

\* 英汉对照 \*

# 英语美文



## 心灵的距离 *Long Distance*



青 岛 出 版 社

如遇美文，观其形，识其美，知其意，字斟句酌，  
细细品味，方能悟人世之真实而感世间之悲喜。

# 英语美文

## ——心灵的距离

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## 序 言

《英语美文》丛书为广大文学爱好者和英语读者提供了一个多视角、宽角度的阅读空间。本丛书博集广纳,兼收并蓄,精选了各类体裁、各种难度、各种风格、内容积极健康的优秀作品,引导读者从不同角度去品味人生。入选作品皆有益于人们陶冶情操,增进知识,启示美思,愉悦心灵,故冠之以《英语美文》。

“美文”之美在内容也在形式。就内容而言,清新自然是美,曲折奇崛也是美;催人奋进是美,感人涕下也是美;寓真情于平淡是美,寓丑陋于诙谐还是美。就形式而言,辞藻华丽是美,言辞犀利也是美;细腻柔婉是美,雄浑刚健也是美;朴实流畅是美,旖旎华丽还是美。“美文”以真为美。它直接或间接地反映社会人生的方方面面,让你真切地感悟生命意义,透视世态人情,了解婚姻与家庭,感受幸福与痛苦,体验成功与失败。这就是美文经久不衰的魅力之所在。

美文好比一杯香茶。浓茶之苦涩,提神健脑;清茶之淡香,沁人心脾。品茶者观色、识香、知味。香茶细细品尝,觉其清苦,回味甘甜,香郁味醇,一切尽在不言中。品文如品茶。如遇美文,观其形,识其美,知其意,字斟句酌,细细品味,方能悟人世之真实而感世间之悲喜。故品美文者品天下。

本丛书选文隽永耐读,所有选篇皆配有译文。尽管瑕疵难免,但是译者始终力求忠实、通顺、优美,以期为英语专业人士和英语爱好者提供兼可读性和知识性为一体的英汉对照读物,为翻译学员提供可参考的习作。衷心希望读者在提高英语水平的同时,寓教于学,读美文,看社会,悟百态人生。本丛书也是非英语读者的最佳伴侣。所供译文犹如一杯沏好的香茶,正等待着你的品味。诚望你能品尽译文之美,悟作者之心,得品文之乐。

本丛书译者竭尽全力,力求译文美如原文,但贻误之处在所难免,恳请学界前辈和读者朋友不吝指正。

徐莉娜



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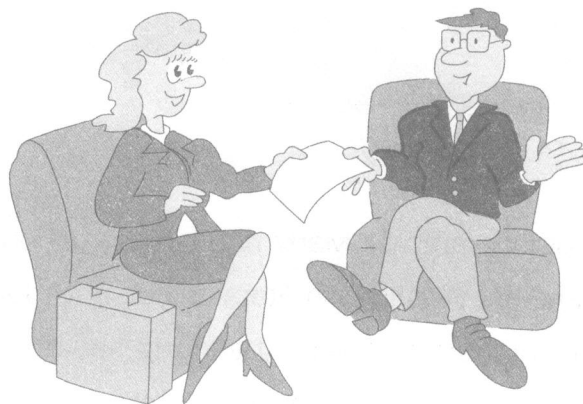
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## The Road to Happiness

Bertrand Russell

It is a commonplace among moralists that you cannot get happiness by pursuing it. This is only true if you pursue it unwisely. Gamblers at Monte Carlo are pursuing money, and most of them lose it instead, but there are other ways of pursuing money, which often succeed. So it is with happiness. If you pursue it by means of drink, you are forgetting the hang-over. Epicurus pursued it by living only in congenial society and eating only dry bread, supplemented by a little cheese on feast days. His method proved successful in his case, but he was a valetudinarian, and most people would need something more vigorous. For most people, the pursuit of happiness, unless supplemented in various ways, is too abstract and theoretical to be adequate as a personal rule of life. But I think that whatever personal rule of life you may choose it should not, except in rare and heroic cases, be incompatible with happiness.



There are a great many people who have all the material conditions of happiness, i. e. health and a sufficient income, and who, nevertheless, are profoundly unhappy. In





such cases it would seem as if the fault must lie with a wrong theory as to how to live. In one sense, we may say that any theory as to how to live is wrong. We imagine ourselves more different from the animals than we are. Animals live on impulse, and are happy as long as external conditions are favorable. If you have a cat it will enjoy life if it has food and warmth and opportunities for an occasional night on the tiles. Your needs are more complex than those of your cat, but they still have their basis in instinct. In civilized soci-



eties, especially in English-speaking societies, this is too apt to be forgotten. People propose to themselves some one paramount objective, and restrain all impulses that do not minister to it. A businessman may be so anxious to grow rich that to this end he sacrifices health and private affections. When at last he has become rich, no pleasure remains to him except harr-

ying other people by exhortations to imitate his noble example. Many rich ladies, although nature has not endowed them with any spontaneous pleasure in literature or art, decide to be thought cultured, and spend boring hours learning the right thing to say about fashionable new books that are written to give delight, not to afford opportunities for dusty snobbism.

