两枪。他是一个幸运的人。我没有任何运气。如果踩着马镫，他连马也踢不到。都是运气。"

"我还以为他先打中你，后打中那个俄国人。"

"不，是先打中俄国人，后打中我。报纸上弄错了。"

"你为什么不向他开枪？"

"我从不带枪。就凭我的运气，如果我带枪，一年会被绞死十次。我是一个不名一文的牌手，仅此而已。"他停了一下，然后接着说道。"我搞到一笔钱，就会赌，一赌就会输。我曾经打赌输了三千美元，放弃了六点。用的是好骰子。不止一次。"

"为什么还要赌呢？"

"如果我活得够长，运气就改变。我现在已经倒霉十五年了。如果有一天交好运，我就会发财。"他咧嘴笑道。"我是一个好赌徒，我真的会享受发财的乐趣。"

"你所有的赌局都运气不好吗？"

"无论赌什么，还有和女人来往。"他又微微一笑，露出了坏牙。

"真的吗？"

"Truly."

"And what is there to do?"

"Continue, slowly, and wait for luck to change."

"But with women?"

"No gambler has luck with women. He is too concentrated. He works nights. When he should be with the woman. No man who works nights can hold a woman if the woman is worth anything."

"You are a philosopher."

"No, hombre. A gambler of the small towns. One small town, then another, another, then a big town, then start over again."

"Then shot in the belly."

"The first time," he said. "That has only happened once."

"I tire you talking?" Mr. Frazer suggested.

"No," he said. "I must tire you."

"And the leg?"

"I have no great use for the leg. I am all right with the leg or not. I will be able to circulate."

"I wish you luck, truly, and with all my heart," Mr. Frazer said.

"Equally," he said. "And that the pain stops."

"It will not last, certainly. It is passing. It is of no importance."

"That it passes quickly."

"真的。"

"那有什么办法吗？"

"慢慢继续，等待转运。"

"但和女人交往呢？"

"没有一个赌徒和女人交往是幸运的。他太聚精会神了。他还要加夜班。夜晚他应该和女人在一起。没有一个加夜班的男人能留住一个女人，如果那个女人有只要价值的话。"

"你是一位哲学家。"

"不，伙计。是小城里的一个赌徒。从一个小城，然后到另一个，再到下一个，接着到一个大城市，随后又出发。"

"然后腹部中弹。"

"是第一次，"他说，"只发生过一次。"

"我让你说累了吧？"弗雷泽先生提议说。

"没有，"他说。"我一定让你累了。"

"那条腿呢？"

"我那条腿没有多大用。有没有那条腿，我都没事儿。我都能运行。"

"我真心诚意、全心全意地希望你交好运，"弗雷泽先生说。

"我同样希望，"他说。"也希望疼痛停止。"

"这肯定不会持续下去。它会过去的。这无足轻重。"

"Equally."

That night the Mexicans played the accordion and other instruments in the ward and it was cheerful and the noise of the inhalations and exhalations of the accordion, and of the bells, the traps, and the drum came down the corridor. In that ward there was a rodeo rider who had come out of the chutes on Midnight on a hot dusty afternoon with the big crowd watching, and now, with a broken back, was going to learn to work in leather and to cane chairs when he got well enough to leave the hospital. There was a carpenter who had fallen with a scaffolding and broken both ankles and both wrists. He had lit like a cat but without a cat's resiliency. They could fix him up so that he could work again but it would take a long time. There was a boy from a farm, about sixteen years old, with a broken leg that had been badly set and was to be rebroken. There was Cayetano Ruiz, a small-town gambler with a paralysed leg. Down the corridor Mr. Frazer could hear them all laughing and merry with the music made by the Mexicans who had been sent by the police. The Mexicans were having a good time. They came in, very excited, to see Mr. Frazer and wanted to know if there was anything he wanted them to play, and they came twice more to play at night of their own accord.

The last time they played Mr. Frazer lay in his room with the door open and listened to the noisy, bad music and could not keep from thinking. When they wanted to know what he wished played, he asked for the Cucaracha, which has the sinister lightness and deftness of so many of the tunes men have gone to die to. They played noisily and with emotion. The tune was better than most of such tunes, to Mr. Frazer's mind, but the effect was all the same.

In spite of this introduction of emotion, Mr. Frazer went on thinking. Usually he avoided

"我希望这很快就会过去。"

"我也同样希望。"

那天夜里，墨西哥人在病房里弹奏手风琴和其他乐器，病房里喜气洋洋，手风琴呼气吸气声、铃声、打击乐器声和鼓声顺着走廊传来。那个病房里有一个摩托车花式表演骑手，一个尘土飞扬的炎热下午，他在午夜游艺场表演时，一大群观众目不转睛，只见他从斜道上飞身出来，摔断了后背，等他伤好出院后，要学会做皮革制品和藤椅。那里有一个木匠，他是和脚手架一起倒下，手腕和脚踝都摔断了。他像猫一样落到地上，但没有猫的弹跳力。他们能给他接好，使他能重新工作，但这要花费很长时间。那里有一个来自农场的小伙子，大约十六岁，一条断腿接坏了，要重新弄断。那里有卡耶塔诺·鲁伊斯，一条腿瘫痪的小城赌徒。沿着走廊，弗雷泽先生能听到警察派来的那些墨西哥人演奏的音乐使他们都开心大笑的声音。那些墨西哥人过得非常快乐。他们万分激动地进来看弗雷泽先生，想知道他是否有什么曲子要他们演奏，而且他们自愿夜里又来演奏了两次。

他们最后一次演奏时，弗雷泽躺在自己的房间，房门敞开，听着喧闹拙劣的音乐，禁不住思考起来。当他们想知道他希望听什么时，他点了《库克拉恰》，这种舞曲具有人们喜欢得要死的许多轻快活泼的调子。他们演奏得热热闹闹，富有感情。在弗雷泽先生的心里，这首曲子比大多数这类曲子好，但效果仍然一样。

thinking all he could, except when he was writing, but now he was thinking about those who were playing and what the little one had said.

