

英汉对照 ● 英美文学精品

SELECTED STORIES OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON

安

小城灵魂的守望者  
德森短篇小说选

杨向荣 译

出 外文出版社

英汉对照 ● 英美文学精品

小城灵魂的守望者

# 安德森短篇小说选

SELECTED STORIES OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON

杨向荣 译



外文出版社

## 图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

安德森短篇小说选: 英汉对照 / (美) 安德森 (Anderson, S.) 著; 杨向荣译.

-北京: 外文出版社, 2000.1

(英汉对照英美文学精品) ISBN 7-119-02540-6

I. 安… II. ① 安… ② 杨… III. 英语-对照读物, 小说

-英、汉 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (1999) 第 73586 号

外文出版社网址:

<http://www.flp.com.cn>

外文出版社电子信箱:

[info@flp.com.cn](mailto:info@flp.com.cn)

[sales@flp.com.cn](mailto:sales@flp.com.cn)

021-33 67

## 英汉对照英美文学精品

### 安德森短篇小说选

译者 杨向荣

责任编辑 蔡 箐 李春英

封面设计 蔡 荣

出版发行 外文出版社

社 址 北京市百万庄大街 24 号 邮政编码 100037

电 话 (010) 68326644—2331/2307/2332  
(010) 68329514/68327211 (推广发行部)

印 刷 煤炭工业出版社印刷厂印刷

经 销 新华书店/外文书店

开 本 大 32 开 (203 × 140 毫米) 字 数 180 千字

印 数 0001—8000 册 印 张 8

版 次 2000 年第 1 版第 1 次印刷

装 别 平

书 号 ISBN 7-119-02540-6/I·626 (外)

定 价 12.80 元

---

版权所有 侵权必究

## 小城灵魂的守望者

### 安德森

舍伍德·安德森（Sherwood Anderson，1876 - 1941）是美国第一位成熟的现代意义上的小说家，曾经深刻地影响过他的学生兼朋友海明威和福克纳两位大师，可以说他是大师的教师。安德森的影响主要在于他开创了一种困惑、彷徨的现代意识，在他简朴有力的叙述中隐藏着让人感到灰暗与不安的情绪，同时他还倡导用一种简洁的口语化语言创作。他的影响可谓源远流长，可以开列出一长串从他那里获得过启发和灵感的作家：斯坦贝克、卡森·麦卡利锡、弗兰尼·奥康纳、索尔·贝娄、安·马森、卡佛等。

安德森出生于美国俄亥俄州的卡姆登城，14岁时即去中西部做工，接着参军，复员后又回到俄亥俄经营小油漆厂。1912年安德森离开家乡到芝加哥，开始献身于文学创作事业。他于1941年在去南美的船上因误吞异物，不幸染病去世。他先后出版了几部长篇小说，但都不如1919年发表的《俄亥俄的温斯堡》影响大。温斯堡是他虚构的一个美国小镇。在这部小说中，他精致地刻画了小镇上的各种人物。这些小说描述的故事背景发生在使用油灯、蜡烛和马匹的时代。虽然铁路已经兴起，火车经过小镇仍然是日常的一件大事，这仍然是一个相对安静的时代。跟传统的田园式的小镇生活相反，安德森大胆地描写了那些反抗清教徒的压迫、表面上平静的年轻一代的毁灭性激情。安德森指出，这些小镇上的畸形的怪人在精神上和肉体上都被情感和性的挫折扭曲了。根据董衡巽先生的评论，小说呈现了一个非常奇特的世界：人与人之间没有正常的交流，没有任何群体活动，夫妻之间没有感情，形同路人，父母与子女之间难见天伦之乐，街坊邻里之间没有友谊，恋人之间吞吞吐吐，互不理解，总以分手告终。他们

的下场不是遭人误解，就是孤独地死去。他们各有所求又不明白自己求的是什么，他们老做梦，而梦境又很模糊，他们想说出自己的想法，又不善于表达，他们渴望同别人交流，又把自己封闭起来。美国著名评论家威尔逊把安德森与德莱塞并列，并且表达了自己由衷的欣赏，认为安德森是一个非常慈爱厚道的人，几乎从不生气。著名作家菲茨杰拉德同样喜欢安德森的作品，曾经直言不讳地说：“他是当今用英语写作的最好、最精致的作家。”

