



名 / 著 / 的 / 力 / 量

青闰 冉玉体 编译

世界经典 名家名作 赏析

★英汉对照★

唯美篇



大连理工大学出版社
DALIAN UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY PRESS

名 / 著 / 的 / 力 / 量

青闰 再玉体 编译

世界经典 名家名作 赏析

★英汉对照★

唯美篇



大连理工大学出版社
DALIAN UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY PRESS

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

世界经典名家名作赏析·唯美篇:英汉对照/青闰,
冉玉体编译. — 大连:大连理工大学出版社, 2014.7

(名著的力量)

ISBN 978-7-5611-9214-6

I. ①世… II. ①青… ②冉… III. ①英语-汉语-
对照读物②短篇小说-小说集-世界 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2014) 第 116995 号

大连理工大学出版社出版

地址:大连市软件园路 80 号 邮政编码: 116023

发行: 0411-84708842 邮购: 0411-84703636 传真: 0411-84701466

E-mail: dutp@dutp.cn URL: <http://www.dutp.cn>

大连金华光彩色印刷有限公司印刷 大连理工大学出版社发行

幅面尺寸: 168mm × 235mm 印张: 19 字数: 470 千字
印数: 1~5000

2014 年 7 月第 1 版

2014 年 7 月第 1 次印刷

责任编辑: 马嘉聪

责任校对: 孙玉兰

装帧设计: 对岸书影

ISBN 978-7-5611-9214-6

定价: 29.80 元



感受名著力量，点亮智慧心灯

——向文学大师致敬

谨以本套丛书献给那些深爱家人与朋友，有追求、有梦想，对生活有激情，对英语学习有热情的读者朋友们。

我们为什么阅读名家名作？因为艺术是生活的折射，阅读名家名作能够扩展我们的自我生活体验。艺术大师通过对现实生活富有想象力的艺术演绎，让我们从中得到某种意味深长的生活启迪。

我们为什么阅读名家名作？因为文学是语言的艺术，阅读名家名作能够给我们带来愉悦身心、陶冶性情、完善心智的艺术享受。艺术大师个个都是讲故事的高手，善于描绘充满悬念的场景，采用多种多样的叙事方式和叙事技巧，通过超凡脱俗的语言和奇特精巧的构思，将人物、情节、主题巧妙融入一个个或传奇、或谐趣、或唯美、或惊悚、或隽永的故事之中，制造险象环生的情景氛围和惊心动魄的情感冲击，既使作品意蕴深邃丰沛，又给读者带来回味无穷的阅读享受。

这是一套十分值得一看的英语学习与心灵成长读物。“名著的力量”系列丛书包括《世界经典名家名作赏析——唯美篇》、《世界经典名家名作赏析——谐趣篇》、《世界经典名家名作赏析——惊悚篇》、《世界经典名家名作赏析——隽永篇》和《世界经典名家名作赏析——传奇篇》五个分册。

《世界经典名家名作赏析——唯美篇》顾名思义就是以唯美为主线，遴选世界上最著名的小说家，如爱伦·坡、莫泊桑、马克·吐温、高尔斯华绥、海明威等名家的9篇唯美力作，让读者充分领略到唯美文学的方方面面。故事环环紧扣，悬念迭起，通过这些悬念紧紧抓住读者的心，刺激着读者的阅读欲望，推动着情节的发展。本集选文就是要引导读者以文中那些真善美的人物为楷模，重塑自己的唯美心灵。

可以说，所选作品无论是在主题思想、人物形象上还是在语言风格、故事结构上都各具千秋、精彩纷呈，同时写作手法所涉及范围较广，这里提到的写作手法主要是小说的表现手法，主要有悬念、照应、抑扬结合、点面结合、动静结合、叙议结合、情景交融、首尾呼应、伏笔照应、承上启下、开门见山、烘托、渲染、虚实相生等等。不同的写作手法对小说故事的构成起到了重要的作用，产生了异乎寻常的艺术效果。

