



An English-Chinese Collation

Sister Carrie

嘉莉妹妹

(美)西奥多·德莱塞

中国戏剧出版社

中英文对照全译本丛书

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译 序

西奥多·德莱塞(1871—1945)是二十世纪杰出的美国现实主义小说家,在世界的文学史上也占有相当重要的地位。

德莱塞于1871年8月出生于美国印第安纳州的一个德国移民的家庭,从小过着相当艰苦的生活,没受过系统的教育。他先在一所教会学校就读,但中学还没毕业就被迫辍学。1877年,德莱塞来到芝加哥,开始独立谋生。十八岁时一个认为他有培养前途的中学女教师资助上了一年大学。肄业后去房地产公司和家具公司当伙计。其间他接触了社会的很多下层人物和阴暗面,为日后的创作积累了丰富的素材,也决定了他创作中的悲观思想和自然主义色彩。二十一岁时他被《环球报》聘为记者,开始了新的生活。1895年,德莱塞来到纽约,编辑杂志的同时,正式开始写作。于1900年完成了处女作《嘉莉妹妹》,1911年完成其姐妹篇《珍妮姑娘》的创作。从此德莱塞的创作进入旺盛时期,开始创作著名的《欲望三部曲》、《天才》、《美国的悲剧》等。他于1941年被选为美国作家协会主席,1945年加入美国共产党,同年逝世。美国进步作家劳逊称之为“我们的高尔基,我们的罗曼·罗兰”。

《嘉莉妹妹》这部在1900年叩开二十世纪大门的名作是一部现实主义杰作。小说主要围绕女主人嘉莉和赫斯特伍德展开。嘉莉出生在美国西部的农村,她家境贫寒,但虚荣心很强,向往城市的富裕生活,到芝加哥投奔姐姐、姐夫找工作,遭到冷遇。这时商业推销员杜洛埃看中了她,与她同居。不久,酒吧经理赫斯特伍德用各种手段引诱嘉莉,偷走巨款,劝她一起逃走,他们先到了蒙特利尔,在那儿办了假结婚礼,然后到了纽约。赫斯特伍德很快就花完了退掉了大部分赃款后余下的那些钱;经过一连串事业上的惨败,他精神上垮台了。嘉莉在舞台上走红之后抛弃了他。他在贫困潦倒之后自杀而死,这时嘉莉正住在豪华的旅馆里追求更高的享受。这部小说揭露了美国资本主义社会表面繁荣下的失业、贫困和饥饿,对美国贫富对立的社会做了深刻的描写。同时,小说还揭示了美国社会里人与人之间冷酷的利害关系,一切都以满足个人的欲望为目的。在小说的结尾,德莱塞感叹人心的盲目追求,并且预言嘉莉将永远坐在窗前的摇椅里,渴望着、憧憬着将永远不会感觉到的幸福,这个结尾是意味深长的。

这部小说中最精彩的部分是赫斯特伍德在纽约的毁灭。他从一个生活充裕、稳健自信的酒吧经理沦为一个可怜而又可悲的街头乞丐,并最终自杀了却残生。德莱塞认为嘉莉不仅是赫斯特伍德的惊人的毁灭的催化剂,而且也是人们生活中的最深刻的力量,这一催人泪下的结局的感染力主要来自开现实主义的笔触。

德莱塞的小说真实感人,富有生活气息,一反维多利亚小说和以詹姆为

代表的高雅传统,以粗犷强劲的文风在美国文学史上揭开了新的一页,为美国现实主义小说注入了一股新的活力,不愧为“描写美国生活的极伟大的作家。”《嘉莉妹妹》这部现实主义的鸿篇巨著,至今仍得到美国文坛的高度评价。