本书是从舍伍德·安德森的上述小说集《俄亥俄的温斯堡》选择出来的。原书由25个互有联系的短篇小说构成，既是安德森的代表作，同时也是美国现代文学史上经得起时间考验的经典之作。作者在小说中引进从未有过的崭新主题。这部小说主题统一，通过环境与人物的主线把各个故事串成一个有机整体，所有的故事都发生在温斯堡，所有的人物都力图把自己的遭遇告诉年轻的报纸记者乔治·维拉德，小说中的叙述者始终与其他角色保持一定的距离。全书集中描绘了小城镇生活的心理和气氛，着重刻画平凡的人和平凡的事，特别是那些不善于表达自己的小人物的迷茫，写得深刻而别具一格。几乎每篇小说都是人物灵魂的探究，充满了精神经验的细节，简洁、别致地刻划着各种人物的品质、本能、欲念、对人生的企求，以及在人生中摸索的历程。每篇都是一部精致的人物素描，各篇之间存在着有形和无形的联系，彼此烘托，一个个人物的性格以及他们所带来的气氛和情调逐步积累起来，构成一个美国小城的总体形象和氛围，成为一个可见可感的实体。小说中的人物既对现实具有灵敏的感应，又具有内省的神秘性，两种倾向并存，作者在表现人物的本能与现实的冲突上达到很高境界。

安德森在这部系列小说集中倾注了极大的耐心和智慧，他对人物的精神世界具有不竭的探索挖掘的激情，每一篇都侧重探索一个问题，表现人物的内省以及如何不适应现代社会生活，不遗余力地探索人物灵魂的动态变化过程，可谓灵魂的歌手。

有位著名作家曾说，安德森的作品可以反复阅读，意味深长，他从不放纵自己的情感，他似乎只对充分把握了的事物感兴趣，并对其再三品咂。他对人的探索达到了入迷的程度，始终专注于某种悟想。

这些作品所表现出的洞察力，表达上的准确性，都让人吃惊。比起海明威和福克纳来，他显得节俭得多、谨慎得多，城府更深。这部作品可以作为文学的教科书，而某些巨著却难以担当此任。

译者

# 目 录

## **Hands** **2**

### 手

这是一篇关于一个人的手和他的命运的故事。这是一双灵巧、神经质、怕露面的手，也是一双由于充满爱心而又不能被世俗所容的手。作者对手的刻画寄托了对简朴事物的爱和留恋。

## **Paper Pills** **14**

### 纸球

小说主角是位神秘的医生，他仿佛是位哲学家，在悄悄地构建又亲手摧毁某种真理的体系。他的构建方式极为奇特：把零碎的思想写在纸片上，让纸片在衣袋里变成纸球，等纸球满了再倒掉，重新再来。这种构建与毁灭周而复始的行为就像一种病态的强迫症，这一切意义何在呢？

## **Mother** **20**

### 母亲

这篇小说描写了一位母亲内心的失败感。早年当演员的理想终成泡影，婚姻变成一种负担，希望儿子有所作为却不愿他按丈夫的指点发展，爱孩子却无法跟孩子交流，想杀了丈夫，最终却下不了手，最后只好在病态中等待人生的终点。

## **The Philosopher** **34**

### 哲学家

在小城开业的医生是个哲学家，他向年轻记者讲述了自己大哥悲惨的一生。在一次事故中他拒绝去救一个小女孩，言行古怪无法解

释，他怕被人误会而绞死，迫不及待地要把发现的真理告诉别人：这个世界上人人都是基督，都是要被钉死在十字架上的。

## **A Man of Ideas** 46

### **异想天开的人**

写一个神经质、为自己奇异的想法兴奋得犯痉挛症的经纪人，他用那种异想天开的方式战胜了古怪的爱情，也战胜了谁也惹不起的父子，所向披靡，让人既同情又觉得可笑。

## **Adventure** 60

### **冒险**

这是一个曾经沧海难为水的故事，全篇弥漫着一种人生易老、青春易逝的绝望氛围。女主人公对爱情的渴望达到失去理智的程度，不禁让人对爱情和青春感到心碎。她最后的结论是：许多人必须孤独地活着以致死去。

