

世界经典名著节录丛书·中英文对照读物

世界经典名著节录丛书·中英文对照读物 美国悲剧

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英·汉

*n. American  
Tragedy*

# 美国悲剧

(美) 西奥多·德莱塞

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黄德远 译

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### 世界经典名著节录丛书 美国悲剧

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## 编者手记

世界经典名著节录英汉对照读物第二辑与读者见面了。感谢广大读者对这种形式的英文读物的认可、支持和爱护,以及对我们在第一辑实验版中由于时间仓促而存在的各种缺点与失误的宽容。

这一辑仍然秉承此套丛书的初衷与旨归,致力于为广大英语学习爱好者提供一条通往英语世界经典力作堂奥的捷径,使阅读英文原著不再枯燥乏味,费心费力。它寓学于乐,使你在英语学习方面的努力事半功倍。此辑除了保留第一辑的编排特点外,应广大读者的要求,我们做了一定的调整与改进。首先将开本改为国际流行的 36 开,便于携带;其次我们为每本书中的生僻单词及文化典故都加了注释,更易于初学者阅读与学习;最后,也是最重要的一点,这一次我们在对经典著作的节录过程中,更注重了情节的完整性和故事的可读性。这些无疑都使得这套书有了许多新的特点。

第二辑拟推出 30 种,仍由北京青年政治学院青年教师于溪滨同志担任总体策划与主编,译者以中国社会科学院研究生院中文系和英文系的博士生为主。囿于篇幅,我们就不在这里向他们一一致

谢了。另外,在本套书的运作过程中,始终都得到了社领导的亲切关怀与严格监督,从而保证了第二辑在各个方面的尽善尽美。在此我们谨向所有给予这套丛书帮助的人道一声由衷的感谢。

由于水平有限,书中肯定仍有许多不尽人意之处。欢迎广大读者一如既往地对我们进行监督与批评,我们将不胜感激之至。来函请寄:北京百万庄大街24号外文出版社中文部曾惠杰或张勇收,邮编100037,或发电子邮件至:

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## 内容简介

德莱塞(Theodore Herman Albert Dreiser),生于1871年,卒于1945年,美国小说家。德莱塞出身贫穷,当过收帐员和新闻记者。《美国悲剧》发表于1925年,是作者的代表作之一。

本故事的主人公克莱德生长在一个先是笃信宗教、后来贫穷得不得不以宗教为生的非宗教从业人士家庭里。他自幼被父母逼着为了生计在街头抛头露面宣传他父母所笃信的上帝,可是贫穷低贱的克莱德却有一个雄心勃勃的美国梦。他一心向上爬,纵情于酒色和物质享受。克莱德让一个地位比他更低微的姑娘怀上了孩子,可是他不愿意娶她,一是因为她会是他的累赘,二是因为这时恰巧有一个上层社会的小姐爱上了他,可以让他摆脱贫贱、一步登天。于是克莱德设计谋杀了善良无辜的穷姑娘。但是克莱德落入了法网,他被处以死刑。上帝没能救得了他,他的父母却仍在贬斥世俗的物欲,颂扬上帝的仁慈。美国梦是耶非耶?上帝仁耶忍耶?作者最终也未能说明究竟何为美国悲剧。



## BOOK ONE

## CHAPTER I

Dusk – of a summer night.

And the tall walls of the commercial heart of an American city of perhaps 400,000 inhabitants – such walls as in time may linger as a mere fable.

And up the broad street, now comparatively hushed, a little band of six, – a man of about fifty, short, with bushy hair protruding <sup>①</sup> from under a round black felt hat, a most unimportant-looking person, who carried a small portable organ such as is customarily used by street preachers and singers. And with him a woman perhaps five years his junior, taller, not so broad, but solid of frame and vigorous, very plain in face and dress, and yet not homely, leading with one hand a small boy of seven and in the other carrying a Bible and several hymn books. With these three, but walking independently behind, was a girl of fifteen, a boy of twelve and another girl of nine, all following obediently, but not too enthusiastically, in the wake of the others.

It was hot, yet with a sweet languor about it all.

