

# Absalom, Absalom!

William Faulkner



英汉双语版

## 押沙龙， 押沙龙！

〔美〕

福克纳 著

李文俊 译



中央编译出版社  
Central Compilation & Translation Press

ESSENTIAL CLASSICS OF WORLD LITERATURE

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## 译序

李文俊

《押沙龙，押沙龙！》(Absalom, Absalom!)是美国小说家威廉·福克纳(William Faulkner, 1897—1962)的第九部长篇小说，出版于1936年。

我们从福克纳1934年2月左右写给他的出版者哈里森·史密斯的一封信里可以最早了解到他要写这部小说的计划与想法。福克纳是这样说的：“我觉得这部小说我开头开得很顺利。斯诺普斯和修女那两本都被我搁到一边了。我目前正在写的这本将叫作《黑屋子》或类似的书名。它讲的是一个家族或者家庭从1860到1910年左右所经历的多少可算是剧烈的分崩离析的故事。不过也并不像听起来的那么沉重。小说的主要情节发生在内战和战争刚结束的时期；高潮是另一个发生在1910年左右的情节，这个情节解释清了整个故事的来龙去脉。大致上，其主题是一个人蹂躏了土地，而土地反过来毁灭了这个人的家庭。《喧哗与骚动》中的昆丁·康普生讲述故事，或者说由他把事情串连起来；他是主角，因此故事就不像是全然不足凭信的了。我用他，因为那时正是他为了妹妹而自杀的前夕，我利用他的怨恨，他把怨恨针对南方，以对南方和南方人的憎恨的形式出现，这就使故事更有深意，比一部历史小说更有深度。你可以说，避免了写穿衬裙与戴高顶礼帽的那个老套。我相信到秋天我准可以交稿。”当然，后来福克纳放弃了《黑屋子》这个书名，而且他也没能在1934年秋天完工。那年8月，他给哈里森·史密斯去信说：“我春天写信时跟你说过去到8月我会让你知道小说进展的具体情况。我此刻能告诉你唯一的确切消息是，我仍然不知道它何时可以写成。我相信这本书还不够成熟；也就是说还未到足月临盆的时候。我常常得放下它去挣些小钱，不过我想还有更重要的原因。我写倒是写了一大堆，但只有一章还比较满意；我现在考虑先把这本放一放，回过头去再捡起《修女安魂曲》，此书不长，与《我弥留之际》差不多，而手头的这本也许比《八月之光》还要长一些。顺便告诉你，我已经想出了一个我喜欢的书名：《押沙龙，押沙龙！》；故事是讲一个人出于骄傲想要个儿子，但儿子太多了，他们把他毁了……”

1935年2月，福克纳收到史密斯与哈斯公司预付《押沙龙，押沙龙！》的稿费两千元。在这之前，史密斯曾去福克纳处浏览过他的手稿。但是直到这一年的3月30日，福克纳才寄出这部小说的第一章。6月底，出版社收到第二章。7月，收到第三章。8月，收到第四章。10月15日，福克纳在完成的第五章上标上日期。



12月，他在给一个朋友的信里说：“原谅回信迟了，因为我此刻正在没日没夜地赶写。这部小说相当好，我想再有一个月就能见到它竣工了。”但此时的福克纳正沉浸在巨大的悲痛之中。11月10日，他的小弟弟迪安在驾驶福克纳送给他的瓦科（Waco）飞机时失事身亡。福克纳认为弟弟的死是他这做哥哥的一手造成的，因为正是他鼓励迪安学飞行并且以自己的飞行爱好为弟弟树立了榜样。整整一夜，他帮助殡仪师把置放在浴缸里的弟弟尸体的脸弄得稍稍像样些，以致福克纳相信自己今后再也无法躺进一个浴缸洗澡了。他再次以威士忌浇愁。但他终于又振作起来，因为只有写作才能给他带来安慰。1936年1月31日，福克纳终于写完《押沙龙，押沙龙！》并在稿子上注明日期。此时，原来出版福克纳作品的史密斯与哈斯出版公司因经济困难已被兰登书屋收买。是年10月26日，兰登书屋出版《押沙龙，押沙龙！》，初版六千册，另外印了三百本特别版。

福克纳自己对《押沙龙，押沙龙！》是相当重视的。他曾对一个朋友说，这是“有史以来美国人所写的最好的小说”。他专门为此书编了一份大事记、一份家谱，并亲手绘制了一幅约克纳帕塔法县的地图，给人以这是他的“约克纳帕塔法县宝鉴录”的压卷之作的印象。事实上，这并不是福克纳个人的看法。许多美国评论家、文学史家都认为这是福克纳作品中最重要，也是最复杂、深奥，最具史诗色彩的一部。

