

英汉对照

ENGLISH-CHINESE  
EDITION

诺贝尔文学奖作家  
短篇小说精选  
威廉·福克纳

Selected Short Stories of  
*William Faulkner*

威廉·福克纳/著

青 闰 宰 倩 闪 硕/译注

1949年，威廉·福克纳“因对当代美国小说做出了强有力的和艺术上无与伦比的贡献”而荣获诺贝尔文学奖。



外文出版社  
FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS

经典读库

英汉对照

ENGLISH-CHINESE  
E D I T I O N

诺贝尔文学奖作家  
短篇小说精选  
威廉·福克纳

Selected Short Stories of  
William Faulkner



威廉·福克纳/著  
青闻 辛佳 闪 硕/译注



外文出版社  
FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS

## 图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

诺贝尔文学奖作家短篇小说精选—威廉·福克纳：英汉对照 / (美) 福克纳 (Faulkner, W.) 著；青闰，宰倩，闪硕译注. —北京：外文出版社，2012

ISBN 978 - 7 - 119 - 08097 - 0

I. ①诺… II. ①福… ②青… ③宰… ④闪… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物 ②短篇小说-小说集-美国-现代 IV. ①H319.4:1

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2012) 第 286266 号

## 诺贝尔文学奖作家短篇小说精选—威廉·福克纳

---

作 者 (美) 威廉·福克纳  
译 者 青 闰 宰 倩 闪 硕

责任编辑 王 蕊  
封面设计 王 玲 熊 甜  
印刷监制 冯 浩

出版发行 外文出版社有限责任公司  
地 址 北京市西城区百万庄大街 24 号 邮政编码 100037  
网 址 <http://www.flp.com.cn>  
电 话 008610-68320579 (总编室)  
008610-68995875 (编辑部)  
008610-68995852 (发行部)  
008610-68996183 (投稿电话)

印 刷 北京信彩瑞禾印刷厂  
经 销 新华书店 / 外文书店  
开 本 1/32  
印 张 8.375  
印 数 5000  
版 次 2013 年 1 月第 1 版第 1 次印刷  
书 号 ISBN 978 - 7 - 119 - 08097 - 0  
定 价 24.00 元

---

版权所有 侵权必究 如有印装问题本社负责调换 (电话: 68995960)



## 目 录

That Evening Sun

夕阳 / 4 - 53

A Rose for Emily

献给艾米丽的玫瑰 / 54 - 81

Dry September

干旱的九月 / 82 - 115

Red Leaves

红叶 / 116 - 185

Turnabout

换位 / 186 - 267

## 导 读

威廉·福克纳（1897～1962），当代美国著名作家，是二十世纪三十年代唯一一位真正意义上的美国现代主义作家。他与欧洲的乔伊斯、伍尔芙、普鲁斯特等遥相呼应，运用意识流和多角度叙述，开创了现代先锋文学的先河。