目 录

Chapter I THE MAGNET ATTRACTING—A WAIF AMID FORCES ITS OWN (1)	第一章 磁性相吸——身处各种力量的流 浪者 (1)
Chapter II WHAT POVERTY THREATENED— OF GRANITE AND BRASS ... (10)	第二章 贫困的胁迫——花岗岩和黄铜装 饰而成的大厦 (10)
Chapter III THE QUESTION OF FORTUNE— FOUR—FIFTY A WEEK (16)	第三章 我们询问命运——周薪四块半 (16)
Chapter IV THE SPENDING OF FANCY— FACTS ANSWER WITH SNEERS (26)	第四章 想入非非——事实的嘲弄 (26)
Chapter V A GLITTERING NIGHT FLOWER— THE USE OF A NAME (39)	第五章 一朵闪烁的夜间花——名字的作用 (39)
Chapter VI THE MACHINE AND THE MAID- EN—A KNIGHT OF TO-DAY (46)	第六章 机器与少女——现代骑士 (46)
Chapter VII THE LURE OF THE MATERIAL— BEAUTY SPEAKS FOR ITS ... (58)	第七章 物质的诱惑——美的魅力 (58)
Chapter VIII INTIMATIONS BY WINTER—AN AMBASSADOR SUMMONED (70)	第八章 冬天的暗示——使者应召 (70)
Chapter IX CONVENTION'S OWN TINDER- BOX—THE EYE THAT IS GREEN (77)	第九章 习俗的火种——嫉妒的眼睛 (77)
Chapter X THE COUNSEL OF WINTER—FOR- TUNE'S AMBASSADOR CALLS (85)	第十章 冬天的忠告——幸运使者来访 (85)
Chapter XI THE PERSUASION OF FASHION— FEELING GUARDS O'ER I ... (94)	第十一章 时尚的诱惑——情感自卫 (94)
Chapter XII OF THE LAMPS OF THE MAN- SIONS—THE AMBASSADOR PLEA (104)	第十二章 公寓大厦的灯光——使者求爱 (104)
Chapter XIII HIS CREDENTIALS ACCEPTED— A BABEL OF TONGUES (112)	第十三章 他的痴情被接受——花言巧语 的迷惑 (112)
Chapter XIV WITH EYES AND NOT SEEING— ONE INFLUENCE WANES ... (121)	第十四章 视而不见——一方影响减弱 (121)
Chapter XV THE IRK OF THE OLD TIES— THE MAGIC OF YOUTH (129)	第十五章 恼人的旧日纽带——青春的魔 力 (129)

Chapter XVI A WITLESS ALADDIN—THE GATE TO THE WORLD	(141)	第十六章 愚蠢的阿拉丁——人世之门	(141)
Chapter XVII A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE GATEWAY—HOPE LIGHTENS THE EYE	(149)	第十七章 透过门径的一瞥——希望点亮了双眼	(149)
Chapter XVIII JUST OVER THE BORDER—A HAIL AND FAREWELL	(158)	第十八章 初临边界——欢呼与告别	(158)
Chapter XIX AN HOUR IN ELFLAND—A CLAMOUR HALF HEARD	(164)	第十九章 仙境一小时——隐约的喧闹声	(164)
Chapter XX THE LURE OF THE SPIRIT—THE FLESH IN PURSUIT	(177)	第二十章 灵的诱惑——肉在追求	(177)
Chapter XXI THE LURE OF THE SPIRIT—THE FLESH IN PURSUI	(186)	第二十一章 灵的诱惑——肉在追求	(186)
Chapter XXII THE BLAZE OF THE TINDER—FLESH WARS WITH THE FLESH	(190)	第二十二章 火药的爆炸——家庭和肉欲之战	(190)
Chapter XXIII A SPIRIT IN TRAVAIL—ONE RUNG PUT BEHIND	(202)	第二十三章 受伤的靈魂——退却之路	(202)
Chapter XXIV ASHES OF TINDER—A FACE AT THE WINDOW	(213)	第二十四章 火种的灰烬——窗边人影	(213)
Chapter XXV ASHES OF TINDER—THE LOOSING OF STAYS	(218)	第二十五章 火种的灰烬——六神无主	(218)
Chapter XXVI THE AMBASSADOR FALLEN—A SEARCH FOR THE GATE	(223)	第二十六章 使者沮丧——寻找门路	(223)
Chapter XXVII WHEN WATERS ENGULF US WE REACH FOR A STAR ...	(234)	第二十七章 洪水涌来时我们企盼救星	(234)
Chapter XXVIII A PILGRIM, AN OUTLAW—THE SPIRIT DETAINED	(245)	第二十八章 一个朝圣者, 亡命之徒——灵魂受困	(245)
Chapter XXIX THE SOLACE OF TRAVEL—THE BOATS OF THE SEA ...	(256)	第二十九章 旅行的安慰——海上的小船	(256)
Chapter XXX THE KINGDOM OF GREATNESS—THE PILGRIM A DREAMT	(269)	第三十章 伟人的王国——朝圣者的梦	(269)
Chapter XXXI A PET OF GOOD FORTUNE—BROADWAY FLAUNTS ITS JOY	(277)	第三十一章 命运的宠儿——百老汇得意洋洋	(277)
Chapter XXXII THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR—A SEER TO TRANSLATE	(286)	第三十二章 伯沙撒的宴会——有待诠释的预言家	(286)
Chapter XXXIII WITHOUT THE WALLED CITY—THE SLOPE OF THE YEAR	(300)	第三十三章 围城之外——每况愈下	(300)

