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(英汉对照)

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL
To recreate life out of life

最美丽的英文

从生命中再创生命



培根等 著 武晔岚 编 段鸿欣等 译



陕西师范大学出版社



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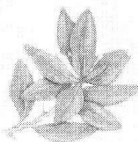
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感 谢



许多美好的东西，都需要等待。

好文章妙手偶得，那些偶然也是有相当的过程。

《最美丽的英文》，由武晔岚编辑，那是四年前的冬天，所有的作者介绍及简析都由她来编写。在编辑整理中，有些译者未能联系上，敬请谅解。我们期待您的联系。

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希望您的每一天，都有美丽文章相伴。

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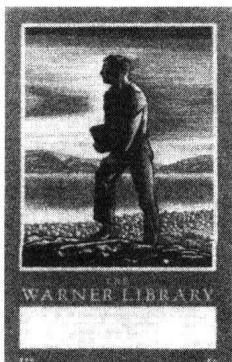
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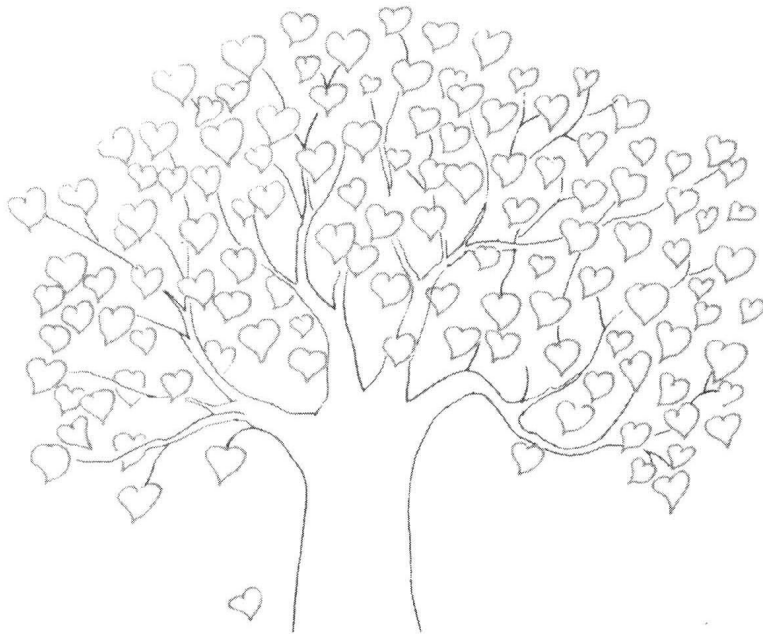
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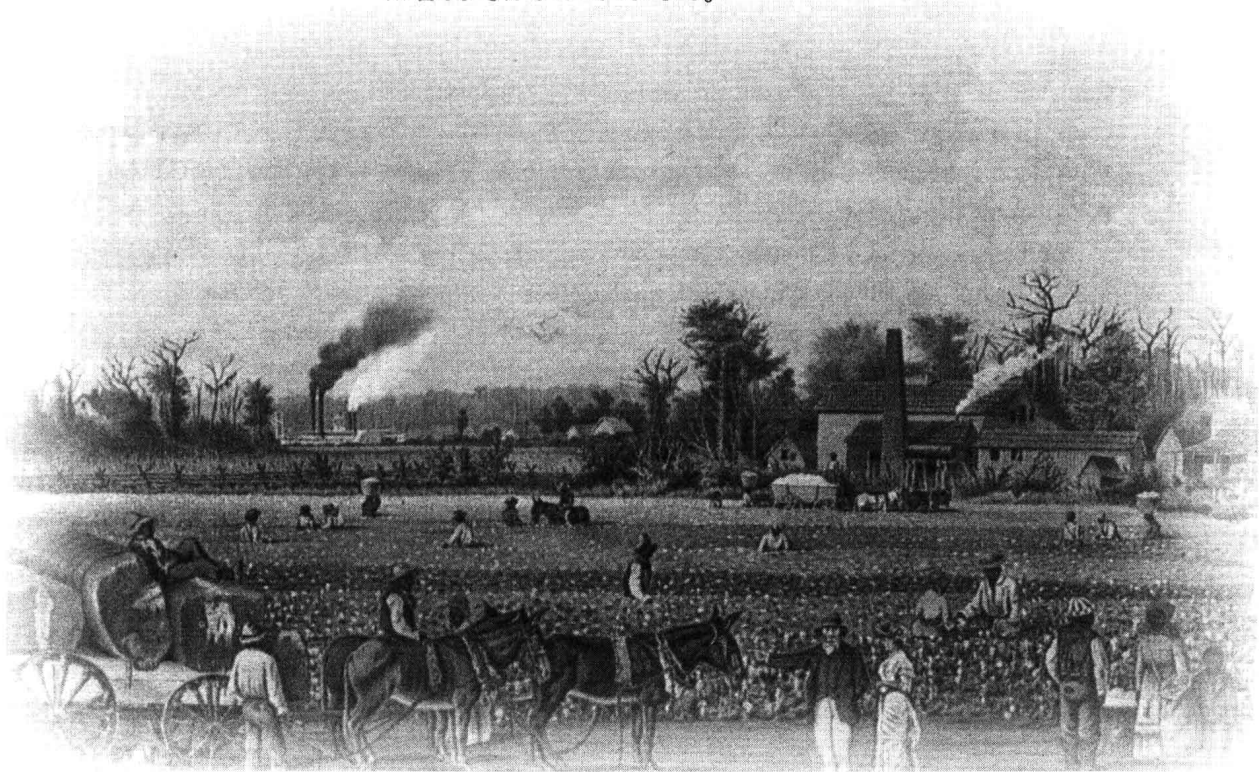