从表层意义上看，《押沙龙，押沙龙！》反映了美国南方19世纪下半叶至20世纪初的历史、社会面貌。但这还不是福克纳创作的全部用意。用他自己的话说，他要写的毋宁是“人的心灵与它自己相冲突的问题”，福克纳认为“只有这一点才能制造出优秀的作品，因为只有这个才值得写，值得为之痛苦与流汗”。（见其《诺贝尔奖受奖演说》）因此，我们应当领会到福克纳所写的并不是关于美国南方的一部历史小说，更不是以热闹的历史背景映衬的一出“情节剧”。

在《押沙龙，押沙龙！》中，福克纳通过约克纳帕塔法县又一个家族，萨德本家族的兴起与衰落，表现了人与人、人与自己内心的种种冲突。这里写的是一个穷小子白手起家的历史，与别的世家相比，有其特殊性。在家庭衰落中，种族因素起了决定性的作用，而此书与福克纳别的作品相比，又有其特殊性。《押沙龙，押沙龙！》一书，比同时代许多作家的作品，比福克纳的其他作品，更深入地触及与探讨了美国南方历史罪责与无辜者所受到的痛苦的问题。它归结到人与人之间应平等相待，不然，受到报应的仍是有罪者自身以及有关后代。这是美国南方的问题，也是与人类境遇有关的带普遍性的问题。由于这是一部充满悬念的作品，把关键性的“故事眼”在前言中一一交待将是多余并愚蠢的。译者想着重关照的仅仅是：读者阅读时得付出较多的耐心。书中长达几页的句子比比皆是，句中套插入句甚至长长一段、整整一个故事，结构错综复杂，真可谓“剪不断，理还乱”。在这里，沿用前辈翻译家的办法，把句子拆散打乱，按汉语习惯方式用短句表述，套用大致相当的成语来走捷径，好像都不可行。我不知道那将制造出一个如何不



中不西、不伦不类的杂烩。译者想做到的仅仅是，在中文用心读可以读懂的极限内，尽可能多地保留原作的原汁原味。也许这仅仅是一个奢望。

还是回到原作本身上来，先介绍一下《押沙龙，押沙龙！》的叙事方式。如《哥伦比亚美国文学史》中所指出的，这“是一部纯属解释性的小说。几个人物——罗沙小姐、康普生先生、昆丁和施里夫——试图解释过去”。这几个人物，老小姐也好、乡绅律师也好、大学生也好，他们的表述方式都是繁复式的，而且各有其不同的繁复。他们所描述的人物的叙事方式也大多是繁复式的，也是各有自己的独特方式，例如托马斯·萨德本的模仿法庭用语。他们（讲述者与被讲述者）还都有一个通病——说话吞吞吐吐，欲说还休。是啊，他们也有自己的难处，有时是不明就里，有时是故意掩盖底细。这就给阅读者一种“神龙不见首尾”的感觉。但是精彩之处恰恰隐藏在这一段段冗长、繁缛、抽象、故作高深（书中有不少作者或作者让自己笔底的人物生造——英文中叫 coinage，亦即“自己造币”——的词语）的文字之间，时不时，像一道强烈的电光从乌云的裂隙间显现。在读《押沙龙，押沙龙！》时，我们像是在聆听韩德尔、巴赫等大师的一首多声部的“康塔塔”（Cantata）。在此起彼伏或惊惧或哀叹或仇恨的男女各种声音的“耶稣死了”、“啊，他死了”、“他被钉上十字架”、“有人背叛了他”之间，自有一股隐藏的张力在那里流动。

《哥伦比亚美国文学史》中所说的“解释”，也就是演绎或阐释。同一件事，不同的人看到的是不同的层面或剖面（facet）。而看者的认识角度与主观感情色彩又各不相同。作者把这微妙处一一表现出来，还诱导读者一起，拼装成一个有史诗深度的悲剧故事，这里面，除了作者的天生才能之外，在艺术构思上所用的心力，恐怕也只有擅长作多层次牙透雕的中国艺人才能体会到。但即使是一个粗心大意、不求甚解的读者，在“飞掠”过那些抽象议论，读完全书后，有些东西是会留在他脑子里拂之不去的。那些令人难忘的人物形象，如托马斯·萨德本、查尔斯·邦这样复杂、多层次的主要人物不必说了，就连着墨不多的朱迪思（她的坚毅）、埃蒂尼·邦（他那受扭曲的种族自尊心）也都栩栩如生，异常鲜明；一些惊心动魄的场景，如罗沙小姐下乡，克莱蒂纵火等等，都是美国文学中的脍炙人口的段落（一如我国的“风雪山神庙”）。福克纳反复说这本书难写，决不是偶然的。

