

紫竹



The Purple Bamboo

(英汉对照读物)

English-Chinese Parallel Texts

第二辑

张中载 钱兆明 编译

Series 2

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Ed. & trans. by Zhang Zhongzai & Qian Zhaoming

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内 容 简 介

《紫竹（英汉对照读物）》是分辑出版的小丛书。内容以英语国家当代、现代文学作品为主，也有时事、历史、传记、轶事等。主要宗旨是介绍现代英语散文，帮助具有一定基础的读者提高阅读和理解现代，特别是当代英语作品的能力。

本辑选收了英国著名小说家詹姆士·乔伊斯的《两姐妹》、《青年艺术家的肖像》第一章片断和英国小说家普列契特的《幽默感》三个篇目。都是作者具有特色和有影响的作品。

紫竹（英汉对照读物）

第 二 辑

ZI ZHU

(YING HAN DUIZHAO DUWU)

DI ER JI

张中载 钱兆明 编译

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编 辑 说 明

《紫竹》是英汉对照读物小丛书，分辑出版。内容以现代、当代文学作品为主，也有历史、时事、传记、轶事等。选材以美国、英国、加拿大、澳大利亚等英语国家的作品为主，兼顾非英语国家的英文作品。所选文章以短篇为主，也酌选少量中篇作品，分辑连载。

《紫竹》的编辑宗旨是介绍现代英语散文，帮助具有一定基础的读者提高阅读和理解现代，特别是当代英语作品的能力。我们希望《紫竹》能成为英语学习者的益友。

《紫竹》的对象不仅限于懂英语的读者。不懂英语的同志也可以阅读译文。我们希望《紫竹》能引起他们学习英语和进一步研究英语国家文化的兴趣。

James Joyce

The Sisters

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man
(An Excerpt from Chapter I)

詹姆斯·乔伊斯

两 姐 妹

青年艺术家的肖像

(第一章片断)

关于作者和作品

詹姆斯·乔伊斯 (James Joyce, 1882—1941) 这个名字是西方世界所熟悉的。他被认为是本世纪最有世界性影响的小说家。有的评论家说他革新了小说的传统写法, 把小说推到一个新的高度。有的评论家甚至说乔伊斯开辟了小说的新天地。在二十世纪的西方作家中还很少能找到第二个人, 能享受如此崇高的赞誉。1982年, 在乔伊斯诞生一百周年时, 中国作家协会和中国对外友协联合为他举行了纪念会。近年来他的一些短篇相继译成汉语同我国广大读者见面, 他的一些中篇和长篇小说也正在翻译中。

乔伊斯出生于爱尔兰都柏林市一个比较富裕的家庭。可是他的家境很快就衰败了, 因此很难说他出身于什么样的社会阶层。青少年时期他在天主教耶稣会办的学校读书, 后来进入天主教国立大学, 即今都柏林大学学院学习。他自幼学习成绩优异, 深信自己的才华出众, 日后定有建树。

乔伊斯一生的大部分时间是在法国、瑞士和意大利度过

James Joyce

The Sisters

There was no hope for him this time: it was the third stroke. Night after night I had passed the house (it was vacation time) and studied the lighted square of window: and night after night I had found it lighted in the same way, faintly and evenly. If he was dead, I thought, I would see the reflection of candles on the darkened blind for I knew that two candles must be set at the head of a corpse. He had often said to me: *I am not long for this world*, and I had thought his words idle. Now I knew they were true. Every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the word *paralysis*. It had always sounded strangely in my ears, like the word *gnomon** in the Euclid and the word *simony*** in the Catechism. But now it sounded to me like the name of some maleficent and sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work.

Old Cotter was sitting at the fire, smoking, when I came downstairs to super. While my aunt was ladling out my stirabout he said, as if returning to some former remark of his:

— No, I wouldn't say he was exactly . . . but there was something queer . . . there was something uncanny about him. I'll tell you my opinion. . . .