Crossing at night angles the great thoroughfare on which they



## 第一卷

## 第一章

夜幕。夏天的一个晚上。

在一个可能有着四十万居民的美国城市里，耸立着商业中心的高墙——总有一天，这样的高墙会灰飞烟灭，只留在人们的传说中。

宽阔的街道比刚才安静了些，一行六人正沿街走着——一个五十岁左右的男子，个头不高，身材粗壮，浓密的头发从一顶圆形黑毡帽下伸出来，搬着一个通常由街头布道者和街头艺人们使用的手提式风琴，这是一个相貌极为平平的人。和他在一起的一个妇女可能比他年轻上五岁，身材也比他高一些，不太粗壮但是身材结实、有生气，不管是脸上的长相和身上的穿戴都非常平易却不粗俗。她一只手牵着一个七岁的小男孩，另一只手抱着一本《圣经》和好几本赞美诗集。和这三个人在一起的是一个十五岁的女孩、一个十二岁的男孩和一个九岁的女孩，但是和前面三个人隔开一段距离拉在后面，后面的这三个虽然都顺从地跟着，却不大有兴致。

天气很热，不过让人感到一种恬然的倦怠。

横过正在走着的那条大街的交叉口后是又

① protrude

[prə'tru:d] 伸出，挤出





walked, was a second canyon-like way, threaded by throngs and vehicles and various lines of cars which clanged their bells and made such progress as they might amid swiftly moving streams of traffic. Yet the little group seemed unconscious of anything save a set purpose to make its way between the contending lines of traffic and pedestrians <sup>①</sup> which flowed by them.

Having reached an intersection this side of the second principal thoroughfare – really just an alley between two tall structures – now quite bare of life of any kind, the man put down the organ, which the woman immediately opened, setting up a music rack upon which she placed a wide flat hymn book. Then handing the Bible to the man, she fell back in line with him, while the twelve-year-old boy put down a small camp-stool in front of the organ. The man – the father, as he chanced to be – looked about him with seeming wide-eyed assurance, and announced, without appearing to care whether he had any auditors or not:

“We will first sing a hymn of praise, so that any who may wish to acknowledge the Lord may join us. Will you oblige, Hester?”

...

By this time various homeward-bound individuals of diverse grades and walks of life, noticing the small group disposing itself in this fashion, hesitated for a moment to eye



一条像峡谷一样的大街，人群和各种各样的车辆在里面拥挤着，一溜一溜的小汽车“嘀嘀”地鸣着喇叭，想挤到车流快一些的道路上去。然而，在争先恐后的车流和车流旁涌动着的行人中间，这一小队人只是执着地赶路，似乎对任何事情都毫不在意。

走到第二条主大街这一边的一个交叉口时——真地只是两排高大建筑物夹起来的小巷子——这里现在已经罕有生迹了，这位男子一放下风琴，妇人马上把它打开，支起一个演奏音乐使用的支架，在支架上面放上一本扁平的大开本赞美诗集。然后，她把《圣经》递给男子，向后退到和男子一排的位置上，同时，十二岁的男孩在风琴的前面放下一个小小的折凳。这名男子——他恰巧是孩子的父亲——睁大了眼睛，以一种肯定的表情环顾了一下四周，然后似乎也不管他有没有听众，就宣布道：

“我们首先唱一首赞美诗，这样的话每个希望认识上帝的人都可以加入我们。你愿意效劳吗？海斯特？”

.....

这时，回家路上的各色众生们注意到了以这种方式表现自己的这一群人，他们或者犹豫片刻对这几个人瞟上一眼，或者停下来想弄明白这些

① pedestrian

[pəˈdestriən] 行

人，步行者



them askance or paused to ascertain the character of their work. This hesitancy, construed by the man apparently to constitute attention, however mobile, was seized upon by him and he began addressing them as though they were specifically here to hear him.

...

