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【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】



*Sister Carrie*

# 嘉莉妹妹

[美] 西奥多·德莱赛 著  
吴悦宁 等 编译

清华大学出版社





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北京

## 内 容 简 介

《嘉莉妹妹》是二十世纪最有影响的小说之一，被美国《现代文库》评选为“二十世纪百部最佳英文小说”。主人公嘉莉是一个漂亮、幼稚、勤劳的农村姑娘。为了谋生，她满怀希望和对大城市的向往来到了芝加哥。但严酷的现实打破了她的美梦，失业以及拮据的生活让她迅速陷入贫困和疾病的泥潭。在万般无奈的情况下，她先后成为推销员杜鲁埃和酒吧经理赫斯渥的情人。与赫斯渥私奔后，一个偶然的机会使嘉莉做了演员，并获得巨大成功，从此进入了上流社会，实现了她对物质世界追求的梦想。但富足的生活并没有给嘉莉带来真正的幸福，除物欲得到满足外，陪伴她的却是空虚、无聊和孤独。而与嘉莉分手后的赫斯渥却生活潦倒，最后在困顿中自杀身亡。

《嘉莉妹妹》揭开了二十世纪二、三十年代美国小说黄金时代的序幕，被评论家称为“美国小说中一座具有历史意义的里程碑”。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的读者，特别是青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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# 前言

西奥多·德莱塞 (Theodore Dreiser, 1871—1945), 美国现代小说的先驱、最杰出的现实主义作家之一, 与海明威、福克纳并称为美国现代小说的三巨头。

1871年8月27日, 德莱塞出生在印第安纳州一个破产的小业主家庭。他的童年是在苦难中度过的, 为了分担家庭重担, 他甚至在铁路旁捡过煤渣。他中学没毕业就去芝加哥独自谋生, 他刷过碗, 洗过衣服, 学过检票员等。1889年, 他在一位教师的资助下进入印第安纳大学学习, 一年之后因生活所迫再次辍学。1892年, 德莱塞进入报界开始了记者生涯, 先后在芝加哥《环球报》、圣路易斯《环球—民主报》和《共和报》任职。在此期间, 他走遍了芝加哥、匹兹堡、纽约等大城市, 广泛深入地观察了解社会, 为他的文学创作积累了丰富的素材。

1900年, 德莱塞发表了第一部长篇小说《嘉莉妹妹》, 这部小说因被指控“有破坏性”而长期被禁止发行, 但一些散发出去的赠阅本却引起了许多有影响的作家的注意。1911年出版了《嘉莉妹妹》的姊妹篇《珍妮姑娘》, 因为主人公珍妮在诸多事情上违背了当时的道德伦理准则, 如未婚生子、做人情妇等, 所以仍然激起了很大的争议。1912年和1914年分别发表的《欲望三部曲》的前两部《金融家》和《巨人》, 对当时美国社会产生了巨大的影响, 从此奠定了德莱塞在美国文坛的地位。1915年出版了《天才》, 这是德莱塞自己最满意的一部长篇小说。1925年, 发表了以真实的犯罪案件为题材的长篇小说《美国的悲剧》, 这部作品标志着德莱塞的现实主义创作取得了新的成就, 该作品使他享誉世界。1941年德莱塞当选为美国作家协会主席, 1944年获美国文学艺术学会荣誉奖, 1945年12月28日病逝。在他去世后的1946年和1947年, 他的两部长篇小说《堡垒》和《斯多噶》(《欲望三部曲》的第三部) 分别出版。德莱塞的作品很多, 包括8部长篇小说、4部短篇小说集, 诗歌、戏剧各2部, 散文、政论、





特写 7 部，但他的主要成就是长篇小说，这些小说在美国文学史上以及世界文学史上享有崇高的地位。

对我国文学界和广大读者来说，德莱塞早就很熟悉的名字。早在 20 世纪 30 年代初，伟大的新文学运动先驱瞿秋白就撰文介绍德莱塞，他在题名为《美国的真正悲剧》一文里，说德莱塞的“天才，像太白金星似地放射着无穷的光彩”，并指出“德莱塞是描写美国生活的极伟大的作家”。德莱塞的几乎所有重要作品，特别是他的 8 部长篇小说和一些优秀的短篇小说，都相继被译成中文，受到广大中国读者的欢迎。德莱塞的作品，尤其是他的成名作《嘉莉妹妹》和代表作《珍妮姑娘》、《美国悲剧》，早已列为我国大学文科必读教材。近年来国内还出版了《德莱塞文集》以及一些评述研究德莱塞生平与创作的论著，对德莱塞的研究也在不断深入。