感到艰难的不仅仅是作者与预料之中的读者，译者也何尝不是这样。查了工作日志，我动手翻译是1995年1月12日。等到把这部篇幅不算大的书译完，已是1998年的2月9日了。那天下午四时四十五分，我将圆珠笔一掷，身子朝后一仰，长长地叹了一口气：总算是完成了。这是我译的第四部福著，我对得起这位大师了。今后我再也不钻这座自找的围城了。法国的福克纳专家莫里斯·库安德鲁译过多部福著，唯独未译《押沙龙，押沙龙！》。晚年，他捡起此书想译，已觉力不从心，终于未能如愿，他因此极为后悔，恨自己没有较年轻时做这一件事。相比之下，即使我的译文还不理想，但我至少是完成了这件事的，我至少不会为没有做而感



到遗憾。今后，我倘若还能拿出什么工作成果，可以说都是“白捡”的了。

关于“押沙龙”的典故，这里亦应作一交代。据《圣经·旧约》，押沙龙是古代以色列国大卫王的儿子，事见《撒母耳记下》第13到18章，那里说：“大卫的儿子押沙龙有一个美貌的妹子，名叫他玛。大卫的儿子暗嫩<sup>①</sup>爱她。暗嫩为他妹子他玛忧急成病。他玛还是处女，暗嫩以为难向她行事……”后来暗嫩设法玷污了他玛，又把她赶了出去。押沙龙知道后，一方面安慰妹妹，一方面伺机复仇。两年后，他借口让暗嫩帮他剪羊毛，吩咐仆人将暗嫩杀死。大卫王起先非常伤心，渐渐地心情平静下来，后来与押沙龙和解。但押沙龙设法笼络人心，为阴谋叛乱作准备。后来押沙龙叛乱，大卫王狼狈出逃，但逐渐稳住阵脚。两军展开激战。叛军大败。押沙龙骑骡逃走。当骡子从一棵大橡树下经过时，他的头发被浓密的树枝缠住，身体悬挂在半空中，最终被人刺死。当大卫王得知押沙龙死讯时，他“就心里伤恸，上城门楼去哀哭。一面走，一面说：‘我儿押沙龙啊，我儿，我儿押沙龙啊，我恨不得替你死。押沙龙啊，我儿，我儿’”。在英语中，“押沙龙”已成为“宠儿兼逆子”的代用语，犹如汉语中的“业障”。

从所引故事可以看出，福克纳笔下的故事结构与《圣经》出典不尽套合，仅有某些隐约相似之处，但小说中亲子之间的爱与恨，兄妹之间的暧昧感情，的确具有《旧约》的原始色彩与悲剧格局。

本书开始翻译时，根据的是“美国文库”版的《福克纳集：小说1936—1940》。不久后收到朋友高兴寄自美国印第安纳州布鲁明顿的Vintage版（the corrected text），字体稍大，翻阅亦方便得多，使眼睛稍少酸涩，特此表示感激。另，翻译时除查阅各种有关福克纳与美国南方文化的书籍外，亦着重参阅了《〈押沙龙，押沙龙！〉注解》（ABSALOM, ABSALOM! Annotated by David Paul Ragan[Garland, 1991]）一书，特此说明。

1998年2月18日于昌运官

<sup>①</sup>看来押沙龙、暗嫩同父异母，但《圣经》中并未交代。



FROM a little after two o'clock until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead September afternoon they sat in what Miss Coldfield still called the office because her father had called it that—a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for forty-three summers because when she was a girl someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which (as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house) became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Quentin thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them. There was a wistaria vine blooming for the second time that summer on a wooden trellis before one window, into which sparrows came now and then in random gusts, making a dry vivid dusty sound before going away: and opposite Quentin, Miss Coldfield in the eternal black which she had worn for forty-three years now, whether for sister, father, or nothusband none knew, sitting so bolt upright in the straight hard chair that was so tall for her that her legs hung straight and rigid as if she

