

A Selection of Modern American
Short Stories

现代美国 短篇 小说选

下 册

朱树飏 江 康 主编



**A Selection of Modern American
Short Stories**

Book II

现代美国短篇小说选

下 册

朱树勋 江 康 主编

商 务 印 书 馆

1992 年 · 北京

XIÀNDÀI MĚIGUÓ DUǎNPIĀN XIǎOSHUO XUǎN

现代美国短篇小说选

下册

朱树勋、江 康主编

商务印书馆出版

(北京王府井大街 36 号 邮政编码 100710)

新华书店总店北京发行所发行

北京新华印刷厂印刷

ISBN 7-100-00876-X/H · 303

1992年12月第1版

开本 850×1168 1/32

1992年12月北京第1次印刷

字数 434 千

印数 0—2800 册

印张 15

定价: 6.20 元

目 次

21. Robbie	<i>Isaac Asimov</i>	1
22. This Morning, This Evening, So Soon.....	<i>James Arthur Baldwin</i>	29
23. Looking for Mr. Green	<i>Saul Bellow</i>	83
24. There Will Come Soft Rains	<i>Ray Bradbury</i>	114
25. The Pot of Gold	<i>John Cheever</i>	123
26. The Five-Forty-Eight	<i>John Cheever</i>	146
27. The Lottery	<i>Shirley Jackson</i>	164
28. God Bless America	<i>John O. Killens</i>	177
29. The Magic Barrel	<i>Bernard Malamud</i>	188
30. The First Seven Years	<i>Bernard Malamud</i>	212
31. The Sojourner	<i>Carson McCullers</i>	226
32. Four Summers	<i>Joyce Carol Oates</i>	240
33. Everything That Rises Must Converge.	<i>Flannery O'Connor</i>	267
34. Defender of the Faith	<i>Philip Roth</i>	293
35. The Inhabitants of Venus	<i>Irwin Shaw</i>	332
36. The Eight-Yard Run	<i>Irwin Shaw</i>	368
37. The Everlasting Witness	<i>Margaret Shedd</i>	388
38. Gimpel the Fool	<i>Isaac Bashevis Singer</i>	403

39. Still Life	<i>John Updike</i> 427
40. Separating	<i>John Updike</i> 451

Isaac Asimov

〔作者简介〕

艾萨克·阿西莫夫 (Isaac Asimov, 1920—) 是美国著名的科学幻想小说家, 生于苏联, 三岁时随父母迁移美国, 定居纽约市。阿西莫夫1939年毕业于哥伦比亚大学化学系, 1941年获硕士学位。第二次世界大战期间他曾服役于陆军, 大战结束后回哥伦比亚大学深造, 1948年获博士学位, 随后一直在波士顿大学医学院执教。

阿西莫夫自幼酷爱科学小说, 青年时期就开始写作科普读物和科学幻想小说, 他在小说构思和表达技巧方面都表现了突出的才华, 他的作品情节奇特有趣, 文风简洁, 为广大读者所喜爱。除科学幻想小说外, 阿西莫夫还写了各种现代科学的通俗读物以及有关的论述文章, 深得青年学生的欢迎。他先后出版了四十多部作品, 如:《天空中的小石子》(*The Pebble in the Sky*, 1950)、《我, 机器人》(*I, Robot*, 1950)、《钢铁的洞穴》(*The Caves of Steel*, 1954)、《永恒的止境》(*The End of Eternity*, 1955)、《事实与空想》(*Facts and Fancy*, 1962)、《罗马共和国》(*The Roman Republic*, 1967)、《黑暗的时代》(*The Dark Ages*, 1968)、《智者的科学指南》(*Intelligent Man's Guide to Science*, 1965)、《众神》(*The Gods Themselves*, 1973) 等都得到广泛的推崇。

Robbie

'Ninety-eight — ninety-nine — *one hundred.*' Gloria withdrew her chubby little forearm from before her eyes and stood for a moment, wrinkling her nose and blinking in the sunlight. Then, trying to watch in all directions at once, she withdrew a few cautious steps from the tree against which she had been leaning.