詹姆斯·乔伊斯

两姐妹

这回他没希望了，已经是第三次中风。我一夜又一夜打那幢房子前走过（那是在假期），仔细观察窗户那一方块亮光，一夜又一夜我发现它老那么亮着，昏暗而平稳地亮着。我心想，他要是死了我会从阴暗的窗帘上看到烛光，因为我知道人死后他的头顶上方总要放两支蜡烛。他跟我说过好几次“我在这世上待不久了”，我总以为这话是随口说的，现在才明白那却是真的。每天晚上当我抬头注视那窗户时，我总要轻轻念一声“瘫痪”。这词儿在我的耳中一直显得很神奇，跟欧氏几何中的“罄折形”*、教义问答中的“买卖圣职罪”**这些词儿一样。可是现在听来却好象什么罪恶和邪物的名称，使我心头充满了恐惧，但同时又渴望接近它，看看它致死的效力。

我下楼去吃饭时看见老考特坐在壁炉前抽烟。婢娘过去给我舀麦片粥，他便开了腔，好象是接着说他刚才说的话：

“不，我可不愿说他完全……不过是有点怪……他的情况是有点不可思议。我给你们讲讲我的看法……”

* 由平行四边形的一角截去较小的相似平行四边形所余的图形。

** 原指擅自买卖圣职的罪过，中世纪又被用来泛指玷辱圣灵节操的任何行为。

He began to puff at his pipe, no doubt arranging his opinion in his mind. Tiresome old fool! When we knew him first he used to be rather interesting, talking of faints and worms; but I soon grew tired of him and his endless stories about the distillery.

— I have my own theory about it, he said. I think it was one of those . . . peculiar cases. . . . But it's hard to say. . . .

He began to puff again at his pipe without giving us his theory. My uncle saw me staring and said to me:

— Well, so your old friend is gone, you'll be sorry to hear.

— Who? said I.

— Father Flynn

— Is he dead?

— Mr Cotter here has just told us. He was passing by the house.

I knew that I was under observation so I continued eating as if the news had not interested me. My uncle explained to old Cotter.

— The youngster and he were great friends. The old chap taught him a great deal, mind you; and they say he had a great wish for him.

— God have mercy on his soul, said my aunt piously.

Old Cotter looked at me for a while. I felt that his little beady black eyes were examining me but I would not satisfy him by looking up from my plate. He returned to his pipe and finally spat rudely into the grate.

— I wouldn't like children of mine, he said, to have too much to say to a man like that.

— How do you mean, Mr Cotter? asked my aunt.

— What I mean is, said old Cotter, it's bad for children. My idea is: let a young lad run about and play with young lads of his own age and not be . . . Am I right, Jack?

他衔着烟斗一口口猛喷起烟来，无疑脑子里在整理着他的看法。讨厌的老笨蛋！我们刚认识他时，他讲起劣质酒精、螺旋蒸馏管来还挺有意思，可是不久我就对他和他那些没完没了的酒厂故事厌烦了。

“我有我的推测，”他说道，“我觉得这是一个……不同寻常的事例……可也难说……”

他没有说出自己的推测，便又一口口猛喷起烟来。叔叔见我瞪大眼睛看着，便跟我说：

“唉，你的老朋友死啦，你听了得难过。”

“谁？”我问道。

“弗林神父。”

“他死了吗？”

“考特先生刚告诉我们。他路过他们家了。”

我知道自己被注视着，便只顾喝粥，装作对这消息不感兴趣。叔叔给老考特解释道：

“这孩子跟他是好朋友。请注意，那老家伙给他教过好多东西，他们说他很尊重他。”

“上帝宽恕他的灵魂吧，”婶娘虔诚地祈祷了一声。

老考特瞅了我一阵。我感到他那双珠子般的小黑眼在审视着我，可我就是不愿从我的盘子上抬起眼来，满足一下他的愿望。他重新衔起烟斗，最后使劲往壁炉里啐了一口唾沫。

“我可不愿让我的那些孩子跟那样的人多说话，”他说道。

“您这是什么意思，考特先生？”婶娘问。

“我想要说的是，”老考特答道，“这对孩子不好。我的主张是：让小男孩出去，跟同龄的孩子一块儿玩，不要……我这话对不对，杰克？”

— That's my principle, too, said my uncle. Let him learn to box his corner. That's what I'm always saying to that Rosicrucian* there: take exercise. Why, when I was a nipper every morning of my life I had a cold bath, winter and summer. And that's what stands to me now. Education is all very fine and large. . . . Mr Cotter might take a pick of that leg of mutton, he added to my aunt.

— No, no, not for me, said old Cotter.

My aunt brought the dish from the safe and laid it on the table.

— But why do you think it's not good for children, Mr Cotter? she asked.

— It's bad for children, said old Cotter, because their minds are so impressionable. When children see things like that, you know, it has an effect. . . .

I crammed my mouth with stirabout for fear I might give utterance to my anger. Tiresome old red-nosed imbecile!