在那个漫长安静炎热令人困倦死气沉沉的9月下午从两点刚过一直到太阳快下山他们一直坐在科德菲尔德小姐仍然称之为办公室的那个房间里因为当初她父亲就是那样叫的——那是个昏暗炎热不通风的房间四十三个夏季以来几扇百叶窗都是关紧插上的因为她是小姑娘时有人说光照和流通的空气会把热气带进来幽暗却总是比较凉快，而这房间里（随着房屋这一边太阳越晒越厉害）显现出一道道从百叶窗缝里漏进来的黄色光束其中充满了微尘在昆丁看来这是年久干枯的油漆本身的碎屑是从起了鳞片的百叶窗上刮进来的就好像是风把它们吹进来似的。有扇窗子外面的木格栅上，一棵紫藤正在开今夏的第二茬花，时不时会有一群麻雀随着不定吹来的风中在花枝上落下，飞走前总要发出一阵干巴巴的、叽叽啾啾、尘土气十足的声音：而在昆丁对面，科德菲尔德小姐穿一身永恒不变的黑衣服，她这样打扮到如今已有四十三年，究竟是为姐姐、父亲还是为“非丈夫”<sup>①</sup>，没人说得清楚。她身板笔挺，坐在那张直背硬椅里，椅子对她来说过于高了，以致她两条腿直僵僵地悬垂着仿佛她的胫骨和踝关节是铁打的，它们像小孩的双脚那样够不着地，透露出一股

① 原文为“nothusband”，此处指与科德菲尔德小姐没有结婚的托马斯·萨德本。

had iron shinbones and ankles, clear of the floor with that air of impotent and static rage like children's feet, and talking in that grim haggard amazed voice until at last listening would renege and hearing-sense self-confound and the long-dead object of her impotent yet indomitable frustration would appear, as though by outraged recapitulation evoked, quiet inattentive and harmless, out of the biding and dreamy and victorious dust.

Her voice would not cease, it would just vanish. There would be the dim coffin-smelling gloom sweet and oversweet with the twice-bloomed wistaria against the outer wall by the savage quiet September sun impacted distilled and hyperdistilled, into which came now and then the loud cloudy flutter of the sparrows like a flat limber stick whipped by an idle boy, and the rank smell of female old flesh long embattled in virginity while the wan haggard face watched him above the faint triangle of lace at wrists and throat from the too tall chair in which she resembled a crucified child; and the voice not ceasing but vanishing into and then out of the long intervals like a stream, a trickle running from patch to patch of dried sand, and the ghost mused with shadowy docility as if it were the voice which he haunted where a more fortunate one would have had a house. Out of quiet thunderclap he would

无奈和呆呆的怒气，她用阴郁、沙哑、带惊愕意味的嗓音说个不停，到后来你的耳朵会变得不听使唤，听觉也会自行变得混乱不灵，而她那份无可奈何却又永是不消解的气愤的早已消亡的对象，却会从那仍然留存、梦幻般、占着上风的尘土里悄然出现，漫不经心而并无恶意，仿佛是被充满反感的叙述召回人间的。

她的话音不愿陡然打住，它宁愿干脆渐渐消失。房间里会出现一片带淡淡的棺材味儿的昏暗，由残酷、阒寂的9月阳光所炙晒蒸发并高度蒸发，使外墙上二度开花的紫藤给这片昏暗添上甜味甚至变得太甜，而时不时传进来的是雀群那响亮的翅膀拍击声，这声音满像一个闲来无事的男孩在挥动一根有弹性的扁木条，透过来的还有一股长期设防禁欲的老处女的皮肉发出的酸臭，与此同时，从那把椅座太高使她看上去像个钉在十字架上的小孩的椅子上，在袖口和领口那一个个花边组成的白蒙蒙的三角形的上方，有一张苍白憔悴的脸在注视着他；那并没有陡然打住而是渐渐消失隔了段时间又渐渐响起的话音，像一道溪流，一行细流从一摊干涸的沙砾流向另一摊，而那鬼魂则以微妙的温顺态度在沉思，仿佛这话音正是供它出没之处，换了命好点儿的鬼魂是可以有一幢凶宅来出没的。在一阵无声的惊雷中他（人一马一恶魔）会突然碰上一个场面，安祥文雅得像一幅学校作