If you look around at the men and women whom you can call happy, you will see that they all have certain things in common. The most important of these things is an activity which at most gradually builds up something that you are glad to see coming into existence. Women who take an instinctive pleasure in their children can get this kind of satisfaction out of bringing up a family. Artists and authors and men of science get hap-



piness in this way if their own work seems good to them. But there are many humbler forms of the same kind of pleasure. Many men who spend their working life in the city devote their weekends to voluntary and unremunerated toil in their gardens, and when the spring comes, they experience all the joys of having created beauty.



The whole subject of happiness has, in my opinion, been treated too solemnly. It had been thought that man cannot be happy without a theory of life or a religion. Perhaps those who have been rendered unhappy by a bad theory may need a better theory to help them to recovery, just as you may need a tonic when you have been ill. But when things are normal a man should be healthy without a tonic and happy without a theory. It is the simple things that really matter. If a man delights in his wife and children, has success in work, and finds pleasure in the alternation of day and night, spring and autumn, he will be happy whatever his philosophy may be. If, on the other hand, he finds his wife fateful, his children's noise unendurable, and the office a nightmare; if in the daytime he longs for night, and at night sighs for the light of day, then what he needs is not a new philosophy but a new regimen—a different diet, or more exercise, or what not.

Man is an animal, and his happiness depends on his physiology more than he likes to think. This is a humble conclusion, but I cannot make myself disbelieve it. Unhappy businessmen, I am convinced, would increase their happiness more by walking six miles every day than by any conceivable change of philosophy.



## 幸福之道

伯特兰·罗素

喜好说教的人常说：幸福可遇而不可求。其实这种言论只适用于那些追求幸福方法不当的人。赌徒们带着发财梦来到蒙特卡洛，结果大多数人输得血本无归。而世界上除了赌博，还有很多赚钱的途径，这些方法通常也都可以成功。追求幸福也是如此。你想通过饮酒来追求幸福，却忘了酒后的不适。伊壁鸠鲁只和志同道合者来往，只吃不涂奶油的面包，即使庆祝节日也只是在面包上加点奶酪。对他而言，这就是幸福。但是我们知道伊壁鸠鲁体弱多病，大多数人需要的是更有活力的生活。对这些人而言，对幸福的追求必须从多方面加以界定，否则它就太抽象、太难以实现。我想除了少数极端的例子外，无论你选择哪种生活方式，它都不应该违背幸福的准则。

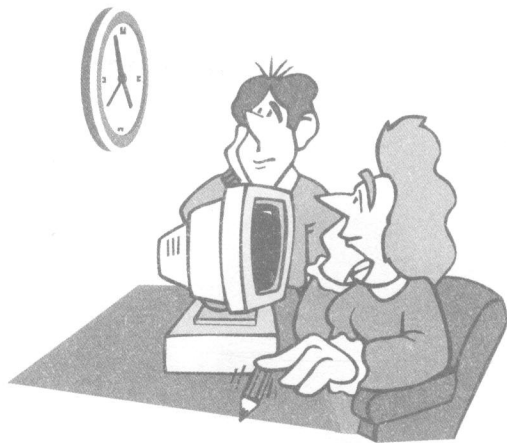


很多人具备构成幸福的物质条件，例如健康的体魄和丰厚的收入，但他们却觉得很幸福。这类情况看起来好像是因为我们选择了错误的生活理念。但从某种意义上说，我们可以认为任何关于生活方式的理论都是错误的。我们总是想当然地认为人类与动物不同。动物凭借本能生存，只要外部条件适宜，它们就觉得幸福。假设你有一只猫，不愁吃，不受冻，能偶尔去房顶睡上一夜，它就会觉得很幸福。人类的需求比猫的复杂得多，但人类的需求也是基于本能之上的。在文明社会，尤其在英语国家里，这一点很容易被遗忘。人们给自己定下一个高远的目标，克制自己所有与这个目标无关的冲动。一个商人太渴望财富，为此他不惜牺牲自己的健康和爱好。而当他最终实现目标的时候，除了能怂恿别人效仿他，从而折磨



这些人外，他的生活了然无趣。许多有钱的贵妇人骨子里对文学艺术丝毫不感兴趣，但为了附庸风雅，她们花费大量时间学习如何谈论那些流行的文学作品。她们没想过这些书写出来是要给人带来快乐的，不是让人用来博得喝彩的。