Chapter XXXIV THE GRIND OF THE MILL-STONES—A SAMPLE OF CHAFF (309)	第三十四章 石磨在辗动——堆谷糠 (309)
Chapter XXXV THE PASSING OF EFFORT—THE VISAGE OF CARE (318)	第三十五章 劳而无功——满面愁容 (318)
Chapter XXXVI A GRIM RETROGRESSION—THE PHANTOM OF CHANCE (328)	第三十六章 残酷的衰败——幻影般的机遇 (328)
Chapter XXXVII THE SPIRIT AWAKENS—NEW SEARCH FOR THE GATE (339)	第三十七章 灵魂的觉醒——重寻出路 (339)
Chapter XXXVIII IN ELF LAND DISPORTING—THE GRIM WORLD WITHOUT (348)	第三十八章 仙境里的嬉戏——境外的冷酷 (348)
Chapter XXXIX OF LIGHTS AND OF SHADOWS—THE PARTING OF WORLDS (358)	第三十九章 光明与阴影——两个世界的分裂 (358)
Chapter XL A PUBLIC DISSENSION—A FINAL APPEAL (369)	第四十章 公开的争执——最后的呼吁 (369)
Chapter XLI THE STRIKE (378)	第四十一章 罢工 (378)
Chapter XLII A TOUCH OF SPRING—THE EMPTY SHELL (395)	第四十二章 春意微露——人去楼空 (395)
Chapter XLIII THE WORLD TURNS FLATTER—AN EYE IN THE DARKT (405)	第四十三章 世界报之以喝彩——黑暗中的一双眼睛 (405)
Chapter XLIV AND THIS IS NOT ELF LAND—AHAT GOLD WILL NOT BUY (413)	第四十四章 这里并非仙境——黄金难买的东西 (413)
Chapter XLV CURIOUS SHIFTS OF THE POOR (423)	第四十五章 穷人奇异的生计 (423)
Chapter XLVI STIRRING TROUBLED WATERS (438)	第四十六章 愈搅愈混的水 (438)
Chapter XLVII THE WAY OF THE BEATEN—A HARP IN THE WIND (449)	第四十七章 失败者之路——风中的竖琴 (449)

Chapter I

THE MAGNET ATTRACTING —A WAIF AMID FORCES

When Caroline Meeher boarded the afternoon train for Chicago, her total outfit consisted of a small trunk, a cheap imitation alligator - skin satchel, a small lunch in a paper box, and a yellow leather snap purse, containing her ticket, a scrap of paper with her sister's address in Van Buren Street, and four dollars in money. It was in August, 1898. She was eighteen years of age, bright, timid, and full of the illusions of ignorance and youth. Whatever touch of regret at parting characterized her thoughts, it was certainly not for advantages now being given up. A gush of tears at her mother's farewell kiss, a touch in her throat when the cars clacked by the flour mill where her father worked by the day, a pathetic sigh as the familiar green environs of the village passed in review, and the threads which bound her so lightly to girlhood and home were irretrievably broken.

To be sure there was always the next station, where one might descend and return. There was the great city, bound more closely by these very trains which came up daily. Columbia City was not so very far away, even once she was in Chicago. What, pray, is a few hours—a few hundred miles? She looked at the little slip bearing her sister's address and wondered. She gazed at the green landscape, now passing in swift review, until her swifter thoughts replaced its impression with vague conjectures of what Chicago might be.