Religion is the opium of the people. He believed that, that dyspeptic little joint-keeper. Yes, and music is the opium of the people. Old mount-to-the-head hadn't thought of that. And now economics is the opium of the people; along with patriotism the opium of the people in Italy and Germany. What about sexual intercourse; was that an opium of the people? Of some of the people. Of some of the best of the people. But drink was a sovereign opium of the people, oh, an excellent opium. Although some prefer the radio, another opium of the people, a cheap one he had just been using. Along with these went gambling, an opium of the people if there ever was one, one of the oldest. Ambition was another, an opium of the people, along with a belief in any new form of government. What you wanted was the minimum of government, always less government. Liberty, what we believed in, now the name of a MacFadden publication. We believed in that although they had not found a new name for it yet. But what was the real one? What was the real, the actual, opium of the people? He knew it very well. It was gone just a little way around the corner in that well-lighted part of his mind that was there after two or more drinks in the evening; that he knew was there (it was not really there of course). What was it? He knew very well. What was it? Of course; bread was the opium of the people. Would he remember that and would it make sense in the daylight? Bread is the opium of the people.

"Listen," Mr. Frazer said to the nurse when she came. "Get that little thin Mexican in here, will you, please?"

"How do you like it?" the Mexican said at the door.

尽管情绪受到影响，但弗雷泽先生继续思考。他常常竭尽所能避免思考，除非他在写作，但现在他在思考那些演奏音乐的人和小个子说过的话。

宗教是人民的鸦片。他相信这一点，那个阴郁的小饭店掌柜。是的，音乐是人民的鸦片。这个喝酒上头的人没有想到这一点。现在经济是人民的鸦片；在意大利和德国，这种人民的鸦片和爱国主义这种人民的鸦片联系在一起。性生活呢？那是人民的鸦片吗？对有些人来说是。对有些最好的人来说是。但是，喝酒是人民最好的鸦片，噢，极好的鸦片。尽管有些人更喜欢听收音机——人民的另一种鸦片，他一直在采用的廉价鸦片。赌博要和这些连在一起，一种人民的鸦片，最古老的一种，如果有的话。雄心是另一种，也是人民的鸦片，和这些雄心在一起的是对任何一种新形式的政体的信念。你想要的是最小的政体，总是较小的政体。自由，这是我们信仰的东西，现在则是麦克法登的一本出版物的名字。我们信仰这一点，尽管他们还没有为它找到一个新名字。但是，真正的自由是什么呢？什么是货真价实的人民的鸦片？他知道得一清二楚。它走到了他的脑海那个亮堂部分的角落附近，他傍晚喝了两三杯后，它就到了那里；他知道它在那里（当然它不是真的在那里）。那是什么？他知道得一清二楚。那是什么？当然，面包是人民的鸦片。他会记住这个吗？白天这会有意义吗？面包是人民的鸦片。

"听着，"护士进来时，弗雷泽先生对她说。"请你去把那个瘦小的墨西哥人叫来好吗？"

"你喜欢这首曲子吗？"那个墨西哥人在门口说。

"Very much."

"It is a historic tune," the Mexican said. "It is the tune of the real revolution."

"Listen," said Mr. Frazer. "Why should the people be operated on without an anaesthetic?"

"I do not understand."

"Why are not all the opiums of the people good? What do you want to do with the people?"

"They should be rescued from ignorance."

"Don't talk nonsense. Education is an opium of the people. You ought to know now that you've had a little."

"You do not believe in education?"

"No," said Mr. Frazer. "In knowledge, yes."

"I do not follow you."

"Many times I do not follow myself with pleasure."

"You want to hear the 'Cucaracha' another time?" asked the Mexican worriedly.

"Yes," said Mr. Frazer. "Play the 'Cucaracha' another time. It's better than the radio."

Revolution, Mr. Frazer thought, is no opium. Revolution is a catharsis; an ecstasy which can only be prolonged by tyranny. The opiums are for before and for after. He was thinking well, a little too well.

They would go now in a little while, he thought, and they would take the Cucaracha with them. Then he would have a little spot of the giant killer and play the radio, you could play the radio so that you could hardly hear it.

"非常喜欢。"

"这是一支具有历史意义的曲子，"墨西哥人说。"这是一首真正的革命曲子。"

"听着，"弗雷泽先生说。"为什么不用麻醉剂就给人民动手术？"

"我不明白。"

"为什么并不是所有的人民的鸦片都是好的？你想要对人民怎么样？"

"我应该把他们从无知中拯救出来。"

"不要胡说八道。教育是人民的一种鸦片。你应该知道，因为你受过一点教育。"

"你不相信教育吗？"

"不相信，"弗雷泽先生说。"我相信知识。"

"我不理解你的意思。"

"我有好多次乐意不理解自己的意思。"

"你下次还想听《库克拉恰》吗？"那个墨西哥人神情忧虑地问。

"想，"弗雷泽先生说。"下次还演奏《库克拉恰》。它比收音机好听。"

弗雷泽先生想，革命绝不是鸦片。革命是一种感情的净化，是一种只能被暴政延长的狂喜。鸦片是用在革命前和革命后。他想得真好，有点儿太好了。

他想，过一小会儿，他们就会走，他们就会带走《库克拉恰》。随后，他就会喝一小杯烈酒，打开收音机，你可以把收音机音量开得很低，使你刚好能听到。

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