观察一下周围那些你认为幸福的男男女女，你会发现他们身上有一些共同之处。其中，最关键的就是他们都能通过某些活动逐步实现自己的愿望，从而得到幸福。例如，天性喜欢孩子的女性在照料家庭的过程中得到满足，热爱自己事业的艺术家、作家和科学家从自己的工作中得到快乐，还有许多与此类似但更朴实的快乐形式。很多在城市工作的人周末会乐此不疲地在自家花园里劳作。当春天来临时，他们就能享受到创造美好事物所带来的莫大快乐。



在我看来，我们太过于严肃地对待幸福这个主题。人们曾经认为如果没有生活理念或宗教信仰，人是不会幸福的。或许就像病人需要滋补品一样，那些因为生活理念错误而感到不幸福的人们也需要一个更好的理论来引导他们寻找幸福。但是当一切正常时，没有滋补品，人也应该是健康的；没有所谓的生活理念，人也应该是幸福的。真正影响幸福的往往是生活中的一些琐事。如果一个男人深爱自己的妻儿，事业有成，能够在昼夜轮回、季节更替中体味快乐，那么不管他的人生哲学是什么，他都是幸福的。相反，如果一个男人厌恶自己的妻子，受不了孩子们的吵闹，害怕上班，白天期待夜幕的降临，晚上盼望黎明的到来，那么他所需要的不是一种新的生活哲学，而是一种新的生活方式——改变饮食或加强锻炼或做点别的有新意的事情。

人也是动物。人的幸福感更多地取决于自身的生理机能而非苦思冥想。这不是一个非常高尚的结论，但我还是无法说服自己不相信它。我确信对一个不幸福的商人来说，每天步行6英里要比变着法儿更换生活理念管用得多。

（杨书霞译）



## The Cheating Wife

Sten Gray



Marcus Osborne sat on his office chair with his feet propped atop his desk. He reflected, if any one came into my office at this moment he would think I was the epitome of the happy and able private detective. And he wouldn't be too far off the mark.

Osborne was in his early 30s, slightly over six feet, with strong classic features and thick black hair. He knew he was a handsome man. After three years in the business, his private detective agency had a good reputation in the city. He was single and in love. The only drawback to this picture was that the object of his feelings was a married woman.

Three knocks on the door of the office brought him back to reality. "Come in," he said, taking his feet off the desk.

A slender middle-aged man with thinning hair and rimless glasses, dressed in an expensive suit, opened the door and walked in. The detective got up from behind his desk and shook the newcomer's hand.

"Please sit down. I'm Marcus Osborne, director of the agency. What can I do for you?" He said this with a half-anxious expression which he had practiced in the mirror many times.

"My name is Harold Jones," he spoke in a low voice. "You have been highly recommended to me. I have a very sensitive matter to discuss and I've heard your



agency is very discreet.”

Osborne acknowledged the words with a modest inclination of his head.

Looking away, Osborne's new client explained, “I suspect my wife is cheating on me but I want to be sure. I want you to investigate. . . Follow her when she leaves our apartment, and let me know where she goes and who she sees.”

“We can give you a complete and detailed report. When would you like it?”

“I guess two weeks will be good enough unless you think you should follow her longer.”

“We'll see . . . but two weeks may be okay.”

“Fine. This is my card with my address. And here is an envelope with her picture and a check for an advance payment. I already know your rate. Please don't spare any expense.”

“What's your wife's name?”

“Christine Ann.”

Osborne held his breath. Christine Ann was his lover's name. This man must be her husband. He opened the envelope and looked at the picture and the check, hoping to gain time and recover his cool.

Jones perceived his seriousness as a desire to start work on the job at once. “I see you're a man of few words. I'm sure you'll give me a thorough report next time I see you. Good day.”

Osborne finally found his voice. “Good day, Mr. Jones,” he said, getting up from his chair and walking his new client to the door.

After Jones was gone, Osborne sat down again at his desk. He was stunned. Mechanically, he opened the lower right-hand drawer and took out a bottle of Scotch and a glass. He poured himself a generous shot and, while sipping it, pondered how to handle this tricky situation.

So his new client was Christine Ann's husband. Not much to look at, he thought. No







wonder she wants to get a divorce and marry me. Besides, he thought, she's in love with me.

He knew he couldn't give this client a true report. Still, he had to make a report.

He decided to give his operative Scott Palmer the job and to stay away from Christine Ann during the two weeks of the investigation. He would tell her about her husband's suspicions later, after he had delivered the report. They would have a good laugh then.



Two weeks later, Scott Palmer, 21, eager, and in love with his job, came into Osborne's office.

"I've finished the Jones investigation. I'll have the report on your desk first thing tomorrow morning."

"Great! Do me a favor now, will you? Call Mr. Jones and ask him to come to the office to-

morrow morning at 10."

"You got it. See you tomorrow."

But the next morning when Jones walked into the office, Scott hadn't finished the report yet.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones. Sit down. Would you like a cup of coffee?" said Osborne, trying to gain some time until his operative brought in the report.