第一篇



妙语解颐

语言作为工具对我们的思想之必要正如骏马之于骑士，既然最好的马适于最好的骑士，那么最好的语言就适合于最好的思想。



High and Low Music



July—Aug, 1878

Sunday Night, 11th. Huge crowd out to — night to hear the band play the “Fremersberg”. I suppose it is very low grade music— I know it must be low grade music—because it so delighted me, it so warmed me, moved me, stirred me, uplifted me, enraptured me that at times I could have cried and at others split my throat with shouting. The great crowd was another evidence that it was low grade music; for only the few are educated up to a point where high class music gives pleasure. I have never heard enough classic music to be able to enjoy it; and the simple truth is, I detest it. Not mildly, but with all my heart. To me an opera is the very climax and cap-stone of the absurd, the fantastic, the unjustifiable. I hate the very name of opera—mere partly because of the nights of suffering I have endured in its presence, and partly because I want to love it and can't. I suppose one naturally hates the things he wants to love and can't. In America the opera is an affectation. The seeming love for it is a lie. Nine out of every ten of the males are bored by it, and 5 out of 10 women. Yet how they applaud, the ignorant liars!

What a poor lot we human beings are anyway. If base music gives me wings, why should I want any other? But I do. I want to like the higher music! Because the higher and better like it. But you see, I want to like it without taking the necessary trouble and laying out giving the thing the necessary amount of time and attention. The natural suggestion is, to get into that upper tier, that dress circle, by a lie: — we will *pretend* we like it. This lie, this pretense, gives to opera what support it has in America.

And then there is painting. What a red rag is to a bull, Turner's^① “Slave Ship” is to me. Mr. Ruskin^② is educated in art up to a point where that picture throws him into as mad (a rap) an ecstasy of pleasure as it throws me into one of rage. His cultivation enables him to see water in that yellow mud; his cultivation reconciles the floating of



作者：马克·吐温 (Mark Twain, 1835—1910)，美国著名作家，曾当过排字工、舵手和新闻记者，以幽默诙谐而著称。主要作品有《汤姆·索亚历险记》、《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》、《王子与贫儿》等。

简析：作者以平直朴素的语言，巧妙地讽刺了当时美国主流社会中自诩为上流人物的“素养”。作者似乎在探讨音乐本身的等级，但事实上他是在尖锐批评那些自以为是的、矫情的以及脱离了正常审美态度的风气，作者的语言带有他一贯的幽默色彩和形象生动的特点。



高级与低级的音乐

1878年7月至8月间

11日，星期天晚上。今夜许多人出去听乐队演奏弗莱默伯格的音乐。我想这是很低级的音乐——我知道这一定是低级的音乐，因为它使我那么愉悦，那么高兴，那么激动，那么亢奋，那么飘飘然，那么狂喜。有时我简直要哭，有时又想撕破了喉咙大喊。这么多的人来听它也说明它是低级的音乐，因为只有少数人所受的教育达到了能够欣赏高级音乐的程度。我所听过的经典音乐从来都不足以使我能够欣赏它。事实很简单：我讨厌它。不是一般的讨厌，是全身心的憎恶。对我来说，歌剧荒诞之极，怪异之极，不合理之极。我憎恶歌剧这一名字本身，一半是因为我听歌剧的那些夜晚所承受的痛苦，一半是因为我想爱却不能够爱它。我想一个人自然会憎恶那些他想爱却不能够爱的东西。在美国，歌剧是一种矫情。那种看似对它的爱是一种谎言。十之八九的男人觉得它乏味，二分之一的女人觉得它厌烦。然而，这些愚蠢的撒谎者，他们是怎样地鼓掌啊！