It was late when I fell asleep. Though I was angry with old Cotter for alluding to me as a child I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his unfinished sentences. In the dark of my room I imagined that I saw again the heavy grey face of the paralytic. I drew the blankets over my head and tried to think of Christmas. But the grey face still followed me. It murmured; and I understood that it desired to confess something. I felt my soul receding into some pleasant and vicious region; and there again I found it waiting for me. It began to confess to me in a murmuring voice and I wondered why it smiled continually and why the lips were so moist with spittle. But then I remembered that it had died of paralysis and I felt that I too was smiling feebly as if to absolve the simoniac of his sin.

“我也是这观点，”叔叔应道，“得让他出去闯，我老跟那罗泽克鲁*信徒说：练练身体。瞧，我小时候不管夏天还是冬天，每天早晨总要洗一个冷水浴。我今天这样全凭那。受教育好虽好……是不是给考特先生来块好点的羊腿？”他又同婢娘说。

“别，别给我拿，”老考特客气道。

婢娘从纱橱里端出那盘羊腿，放在桌上。

“可是，考特先生，您为什么认为那对小孩不好呢？”她问道。

“那对小孩不好，”老考特回答道，“因为他们的脑子容易受感染，他们看了那些东西，你明白，就见效……”

我生怕自己会吐出气愤的声音，拼命往嘴里喂麦片粥。可恨的红鼻子老笨蛋！

我很晚才睡着。虽然还在生老考特的气，他把我暗指为小孩，却又绞尽脑汁寻思他那些半截子话究竟是什么意思。在我的漆黑的卧室里，我仿佛又看见了那风瘫深灰色的脸盘。我扯起毯子盖住脑袋，尽力去想圣诞节。可是那张灰脸却依然跟着我。它喃喃地说着，我明白它是想忏悔什么。我感到自己的灵魂退入了一个舒适而邪恶的区域，在那里我又发现它等待着我。它喃喃地向我忏悔起来，我感到纳闷，它为什么老在笑，那嘴唇上为什么沾满了唾沫。后来我才记起它是风瘫死的，我感到自己也微微地笑了起来，好象要赦免那买卖圣职者的罪。

* 指罗泽克鲁修道会，一个古老的国际性宗教神秘主义组织。创始人是十五世纪德国传教士罗泽·克鲁西（Rosae Crucis）。1866年该会在英国复兴，声称其宗旨是说明“一个自然的和超自然的哲学体系，以便唤醒人们休眠的、潜伏的官能，使之更好地发挥天才，过上更幸福、更有益的生活。”

The next morning after breakfast I went down to look at the little house in Great Britain Street. It was an unassuming shop, registered under the vague name of *Drapery*. The drapery consisted mainly of children's bootees and umbrellas; and on ordinary days a notice used to hang in the window, saying: *Umbrellas Re-covered*. No notice was visible now for the shutters were up. A crape bouquet was tied to the door-knocker with ribbon. Two poor women and a telegram boy were reading the card pinned on the crape. I also approached and read:

July 1st, 1895

*The Rev. James Flynn (formerly of S. Catherine's
Church, Meath Street), aged sixty-five years.*

R.I.P.

The reading of the card persuaded me that he was dead and I was disturbed to find myself at check. Had he not been dead I would have gone into the little dark room behind the shop to find him sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, nearly smothered in his great-coat. Perhaps my aunt would have given me a packet of *High Toast** for him and this present would have roused him from his stupefied doze. It was always I who emptied the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands trembled too much to allow him to do this without spilling half the snuff about the floor. Even as he raised his large trembling hand to his nose little clouds of smoke dribbled through his fingers over the front of his coat. It may have been these constant showers of snuff which gave his ancient priestly garments their green faded look for the red handkerchief, blackened, as it always was, with the snuff-stains of a week, with which he tried to brush away the fallen grains, was quite inefficacious.

I wished to go in and look at him but I had not the courage to knock. I walked away slowly along the sunny side of the street, reading all the theatrical advertisements in the shop-windows as I went. I found it strange that neither I nor the day seemed in a mourn-

第二天吃过早饭，我上大不列颠街去看了看那幢小房子。那是一家挂着“呢绒绸布业”这笼统招牌的，不太令人瞩目的铺子。呢绒绸布主要指小儿绒线鞋和绸布伞。平常日子橱窗里老挂着一块“更换伞面”的告示牌。现在由于拉上了遮板，牌子看不见了。只见门环上用缎带系着一束绉绸制作的花。两个贫穷的妇人和一个送电报的在念别在花束上的卡片。我也凑上去念了起来。