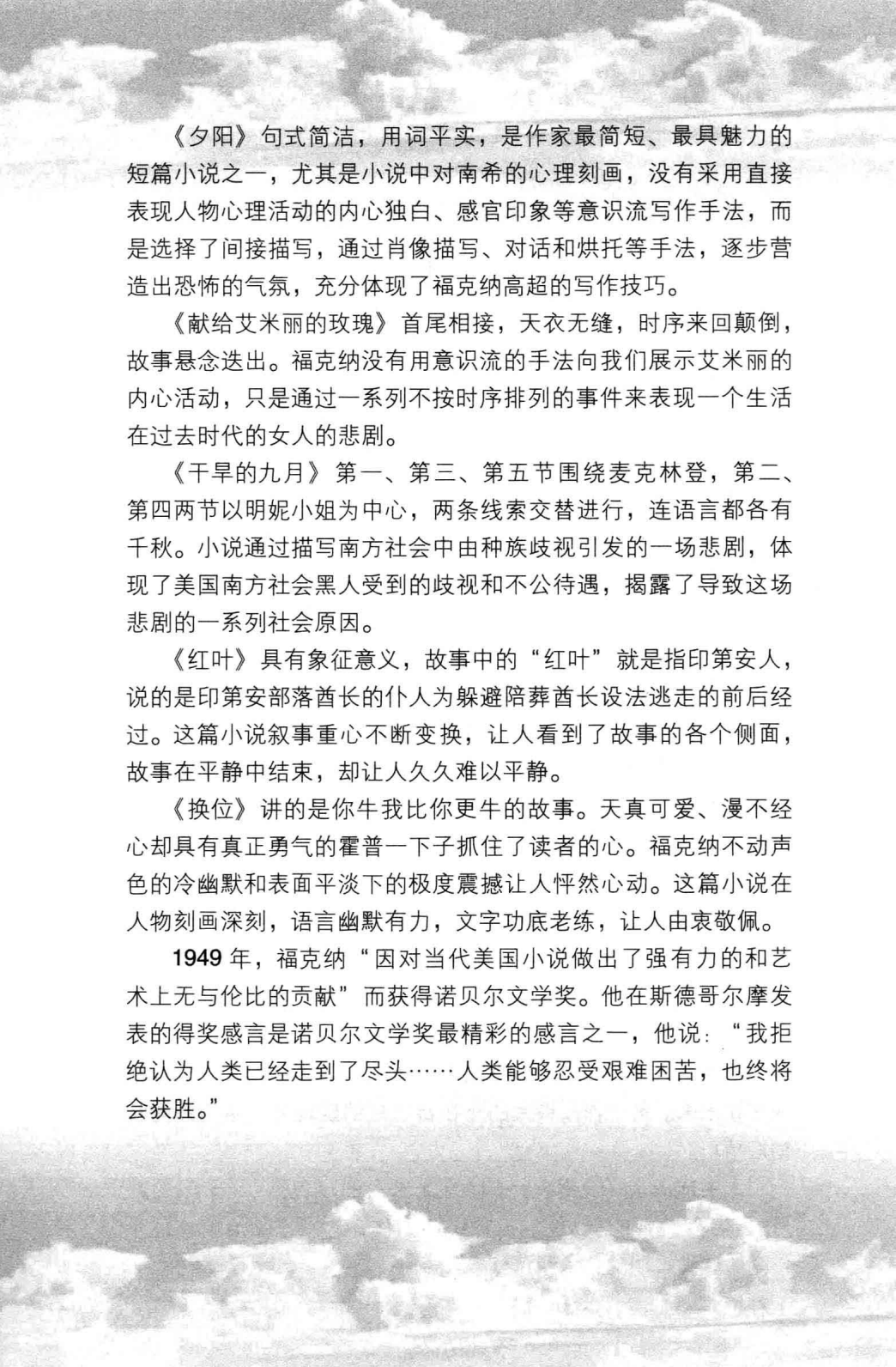
福克纳深受家庭传统和南方风土人情的影响。他的作品中有南方人特有的幽默感，深入刻画了黑人与白人之间的种种敏感问题，生动描绘了南方人形象，惟妙惟肖，跃然纸上。

福克纳一生共写了二十部长篇小说和将近一百篇短篇小说，其中十五部长篇和绝大多数短篇小说的故事都发生在约克纳帕塔法县，被称为约克纳帕塔法世系。

福克纳的小说语言别具一格，深深植根于南方文学传统，善于运用南方方言，生动形象，力透纸背。福克纳小说中的句子也非同凡响，仿佛作者要把一切都塞进一个句子，所以犹如迷宫一般，传统语法无法分析。

福克纳的短篇小说大多采用写实手法，情节鲜明，戏剧性强，生活气息浓郁。他认为，短篇小说在艺术高度上仅次于诗歌，因为作家写“长篇小说时可以马虎，但在写短篇小说时则不可以……它要求近乎绝对的精确”。他的小说中许多人物都是现实生活中的人物的改造。他小说中的历史，既包括过去，也包括现在和未来。他的作品最大的外在特点是绵延婉转、结构繁复和词汇精巧。

本书选译了《夕阳》、《献给艾米丽的玫瑰》、《干旱的九月》、《红叶》和《换位》五篇经典力作，这些作品恰恰体现了作家的这种鲜明的艺术特色。



《夕阳》句式简洁，用词平实，是作家最简短、最具魅力的短篇小说之一，尤其是小说中对南希的心理刻画，没有采用直接表现人物心理活动的内心独白、感官印象等意识流写作手法，而是选择了间接描写，通过肖像描写、对话和烘托等手法，逐步营造出恐怖的气氛，充分体现了福克纳高超的写作技巧。