在德莱塞的众多作品中，《嘉莉妹妹》不仅是他的成名作，同时也是他的代表作之一。美国《先驱时报》、《内务报》称《嘉莉妹妹》为一部伟大的美国小说，并称该小说的作者德莱塞是美国的左拉。《嘉莉妹妹》被英国公众视为“一部真正的现实主义小说”，并得到《每日邮报》的热情赞誉：“美国终于出了一部真正泼辣的小说。”诺贝尔文学奖得主路易斯称《嘉莉妹妹》“像一股强劲的自由的风，席卷了固守家园、密不通风的美国，自从马克·吐温和惠特曼以来，头一次给我们闷热的千家万户吹进了新鲜的空气”。《嘉莉妹妹》掀开了 20 世纪 20~30 年代美国小说黄金时代的序幕，因而被评论家称为美国小说中一座具有历史意义的里程碑。《嘉莉妹妹》与《珍妮姑娘》同时被美国《现代文库》评选为“20 世纪 100 本最佳英文小说”。该书出版一百多年来，已被译成世界上十几种语言，是公认的世界文学名著之一。在中国，《嘉莉妹妹》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《嘉莉妹妹》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是英汉双语版名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原



版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

本书中文导读内容由吴悦宁编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 第一章 都市的吸引——流浪队伍中的独身女