安息吧

(原来思街圣·凯瑟琳教堂) 詹姆士·弗林牧师

享年六十五岁

1895年7月1日

读完卡片我才相信他是死了，我不安地发现自己异常平静。他要不是死了，我还会走进店铺后面那间阴暗的小屋，在壁炉旁的扶手椅上看见他被大衣裹得几乎透不过气来的。婢娘或许还会让我给他带一包烈性吐司*，这件礼物会把他从麻木的瞌睡中唤醒过来。总是我替他將烟叶倒进他黑色的鼻烟盒里，因为他的手颤抖得太厉害，自己装不免会把半包鼻烟撒在地上。他那哆嗦的大手举到鼻孔前时，烟雾都会一缕一缕地从他的指缝间漏出，在他大衣前消散。可能就是因为鼻烟这样经常不断地喷洒，他那有了年头的牧师法衣已褪尽光泽，带上了绿色。他老用他那块红手绢去擦撒在身上的烟屑，可是那块手绢沾着一星期的烟垢，老是那么黑，根本就不起作用。

我想进去看看他，可是没有勇气敲门。于是沿着大街向阳的一边姗姗地走了，一边走一边看橱窗里所有显眼的广告。我发现这一天和我自己好象都没有一点哀悼的气氛，感到非常奇

* 当时一种名牌鼻烟。

ing mood and I felt even annoyed at discovering in myself a sensation of freedom as if I had been freed from something by his death. I wondered at this for, as my uncle had said the night before, he had taught me a great deal. He had studied in the Irish college in Rome* and he had taught me to pronounce Latin properly. He had told me stories about the catacombs and about Napoleon Bonaparte, and he had explained to me the meaning of the different ceremonies of the Mass and of the different vestments worn by the priest. Sometimes he had amused himself by putting difficult questions to me, asking me what one should do in certain circumstances or whether such and such sins were mortal or venial or only imperfections. His questions showed me how complex and mysterious were certain institutions of the Church which I had always regarded as the simplest acts. The duties of the priest towards the Eucharist and towards the secrecy of the confessional seemed so grave to me that I wondered how anybody had ever found in himself the courage to undertake them; and I was not surprised when he told me that the fathers of the Church had written books as thick as the *Post Office Directory* and as closely printed as the law notices in the newspaper, elucidating all these intricate question. Often when I thought of this I could make no answer or only a very foolish and halting one upon which he used to smile and nod his head twice or thrice. Sometimes he used to put me through the responses of the Mass which he had made me learn by heart; and, as I pattered, he used to smile pensively and nod his head, now and then pushing huge pinches of snuff up each nostril alternately. When he smiled he used to uncover his big discoloured teeth and let his tongue lie upon his lower lip — a habit which had made me feel uneasy in the beginning of our acquaintance before I knew him well.

As I walked along in the sun I remembered old Cotter's words and tried to remember what had happened afterwards in the dream. I remembered that I had noticed long velvet curtains and a swing-

怪，又发现自己还有一种解脱的感觉，似乎他的去世使我从什么中解放了出来，更感到烦扰。我对此十分惊异，因为如叔叔在头天晚上说的，他曾给我教过很多东西。他从前在罗马的爱尔兰学院*读过书，他给我教了拉丁语的准确发音。他给我讲过地下墓穴的故事和拿破仑·波拿巴的故事，还给我解释过弥撒的各种仪式、牧师的各種法衣包含什么意思。有时他给我出些难题逗自己乐，问我遇到某些情况该怎么办，这样那样一些罪过是不可饶恕的，可原谅的，还是微不足道的过失。他这些问题使我意识到原来一直认为最简单不过的某些教规有多复杂、神秘。牧师对圣餐和忏悔机密所负的责任那么严峻，我真不明白怎么还会有人有勇气去承担。当我听他讲到教会创始人写的讲解所有这些复杂问题的书跟邮政姓名地址录一样厚，字排得跟报上法院通告一样密时，我并不感到吃惊。每每想到这些，我就不能回答问题，要不就吞吞吐吐说些荒谬可笑的话。对此他总含笑点两三次头。有时他还让我回答他叫我背下的弥撒祷词。我喋喋地背诵，他一边点头一边若有所思地微笑，时而将一大撮鼻烟交替送到两个鼻孔前嗅。他微笑时总要露出他那排变黄的大牙，还伸出舌头舔着下嘴唇。结识初期跟他还不很熟悉时，他那习惯总使我感到心神不安。

我在阳光下走着，想起了老考特的话，还想要回忆一下梦中后来见到了什么。我记得我看到过长长的丝绒窗帘和一盏老

* 早在十六世纪罗马教皇格列高里十三世就制订了创办罗马爱尔兰神学院的计划，然而这项专款后来却被用于镇压爱尔兰天主教徒反抗英国的运动。1628年经爱尔兰主教再次提议，这所学院才在罗马正式建立。当时每年只收八名学生。1798年拿破仑入侵，学院一度停办，至1826年才又恢复。以后每年收学生四十名。

ing lamp of antique fashion. I felt that I had been very far away, in some land where the customs were strange — in Persia, I thought But I could not remember the end of the dream.