《献给艾米丽的玫瑰》首尾相接，天衣无缝，时序来回颠倒，故事悬念迭出。福克纳没有用意识流的手法向我们展示艾米丽的内心活动，只是通过一系列不按时序排列的事件来表现一个生活在过去时代的女人的悲剧。

《干旱的九月》第一、第三、第五节围绕麦克林登，第二、第四两节以明妮小姐为中心，两条线索交替进行，连语言都各有千秋。小说通过描写南方社会中由种族歧视引发的一场悲剧，体现了美国南方社会黑人受到的歧视和不公待遇，揭露了导致这场悲剧的一系列社会原因。

《红叶》具有象征意义，故事中的“红叶”就是指印第安人，说的是印第安部落酋长的仆人为躲避陪葬酋长设法逃走的前后经过。这篇小说叙事重心不断变换，让人看到了故事的各个侧面，故事在平静中结束，却让人久久难以平静。

《换位》讲的是你牛我比你更牛的故事。天真可爱、漫不经心却具有真正勇气的霍普一下子抓住了读者的心。福克纳不动声色的冷幽默和表面平淡下的极度震撼让人怦然心动。这篇小说在人物刻画深刻，语言幽默有力，文字功底老练，让人由衷敬佩。

1949年，福克纳“因对当代美国小说做出了强有力的和艺术上无与伦比的贡献”而获得诺贝尔文学奖。他在斯德哥尔摩发表的得奖感言是诺贝尔文学奖最精彩的感言之一，他说：“我拒绝认为人类已经走到了尽头……人类能够忍受艰难困苦，也终将会获胜。”



## 目 录

That Evening Sun

夕阳 / 4 - 53

A Rose for Emily

献给艾米丽的玫瑰 / 54 - 81

Dry September

干旱的九月 / 82 - 115

Red Leaves

红叶 / 116 - 185

Turnabout

换位 / 186 - 267

## That Evening Sun

### I

Monday is no different from any other week day in Jefferson now. The streets are paved now, and the telephone and the electric companies are cutting down more and more of the shade trees — the water oaks, the maples and **locusts**<sup>1</sup> and elms — to make room for iron poles bearing **clusters**<sup>2</sup> of **bloated**<sup>3</sup> and ghostly and bloodless grapes, and we have a city laundry which makes the rounds on Monday morning, gathering the bundles of clothes into bright-colored, specially made motor-cars: the soiled wearing of a whole week now flees **apparition**<sup>4</sup>-like behind alert and **irritable**<sup>5</sup> electric horns, with a long **diminishing**<sup>6</sup> noise of rubber and asphalt like a tearing of silk, and even the Negro women who still take in white peoples' washing after the old custom, fetch and deliver it in automobiles.

But fifteen years ago, on Monday morning the quiet, dusty, shady streets would be full of Negro women with, balanced on their steady **turbaned**<sup>7</sup> heads, bundles of clothes tied up in sheets, almost as large as cotton bales, carried so without touch of hand between the kitchen door of the white house and the blackened wash-pot beside a cabin door in Negro Hollow.





## 夕 阳

现在，杰斐逊县城的星期一和其他工作日一样没有什么两样。如今街道铺了沥青路面，电话公司和电力公司在砍伐越来越多的遮阴树木——水栎、枫树、洋槐和榆树——为铁杆腾出地方，杆子上长有一串串膨胀可怕毫无生气的葡萄；我们有了一家城市洗衣店，星期一早晨洗衣店挨家挨户收集一包包衣服，放进一辆辆颜色鲜亮的特制汽车：整整一周的脏衣服眼下幽灵般消失在了机警急躁的电喇叭后面，橡皮轮胎和沥青路面摩擦产生的声音像丝绸撕裂一样逐渐减弱，余音悠长；就连那些还按老习惯给白人洗衣服的黑人妇女也都用汽车取送衣服了。

但是，十五年前，星期一早上，那些布满尘土的背阴静街上常常都是黑人妇女。她们缠着头巾的头上稳稳当地顶着用单子捆好的一包包衣服，差不多有棉花包那样大，就这样不用手扶，从白人家的厨房门口顶到黑人凹小木屋门旁发黑的洗衣盆边。