非常感谢大连理工大学出版社的编辑们对本书稿所提的修改意见及辛苦努力。在选材、翻译和点评过程中，也得到了宰倩、廉凤仙、宋娟、张连亮、张灵敏、刘君武等同志的热情支持和帮助，在此深表感谢。

尽管我们力求在翻译上做到信达雅，在点评上手到、眼到、心到，但仍不免会有遗珠之憾，恳请读者朋友们不吝赐教与雅正。

编者

2014年6月



目录

1 *Guy De Maupassant*



1

01 Happiness 幸福 2

2 *Edgar Allan Poe*



17

01 Eleonora 埃莉奥诺拉 18

3 *Mark Twain*



33

01 The Californian's Tale 加州人的故事 34

4 *Oscar Wilde*



53

01 The Nightingale and the Rose 夜莺与玫瑰 54

5 Sarah Orne Jewett



69

01 A White Heron 一只白鹭 70

6 Alice Walker



79

01 To Hell with Dying 让死亡见鬼去吧 80

7 Isaac Bashevis Singer



93

01 The Last Gaze 最后的凝视 94

8 John Galsworthy



115

01 The Apple Tree 苹果树 116

9 Ernest Hemingway



241

01 The Snows of Kilimanjaro 乞力马扎罗的雪 242

Guy De Maupassant

最作家档案



01

Happiness

幸福

姓名	居伊·德·莫泊桑
出生日期	1850年8月5日
出生地	法国西北部诺曼底省狄埃卜城
性别	男

成就和特色

短篇小说之王，19世纪后半期法国优秀的批判现实主义作家。莫泊桑是法国文学史上短篇小说创作数量最大、成就最高的作家，三百余篇短篇小说的巨大创作量在十九世纪文学中绝无仅有；他的短篇小说中描绘的生活面极为广泛，实际上构成了十九世纪下半期法国社会一幅全面的风俗画；更重要的是，他把现实主义短篇小说的艺术提高到了一个前所未有的水平，他在文学史上的重要地位主要就是由短篇小说的成就奠定的。

写作背景

美丽富有的贵族女孩摒弃奢华，追随普通士兵逃到远离人烟的孤岛上白头到老，让我们领悟到了爱情的真谛：他就是她的一切，一个人期望的一切，一个人梦想的一切，一个人不停等待的一切，一个人始终希望的一切。他自始至终都用幸福充满了她的生活。



Happiness

1. villa
n. 别墅
2. polished
adj. 抛光的
3. jagged
adj. 锯齿状的; (外形) 参差不齐的
4. profile
n. 轮廓; 侧面
5. melancholy
n. 忧郁
6. flutter
vi. 鼓翼
7. in succession
接连地
8. affirm
v. 断言
9. sovereign
adj. 至高无上的
10. ardent
adj. 强烈的

It was tea-time before the appearance of the lamps. The **villa**¹ commanded the sea; the sun, which had disappeared, had left the sky all rosy from his passing—rubbed, as it were, with gold-dust; and the Mediterranean, without a ripple, without a shudder, smooth, still shining under the dying sunset seemed like a huge and **polished**² metal plate.

Far off to the right the **jagged**³ mountains outlined their black **profile**⁴ on the pale purple of the west.

We talked of love, we discussed that old subject, we said again the things which we had said already very often. The sweet **melancholy**⁵ of the twilight made our words milder, caused a tenderness to waver in our souls; and that word, “love” which came back ceaselessly, now pronounced by a strong man’s voice, now uttered by the frail-toned voice of a woman, seemed to fill the little salon, to **flutter**⁶ there like a bird, to hover there like a spirit.

Can one remain in love for several years **in succession**⁷?

“Yes,” maintained some.

“No,” **affirmed**⁸ others.