In the evening my aunt took me with her to visit the house of mourning. It was after sunset; but the window-panes of the houses that looked to the west reflected the tawny gold of a great bank of clouds. Nannie received us in the hall; and, as it would have been unseemly to have shouted at her, my aunt shook hands with her for all. The old woman pointed upwards interrogatively and, on my aunt's nodding, proceeded to toil up the narrow staircase before us, her bowed head being scarcely above the level of the banister-rail. At the first landing she stopped and beckoned us forward encouragingly towards the open door of the dead-room. My aunt went in and the old woman, seeing that I hesitated to enter, began to beckon to me again repeatedly with her hand.

I went in on tiptoe. The room through the lace end of the blind was suffused with dusky golden light amid which the candles looked like pale thin flames. He had been coffined. Nannie gave the lead and we three knelt down at the foot of the bed. I pretended to pray but I could not gather my thoughts because the old woman's mutterings distracted me. I noticed how clumsily her skirt was hooked at the back and how the heels of her cloth boots were trodden down all to one side. The fancy came to me that the old priest was smiling as he lay there in his coffin.

But no. When we rose and went up to the head of the bed I saw that he was not smiling. There he lay, solemn and copious, vested as for the altar, his large hands loosely retaining a chalice. His face was very truculent, grey and massive, with black cavernous nostrils and circled by a scanty white fur. There was a heavy odour in the room — the flowers.

We blessed ourselves and came away. In the little room downstairs we found Eliza seated in his arm-chair in state. I groped my way towards my usual chair in the corner while Nannie went to the sideboard and brought out a decanter of sherry and some wine-glasses. She set these on the table and invited us to take a little glass of wine. Then, at her sister's bidding, she poured out the sherry into the glasses and passed them to us. She pressed me to take some cream crackers also but I declined because I thought

式的吊灯。我觉得自己到了老远的一个地方，那里风俗奇异，我想是在波斯……可是梦里最后怎样，我却记不清了。

傍晚婢娘带我上他们家去吊唁。太阳已经下山，但那排房子朝西的窗玻璃上还映着从大片云堆射来的金褐色光彩。南妮在门厅接待我们。由于跟她大声说话不合礼仪，婢娘只同她握了握手便表达了一切。老姑娘含着询问的表情指了指楼上。见婢娘点了头，她便领头费力地登上狭窄的楼梯。她低垂的头比楼梯扶手高出不了多少。走到第一个平台，她停下来招呼我们继续往上，走向死者卧室敞开的门。婢娘径自跨了进去。老姑娘见我站在门口犹豫，又开始频频向我招手。

我踮着脚走了进去。屋里弥漫着从窗帘花边下透入的淡淡的金光，蜡烛在这片金光中显得象暗淡微弱的火苗。他已经入殓。南妮作了个暗示，我们三个便在床脚前跪了下来。我装作在祈祷，但思想却集中不起来，因为老姑娘的喊喊声老使我分心。我注意到她裙子后面怎么胡乱地搭着，她布靴的后跟怎么完全踩到了一边。幻觉中我感到老牧师躺在棺材里微笑。

可是，不。当我们起身走到床头时，我发觉他没有在笑。他穿着一身讲道时穿的法衣，庄严而满腹经纶地躺着，两只大手松松地捧着一只圣餐杯。他的脸非常狰狞、灰暗、宽大，两个鼻孔黑洞洞的，脸庞四周围着一圈稀稀拉拉的白发须。屋里有一股浓郁的香味儿——花的香味儿。

我们在自己胸前划了十字便走开了。在楼下小屋里我们看见伊莱莎庄重地坐在他的扶手椅上。我摸索着走向墙角我常坐的那把椅子，这时南妮走到酒柜前，从中取出一瓶雪利酒和几只酒杯。她把这些放在桌上，请我们喝一小杯酒。随后，见她姐姐示意，又把酒斟入酒杯，端到我们跟前。她硬是要我再吃几块奶油饼干，我谢绝了，因为我知道吃饼干声音太吵。我不