She craned her neck to investigate the possibilities of a clump of bushes to the right and then withdrew farther to obtain a better angle for viewing its dark recesses. The quiet was profound except for the incessant buzzing of insects and the occasional chirrup of some hardy bird, braving the midday sun.

Gloria pouted, 'I bet he went inside the house, and I've told him a million times that that's not fair.'

With tiny lips pressed together tightly and a severe frown crinkling her forehead, she moved determinedly towards the two-story building up past the driveway.

Too late she heard the rustling sound behind her, followed by the distinctive and rhythmic clump-clump of Robbie's metal feet. She whirled about to see her triumphing companion emerge from hiding and make for the home-tree¹ at full speed.

Gloria shrieked in dismay. 'Wait, Robbie! That wasn't fair, Robbie! You promised you wouldn't run until I found

you'. Her little feet could make no headway at all against Robbie's giant strides. Then, within ten feet of the goal, Robbie's pace slowed suddenly to the merest of crawls, and Gloria, with one final burst of wild speed, dashed pantingly past him to touch the welcome bark of home-tree first.

Gleefully, she turned on the faithful Robbie, and with the basest of ingratitude, rewarded him for his sacrifice, by taunting him cruelly for a lack of running ability.

'Robbie can't run,' she shouted at the top of her eight-year-old voice. 'I can beat him any day. I can beat him any day'. She chanted the words in a shrill rhythm.

Robbie didn't answer, of course — not in words. He pantomimed² running, instead, inching away³ until Gloria found herself running after him as he dodged her narrowly, forcing her to veer in helpless circles, little arms outstretched and fanning at the air.

'Robbie', she squealed, 'stand still!' — And the laughter was forced out of her in breathless jerks.

— Until he turned suddenly and caught her up, whirling her round, so that for her the world fell away⁴ for a moment with a blue emptiness beneath, and green trees stretching hungrily downward towards the void. Then she was down in the grass again, leaning against Robbie's leg and still holding a hard, metal finger.

After a while, her breath returned. She pushed uselessly at her disheveled hair in vague imitation of one of her mother's gestures and twisted to see if her dress were torn.

She slapped her hand against Robbie's torso, 'Bad boy! I'll spank you!'

And Robbie cowered, holding his hands over his face so that she had to add, 'No, I won't, Robbie. I won't spank you. But anyway, it's my turn to hide now because you've got longer legs and you promised not to run till I found you.'

Robbie nodded his head — a small parallelepiped with round-

ded edges and corners⁵ attached to a similar but much larger parallelepiped that served as torso by means of a short, flexible stalk⁶ — and obediently faced the tree. A thin, metal film descended over his glowing eyes and from within his body came a steady, resonant ticking.

'Don't peek now — and don't skip any numbers,' warned Gloria, and scurried for cover.

With unvarying regularity, seconds were ticked off,⁷ and at the hundredth, up went the eyelids, and the glowing red of Robbie's eyes swept the prospect. They rested for a moment on a bit of colorful gingham⁸ that protruded from behind a boulder. He advanced a few steps and convinced himself that it was Gloria who squatted behind it.

Slowly, remaining always between Gloria and home-tree, he advanced on the hiding place, and when Gloria was plainly in sight and could no longer even theorize to herself that she was not seen, he extended one arm toward her, slapping the other against his leg so that it rang again. Gloria emerged sulkily.

'You peeked!' she exclaimed, with gross unfairness. 'Besides I'm tired of playing hide-and-seek. I want a ride.'⁹

But Robbie was hurt at the unjust accusation, so he seated himself carefully and shook his head ponderously from side to side.

Gloria changed her tone to one of gentle coaxing immediately, 'Come on, Robbie. I didn't mean it about the peeking. Give me a ride.'

Robbie was not to be won over so easily, though. He gazed stubbornly at the sky, and shook his head even more emphatically.

'Please, Robbie, please give me a ride.' She encircled his neck with rosy arms and hugged tightly. Then, changing moods in a moment, she moved away. 'If you don't, I'm going to cry,' and her face twisted appallingly in preparation.