## **Respectability** 72

### **高尚**

一个电报员在对自己破碎婚姻的追忆中，道出对女人的厌恶、憎恨，以及最后的绝望。他把自己的故事讲给年轻记者听，借此来毁灭年轻人头脑中的各种美好幻觉。

## **The Thinker** 82

### **思想者**

一个男孩离开小城前跟一个自己喜欢的女孩子告别，这次拘谨的约会犹豫不定，纸上谈爱多于一往无前的勇敢表达，虽然两个人都很年轻，但是流畅地表达爱情似乎已不可能。

## **The Strength of God** 104

### **上帝的力量**

小城牧师在情欲和宗教戒律的激烈冲突中，在一阵灵与肉的挣扎之后，竟然在一个裸体女人的身上看到了上帝的力量和启示。小说表达了情欲和宗教之间的古怪联系。



## **The Teacher**

**118**

### **教师**

一个女教师渴望被人爱而不可得，在极度的情感饥渴状态下，她拥抱了自己的学生，并极力要在文学上开导这位过去的学生。但是在他的怀中竟然有了某种肉体意味，这种描写把人物的情感孤寂推向极致。

## **Loneliness**

**132**

### **孤独**

正如作者所说，这是一个人与房间的故事，一个人与他所创造的人物生活的故事。这是一种曲高和寡的孤独。一次偶然的爱情故事，竟然把他在房间虚构的生命都带走了，使他陷入更为无助的孤独之中。

## **An Awakening**

**148**

### **一觉**

作者在这篇故事中没有特别把笔墨聚集在某一个人物内心世界的开掘上，只是描述了年轻记者无意中介入一场别人的恋爱，遭到一顿戏弄性的殴打后，对人性似乎有所感悟。

## **“Queer”**

**164**

### **“古怪”**

一个小店主既害怕失去发财机会，又怕卖不出去货。儿子终于无法忍受父亲和自己的古怪，做出向事业得意的同龄人挑战的举动，以此摆脱“古怪”的声名。

## **The Untold Lie**

**180**

### **不曾说出的谎言**

这是一篇极为精致和凝炼的作品。一个农场的两位帮工在黄昏的田野美景中探讨婚姻疑惑，作为过来人的老帮工起先觉得不好回答，等想好答案后再去追赶那个小帮工，可突然发觉无论怎么回答都是在说谎。

## **Drink**

**190**

### **酒醉**

阔别故土多年的老太婆带着孙子回到家乡小城，她本来是要寻找昔日田园风光的，不料一切都变了，内心不无失落感。接着作者着重写了晃悠悠、漫不经心的孙子在小城的生活状态。这位少年在一次酒醉状态中获得身心的极大享受，作者对他视觉和嗅觉的描述，很好地衬托了小城无法言传的优美气氛。

## **Death**

**204**

### **死**

这一篇写了一个母亲的爱和死。她至死没有得到真正的爱情，一心想把一生的积蓄留给儿子，却至死未能如愿。作者把死之诱惑、死之凌乱、死之悲伤，以及儿子对母亲之死尚未完全理解写得极为准确。

## **Sophistication**

**222**

### **成熟**

描写年轻记者如何渴望成熟，少男少女在喧嚣之后变得宁静的夜空下默默地激动，在激动中默默地感悟还比较模糊的人生真谛。

## **Departure**

**236**

### **出走**

年轻记者离别故乡小城前去与亲友告别。即便这样简单的场面，作者也绝不敷衍了事，仍然把相关的人物和气氛刻画得细致准确。这是全书的闭幕式，所有那些孤独、痛苦、奇异的心灵的见证人走了，而人生却并没有终止。

SELECTED STORIES OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON

小城灵魂的守望者

# 安德森短篇小说选

## Hands

Upon the half decayed veranda of a small frame house that stood near the edge of a ravine near the town of Winesburg, Ohio, a fat little old man walked nervously up and down. Across a long field that had been seeded for clover but that had produced only a dense crop of yellow mustard weeds, he could see the public highway along which went a wagon filled with berry pickers returning from the fields. The berry pickers, youths and maidens, laughed and shouted boisterously. A boy clad in a blue shirt leaped from the wagon and attempted to drag after him one of the maidens, who screamed and protested shrilly. The feet of the boy in the road kicked up a cloud of dust that floated across the face of the departing sun. Over the long field came a thin girlish voice. "Oh, you Wing Biddlebaum, comb your hair, it's falling into your eyes," commanded the voice to the man, who was bald and whose nervous little hands fiddled about the bare white forehead as though arranging a mass of tangled locks.