abrupt (man-horse-demon) upon a scene peaceful and decorous as a school prize water color, faint sulphureek still in hair clothes and beard, with grouped behind him his band of wild niggers like beasts half tamed to walk upright like men, in attitudes wild and reposed, and manacled among them the French architect with his air grim, haggard, and tatteran. Immobile, bearded and hand palmlifted the horseman sat; behind him the wild blacks and the captive architect huddled quietly, carrying in bloodless paradox the shovels and picks and axes of peaceful conquest. Then in the long unamaze Quentin seemed to watch them overrun suddenly the hundred square miles of tranquil and astonished earth and drag house and formal gardens violently out of the soundless Nothing and clap them down like cards upon a table beneath the up-palm immobile and pontific, creating the Sutpen's Hundred, the *Be Sutpen's Hundred* like the oldentime *Be Light*. Then hearing would reconcile and he would seem to listen to two separate Quentins now—the Quentin Compson preparing for Harvard in the South, the deep South dead since 1865 and peopled with garrulous outraged baffled ghosts, listening, having to listen, to one of the ghosts which had refused to lie still even longer than most had, telling him about old ghost-times; and the Quentin Compson who was still too

为奖品颁发的水彩画，淡淡的硫磺气味还留存在他的头发、衣服和胡子上，而在他身后簇拥在一起的则是他那帮野性十足的黑鬼，像半驯化得能跟人一样直立行走的野兽，神态既狂野又镇定自若，在他们当中则是那个上了手铐脚镣的法国建筑师，神情严峻，面容憔悴，衣衫褴褛。那个坐在马背上的人一动不动，蓄有胡子，一只手手掌向上平举；在他后面那群野黑人和被俘的建筑师不声不响，挤作一团，在不流血的自我矛盾中扛着用于和平征服土地的铲子和铁锹和斧子。接着在长长的毫不惊异的状态中，昆丁仿佛在看他们突然占领了那一百平方英里平静、惊讶的土地并且狂暴地从那一无声息的“虚无”中拉扯出房宅与那些整齐的花园，用那只一动不动、专横的手心朝上的手掌把这些建筑像桌上搭起的纸牌那样啪的击倒，他们创造了萨德本百里地，说要有萨德本百里地，就像古时候说要有光<sup>①</sup>一样。接着听觉会自我调整，他此刻像是在谛听两个各不相关的昆丁在交谈——一个是正准备上哈佛大学的昆丁·康普生，他在南方，那个从1865年起<sup>②</sup>就死亡的南方腹地，那边挤满了喋喋不休怒气冲天大惑不解的鬼魂，他听着，不得不听着鬼魂中的一个<sup>③</sup>告诉他往昔鬼魂时代的事，这鬼魂比绝大多数鬼魂更加迟迟不肯安安分分地躺下来；还有另一个昆丁·康普生，他年

① 见《圣经·旧约·创世记》第1章第3节，“神说，要有光，就有了光。”

② 指南北战争结束起。

③ 指罗沙·科德菲尔德小姐。



young to deserve yet to be a ghost but nevertheless having to be one for all that, since he was born and bred in the deep South the same as she was—the two separate Quentins now talking to one another in the long silence of notpeople in notlanguage, like this: *It seems that this demon—his name was Sutpen—(Colonel Sutpen)—Colonel Sutpen. Who came out of nowhere and without warning upon the land with a band of strange niggers and built a plantation—(Tore violently a plantation, Miss Rosa Coldfield says)—tore violently. And married her sister Ellen and begot a son and a daughter which—(Without gentleness begot, Miss Rosa Coldfield says)—without gentleness. Which should have been the jewels of his pride and the shield and comfort of his old age, only—(Only they destroyed him or something or he destroyed them or something. And died)—and died. Without regret, Miss Rosa Coldfield says—(Save by her) Yes, save by her. (And by Quentin Compson) Yes. And by Quentin Compson.*

“Because you are going away to attend the college at Harvard they tell me,” she said. “So I don’t imagine you will ever come back here and settle down as a country lawyer in a little town like Jefferson since Northern people have already seen to it that there is little left in the South for a young man. So maybe you will enter the literary profession as so many Southern gentlemen and gentlewomen too are doing now and maybe some day you will remember this

纪太轻还没有资格当鬼魂，但尽管如此还是必须得当，因为他和她一样，也是在这南方腹地出生并长大的——这两个各不相关的昆丁如今正在“非人”的长期沉默中用“非语言”交谈着，谈的话如下：看来这个恶魔——他姓萨德本——（萨德本上校）——萨德本上校。他不知从什么地方，没有预先警告便来到这里，带来一帮陌生的黑鬼建起了一座庄园——（狂暴地拉扯出一座庄园，按照罗沙·科德菲尔德的说法）——狂暴地拉扯出。接着娶了她的姐姐埃伦产下一子一女，那是——（一点也不斯文地产下的，按照罗沙小姐的说法）——一点也不斯文。这些子女本该成为他引以为荣的宝贝和他老年时期的保障和安慰，可惜——（可惜他们毁了他或是诸如此类的事，或是他毁了他们或是诸如此类的事。后来死了）——后来死了。毫不遗憾，罗沙·科德菲尔德小姐说——（除了是她觉得遗憾）是的，除了是她。（还有昆丁·康普生）是的，还有昆丁·康普生。