Hard-hearted Robbie paid scant attention to this dreadful possibility, and shook his head a third time. Gloria found it necessary to play her trump card.¹⁰

'If you don't,' she exclaimed warmly, 'I won't tell you any more stories, that's all. Not one —'

Robbie gave in immediately and unconditionally before this ultimatum, nodding his head vigorously until the metal of his neck hummed. Carefully, he raised the little girl and placed her on his broad, flat shoulders.

Gloria's threatened tears vanished immediately and she crowed with delight. Robbie's metal skin, kept at a constant temperature of seventy¹¹ by the high resistance coils¹² within felt nice and comfortable, while the beautifully loud sound her heels made as they bumped rhythmically against his chest was enchanting.

'You're an air-coaster,¹³ Robbie, you're a big, silver air-coaster. Hold out your arms straight. — You *got* to, Robbie, if you're going to be an air-coaster.'

The logic was irrefutable. Robbie's arms were wings catching the air currents and he was a silver 'coaster.

Gloria twisted the robot's head and leaned to the right. He banked¹⁴ sharply. Gloria equipped the 'coaster with a motor that went 'Br-r-r'¹⁵ and then with weapons that went 'Powie' and 'Sh-sh-shshsh.'¹⁶ Pirates were giving chase and the ship's blasters were coming into play.¹⁷ The pirates dropped in a steady rain.¹⁸

'Got another one. — Two more,' she cried.

Then 'Faster, men,' Gloria said pompously, 'we're running out of ammunition.'¹⁹ She aimed over her shoulder with undaunted courage and Robbie was a blunt-nosed spaceship²⁰ zooming through the void at maximum acceleration.²¹

Clear across the field he sped, to the patch of tall grass on the other side, where he stopped with a suddenness that evoked a shriek from his flushed rider, and then tumbled her on to the soft, green

carpet.

Gloria gasped and panted, and gave voice to intermittent whispered exclamations of 'That was *nice*!'

Robbie waited until she had caught her breath and then pulled gently at a lock of hair.

'You want something?' said Gloria, eyes wide in an apparently artless complexity that fooled her huge 'nursemaid'²² not at all. He pulled the curl harder.

'Oh, I know. You want a story.'

Robbie nodded rapidly.

'Which one?'

Robbie made a semi-circle in the air with one finger.

The little girl protested, '*Again?* I've told you Cinderella²³ a million times. Aren't you tired of it? — It's for babies.'

Another semi-circle.

'Oh, hell,' Gloria composed herself, ran over the details of the tale in her mind (together with her own elaborations, of which she had several) and began:

'Are you ready? Well — once upon a time there was a beautiful little girl whose name was Ella. And she had a terribly cruel step-mother and two very ugly and *very* cruel step-sisters and—'

Gloria was reaching the very climax of the tale — midnight was striking and everything was changing back to the shabby originals lickety-split,²⁴ while Robbie listened tensely with burning eyes — when the interruption came.

'Gloria!'

It was the high-pitched sound of a woman who has been calling not once, but several times; and had the nervous tone of one in whom anxiety was beginning to overcome impatience.

'Mamma's calling me,' said Gloria, not quite happily. 'You'd better carry me back to the house, Robbie.'

Robbie obeyed with alacrity for somehow there was that in

him which judged it best to obey Mrs. Weston, without as much as a scrap of hesitation. Gloria's father was rarely home in the daytime except on Sunday — today, for instance — and when he was, he proved a genial and understanding person. Gloria's mother, however, was a source of uneasiness to Robbie and there was always the impulse to sneak away from her sight.

Mrs. Weston caught sight of them the minute they rose above the masking tufts of long grass and retired inside the house to wait.

'I've shouted myself hoarse, Gloria,' she said, severely, 'Where were you?'

'I was with Robbie,' quavered Gloria. 'I was telling him Cinderella, and I forgot it was dinner-time.'

'Well, it's a pity Robbie forgot, too.' Then, as if that reminded her of the robot's presence, she whirled upon him. 'You may go, Robbie. She doesn't need you now.' Then, brutally, 'And don't come back till I call you.'

Robbie turned to go, but hesitated as Gloria cried out in his defense, 'Wait, Mamma, you got to let him stay. I didn't finish Cinderella for him. I said I would tell him Cinderella and I'm not finished.'