我们人类是多么地可怜！如果低级的音乐令我愉悦，为什么还要其他的？然而，我的确想要其他的。我欲爱那高级一点的音乐，因为高层次的人们喜欢它。可是你瞧，我欲爱它而不欲付出必要的代价，付于它足够的时间和关注。这就明白着要通过谎言进入那个上层圈，进入那个花楼，我们假装喜欢它。这种谎言，这种装假正是在美国支撑歌剧

unfloatable things to him—chains and—it reconciles him to fishes swimming on top of the water. The most of the picture is a manifest impossibility—that is to say, a lie; and only rigid cultivation can enable a man to find truth in a lie. A Boston critic said the Slave Ship reminded him of a cat having a fit in a platter of tomatoes. That went home to my non-cultivation and I thought here is a man with an unobstructed eye. Mr. R would have said: This person is an ass.

How much we do lose by cultivation! It narrows us down till a single false note can spoil an evening's entertainment. And what will the cultivated people do in heaven? — For in the nature of things they will have to have “popular” music there because of the crowd. And I wonder where they will have the “classic” music.



的东西。

再说油画。透纳的“奴隶船”之于我便似一块红布之于头牛。拉斯金先生在艺术方面的素养达到了一定的高度，所以这幅画能使他进入一种狂喜的状态，而同样的一幅画只能置我于狂怒之中。他的素养使他能够从那黄色泥巴中见出水来；他的素养使他能够把不流动的事物幻化为流动的东西；他的素养使他能够看见鱼儿在水上游。这幅画大体上是一种明显的失真，亦即是一种谎言。只是严格的素养才使一个人得以从谎言中见出真实来。波士顿的一位批评家说，“奴隶船”使他想起在一大盘西红柿里打颤的猫，这正合我的非素养。我认为这是眼里无翳物的人，拉先生却会说此人是头笨驴。

素养使我们失去了多少东西！它使我们狭隘到仅一个错误的音符便能毁了整个夜晚的娱乐。有素养的人到了天国将干什么？按照事物的发展规律，那里既然有那么多人，他们将不得不听“流行”音乐。我寻思他们该到那儿去找“经典”名曲。

(李素苗 译)

注释：

①Turner: 可能指的是 William Turner (1775—1851), 英国风景画家, 擅长水彩画, 融合油画与水彩技法, 追求光与色的效果。主要作品有《运输船的遇难》、《迪埃普港》、《雨、蒸汽和速度》等。

②Ruskin: 可能指的是 John Ruskin (1819—1900), 19世纪英国艺术评论家。



Ideal Interviews With Our Greatest Actor 对我们最伟大的演员假想的采访录

作者：斯蒂芬·利科克 (Stephen Leacock, 1869—1944)，加拿大著名作家、经济学家，曾写过 60 余部涉及政治学、经济学的专著，还包括《马克·吐温传》和《查尔斯·狄更斯》。代表作有《文学流失》、《无稽小说》、《小镇掠影》等。

简析：作者在本文中用了独特的文体，以模仿新闻记者采访的形式来揭示那位“最伟大的演员”自我陶醉的个人表演，语言生动、描写形象、语调幽默。

… “And how then” we asked, intrigued, puzzled and yet delighted, “do you present Hamlet?”

“In brown velvet,” said the Great Actor.

“Great heavens,” we exclaimed. “this is a revolution.”

“It is. But that is only one part of my conception. The main thing will be my presentation of what I may call the psychology of Hamlet.”

“The psychology!” we said.

“Yes,” resumed the Great Actor, “the psychology. To make Hamlet under-



…… “那么，”我们颇为好奇、困惑但又兴致勃勃地问道，“您是怎么演哈姆莱特的呢？”

“穿棕色天鹅绒衣服，”伟大演员说。

“天啊，”我们惊叫道，“这真是一场革命。”

stood, I want to show him as a man bowed down by a great burden. He is overwhelmed with Weltschmerz. He carries in him the whole weight of the Zeitgeist; in fact, everlasting negation lies in him—”

“You mean,” we said, trying to speak as cheerfully as we could, “that things are a little bit too much for him.”

“His will,” went on the Great Actor, disregarding our interruption, “is paralysed. He seeks to move in one direction and is hurled in another. One moment he sinks into the abyss. The next, he rises above the clouds. His feet seek the ground, but find only the air—”

“Wonderful,” we said. “but will you not need a good deal of machinery?”

“Machinery!” exclaimed the Great Actor, with a leonine laugh. “The machinery of thought, the mechanism of power, of magnetism—”

“Ah,” we said, “electricity.”

“Not at all,” said the Great Actor. “You fail to understand. It is all done by my rendering. Take, for example, the famous soliloquy on death. You know it?”

“To be or not to be,” we began.

“Stop,” said the Great actor. “Now observe. It is a soliloquy. Precisely. That is the key to it. It is something that Hamlet says to himself. Not a word of it, in my interpretation, is actually spoken. All is done in absolute, unbroken silence.”