- 
- ① locust /'ləukəst/ *n.* 洋槐；刺槐
  - ② cluster /'klʌstə/ *n.* 簇；束
  - ③ bloated /'bləʊtɪd/ *adj.* 发胀的
  - ④ apparition /,æpə'riʃən/ *adj.* 幽灵；鬼怪
  - ⑤ irritable /'irɪtəbl/ *adj.* 急躁的；易怒的
  - ⑥ diminish /di'mɪnɪʃ/ *v.* 逐渐缩小
  - ⑦ turbaned /'tɜ:bænd/ *adj.* 戴头巾的；包着头巾的

Nancy would set her bundle on the top of her head, then upon the bundle in turn she would set the black straw sailor hat which she wore winter and summer. She was tall, with a high, sad face sunken a little where her teeth were missing. Sometimes we would go a part of the way down the lane and across the pasture with her, to watch the balanced bundle and the hat that never **bobbed**<sup>8</sup> nor wavered, even when she walked down into the ditch and climbed out again and stooped through the fence. She would go down on her hands and knees and crawl through the gap, her head rigid, up-tilted, the bundle steady as a rock or a balloon, and rise to her feet and go on.

Sometimes the husbands of the washing women would fetch and deliver the clothes, but Jesus never did that for Nancy, even before father told him to stay away from our house, even when Dilsey was sick and Nancy would come to cook for us.

And then about half the time we'd have to go down the lane to Nancy's house and tell her to come on and get breakfast. We would stop at the ditch, because father told us to not have anything to do with Jesus — he was a short black man, with a razor scar down his face — and we would throw rocks at Nancy's house until she came to the door leaning her head around it without any clothes on.

“What yawl mean, **chunking**<sup>9</sup> my house?” Nancy said. “What you little devils mean?”

“Father says for you to come and get breakfast,” Caddy said. “Father says it's over a half an hour now, and you've got to come this minute.”

南希常常先把包裹放到头顶，再把她冬夏都戴着黑色水手草帽扣到衣服包上面。她身材高挑，颧骨突出，愁眉苦脸，脸上缺牙的地方有点凹陷。有时我们会跟她走上一段路，穿过小巷，越过草场，看着她即使走下沟渠，又爬出来，弯腰穿过栅栏，她头顶的包裹和帽子也都稳稳当当，从来来回摇晃。她常常手膝着地，爬过缺口，头部硬挺，向上倾斜，然后站起来，继续行走，衣服包像一块岩石或一只气球那样平稳。

有时洗衣妇的丈夫会取送衣服，但杰西从来没有为南希取送过，即使在父亲告诉他远离我们家之前，即使在迪尔西生了病，南希来我家做饭时，他也从来没有取过。

于是，我们常常有一半时间得穿过小巷，去南希家叫她快来做早饭。我们常常在沟渠边停下来，因为父亲让我们不要跟杰西来往——他是个矮个黑人，脸上有一条刀疤——我们常常向南希家扔石头，直到她站在屋门口，将头靠在门上，身上什么也没穿。

“你们砸我家房子是什么意思？”南希说。“你们这些小鬼头是什么意思？”

“爸爸说叫你来做早饭，”坎迪说。“爸爸说现在都超过半个小时了，你得马上来。”

---

⑧ bob /bɒb/ *vi.* 上下摆动

⑨ chunk /tʃʌŋk/ *vi.* 使发出单调的咄嗒声

“I ain’t studying no breakfast,” Nancy said. “I going to get my sleep out.”

“I bet you’re drunk,” Jason said. “Father says you’re drunk. Are you drunk, Nancy?”

“Who says I is?” Nancy said. “I got to get my sleep out. I ain’t studying no breakfast.”

So after a while we quit chunking the house and went back home. When she finally came, it was too late for me to go to school. So we thought it was whiskey until that day when they arrested her again and they were taking her to jail and they passed Mr. Stovall. He was the cashier in the bank and a deacon in the Baptist church, and Nancy began to say:

“When you going to pay me, white man? When you going to pay me, white man? It’s been three times now since you paid me a cent — ” Mr. Stovall knocked her down, but she kept on saying, “When you going to pay me, white man? It’s been three times now since — ” until Mr. Stovall kicked her in the mouth with his heel and the marshal caught Mr. Stovall back, and Nancy lying in the street, laughing. She turned her head and spat out some blood and teeth and said, “It’s been three times now since he paid me a cent.”