We distinguished cases, we established limitations, we cited examples; and all, men and women, filled with rising and troubling memories, which they could not quote, and which mounted to their lips, seemed moved, and talked of that common, that **sovereign**⁹ thing, the tender and mysterious union of two beings, with a profound emotion and an **ardent**¹⁰ interest.

But all of a sudden someone, whose eyes had been fixed upon

幸福

这是掌灯前的喝茶时间。别墅俯瞰着大海；太阳已经不见了，留下满天彩霞，就像用金粉擦过一般：地中海没有波纹，没有震颤，在即将逝去的夕阳下仍然闪闪发亮，平坦得像是一块巨大的抛光金属板。

远处右侧，锯齿状的群山在西方淡紫色的霞光之上勾勒出黑色的剪影。

我们谈论爱情，讨论这个古老的话题，一遍又一遍地说着我们老生常谈的那些事儿。甜美忧郁的暮色使我们的谈话变得温和，使我们的心里泛起了柔情。“爱情”这个词不断重复出现，时而由一个有力的男声说出，时而由一个柔软的女声说出，仿佛充满了这个小小的客厅，像小鸟一样在那里振翅雀跃，像幽灵似的逗留徘徊。

一个人能连续不断地爱上好几年吗？

“能，”有人说。

“不能，”另一些人断言。

我们将情况分门别类，认可其局限性，引经据典；所有的男男女女都充满了回忆，这些回忆令人烦恼、汹涌而来，话到嘴边，却无法引用，他们好像都很动情，带着深邃的感情和强烈的兴趣谈论这个普通而又高尚的事情——两个人的神秘结合。

远景，近景，诗一般的语言，生动贴切的比喻，烘托出了满天彩霞般的意境，为故事的展开作了铺垫。

作者以独特的视角切入，把读者引入了一个既熟悉又陌生的爱情领域。

镜头突然拉伸，体现了作者游刃有余、收放自如的高超的艺术手法。

11. distinguish
vt. 辨别
12. apparition
n. 幻景; 离奇出现的东西
13. phantom
n. 幻影
14. ravine
n. 溪谷; 峡谷
15. torrent
n. 急流; 洪流
16. undulation
n. 波动
17. morsel
n. 一小片

the distance, cried out: "Oh! Look down there; what is it?"

On the sea, at the bottom of the horizon, loomed up a mass, gray, enormous and confused.

The women had risen from their seats, and without understanding, looked at this surprising thing which they had never seen before. Someone said: "It is Corsica! You see it so two or three times a year, in certain exceptional conditions of the atmosphere, when the air is perfectly clear, and it is not concealed by those mists of sea-fog which always veil the distances."

We **distinguished**¹¹ vaguely the mountain ridges. We thought we recognized the snow of their summits. And everyone one remained surprised, troubled, almost terrified, by this sudden **apparition**¹² of a world, by this **phantom**¹³ risen from the sea. Maybe that those who, like Columbus, went away across undiscovered oceans had such strange visions as this.

Then said an old gentleman who had not yet spoken: "See here: I knew in that island which raises itself before us, as if in person to answer what we said, and to recall to me a singular memory—I knew, I say, an admirable case of love which was true, of love which, improbably enough, was happy. Here it is—

"Five years ago I made a journey in Corsica. That savage island is more unknown and more distant from us than America, even though you see it sometimes from the very coasts of France, as we have done today.

"Imagine a world which is still chaos, imagine a storm of mountains separated by narrow **ravines**¹⁴ where **torrents**¹⁵ roll; not a single plain, but immense waves of granite, and giant **undulations**¹⁶ of earth covered with brushwood or with high forests of chestnut-trees and pines. It is a virgin soil, uncultivated, desert, although you sometimes make out a village, like a heap of rocks, on the summit of a mountain. No culture, no industries, no art. One never meets here with a **morsel**¹⁷ of carved wood, or a bit of sculptured stone, never the least reminder that the ancestors

突然，一个眼睛凝视前方的人大声喊道：“噢！看那里，看那是什么？”