## Chapter 1 The Magnet Attracting — A waif amid forces

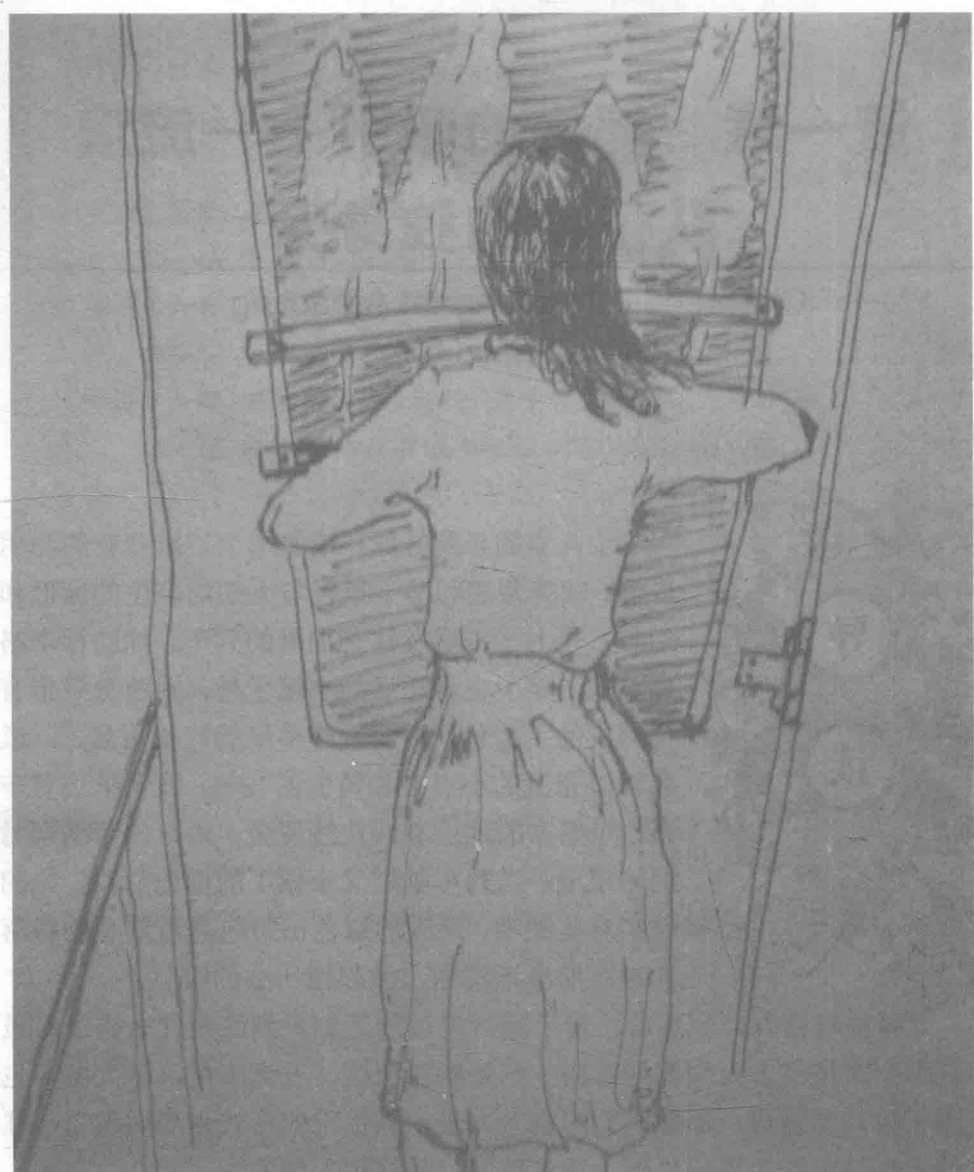


十八岁的嘉莉妹妹，带着那个年龄特有的聪明伶俐、腼腆羞涩和基于年轻与无知而产生的憧憬和幻想，登上了午后发往芝加哥的列车。她的行李略显单薄，除了交付托运的小箱子外，她随身只带有仿鳄鱼皮的手提包，里面装着零星的梳妆用品、一纸盒聊以充饥的小点心和黄色的钱包，钱包里边有车票、姐姐家的地址和四块钱现金。她跟母亲吻别时泪如泉涌；当列车驶过父亲做工的面粉厂时，她的喉头有些哽咽；周围的绿色田野包裹着熟悉的村落在她眼前渐渐消逝，激起她伤心的叹息。

她凝视着窗外，沉思着，自小就听说过的芝加哥到底是什么样子？虽然在那个大城市，人们都很富裕，到处熙熙攘攘、五光十色，但大城市也充满了狡诈和诱惑，那种巨大的诱人力量，以优雅的形式强烈展现着，往往使天真简单的人思想松懈、意志薄弱，最终堕入歧途。

嘉莉妹妹的心智尚未成熟，关心个人的得失是她性格的主要特征。虽然处于青春期，还没有发育完全，但她的秀美资质仍掩盖不住地展现了出来——楚楚动人的身段、透着聪颖的眼睛，俨然是漂亮少女的典范。嘉莉妹妹不喜欢读书，对知识毫无兴趣，也没有学会搔首弄姿，而且走路姿势欠佳，总之她那天赋的绰约风姿还有待于充分发挥。

耳边忽然响起了男人的声音，这使她忐忑不安。她早已意识到有人在



嘉莉望着车外的风景

端详她的一头秀发，如今他主动套近乎，本能的矜持和拘束被对方的吸引力所击溃，她竟然接起了话头。对方发现没有被拒绝，就开始滔滔不绝地神侃起来，谈论着眼前这一块所谓的旅游胜地。嘉莉妹妹偷偷看了看这个男人：他面颊饱满红润，嘴边有两撇小胡子，穿着时髦而干净，手上戴着好几枚戒指，口袋外垂着精致的金表链，脚上蹬着锃亮的皮鞋。这是个替厂家到各地兜揽生意的“掮客”，也许他更适合“小白脸”这样的称呼，因为他常常以自己的衣着装扮和举止谈吐博取年轻女性的好感。对于这类人来说，漂亮的衣饰是最重要的，否则寸步难行，其次是对女性有强烈的欲望，而惯用的手法是大胆地献媚和取悦对方。

如此衣冠楚楚的人一个劲儿地献殷勤，这让嘉莉妹妹不禁有些得意洋洋。他问她是不是要在芝加哥久住，嘉莉妹妹担心自己很难落脚，便没有给出肯定的答复。他信手掏出一张精美的名片，左下角印着查理·赫·杜鲁埃，又取出一封印有地图的公司信封，告诉她自己公司的所在地。经过了这一番接触，他们彼此之间显得不再那么生疏了，嘉莉妹妹的举止言谈也不再拘谨了，而杜鲁埃始终掌握着交谈主题的主动权，说起话来也更加从容自在了。