“因为你即将离开此地去哈佛大学，别人这样告诉我，”她说。“所以我琢磨你肯定是不再回来安心留在杰弗生这样一个小地方当乡村律师的，既然北方人早就算计好不让南方留下多少供年轻人发展的余地。因此没准你会登上文坛，就像眼下有那么许多南方绅士也包括淑女在干这营生那样，而且也许有一天你会想到这件事打算写它。我寻思那时候你已经结了婚，没准你太太需要一袭新长裙，或者家里要添一把新椅子，那你就可



and write about it. You will be married then I expect and perhaps your wife will want a new gown or a new chair for the house and you can write this and submit it to the magazines. Perhaps you will even remember kindly then the old woman who made you spend a whole afternoon sitting indoors and listening while she talked about people and events you were fortunate enough to escape yourself when you wanted to be out among young friends of your own age.”

“Yessum,” Quentin said. *Only she dont mean that* he thought. *It's because she wants it told.* It was still early then. He had yet in his pocket the note which he had received by the hand of a small negro boy just before noon, asking him to call and see her—the quaint, stiffly formal request which was actually a summons, out of another world almost—the queer archaic sheet of ancient good notepaper written over with the neat faded cramped script which, due to his astonishment at the request from a woman three times his age and whom he had known all his life without having exchanged a hundred words with her or perhaps to the fact that he was only twenty years old, he did not recognise as revealing a character cold, implacable, and even ruthless. He obeyed it immediately after the noon meal, walking the half mile between his home and hers through the dry dusty

以把它写下来投寄给杂志。也许你那时甚至会好心地记起有过一个老婆子，她在你想出去跟同龄的年轻朋友待在一起时让你在屋子里坐一整个下午，听她讲你本人有幸躲过的人与事。”

“是的，您老，”昆丁说。只不过这不是她的真意他想。那是因为她想把它说出来。当时天色还早。他衣兜里仍然揣着那张字条，那是中午前不久他从一个黑小手里收到的，请他去拜访她，去看她——这古怪、僵硬、一本正经的请求，实际上却几乎等于来自另一个世界的一张传票——这张古色古香的旧时的讲究便笺上写满了娟秀的墨水褪了色的一行行挤得很紧的字迹，由于他好生惊讶，一个年纪是他三倍、他从小就认识却交谈不到一百句话的女人居然会来请他，而另一个原因也许是因为他当时才二十岁，他并没有从这字迹中看出一种冷酷、毫不宽容而且甚至是残忍的性格。午饭一吃完他就立即遵命前去，在九月初干燥多尘的炎热中走完从他家到她府上那半英里路，如是进入那幢房子（它不知怎的也显得比它的实际体积小一点——是幢二层楼房——没有上漆，有点破旧了，但是自有一种气派，一种阴沉沉的坚忍气质，似乎这房子

heat of early September and so into the house (it too somehow smaller than its actual size—it was of two storeys—unpainted and a little shabby, yet with an air, a quality of grim endurance as though like her it had been created to fit into and complement a world in all ways a little smaller than the one in which it found itself) where in the gloom of the shuttered hallway whose air was even hotter than outside, as if there were prisoned in it like in a tomb all the suspiration of slow heatladen time which had recurred during the forty-three years, the small figure in black which did not even rustle, the wan triangle of lace at wrists and throat, the dim face looking at him with an expression speculative, urgent, and intent, waited to invite him in.