Wing Biddlebaum, forever frightened and beset by a ghostly band of doubts, did not think of himself as in any way a part of the life of the town where he had lived for twenty years. Among all the people of Winesburg but one had come close to him. With George Willard, son of Tom Willard, the proprietor of the New Willard House, he had formed something like a friendship. George Willard was the reporter on the *Winesburg Eagle* and sometimes in the evenings he walked out along the highway to Wing Biddlebaum's house. Now as the old man walked up and down on the veranda, his hands moving nervously about, he was hoping that George Willard would come and spend the evening with him. After the wagon containing the berry pickers had passed, he went across the field through the tall mustard weeds and climbing a rail fence peered anxiously along the road to the town. For a moment he stood thus, rubbing his hands together and looking up and down the road, and then, fear overcoming him, ran back to walk again upon the porch on his own house.

In the presence of George Willard, Wing Biddlebaum, who for twenty years

# 手

俄亥俄州温斯堡小城附近一个山谷旁边的一所小木屋里，一个肥胖的小老头在破败的走廊上紧张地走来走去。从那片本来种着苜蓿现在却长出茂密黄芥草的大田望过去，对面公路上驶来一辆运货马车，满载从田野归来的采果人。这些采浆果的少男少女们吵吵嚷嚷地大喊大笑着。一个身穿蓝衣的男孩跳下马车想把一个姑娘从车上往下拽，姑娘尖叫着拼命反抗。男孩脚下踢起的大片尘土掠过夕阳的脸。大田那边传来细声细气的女孩子般的声音：“嗨，飞翼比德尔鲍姆，把你的头发梳一梳吧，都快掉到你的眼睛里去了。”这声音带着对那人命令的味道。那人脑袋光秃秃的，神经质的小手抚弄着苍白的脑门，仿佛在整理一团乱发。

飞翼比德尔鲍姆永远处在幽灵般挥之不去的疑虑重重的恐惧和困扰中，他老觉得自己怎么也不属于这个生活了20年的小城。全温斯堡只有一个人与他关系密切。他跟新维拉德旅馆老板汤姆·维拉德的儿子乔治·维拉德建立了一种近似友谊的关系。乔治·维拉德在《温斯堡鹰报》当记者。他有时黄昏出来沿着公路散步去飞翼比德尔鲍姆家。这时老人正在走廊上走来走去，局促地摆弄着手，盼着乔治·维拉德来一起打发这个黄昏。满载采果人的运货马车过去后，他穿过长着高高的芥草的田地，爬上一道篱垣，顺着公路焦急地望着小城那边。他就这样立了一会儿，搓着双手，打量着公路，接着恐惧感袭来，他又跑了回去，在自己屋子的走廊上走来走去。

只要乔治·维拉德在旁边，飞翼比德尔鲍姆这位20年来小城神秘人物的某些胆怯便会消失，他那深藏不露的个性才会从怀疑的大海中探出头来，张望这个世界。有这位年轻记者在身边时，他才敢在天还没黑的时候上街或者在摇摇晃晃的自家走廊上来来回回地走，一边激

had been the town mystery, lost something of his timidity, and his shadowy personality, submerged in a sea of doubts, came forth to look at the world. With the young reporter at his side, he ventured in the light of day into Main Street or strode up and down on the rickety front porch of his own house, talking excitedly. The voice that had been low and trembling became shrill and loud. The bent figure straightened. With a kind of wriggle, like a fish returned to the brook by the fisherman, Biddlebaum the silent began to talk, striving to put into words the ideas that had been accumulated by his mind during long years of silence.

Wing Biddlebaum talked much with his hands. The slender expressive fingers, forever active, forever striving to conceal themselves in his pockets or behind his back, came forth and became the piston rods of his machinery of expression.