海面上，天尽头，赫然出现了一团灰色的庞然大物，模糊不清。

女人们从座位上站起来，莫名其妙地看着这个令人吃惊、她们以前从未见过的东西。有人说：“那是科西嘉岛！在某种特殊大气条件下，空气非常清澈，它不再被总是笼罩在远处的那些海雾遮盖，你每年会看到它两三次。”

我们隐约辨别出山脊，认为自己认出了山顶上的积雪。每个人都对这突如其来的世界奇观，对从海面上升起的这个幻影感到吃惊、不安，近乎恐惧。那些像哥伦布一样穿越未知重洋的人说不定也经历过这种奇异的幻影。

这时，一位还没有开过口的老人说道：“听着，这座自行在我们面前升起的岛屿，好像是亲自来回答我们所说的话题，引起了我一段奇特的回忆，我知道在那座岛上——我知道有一个值得赞美的爱情故事，那是一段真实幸福而又难以置爱的爱情。故事是这样的——

以嵌入法引入故事。

“五年前，我在科西嘉岛旅行。这座原始岛屿比美洲离我们更加陌生和遥远，即使你有时会从法国海岸上像我们今天这样看到它。

“想象一下混沌的世界，想象一下洪流滚滚的狭窄溪谷分开的崇山峻岭；没有一块平地，只有一望无际的花岗岩和覆盖着矮灌木丛或栗树林的巨大坡地。那是一片处女地，没有开垦，一片荒芜，尽管有时你会在山顶上辨认出一座宛如一堆岩石的村庄。没有文化，没有工业，没有艺术。这里从来不会遇到一段雕木或一块雕

of these people had any taste, whether rude or refined, for gracious and beautiful things. It is this which strikes you the most in their superb and hard country: their **hereditary**¹⁸ indifference to that search for seductive forms which is called Art.

“Italy, where every palace, full of masterpieces, is a masterpiece itself; Italy, where marble, wood, bronze, iron, metals, and precious stones **attest**¹⁹ man’s genius, where the smallest old things which lie about in the ancient houses reveal that divine care for grace—Italy is for us the sacred country which we love, because she shows to us and proves to us the struggle, the grandeur, the power, and the triumph of the intelligence which creates.

“And, face to face with her, the savage Corsica has remained exactly as in her earliest days. A man lives there in his rude house, indifferent to everything which does not concern his own bare existence or his family **feuds**²⁰. And he has retained the **vices**²¹ and the virtues of savage races; he is violent, **malignant**²², **sanguinary**²³ without a thought of remorse, but also **hospitable**²⁴, generous, devoted, simple, opening his door to passers-by, and giving his faithful friendship in return for the least sign of sympathy.

“So, for a month, I had been wandering over this magnificent island with the sensation that I was at the end of the world. No more inns, no taverns, no roads. You gain by mule-paths **hamlets**²⁵ hanging up, as it were, on a mountain-side, and **commanding**²⁶ tortuous **abysses**²⁷ whence of an evening you hear rising the steady sound, the dull and deep voice, of the torrent. You knock at the doors of the houses. You ask a shelter for the night and something to live on till the morrow. And you sit down at the humble board, and you sleep under the humble roof, and in the morning you press the extended hand of your host, who has guided you as far as the outskirts of the village.

“Now, one night, after ten hours’ walking, I reached a little

18. hereditary
adj. 世袭的; 遗传的
19. attest
vt. 证明
20. feud
n. 不和
21. vice
n. 缺点
22. malignant
adj. 恶毒的
23. sanguinary
adj. 残暴的
24. hospitable
adj. 好客的; 宽容的
25. hamlet
n. 小村; 部落
26. command
vt. 俯临
27. abyss
n. 深渊

石，永远不会遇到任何纪念品来说明这些人的祖先对优雅美丽事物的粗俗或高雅的品味。对迷人形式的追求，我们称为艺术，在那个景色壮丽而又严峻的地方，给你印象最深的就是他们世代相传对这种追求的漠不关心。