“How on earth,” we began, “can you do that?”

“Entirely and solely with my face.”

Good heavens! Was it possible? We looked again, this time very closely, at the Great Actor’s face. We realized with a thrill that it might be done.

“I come before the audience so,” he went on, “and soliloquize—thus—follow my face, please—”

As the Great Actor spoke, he threw himself into a characteristic pose with folded arms, while gust after gust of emotion, of experience, of alternate hope, doubt and despair, swept—we might say chased themselves across his features.

“Wonderful!” we gasped.

“Shakespeare’s lines,” said the Great Actor, as his face subsided to its habitual calm, “are not necessary, not, at least, with my acting. The lines, indeed, are



“是的，但这只是我计划中的一部分。主要的是我对我称之为哈姆莱特心理的表演。”

“心理！”我们说。

“对，”伟大演员继续说，“心理。为了让观众理解哈姆莱特，我想把他表现为一个被沉重负担压弯了腰的人。他已被韦尔特西麦尔兹压倒，他承受着柴特盖斯特的全部重压；实际上，永恒的否定压在他身上……”

“您是说，”我们说话时竭力显得情绪高昂一些，“事情对他来说有点太糟了。”

伟大演员不理睬我们的插话，继续说：“他的意志已经麻痹了。他摸索着向一个方向移动，却被猛推到另一个方向。他一会儿陷入深渊，一会儿又登上云端。他的脚试探着想着地，却只是踏在空中——”

“妙极了，”我们说道，“不过你得用许多机器吧？”

“机器！”伟大演员大叫起来，笑得像一只狮子，“是思维的机器，是动力的、吸引力的机器。”

“啊，”我们说，“是电。”

“根本不是，”伟大演员说，“你没有听懂我的话，所有这些全是由我的表演来完成的，就拿那段关于死亡的著名独白来说吧，你知道那段独白吗？”

“死，还是活着……”我们开始背诵起来。

“停，”伟大演员说，“你现在注意，这是一段独白，完全精确无误，问题的关键就在这里。独白就是哈姆莱特对他自己说的话。按照我的理解，没有一个字是真正说出来的，所有的一切都是在绝对的、没有打破的沉默中完成的。”

我们说：“那您究竟是怎样把它表演出来的呢？”

“完全、纯粹用我的脸。”


天啊！这可能吗？这次我们很仔细地盯着这位伟大演员的脸看着，随着起了一阵震颤，我们认识到他是能做到这一点的。

“我就是这样走到观众面前，”他说，“开始独白——就这样——你注意看我的脸——”

伟大演员在说话的同时，突然交叉两臂，做出一个很独特的姿势，一阵阵狂风似的情绪、表情、怀疑和失望依次掠过——我们可以说是互相追逐着从他的脸上跑过去。

“太精彩了！”我们气喘吁吁地说。

“莎士比亚的诗句，”伟大演员的脸恢复到惯有的平静之后说，“是不必要的，至少



mere stage directions, nothing more. I leave them out. This happens again and again in the play. Take, for instance, the familiar scene where Hamlet holds the skull in his hand: Shakespeare here suggests the words: ‘Alas, poor Yorick! I know him well—’”

“Yes, yes!” we interrupted, in spite of ourself, “a fellow of infinite jest—”

“Your intonation is awful.” said the Actor. “But listen. In my interpretation I use no words at all. I merely carry the skull quietly in my hand, very slowly, across the stage. There I lean against a pillar at this side, with the skull in the palm of my hand, and look at it in silence.”

“Wonderful!” we said.

“I then cross over to the right of the stage, very impressively, and seat myself on a plain wooden bench, and remain for some time, looking at the skull.”

“Marvellous!”

“I then pass to the back of the stage and lie down on my stomach, still holding the skull before my eyes. After holding this posture for some time, I crawl slowly forward, portraying by the movement of my legs and stomach the whole sad history of Yorick. Finally I turn my back on the audience, still holding the skull, and convey through the spasmodic movements of my back Hamlet’s passionate grief at the loss of his friend.”

“Why,” we exclaimed, beside ourself with excitement, “this is not merely a revolution, it is a revelation.”

“Call it both,” said the Great Actor.

“The meaning of it is,” we went on, “that you practically don’t need Shakespeare at all.”

“Exactly, I do not. I could do better without him. Shakespeare cramps me. What I really mean to convey is not Shakespeare, but something greater, larger—how shall I express it—bigger.” The Great Actor paused and we waited, our pencil poised in the air. Then he murmured, as his eyes lifted in an expression of something like rapture, “In fact—me.”

He remained thus, motionless, without moving. We slipped gently to our hands and knees and crawled quietly to the door, and so down the stairs, our notebook in our teeth.