That was how she lost her teeth, and all that day they told about Nancy and Mr. Stovall, and all that night the ones that passed the jail could hear Nancy singing and yelling. They could see her hands holding to the window bars, and a lot of them stopped along the fence, listening to her and to the jailer trying to make her stop. She didn’t shut up until just before daylight, when the jailer began to hear a **bumping**<sup>10</sup> and **scraping**<sup>11</sup> upstairs and he went up there and found Nancy hanging from

“我没有考虑做早饭的事儿，”南希说。“我要睡醒了再说。”

“我敢说 you 喝醉了，”詹森说。“爸爸说 you 醉了。你喝醉了吗，南希？”

“谁说 I 喝醉了？”南希说。“我得睡醒。我没有考虑做早饭的事儿。”

于是，过了一会儿，我们不再向小屋扔石头，就回家去了。等她最后来时，我上学已经太晚了。所以，我们认为她喝的是苏格兰威士忌，直到那天他们又把她抓起来，送往监狱，经过斯托瓦尔先生身边。他是银行出纳和浸礼派教会执事。这时，南希开口说道：

“你什么时候付给我钱，白人？你什么时候付给我钱，白人？你现在已经三次一分钱都没给我了——”斯托瓦尔先生把她打倒在地，但她继续说着：“你什么时候付给我钱，白人？你现在已经三次——”斯托瓦尔先生用鞋跟向她的嘴上踢了一脚，警官拉住了斯托瓦尔先生，南希躺在街上，大笑着。她转过头，吐出了一些血和几颗牙齿，说道：“他现在已经三次没给我一分钱了。”

她的牙齿就是这样掉的，整整一天人们都在谈论南希和斯托瓦尔先生的事儿，而且当晚路过监狱的人整夜都能听到南希在又唱又叫。人们能看到她的两手紧紧抓住窗上的栅栏，好多人在栅栏前停下来，听她又唱又叫，听狱卒在设法使她停下来。她到天快亮前才住口，这时狱卒开始听到楼上传来撞击和刮擦的声音。他走上楼，发现南希正吊在窗户的栅栏上。他说

⑩ bump /bʌmp/ vi. 碰撞

⑪ scrape /skreip/ vi. 刮；擦

the window bar. He said that it was **cocaine**<sup>12</sup> and not whiskey, because no nigger would try to commit suicide unless he was full of cocaine, because a nigger full of cocaine was not a nigger any longer.

The jailer cut her down and **revived**<sup>13</sup> her; then he beat her, whipped her. She had hung herself with her dress. She had fixed it all right, but when they arrested her she didn't have on anything except a dress and so she didn't have anything to tie her hands with and she couldn't make her hands let go of the window **ledge**<sup>14</sup>. So the jailer heard the noise and ran up there and found Nancy hanging from the window, **stark**<sup>15</sup> naked, her belly already **swelling out**<sup>16</sup> a little, like a little balloon.

When Dilsey was sick in her cabin and Nancy was cooking for us, we could see her apron swelling out; that was before father told Jesus to stay away from the house. Jesus was in the kitchen, sitting behind the stove, with his razor scar on his black face like a piece of dirty string. He said it was a watermelon Nancy had under her dress.

“It never come off your vine, though,” Nancy said.

“Off of what vine?” Caddy said.

“I can cut down the vine it did come off of,” Jesus said.

“What makes you want to talk that way before these chillen?” Nancy said. “Whyn't you go on to work? You done et. You want Mr. Jason to catch you hanging around his kitchen, talking that way before these chillen?”

“Talking what way, Nancy?” Caddy said. “What vine?”

“I can't hang around white man's kitchen,” Jesus said.