“意大利充满杰作，每座宫殿本身就是一件杰作；意大利的大理石、木头、青铜器、铁器、各种金属和宝石都证明人类的天赋，那些点缀在老屋里的最小古物都显示出对优美雅致的非凡喜爱。意大利对我们来说是神圣的国家，之所以我们热爱她，是因为她对我们展示并证明了她创造智慧的努力、庄严、威力和胜利。

“而且，与她面对面的、原始的科西嘉岛，完全停留在最原始的时期。一个人住在粗陋的房子里，对任何与自身生活或家族不和无关的事情漠不关心。他保留着原始种族的那些缺点和优点；他狂暴恶毒，嗜血成性，不思怜悯，但也好客大方，热情单纯，打开门欢迎每个过路人，哪怕有一点意气相投，就会报以忠实的友谊。

“因此，我一直在这座蔚为壮观的岛上漫游了一个月，感觉自己到了世界的尽头。没有客栈，没有酒馆，也没有道路。你沿着那些骡子专用的小道到达仿佛挂在山腰、俯临曲折深渊的村落，在那里，往往在晚上，你会听到急流持续不断的响声，低沉深长的声音升上来。你敲那些房子的门，请求过夜，一直在那里住到第二天。你在简陋的桌边坐下来吃饭，睡在简陋的屋顶下；第二天早晨，你紧握主人伸出的手，他一直把你送到村边。

“那么，有一天夜里，徒步十个小时之后，我来到了一座孤零零的小房子前。房子位于一条狭窄的山谷底，山谷向远处伸展一里格通向大海。两道陡峭的山坡上覆盖着灌木丛、落石和树木，像两堵昏暗的墙围拢着

看似与主题无关的描写，其实是作者的一种曲笔，与下文形成了强烈的对比。

清水出芙蓉，天然去雕饰。返璞归真，才是人类发展与生存的正道。

dwelling quite by itself at the bottom of a narrow valley which was about to throw itself into the sea a league farther on. The two steep slopes of the mountain, covered with brush, with fallen rocks, and with great trees, shut in this **lamentably**²⁸ sad ravine like two **somber**²⁹ walls.

“Around the cottage were some vines, a little garden, and, farther off, several large chestnut-trees—enough to live on; in fact, a fortune for this poor country.

“The woman who received me was old, **severe**³⁰, and neat—exceptionally so. The man, seated on a straw chair, rose to salute me, then sat down again without saying a word. His companion said to me: ‘Excuse him; he is deaf now. He is eighty-two years old.’

“She spoke the French of France. I was surprised.

“I asked her: ‘You are not of Corsica?’

“She answered: ‘No; we are from the Continent. But we have lived here now fifty years.’

“A feeling of anguish and of fear seized me at the thought of those fifty years passed in this gloomy hole, so far from the cities where human beings dwell. An old shepherd returned, and we began to eat the only dish there was for dinner, a thick soup in which potatoes, **lard**³¹, and cabbages had been boiled together.

“When the short **repast**³² was finished, I went and sat down before the door, my heart **pinched**³³ by the melancholy of the mournful landscape, wrung by that distress which sometimes seizes travellers on certain sad evenings, in certain **desolate**³⁴ places. It seems that everything is near its ending—existence, and the universe itself. You **perceive**³⁵ sharply the dreadful misery of life, the isolation of everyone, the nothingness of all things, and the black loneliness of the heart which **nurses**³⁶ itself and deceives itself with dreams until the hour of death.