*It's because she wants it told he thought so that people whom she will never see and whose names she will never hear and who have never heard her name nor seen her face will read it and know at last why God let us lose the War: that only through the blood of our men and the tears of our women could He stay this demon and efface his name and lineage from the earth.* Then almost immediately he decided that neither was this the reason why she had sent the note, and sending it, why to him, since if she had merely wanted it told, written and even printed, she would not have needed to call in anybody—a woman who even in his (Quentin's) father's

也跟她人一样，是造来为了与另一个世界相配合并补充的，而这另一个世界在各个方面都比房子所坐落的世界小上一点)在百叶窗紧闭的门厅的晦暗里，空气甚至比外面的还要热，仿佛这儿像座坟墓，紧闭着整整四十三个炎热难当的悠悠岁月中所发出的全部叹息，那个一身黑的小小的人影甚至并不窸窣颤动一下，手腕与咽喉处的花边呈苍白的三角形，那张模糊不清的脸带着一种深思、紧迫和急切的表情在注视着他，这人影在等着请他进去。

那是因为他想把它说出来他想这样一来那些她永远见不着并且他们的名字她永远不知道的人还有那些从未听说过她名字或是见过她脸的人，就会读到这故事终于明白何以上帝让我们输掉这场战争：明白只有依靠我们的男子的鲜血和我们的女子的眼泪他<sup>①</sup>才能制住这恶魔并把其名字及后裔从地面上抹掉。可是几乎紧接着他便断定这两条都不是她所以要送这张字条，所以要单给他送字条的理由，因为如果只是为了要把事情说出来、写出来甚至印成文字，她是不必召唤任何人来的——这位女士即使在他(昆丁)的

①原文 He, 系大写，指上帝。



youth had already established (even if not affirmed) herself as the town's and the county's poetess laureate by issuing to the stern and meagre subscription list of the county newspaper poems, ode eulogy and epitaph, out of some bitter and implacable reserve of undefeat; and these from a woman whose family's martial background as both town and county knew consisted of the father who, a conscientious objector on religious grounds, had starved to death in the attic of his own house, hidden (some said, walled up) there from Confederate provost marshals' men and fed secretly at night by this same daughter who at the very time was accumulating her first folio in which the lost cause's unregenerate vanquished were name by name embalmed; and the nephew who served for four years in the same company with his sister's fiance and then shot the fiance to death before the gates to the house where the sister waited in her wedding gown on the eve of the wedding and then fled, vanished, none knew where.

It would be three hours yet before he would learn why she had sent for him because this part of it, this first part of it, Quentin already knew. It was a part of his twenty years' heritage of breathing the same air and hearing his father talk about the man; a part of the town's—Jefferson's—eighty years' heritage of the same air which

父亲年轻时即已建立了（即使还没有得到确认也罢）本镇与本县桂冠女诗人的声名，通过这样的方式：按名单向态度苛刻、为数不多的县报订户寄去诗歌，包括颂诗、赞歌与悼诗，出于某种刻骨铭心、无法消解的不服输感情；而这些诗乃是出之于这样一位女士的笔底，她家庭对战争的态度是镇上以及县里的人都了解的，其成员有她父亲，一个出于宗教原因的拒服兵役者，是在自己家的阁楼里饿死的，他躲在那里（有人说是砌起一堵墙把自己关在里面），免得被邦联军司令的部下发现，也就由这个女儿夜晚偷偷地给他送饭，而这女儿同时正在为自己的第一部对开本<sup>①</sup>积累诗稿，在这卷手稿里这次失败战争中无法超生的被征服者按姓名为序一个个给涂上香膏进行防腐处理；还有她的外甥，他和自己妹妹的未婚夫在同一连队里当了四年兵，后来在婚礼前夕妹妹穿着结婚礼服在家里等候时他在宅子大门前开枪把这未婚夫打死，然后逃之夭夭，无人知道他身在何方。

还得过三个小时他才能知道为什么她叫他去，因为事情的这一部分，开头的部分，昆丁已经知道。那是他二十年来的传统的一部分，在这期间他呼吸着同样的空气也常听父亲讲起这个男人的事；那也是这小镇——杰

<sup>①</sup> 原指莎士比亚最早的剧本集，1623年出版。这里用来调侃这位“本县的桂冠女诗人”。



the man himself had breathed between this September afternoon in 1909 and that Sunday morning in June in 1833 when he first rode into town out of no discernible past and acquired his land no one knew how and built his house, his mansion, apparently out of nothing and married Ellen Coldfield and begot his two children—the son who widowed the daughter who had not yet been a bride—and so accomplished his allotted course to its violent (Miss Coldfield at least would have said, just) end. Quentin had grown up with that; the mere names were interchangeable and almost myriad. His childhood was full of them; his very body was an empty hall echoing with sonorous defeated names; he was not a being, an entity, he was a commonwealth. He was a barracks filled with stubborn back-looking ghosts still recovering, even forty-three years afterward, from the fever which had cured the disease, waking from the fever without even knowing that it had been the fever itself which they had fought against and not the sickness, looking with stubborn recalcitrance backward beyond the fever and into the disease with actual regret, weak from the fever yet free of the disease and not even aware that the freedom was that of impotence.