“But white man can hang around mine. White man can come in my house, but I can't stop him. When white man want to

那是可卡因，不是威士忌，因为除非一个黑鬼对可卡因上瘾，否则是不会去自杀的，因为对可卡因上瘾的黑鬼就不再是黑鬼了。

狱卒割断带子，把她放下来，救活了她，然后打她，用鞭子抽她。她是用自己的衣服上吊的。她安排得挺好，但他们逮捕她时，她只穿一件衣服，所以她没有什么东西用来捆绑双手，无法让双手松开窗台。于是，狱卒就听到了声音，跑了上来，发现南希吊在窗户上，一丝不挂，肚子已经微微隆起，活像一只小气球似的。

迪尔西生病在家时，南希来给我们做饭，我们可以看到她的围裙那里隆起；那是在爸爸吩咐杰西远离我们家之前。杰西在厨房里，坐在火炉后面，黑脸上有一条刀疤，活像一根肮脏的细线。他说南希衣服下面有一只西瓜。

“不过，那绝不是你那条藤上结的，”南希说。

“是从什么藤上结的？”坎迪说。

“我能砍断结它的那条藤，”杰西说。

“是什么让你要在孩子们面前这样说话？”南希说。“你为什么不去继续干活？你都吃了。你是想让詹森先生抓住你在他家厨房晃悠，在这些孩子面前那样说话吗？”

“说哪样话？”坎迪问。“是什么藤？”

“我不能在白人家的厨房晃悠，”杰西说。“可白人却能在我家的厨房晃悠。白人能进我的家，可我不能拦他。白人想进我家时，我就没有家了。我不能挡他，可他不能把我踢出去啊。

⑫ cocaine /kə'keɪn/ *n.* 可卡因

⑬ revive /rɪ'vaɪv/ *vt.* 使复活；使恢复

⑭ ledge /ledʒ/ *n.* 壁架；横档

⑮ stark /stɑ:k/ *adj.* 完全的；光秃秃的；赤裸的

⑯ swell /swel/ *out* 膨胀；突起

come in my house, I ain't got no house. I can't stop him, but he can't kick me **outen**<sup>17</sup> it. He can't do that. ”

Dilsey was still sick in her cabin. Father told Jesus to stay off our place. Dilsey was still sick. It was a long time. We were in the library after supper.

“Isn't Nancy through in the kitchen yet?” mother said. “It seems to me that she has had plenty of time to have finished the dishes. ”

“Let Quentin go and see,” father said. “Go and see if Nancy is through, Quentin. Tell her she can go on home. ”

I went to the kitchen. Nancy was through. The dishes were put away and the fire was out. Nancy was sitting in a chair, close to the cold stove. She looked at me.

“Mother wants to know if you are through,” I said.

“Yes,” Nancy said. She looked at me. “I done finished. ” She looked at me.

“What is it?” I said. “What is it?”

“I ain't nothing but a nigger,” Nancy said. “It ain't none of my fault. ”

She looked at me, sitting in the chair before the cold stove, the sailor hat on her head. I went back to the library. It was the cold stove and all, when you think of a kitchen being warm and busy and cheerful. And with a cold stove and the dishes all put away, and nobody wanting to eat at that hour.

“Is she through?” mother said.

“Yes mum,” I said.

“What is she doing?” mother said.

“She's not doing anything. She's through. ”

“I'll go and see,” father said.



他不能那样做。”

迪尔西还生病在家。爸爸叫杰西远离我们家。迪尔西还生着病。都好长时间了。晚饭后，我们呆在书房。

“南希在厨房还没有收拾完吗？”妈妈说。“在我看来，她早该洗完那些碟子了。”

“让昆廷去看看，”爸爸说。“去看看南希收拾完了没有，昆廷。告诉她可以回家了。”

我去了厨房。南希收拾完了。碟子放好了，火也熄了。南希坐在挨近冷炉的一把椅子上。她看着我。

“妈妈想知道你收拾完了没有，”我说。

“完了，”南希说。她看着我。“我干完了。”她看着我。

“怎么了？”我说。“怎么了？”

“我不过是个黑鬼，”南希说。“这不是我的错啊。”

她坐在冷炉前的椅子上看着我，头上戴着那顶水手帽。我回到书房。当你以为厨房里暖和、忙碌、愉快时，那里却只有冷炉。只有冷炉，碟子都一一放好，那个时刻没有人想吃东西。

“她收拾完了吗？”妈妈说。

“是，妈妈，”我说。

“她在干什么？”妈妈说。

“她什么也没干。她收拾完了。”

“我去看看，”爸爸说。

---

⑰ *outen* /'aʊtən/ *prep.* (美) 从……里面