'Gloria!'

'Honest and truly, Mamma, he'll stay so quiet, you won't even know he's here. He can sit on the chair in the corner, and he won't say a word, — I mean he won't *do* anything. Will you, Robbie?'

Robbie, appealed to, nodded his massive head up and down once.

'Gloria, if you don't stop this at once, you shan't see Robbie for a whole week.'

The girls' eyes fell, 'All right! But Cinderella is his favorite story and I didn't finish it. — And he likes it so much.'

The robot left with a disconsolate step and Gloria choked

back a sob.

George Weston was comfortable. It was a habit of his to be comfortable on Sunday afternoons. A good, hearty dinner below the hatches; a nice, soft, dilapidated couch on which to sprawl; a copy of the *Times*;²⁵ slippered feet and shirtless chest; — how could anyone *help* but be comfortable?

He wasn't pleased, therefore, when his wife walked in. After ten years of married life, he still was so unutterably foolish as to love her, and there was no question that he was always glad to see her — still Sunday afternoons just after dinner were sacred to him and his idea of solid comfort was to be left in utter solitude for two or three hours. Consequently, he fixed his eye firmly upon the latest reports of the Lefebvre-Yoshida expedition to Mars²⁶ (this one was to take off from Lunar Base²⁷ and might actually succeed) and pretended she wasn't there.

Mrs. Weston waited patiently for two minutes, then impatiently for two more, and finally broke the silence.

'George!'

'Hmpph?'

'George, I say! *Will* you put down that paper and look at me?'

The paper rustled to the floor and Weston turned a weary face toward his wife, 'What is it, dear?'

'You know what it is, George. It's Gloria and that terrible machine.'

'What terrible machine?'

'Now don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about. It's that robot Gloria calls Robbie. He doesn't leave her for a moment.'

'Well, why should he? He's not supposed to. And he certainly isn't a terrible machine. He's the best darn²⁸ robot money can buy and I'm damned sure he set me back half a year's income.'²⁹

He's worth it, though — darn sight cleverer than³⁰ half my office staff.'

He made a move to pick up the paper again, but his wife was quicker and snatched it away.

'You listen to *me*, George. I won't have my daughter entrusted to a machine — and I don't care how clever it is. It has no soul, and no one knows what it may be thinking. A child just isn't *made* to be guarded by a thing of metal.'

Weston frowned, 'When did you decide this? He's been with Gloria two years now and I haven't seen you worry till now.'

'It was different at first. It was a novelty; it took a load off me, and — and it was a fashionable thing to do. But now I don't know. The neighbors—'

'Well, what have the neighbors to do with it. Now, look. A robot is infinitely more to be trusted than a human nursemaid. Robbie was constructed for only one purpose really — to be the companion of a little child. His entire "mentality" has been created for the purpose. He just can't help being faithful and loving and kind. He's a machine — *made so*. That's more than you can say for humans.'

'But something might go wrong. Some — some—' Mrs. Weston was a bit hazy about the insides of a robot, 'some little jigger will come loose³¹ and the awful thing will go berserk and —and—' She couldn't bring herself to complete the quite obvious thought.

'Nonsense,' Weston denied, with an involuntary nervous shiver. 'That's completely ridiculous. We had a long discussion at the time we bought Robbie about the First Law of Robotics.³² You *know* that it is impossible for a robot to harm a human being; that long before enough can go wrong to alter that First Law, a robot would be completely inoperable. It's a mathematical impossibility. Besides I have an engineer from U.S. Robots³³ here twice a year to give the poor gadget³⁴ a complete overhaul. Why,

there's no more chance of anything at all going wrong with Robbie than there is of you or I suddenly going looney³⁵ — considerably less, in fact. Besides, how are you going to take him away from Gloria?

He made another futile stab at the paper³⁶ and his wife tossed it angrily into the next room.

'That's just it, George! She won't play with anyone else. There are dozens of little boys and girls that she should make friends with, but she won't. She won't go *near* them unless I make her. That's no way for a little girl to grow up. You want her to be normal, don't you? You want her to be able to take her part in society.'