The boy moved restlessly from one foot to the other, keeping his eyes down, and for the most part only half singing. A tall and as yet slight figure, surmounted by an interesting head and face-white skin, dark hair – he seemed more keenly observant and decidedly more sensitive than most of the others – appeared indeed to resent and even to suffer from the position in which he found himself. Plainly pagan rather than religious, life interested him, although as yet he was not fully aware of this. All that could be truly said of him now was that there was no definite appeal in all this for him. He was too young, his mind much too responsive to phases of beauty and pleasure which had little, if anything, to do with the remote and cloudy romance which swayed the minds of his mother and father.

Indeed <sup>①</sup> the home life of which this boy found himself a part and the various contacts, material and psychic, which thus far had been his, did not tend to convince him of the reality and force of all that his mother and father seemed so certainly to believe and say. Rather, they seemed more or



人是干什么的。男子觉得这种迟疑显然是一种注意，不管这种注意有多么不专一。他捕捉到了这种迟疑，于是他开始向他们讲话，就好像这些行人是专门到这里来听他演讲似的。

.....

这个男孩不住地把身体的重心从一只脚挪到另一只脚上，眼睛一直低垂着，充其量只是在敷衍地哼哼着。他高高的个子，身材还有些单薄，头和脸长得很逗人喜欢，白净的皮肤，黑黑的头发——看起来比别的几个人都更善于观察，也绝对更敏感。他好像确实不喜欢现在的处境，甚至为之感到痛苦。让他更感兴趣的是，没有宗教信仰的简单生活而不是宗教生活。尽管他现在还没有完全认识到这一点。若是说到他的真实情况，只能说，目前他所面对着的这一切对他没有太大的吸引力。他太年轻了，他的心思非常向往声色享乐，不管怎样，这些东西和他父母心中摇曳着的遥远而缥缈的浪漫没有太多的关系。

真的，迄今为止，这个男孩发现他在家庭生活中的情形和各种遭遇，不管是物质上的还是精神上的，都不能让他信服他的父母好像如此肯定地相信和谈论着的所有现实和力量。实际上，他们在生活中似乎或多或少地感到困扰，至少在物

① indeed 用来肯定或者强调以前已经说过的内容或者与之相关的内容，和 really 不同。



less troubled in their lives, at least materially. His father was always reading the Bible and speaking in meeting at different places, especially in the "mission," which he and his mother conducted not so far from this corner. At the same time, as he understood it, they collected money from various interested or charitably <sup>①</sup> inclined business men here and there who appeared to believe in such philanthropic work. Yet the family was always "hard up," never very well clothed, and deprived of many comforts and pleasures which seemed common enough to others. And his father and mother were constantly proclaiming the love and mercy and care of God for him and for all. Plainly there was something wrong somewhere. He could not get it all straight, but still he could not help respecting his mother, a woman whose force and earnestness, as well as her sweetness, appealed to him. Despite much mission work and family cares, she managed to be fairly cheerful, or at least sustaining, often declaring most emphatically "God will provide" or "God will show the way," especially in times of too great stress about food or clothes. Yet apparently, in spite of this, as he and all the other children could see, God did not show any very clear way, even though there was always an extreme necessity for His favorable intervention in their affairs.

To-night, walking up the great street with his sisters and brother, he wished that they need not do this any more, or



质方面是这个样子的。他的父亲总是在读《圣经》，总是在不同场合里尤其是在布道馆里讲道，这个布道馆离这个拐角不太远，是由他父亲和母亲一起举办的。据他所知，他的父母同时还到处从各种各样感兴趣或者有慈善心肠、似乎相信这种慈善工作的商人那里收受钱财。然而这个家总还是“紧巴巴”的，从来没有穿过像样的衣服，没有享受过对别人来说足够普通的很多舒适和快乐。他的父亲和母亲一直在宣扬上帝对他以及对所有人的慈爱、怜悯和关怀。显而易见的是，在什么地方有什么事情不对劲。他不能坦然地接受这些，但是他也不能由衷地敬重他的母亲，这个女人的力量和热诚以及她的温柔都在吸引着他。尽管要做太多的布道工作并且还得照顾家庭，但是她做到了让她自己精神愉悦，或者至少她是在维持着这种精神状态，经常极为肯定地宣布说“上帝会帮助我们的”或者“上帝会给我们指路”，在急需吃穿时候尤其如此。但是尽管如此，显然地，像他和家里所有别的孩子们所看到的那样，尽管他们的事情极其需要上帝慈悲的干预，但是上帝并没有指出任何一条明确的道路。