列车驶进了阴暗的大车棚下，芝加哥车站到了。嘉莉妹妹拒绝了杜鲁埃帮忙提包的请求，礼貌地与他握手告别，随后被下车的旅客们簇拥到车厢门口，这时一个瘦长脸儿、衣着普通的女人急匆匆地朝她赶了过来，是姐姐来接她了。姐姐整日上班干活，脸上显现出阅尽世间沧桑的艰辛神色。在例行的拥抱寒暄之后，嘉莉妹妹瞥见远处杜鲁埃投来的微笑和转身而去的背影，这时候，她突然感到了一阵孤独袭来。

When Caroline Meeber boarded the afternoon train for Chicago, her total outfit consisted of a small trunk, a cheap imitation alligator-skin satchel, a small lunch in a paper box, and a yellow leather snap purse, containing her ticket, a scrap of paper with her sister's address in Van Buren Street, and four dollars in money. It was in August, 1889. She was eighteen years of age, bright, timid, and full of the illusions of ignorance and youth. Whatever touch of regret at parting characterised her thoughts, it was certainly not for advantages now being given up. A gush of tears at her mother's farewell kiss, a touch in her throat when the cars clacked by the flour mill where her father worked by the



day, a pathetic sigh as the familiar green environs of the village passed in review, and the threads which bound her so lightly to girlhood and home were irretrievably broken.

To be sure there was always the next station, where one might descend and return. There was the great city, bound more closely by these very trains which came up daily. Columbia City was not so very far away, even once she was in Chicago. What, pray, is a few hours — a few hundred miles? She looked at the little slip bearing her sister's address and wondered. She gazed at the green landscape, now passing in swift review, until her swifter thoughts replaced its impression with vague conjectures of what Chicago might be.

When a girl leaves her home at eighteen, she does one of two things. Either she falls into saving hands and becomes better, or she rapidly assumes the cosmopolitan standard of virtue and becomes worse. Of an intermediate balance, under the circumstances, there is no possibility. The city has its cunning wiles, no less than the infinitely smaller and more human tempter. There are large forces which allure with all the soulfulness of expression possible in the most cultured human. The gleam of a thousand lights is often as effective as the persuasive light in a wooing and fascinating eye. Half the undoing of the unsophisticated and natural mind is accomplished by forces wholly superhuman. A blare of sound, a roar of life, a vast array of human hives, appeal to the astonished senses in equivocal terms. Without a counsellor at hand to whisper cautious interpretations, what falsehoods may not these things breathe into the unguarded ear! Unrecognised for what they are, their beauty, like music, too often relaxes, then weakens, then perverts the simpler human perceptions.

Caroline, or Sister Carrie, as she had been half affectionately termed by the family, was possessed of a mind rudimentary in its power of observation and analysis. Self-interest with her was high, but not strong. It was, nevertheless, her guiding characteristic. Warm with the fancies of youth, pretty with the insipid prettiness of the formative period, possessed of a figure promising eventual shapeliness and an eye alight with certain native intelligence, she was a fair example of the middle American class — two generations removed from the emigrant. Books were beyond her interest —



knowledge a sealed book. In the intuitive graces she was still crude. She could scarcely toss her head gracefully. Her hands were almost ineffectual. The feet, though small, were set flatly. And yet she was interested in her charms, quick to understand the keener pleasures of life, ambitious to gain in material things. A half-equipped little knight she was, venturing to reconnoitre the mysterious city and dreaming wild dreams of some vague, far-off supremacy, which should make it prey and subject — the proper penitent, grovelling at a woman's slipper.

"That," said a voice in her ear, "is one of the prettiest little resorts in Wisconsin."

"Is it?" she answered nervously.

The train was just pulling out of Waukesha. For some time she had been conscious of a man behind. She felt him observing her mass of hair. He had been fidgeting, and with natural intuition she felt a certain interest growing in that quarter. Her maidenly reserve, and a certain sense of what was conventional under the circumstances, called her to forestall and deny this familiarity, but the daring and magnetism of the individual, born of past experiences and triumphs, prevailed. She answered.

He leaned forward to put his elbows upon the back of her seat and proceeded to make himself volubly agreeable.

"Yes, that is a great resort for Chicago people. The hotels are swell. You are not familiar with this part of the country, are you?"