'You're jumping at shadows,³⁷ Grace. Pretend Robbie's a dog. I've seen hundreds of children who would rather have their dog than their father.'

'A dog is different, George. We *must* get rid of that horrible thing. You can sell it back to the company. I've asked, and you can.'

'You've *asked*? Now look here, Grace, let's not go off the deep end.³⁸ We're keeping the robot until Gloria is older and I don't want the subject brought up again.' And with that he walked out of the room in a huff.

Mrs. Weston met her husband at the door two evenings later. 'You'll have to listen to this, George. There's bad feeling in the village.'

'About what?' asked Weston. He stepped into the wash-room and drowned out any possible answer by the splash of water.

Mrs. Weston waited. She said, 'About Robbie.'

Weston stepped out, towel in hand, face red and angry. 'What are you talking about?'

'Oh, it's been building up and building up.³⁹ I've tried to close my eyes to it, but I'm not going to any more. Most of the

villagers consider Robbie dangerous. Children aren't allowed to go near our place in the evenings.'

'We trust *our* child with the thing.'

'Well, people aren't reasonable about these things.'

'Then to hell with them.'

'Saying that doesn't solve the problem. I've got to do my shopping down there. I've got to meet them every day. And it's even worse in the city these days when it comes to robots. New York has just passed an ordinance keeping all robots off the streets between sunset and sunrise.'

'All right, but they can't stop us from keeping a robot in our home. — Grace, this is one of your campaigns.⁴⁰ I recognize it. But it's no use. The answer is still, no! We're keeping Robbie!'

And yet he loved his wife — and what was worse, his wife knew it. George Weston, after all, was only a man — poor thing — and his wife made full use of every device which a clumsier and more scrupulous sex has learned, with reason and futility, to fear.

Ten times in the ensuing week, he cried, 'Robbie stays, — and that's *final*!' and each time it was weaker and accompanied by a louder and more agonized groan.

Came the day at last, when Weston approached his daughter guiltily and suggested a 'beautiful' visivox⁴¹ show in the village.

Gloria clapped her hands happily, 'Can Robbie go?'

'No, dear,' he said, and winced at the sound of his voice, 'they won't allow robots at the visivox — but you can tell him all about it when you get home.' He stumbled all over the last few words and looked away.

Gloria came back from town bubbling over with enthusiasm, for the visivox had been a gorgeous spectacle indeed.

She waited for her father to maneuver the jet-car⁴² into the

sunken garage,⁴³ 'Wait till I tell Robbie, Daddy. He would have liked it like anything. — Especially when Francis Fran⁴⁴ was backing away so-o-o quietly, and backed right into one of the Leopard-Men⁴⁵ and had to run.' She laughed again. 'Daddy, are there really Leopard-Men on the Moon?'

'Probably not,' said Weston absently. 'It's just funny make-believe.'⁴⁶ He couldn't take much longer with the car. He'd have to face it.

Gloria ran across the lawn. 'Robbie. — Robbie!'

Then she stopped suddenly at the sight of a beautiful collie which regarded her out of serious brown eyes as it wagged its tail on the porch.

'Oh, what a nice dog!' Gloria climbed the steps, approached cautiously and patted it. 'Is it for me, Daddy?'

Her mother had joined them. 'Yes, it is, Gloria. Isn't it nice — soft and furry. It's very gentle. It *likes* little girls.'

'Can he play games?'

'Surely. He can do any number of tricks. Would you like to see some?'

'Right away. I want Robbie to see him, too. — *Robbie!*' She stopped, uncertainly, and frowned, 'I'll bet he's just staying in his room because he's mad at me for not taking him to the visivox. You'll have to explain to him, Daddy. He might not believe me, but he knows if you say it, it's so.'

Weston's lips grew tighter. He looked toward his wife but could not catch her eye.

Gloria turned precipitously and ran down the basement steps, shouting as she went, 'Robbie — Come and see what Daddy and Mamma brought me. They brought me a dog, Robbie.'

In a minute she had returned, a frightened little girl. 'Mamma, Robbie isn't in his room. Where is he?' There was no answer and George Weston coughed and was suddenly extremely interested in an aimlessly drifting cloud. Gloria's voice quavered