今天晚上，跟他的姐姐妹妹和弟弟一直走在大街上的时候，他心里盼着他们不必再干这种

① charitably

[ˈtʃærɪtəbli] 慈

善地



at least that he need not be a part of it. Other boys did not do such things, and besides, somehow it seemed shabby and even degrading. On more than one occasion, before he had been taken on the street in this fashion, other boys had called to him and made fun of his father, because he was always publicly emphasizing his religious beliefs or convictions. Thus in one neighborhood in which they had lived, when he was but a child of seven, his father, having always preluded <sup>①</sup> every conversation with "Praise the Lord," he heard boys call "Here comes old Praise-the-Lord Griffiths." Or they would call out after him "Hey, you're the fellow whose sister plays the organ. Is there anything else she can play?"

"What does he always want to go around saying, 'Praise the Lord' for? Other people don't do it."

It was that old mass yearning for a likeness in all things that troubled them, and him. Neither his father nor his mother was like other people, because they were always making so much of religion, and now at last they were making a business of it.

On this night in this great street with its cars and crowds and tall buildings, he felt ashamed, dragged out of normal life, to be made a show and jest of. The handsome automobiles that sped by, the loitering pedestrians moving off to what interests and comforts he could only surmise; the gay pairs of young people, laughing and jesting and the



事了，或者至少他可以不参加他们的活动。别的男孩子们都不干这种事情，而且，这看起来有点低三下四不体面。不止一次，当他被带到街上参加这种活动时，别的男孩子们对着他喊叫，而且拿他的父亲取笑，因为他父亲总是在公共场合里强调自己的宗教信仰和信念。所以在他们住过的一个居民区里，那时他还只有七岁，他的父亲每一场谈话总要带一个“赞美上帝”的开场白，他听到男孩子们喊叫“赞美上帝的老格里菲思来了”，或者他们会跟在他的后面叫嚷：“嗨，你是那个姐姐会弹风琴的家伙。她还会弹别的东西吗？”

“为什么他总说‘赞美上帝’呀？别的人都不那么着的。”

正是那种事事都要和别人一样的古老的大众化的渴望让他们感到不解，也让他感到苦恼。不管是他的父亲还是他的母亲，都不像别的人，因为他们总是举行那么多宗教方面的活动，而现在他们终于把宗教当成一门生意来做了。

今天晚上，在这条车来人往高楼耸立的大街上，他被硬拖出正常的生活，他因为被人观看被人取笑而感到耻辱。漂亮的汽车从身边飞快地驶过，闲逛的行人们走开去寻找既有趣又舒适的玩乐，这些东西他只能想上一想；成对成对快乐的年轻人大声地开着玩笑，“孩子们”则瞪大了眼

① prelude

[ˈpreljʊd]

以……为开端





"kids" staring, all troubled him with a sense of something different, better, more beautiful than his, or rather their life.

And now units of this vagrom and unstable street throng, which was forever shifting and changing about them, seemed to sense psychologic error of all this in so far as these children were concerned, for they would nudge one another, the more sophisticated and indifferent lifting an eyebrow and smiling contemptuously <sup>①</sup>, the more sympathetic or experienced commenting on the useless presence of these children.

...

"That oldest boy don't wanta be here. He feels outa place, I can see that. It ain't right to make a kid like that come out unless he wants to. He can't understand all this stuff, anyhow." This from an idler and loafer of about forty, one of those odd hangers-on about the commercial heart of a city, addressing a pausing and seemingly amiable stranger.

"Yeh, I guess that's so," the other assented, taking in the peculiar cast of the boy's head and face. In view of the uneasy and self-conscious expression upon the face whenever it was lifted, one might have intelligently suggested that it was a little unkind as well as idle to thus publicly force upon a temperament as yet unfitted to absorb their import, religious and psychic services best suited to reflective tempera-