The story of Wing Biddlebaum is a story of hands. Their restless activity, like unto the beating of the wings of an imprisoned bird, had given him his name. Some obscure poet of the town had thought of it. The hands alarmed their owner. He wanted to keep them hidden away and looked with amazement at the quiet inexpressive hands of other men who worked beside him in the fields, or passed, driving sleepy teams on country roads.

When he talked to George Willard, Wing Biddlebaum closed his fists and beat with them upon a table or on the walls of his house. The action made him more comfortable. If the desire to talk came to him when the two were walking in the fields, he sought out a stump or the top board of a fence and with his hands pounding busily talked with renewed ease.

The story of Wing Biddlebaum's hands is worth a book in itself. Sympathetically set forth it would tap many strange, beautiful qualities in obscure men. It is a job for a poet. In Winesburg the hands had attracted attention merely because of their activity. With them Wing Biddlebaum had picked as high as a hundred and forty quarts of strawberries in a day. They became his distinguishing feature, the source of his fame. Also they made more grotesque an already grotesque and elusive individuality. Winesburg was proud of the hands of Wing Biddlebaum in the same spirit in which it was proud of Banker White's new stone house and Wesley Moyer's bay stallion, Tony Tip, that had won the two-fifteen trot at the fall races in Cleveland.

As for George Willard, he had many times wanted to ask about the hands. At times an almost overwhelming curiosity had taken hold of him. He felt that there must be a reason for their strange activity and their inclination to keep

动地聊聊天。他那时总是低弱颤抖的声音才尖锐洪亮起来，佝偻的腰也自豪地直起来。沉默寡言的比德尔鲍姆开始有话了，像从打鱼人手中滑回河水的鱼一般拧着身子，极力想把默默积攒了多年的思想通通化为语言讲出来。

飞翼比德尔鲍姆更多的时候是用手在表达。那细长而富有表现力的手指，永远那么好动、永远在想方设法藏在口袋里或身后的手指，开始露出来成为他那表达机器的有力轴杆。

飞翼比德尔鲍姆的故事是一个关于手的故事。这双手一刻不停地在活动，像一只被拘束的鸟扑动它的翅膀。他的“飞翼”这个绰号就是从这儿来的。这是小城某个不知名的诗人想到的。主人被这双手吓坏了。他想把手完全藏起来，又好奇地盯着旁边在地里一起干活或者在乡间公路上无精打采排队走过去的其他男人沉静的手。

每当跟乔治·维拉德谈话时，飞翼比德尔鲍姆就攥紧拳头，敲着桌子或屋子的墙壁。这样做让他觉得自在些。两人在田地里散步时，如果他突然来了想说话的欲望，就会找到一根树桩或篱笆尖顶，双手忙乱地敲击着，这样他的谈吐才能重新变得自如。

有关飞翼比德尔鲍姆手的故事值得写一本书。如果我们怀着某种怜悯之情去写，这书一定能触动许多默默无闻的小人物奇异而美丽的品性。这是诗人的事。但这双手在温斯堡镇引人注目却只是它们自身行为的结果。飞翼比德尔鲍姆用这双手一天可以摘下高达140夸脱的草莓。这双手成为他有别于他人的特征，成为他声名的源泉。同时，这双手还使得某种怪异并且难以捉摸的独特个性变得更加奇特。温斯堡人为有这双手而感到自豪，这种自豪本质上和对银行家怀特的新石屋以及韦斯里·莫耶的栗色雄马托尼·蒂普感到自豪是一样的，这匹马曾在克利夫兰举办的秋季比赛上创下2分15秒的纪录。

乔治·维拉德曾经多次想问问这双手的故事。有时，一种几乎压倒一切的好奇心抓住他。他觉得这双手的动作如此奇异，又是如此隐藏而不露，一定是有什么理由的，只不过越来越尊敬飞翼比德尔鲍姆，他不敢贸然提出这个在头脑中萦绕了很久的问题。

hidden away and only a growing respect for Wing Biddlebaum kept him from blurting out the questions that were often in his mind.