"That would be nice. Thanks."

Osborne poured scalding hot coffees into Styrofoam cups, placing the sugar and cream within Jones' reach.

When they had started drinking the coffee, Scott walked into the office and, after greeting Jones, gave a folder to his boss. Quickly, Osborne took out the original and gave it to his client, keeping the duplicate face down in front of him.

Jones read the report without a change of expression. When he finished, he looked at Osborne directly and said, "Three."



“Beg your pardon?”

“I was afraid of something like this. Three of them in only two weeks.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Your report. It’s really complete. It shows that she had three lovers in two weeks.”

Osborne choked on his coffee, spilling some on top of the copy of the report in front of him. He exclaimed, “What!? Oh, pardon me.” And, using the excuse of wiping the coffee from each page of the report, started reading it.

When he finished, he felt weak and exhausted. With an effort, he raised his eyes to the face of his client, who, with a knowing look, asked slowly, enunciating each word very clearly, in a tone that really didn’t anticipate an answer, “Don’t you believe that there are some women you just can’t trust?”



## 偷情的妻子

斯坦·格雷

马库斯·奥斯本坐在办公椅里，两脚高高地翘在桌子上。他想，如果此刻有人走进办公室，一定会认为我是个典型的乐天能干的私家侦探——他们这样想一点都不离谱。

奥斯本 30 岁出头，身高足有 6 英尺，五官端正分明，头发乌黑浓密。他知道自己相貌英俊。三年前他开办了一家私人侦探事务所，如今在全城颇有名气。他仍然单身，不过已经有了心上人。对他来说，唯一的不足就是他爱上的是一位有夫之妇。

三下敲门声把他带回了现实。“请进。”他应道，一边把脚从桌上挪下来。

一位身材瘦削的中年男子开门走了进来。他头发稀疏，戴着一副无框眼镜，身着昂贵的礼服。侦探站起身，隔着办公桌与这位新客户握了握手。

“请坐。我是所长马库斯·奥斯本，请问你需要什么帮助？”他做出严肃而关心的样子说道。这副表情他已经对着镜子练习很多遍了。



“我叫哈罗德·琼斯，”来客低声说，“有人向我特别推荐了你。我遇到一件敏感的事情需要调查，听说你们这儿办事十分机警谨慎。”

奥斯本轻轻点了下头表示对这些赞美的感谢。

这位新客户侧过脸，接着说：“我怀疑妻子对我不忠，不过还需要证实一下。我想让你去调查……她一出家门你就跟踪她，我要知道她去了哪里、跟谁约会。”

“我们会交给你一份全面而详细的报告。你想什么时候要？”

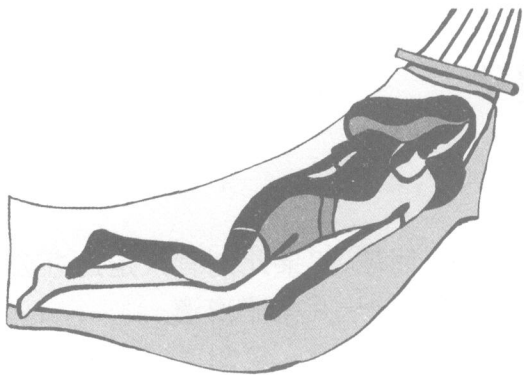
“我估计两个星期足够了，除非你认为应该再多跟踪她一段时间。”

“让我想想……两周时间应该够了。”

“很好。这是我的名片，上面写有地址。这个信封里是她的照片和一张预付款支票。我知道你们的收费标准，不必顾虑费用。”

“你妻子叫什么名字？”

“克里斯汀·安。”



奥斯本顿时屏住了呼吸。克里斯汀·安正是他心上人的名字！那么，这个人就是她的丈夫啦！他打开信封，看看照片和支票，想争取点儿时间恢复镇静。

琼斯觉察到侦探的脸色非常严肃，以为他是想立即开展这项调查，就说：“我看你不太爱讲话。相信下次见面时你会交给我一份完整的报告。再见。”

奥斯本终于能说出话了。“再见，琼斯先生。”他一边说，一边起身把客户送到门口。

琼斯走后，奥斯本坐回到办公桌旁。他惊呆了，机械地打开右边靠下的抽屉，拿出一瓶苏格兰威士忌和一只酒杯。他给自己倒了一大杯，一边抿着酒，一边琢磨该如何处理这件棘手的事儿。

他的新客户竟然是克里斯汀·安的丈夫！“此人相貌平平，难怪她要离婚嫁给我呢！”他这么想着，“再说了，她也爱我！”

奥斯本明白决不能交给琼斯一份真实的报告。然而，他又不得不拿出一份报告。

他决定把这项调查交给副手斯科特·帕默，在这两周里自己要离克里斯汀·安远远儿