"Oh, yes, I am," answered Carrie. "That is, I live at Columbia City. I have never been through here, though."

"And so this is your first visit to Chicago," he observed.

All the time she was conscious of certain features out of the side of her eye. Flush, colourful cheeks, a light moustache, a grey fedora hat. She now turned and looked upon him in full, the instincts of self-protection and coquetry mingling confusedly in her brain.

"I didn't say that," she said.

"Oh," he answered, in a very pleasing way and with an assumed air of mistake, "I thought you did."

Here was a type of the travelling canvasser for a manufacturing house — a

class which at that time was first being dubbed by the slang of the day "drummers." He came within the meaning of a still newer term, which had sprung into general use among Americans in 1880, and which concisely expressed the thought of one whose dress or manners are calculated to elicit the admiration of susceptible young women — a "masher." His suit was of a striped and crossed pattern of brown wool, new at that time, but since become familiar as a business suit. The low crotch of the vest revealed a stiff shirt bosom of white and pink stripes. From his coat sleeves protruded a pair of linen cuffs of the same pattern, fastened with large, gold plate buttons, set with the common yellow agates known as "cat's-eyes." His fingers bore several rings — one, the ever-enduring heavy seal — and from his vest dangled a neat gold watch chain, from which was suspended the secret insignia of the Order of Elks. The whole suit was rather tight-fitting, and was finished off with heavy-soled tan shoes, highly polished, and the grey fedora hat. He was, for the order of intellect represented, attractive, and whatever he had to recommend him, you may be sure was not lost upon Carrie, in this, her first glance.

Lest this order of individual should permanently pass, let me put down some of the most striking characteristics of his most successful manner and method. Good clothes, of course, were the first essential, the things without which he was nothing. A strong physical nature, actuated by a keen desire for the feminine, was the next. A mind free of any consideration of the problems or forces of the world and actuated not by greed, but an insatiable love of variable pleasure. His method was always simple. Its principal element was daring, backed, of course, by an intense desire and admiration for the sex. Let him meet with a young woman once and he would approach her with an air of kindly familiarity, not unmingled with pleading, which would result in most cases in a tolerant acceptance. If she showed any tendency to coquetry he would be apt to straighten her tie, or if she "took up" with him at all, to call her by her first name. If he visited a department store it was to lounge familiarly over the counter and ask some leading questions. In more exclusive circles, on the train or in waiting stations, he went slower. If some seemingly vulnerable object appeared he was all attention — to pass the compliments of the day, to lead the way to the parlor car, carrying her grip, or, failing that, to take a seat



next her with the hope of being able to court her to her destination. Pillows, books, a footstool, the shade lowered; all these figured in the things which he could do. If, when she reached her destination he did not alight and attend her baggage for her, it was because, in his own estimation, he had signally failed.

A woman should some day write the complete philosophy of clothes. No matter how young, it is one of the things she wholly comprehends. There is an indescribably faint line in the matter of man's apparel which somehow divides for her those who are worth glancing at and those who are not. Once an individual has passed this faint line on the way downward he will get no glance from her. There is another line at which the dress of a man will cause her to study her own. This line the individual at her elbow now marked for Carrie. She became conscious of an inequality. Her own plain blue dress, with its black cotton tape trimmings, now seemed to her shabby. She felt the worn state of her shoes.

"Let's see," he went on, "I know quite a number of people in your town. Morgenroth the clothier and Gibson the dry goods man."

"Oh, do you?" she interrupted, aroused by memories of longings their show windows had cost her.

At last he had a clew to her interest, and followed it deftly. In a few minutes he had come about into her seat. He talked of sales of clothing, his travels, Chicago, and the amusements of that city.

"If you are going there, you will enjoy it immensely. Have you relatives?"

"I am going to visit my sister," she explained.

"You want to see Lincoln Park," he said, "and Michigan Boulevard. They are putting up great buildings there. It's a second New York — great. So much to see — theatres, crowds, fine houses — oh, you'll like that."

There was a little ache in her fancy of all he described. Her insignificance in the presence of so much magnificence faintly affected her. She realised that hers was not to be a round of pleasure, and yet there was something promising in all the material prospect he set forth. There was something satisfactory in the attention of this individual with his good clothes. She could not help smiling as he told her of some popular actress of whom she reminded him. She was not silly, and yet attention of this sort had its weight.