“The old woman rejoined me, and, tortured by that curiosity which ever lives at the bottom of the most **resigned**³⁷ of souls: ‘So

28. lamentably

adv. 哀伤地

29. somber

adj. 昏暗的; 阴沉的

30. severe

adj. 朴素的

31. lard

n. 猪油

32. repast

n. 餐; 就餐时间

33. pinch

vi. 收缩; 夹痛

34. desolate

adj. 荒凉的

35. perceive

vt. 感到; 认识到

36. nurse

vt. 护理; 看护

37. resigned

adj. 顺从的; 听天由命的

这个凄凉的峡谷。

“小屋周围有一些葡萄藤和一个小菜园，较远处还有好几棵大栗树——足以用来生活；事实上，对这个贫穷的地方来说，那是一笔财富。

“接待我的那个女人上了年纪，朴素，而且整洁——异常整洁。坐在稻草椅上的男人站起来跟我打招呼，随后又一言不发地坐下来。他的老伴对我说：‘原谅他，他现在聋了，他都八十二岁了。’

“她说一口纯正的法语。我感到吃惊。

“我问她：‘你不是科西嘉人？’

“她回答：‘不是，我们来自大陆。不过，我们现在已经在这里住五十年了。’

这是一个重要的时间节点。

“一想到远离人类居住的城市并在这阴暗的陋室生活了50年，我就感到痛苦和害怕。一个老牧羊人回来了，我们开始吃只有一道菜的晚饭，是土豆、猪油和卷心菜一起煮的浓汤。

“短暂的晚饭后，我走过去，在门前坐下来，阴郁沉闷的风景使我心痛，旅行者在忧愁的傍晚，在荒凉的地方，有时会感到忧伤。好像生活和宇宙本身——所有的一切都快要结束。你突然感到人生凄苦，人人孤独，万物虚无，心灵忧郁而孤独，靠梦想自我抚慰、自我欺骗，直到死亡的那个时刻。

“老太太来到我身边；而且，最听天由命的人，内心深处也会有好奇心，她正是在这种好奇心的驱使下问道：‘那你是从法国来的吧？’

“‘是的，我是出来散心。’”

“‘你大概是巴黎人吧？’”

“‘不，我是南锡人。’”

38. agitate
vt. 使激动; 使不安
39. impassible
adj. 麻木的; 无动于衷的
40. regard
vt. 打量
41. anguish
n. 痛苦
42. hitherto
adv. 迄今; 至今
43. distract
vt. 分散; 使分心
44. aghast
adj. 惊骇的; 吓呆的
45. hussar
n. 轻骑兵

you come from France?" said she.

"Yes, I'm travelling for pleasure."

"You are from Paris, perhaps?"

"No, I am from Nancy."

"It seemed to me that an extraordinary emotion **agitated**³⁸ her. How I saw, or rather how I felt it, I do not know.

"She repeated, in a slow voice: 'You are from Nancy?'"

"The man appeared in the door, **impassible**³⁹, like all the deaf.

"She resumed: 'It doesn't make any difference. He can't hear.'

"Then, at the end of several seconds: 'So you know people at Nancy?'"

"Oh yes, nearly everybody.'

"The family of Sainte-Allaize?'"

"Yes, very well; they were friends of my father.'

"What are you called?'"

"I told her my name. She **regarded**⁴⁰ me fixedly, then said, in that low voice which is roused by memories: 'Yes, yes; I remember well. And the Brisemares, what has become of them?'"

"They are all dead.'

"Ah! And the Sirmonts, do you know them?'"

"Yes, the last of the family is a general.'

"Then she said, trembling with emotion, with **anguish**⁴¹, with I do not know what, feeling confused, powerful, and holy, with I do not know how great a need to confess, to tell all, to talk of those things which she had **hitherto**⁴² kept shut in the bottom of her heart, and to speak of those people whose name **distracted**⁴³ her soul: 'Yes, Henri de Sirmont. I know him well. He is my brother.'

"And I lifted my eyes at her, **aghast**⁴⁴ with surprise. And all of a sudden my memory of it came back.

"It had caused, once, a great scandal among the nobility of Lorraine. A young girl, beautiful and rich, Suzanne de Sirmont, had run away with an under-officer in the regiment of **hussars**⁴⁵