Once he had been on the point of asking. The two were walking in the fields on a summer afternoon and had stopped to sit upon a grassy bank. All afternoon Wing Biddlebaum had talked as one inspired. By a fence he had stopped and beating like a giant woodpecker upon the top board had shouted at George Willard, condemning his tendency to be too much influenced by the people about him. "You are destroying yourself," he cried. "You have the inclination to be alone and to dream and you are afraid of dreams. You want to be like others in town here. You hear them talk and you try to imitate them."

On the grassy bank Wing Biddlebaum had tried again to drive his point home. His voice became soft and reminiscent, and with a sigh of contentment he launched into a long rambling talk, speaking as one lost in a dream.

Out of the dream Wing Biddlebaum made a picture for George Willard. In the picture men lived again in a kind of pastoral golden age. Across a green open country came clean-limbed young men, some afoot, some mounted upon horses. In crowds the young men came to gather about the feet of an old man who sat beneath a tree in a tiny garden and who talked to them.

Wing Biddlebaum became wholly inspired. For once he forgot the hands. Slowly they stole forth and lay upon George Willard's shoulders. Something new and bold came into the voice that talked. "You must try to forget all you have learned," said the old man. "You must begin to dream. From this time on you must shut your ears to the roaring of the voices."

Pausing in his speech, Wing Biddlebaum looked long and earnestly at George Willard. His eyes glowed. Again he raised the hands to caress the boy and then a look of horror swept over his face.

With a convulsive movement of his body, Wing Biddlebaum sprang to his feet and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets. Tears came to his eyes. "I must be getting along home. I can talk no more with you," he said nervously.

Without looking back, the old man had hurried down the hillside and across a meadow, leaving George Willard perplexed and frightened upon the grassy slope. With a shiver of dread the boy arose and went along the road toward town. "I'll not ask him about his hands," he thought, touched by the memory of the terror he had seen in the man's eyes. "There's something wrong, but I don't want to know what it is. His hands have something to do with his fear of me and of everyone."



有一次他差点就要问出来了。那年夏天，两人在午后的田野里散步，在一个青草埂边停住坐下。整个下午，飞翼比德尔鲍姆都在充满激情地讲着什么。他在一道篱笆边站住，像只巨大的啄木鸟一般敲打着桩尖，冲着乔治·维拉德吼叫，骂他让芸芸众生左右自己的生活。“你在毁灭自己，”他喊道。“你想孤独，想幻想，可又害怕幻想。你想跟城里其他人一样。你听他们说的，又想摹仿他们。”

坐在青草埂上，飞翼比德尔鲍姆又极力想回到他的老话题上来。他的声调变得柔和起来，带着某种缅怀往昔的味道，他心满意足地叹了一口气，开始投入漫无边际的长谈，那样子仿佛一个人在梦境中出神自语。

飞翼比德尔鲍姆给乔治·维拉德把梦境描绘成一幅图画。画面中的人物在一种田园牧歌式的金色年代活生生地呈现在眼前。前方一片翠绿的乡野中迎面走来一群清清爽爽的青少年，有的徒步赶来，有的骑着马。这帮年轻人聚拢在一个老人的脚边，老人坐在小花园的一棵树下跟他们讲着什么。

飞翼比德尔鲍姆浑身上下充满了灵感。他一时忘记了自己那双手。那双手慢慢地悄无声息地溜出来放在乔治·维拉德的肩上。他的声音慢慢透出一种新的、果决的调子。“你必须把学到的一切统统忘掉。”老人说。“你必须学会幻想。从现在开始，你必须对外界形形色色的噪音一概置若罔闻。”

飞翼比德尔鲍姆停了会儿，久久地热情地望着乔治·维拉德。他眼睛亮闪闪的。接着他伸出手抚摸这个少年，忽然脸上掠过一丝恐惧。

他的身体痉挛了一下，几乎是弹起来，然后把那双手深深地插进裤袋。他眼里涌出泪水。“我得回家去了，不能再跟你多谈了，”他神经质地说。

老人连头也不回就匆匆跑下坡去，穿过一片草地，把困惑不解和惊恐的乔治·维拉德撇在草坡上。这个小伙子满怀惊恐地站起来沿着大路朝小城走去。“我再也不会问他那手的事儿了，”他想，回想起老人眼中流露出的恐惧，感到心里很难受。“一定有什么难言之隐，不