“But why tell me about it?” he said to his father that evening, when he returned home, after she had dismissed

弗生镇——的同样空气里的八十年传统的一部分，那个男人本人呼吸过这里的空气，从1909年这个9月的下午一直上推到1833年6月的那个星期日早晨，当时那人初次骑马进入本镇，他的过去无人看得透，他的土地怎么弄到手也无人知晓，他显然从虚无里建起自己的房屋、他的宅邸，并且和埃伦·科德菲尔德结了婚，生下两个孩子——那儿子使那女儿还未当新娘便做了寡妇——也因此使那规定好要她完成的事业走向惨烈的（至少，科德菲尔德小姐会说，是公平的）结局。昆丁是和这传统一起长大的；光是那些人的名字就是可以互相换过来换过去而且几乎是无穷无尽的。这些名字充塞了他的童年时代；他身体本身就是一座空荡荡的厅堂，回响着铿锵的战败者的名姓；他不是存在、一个独立体，而是一个政治实体。他是一座营房，里面挤满了倔强、怀旧的鬼魂，即使在四十三年后，这些鬼魂也仍然在从治愈那场疾病的高烧中恢复过来，从高烧中清醒过来却居然不清楚他们与之抗争的正是那高烧本身，而不是疾病，他们那执拗、倔强的眼光回头越过高烧去谛视疾病，并真的感到遗憾，高烧使他们虚弱，但是疾病却被摆脱了，他们甚至不明白这自由其实是一种无生殖力的自由。

（“可是为什么要告诉我这件事呢？”那天晚上他回到家后对他父亲这样说，而她在终于把他遣走前要他



him at last with his promise to return for her in the buggy; “why tell me about it? What is it to me that the land or the earth or whatever it was got tired of him at last and turned and destroyed him? What if it did destroy her family too? It’s going to turn and destroy us all someday, whether our name happens to be Sutpen or Coldfield or not.”

“Ah,” Mr Compson said. “Years ago we in the South made our women into ladies. Then the War came and made the ladies into ghosts. So what else can we do, being gentlemen, but listen to them being ghosts?” Then he said, “Do you want to know the real reason why she chose you?” They were sitting on the gallery after supper, waiting for the time Miss Coldfield had set for Quentin to call for her. “It’s because she will need someone to go with her—a man, a gentleman, yet one still young enough to do what she wants, do it the way she wants it done. And she chose you because your grandfather was the nearest thing to a friend which Sutpen ever had in this county, and she probably believes that Sutpen may have told your grandfather something about himself and her, about that engagement which did not engage, that troth which failed to plight. Might even have told your grandfather the reason why at the last she refused to marry him. And that your grandfather might have told me and I might have told you. And so, in a sense,

答应待会儿再坐轻便马车去接她；“为什么要告诉我这件事呢？这片土地或者这个大地或者管它是什么，终于厌倦了他，背弃并毁灭了他，这跟我有关系？它也毁掉了她的一家，那又怎么啦？它迟早会背弃并毁掉我们所有人的，不管我们的姓正好是萨德本或者科德菲尔德或者不是。”

“啊，”康普生先生说。“多年前我们南方人使自己的女眷变成淑女。然后那场战争来临，使淑女变成鬼魂。我们这些当爷儿们的除了听她们讲如何做鬼魂的故事，又有什么别的办法呢？”接着他说，“你想知道她之所以选上你的真正原因吗？”他们在晚餐后坐在游廊上，等待科德菲尔德小姐约定让昆丁去接她的那个时刻的到来。“那是因为她需要有人陪她去——一个男人家，一个爷儿们，可是又得是年纪轻轻的，这样才能听她的摆布，按她想要的方式去做。她选上了你，还因为你的爷爷是萨德本这么多年来在县里唯一勉强可算是朋友的人，也许她估计萨德本没准跟你爷爷也说过些他自己的事还有她的事，关于那未能起到约束作用的婚约，未能开花结果的誓言的事。没准还告诉过你爷爷她最终不肯嫁给他的原因呢。没准你爷爷跟我说过，而我也说不定告诉过你。因此，在某种意义上，不管今天晚上那边会发生什么，这事情仍然是家庭内部的事情；这家丑（如果真是家丑的话）仍然没有外扬。说不定她认为若不是有你爷爷的那份交情，萨德本就压根儿不可能在此地站