When a girl leaves her home at eighteen, she does one of two things. Either she falls into saving hands and becomes better, or she rapidly assumes the cosmopolitan standard of virtue and becomes worse. Of an intermediate balance, under the circumstances, there is no possibility. The city has its cunning wiles, no less than the infinitely smaller and more human tempter. There are large forces which allure with all the soulfulness of expression possible in the most cultured human. The gleam of

第一章

磁性相吸——身处 各种力量的流浪者

当嘉洛林·米贝登上下午开往芝加哥的火车时,她的全部行装只是一个小箱子,一个廉价的仿鳄鱼皮提包,一小纸盒午餐和一只弹簧开关的黄色皮夹子,里面装着她的车票,一张写有她姐姐在凡·布伦街住址的纸条和四块钱。那是1898年8月,她正十八岁,聪明、胆怯,充满着年轻而又无知的种种幻想。尽管她在离家时依依不舍,家乡可没有好处让她难以割舍。和母亲吻别时她涌出一阵热泪;车子驶过她父亲上白班的面粉厂时,她的喉头有一阵哽咽;当她熟悉的绿色村庄从眼前掠过时,她发出一声伤心的叹息;与家乡和少女时代轻轻联系在一起 的丝线就这样无可挽回地给割断了。

当然,前方总有下一站,随时可以下车回去。前面就是那座大城市,每天像这样的火车来来往往,将它拉得更近。哥伦比亚城并不太远,她甚至还去过一次芝加哥。请问,几个小时——几百英里路又算得了什么呢?她看着写有姐姐住址的小纸条,心里问着自己。她注视着飞速掠过的绿色田野,思绪转得更活跃了,开始模模糊糊地设想芝加哥会是个什么样的城市。

一个十八岁的姑娘离家出门,她的遭遇不外乎两种。不是碰到有人相助而好起来,就是迅即接受花花世界的道德标准而堕落下去。在这样的环境里,要保持中间状态是不可能的。大都市里到处是狡诈的骗局,其程度并不差于比它小得多的装着人样的诱惑者。有的是巨大的力量,会像极其有修养的人习惯用激情来骗人上当。万家灯火的闪耀和乞爱挑情的眼波,就影响人的道德而言,具

a thousand lights is often as effective as the persuasive light in a wooing and fascinating eye. Half the undoing of the unsophisticated and natural mind is accomplished by forces wholly superhuman. A blare of sound, a roar of life, a vast array of human hives, appeal to the astonished senses in equivocal terms. Without a counsellor at hand to whisper cautious interpretations, what falsehoods may not these things breathe into the unguarded ear! Unrecognised for what they are, their beauty, like music, too often relaxes, then weakens, then perverts the simpler human perceptions.

Caroline, or Sister Carrie, as she had been half affectionately termed by the family, was possessed of a mind rudimentary in its power of observation and analysis. Self-interest with her was high, but not strong. It was, nevertheless, her guiding characteristic. Warm with the fancies of youth, pretty with the insipid prettiness of the formative period, possessed of a figure promising eventual shapeliness and an eye alight with certain native intelligence, she was a fair example of the middle American class—two generations removed from the emigrant. Books were beyond her interest—knowledge a sealed book. In the intuitive graces she was still crude. She could scarcely toss her head gracefully. Her hands were almost ineffectual. The feet, though small, were set flatly. And yet she was interested in her charms, quick to understand the keener pleasures of life, ambitious to gain in material things. A half-equipped little knight she was, venturing to reconnoitre the mysterious city and dreaming wild dreams of some vague, far-off supremacy, which should make it prey and subject—the proper penitent, grovelling at a woman's slipper.

'That,' said a voice in her ear, 'is one of the prettiest little resorts in Wisconsin.'

'Is it?' she answered nervously.

The train was just pulling out of Waukesha. For some time she had been conscious of a man behind. She felt him observing her mass of hair. He had been fidgeting, and with natural intuition she felt a certain interest growing in that quarter. Her maidenly reserve, and a certain sense of what was

有同样的魔力。天真无邪的心灵,往往由超乎人间的力量所破坏。现实中一声喧闹,生活中一阵咆哮,鳞次栉比的楼房,以其朦胧的语言,叩动那受惊的心弦。耳边听不到谨慎的劝导,有多少迷误不会灌进那不知警惕的耳朵里去!由于不知其真相,这些华美的外貌,就像音乐一般,足以叫头脑简单的人,感受力松弛起来,迟钝起来,然后使之误入歧路。

嘉洛林在家时,家里人带着几分疼爱叫她嘉莉妹妹。她已具有初步的观察力和分析能力。她有利己心,不过不很强烈,这是她的主要特点。她充满着年轻人的热烈幻想。虽然漂亮,她还只是一个正在发育阶段的美人儿。不过从她的身段已经可以看出将来发育成熟时的美妙体态了。她的眼睛里透着天生的聪明。她是一个典型的美国中产阶级少女——她们家已是移民的第三代了。她对书本毫无兴趣——更谈不上有什么知识。她的举止打扮有些粗俗,不会优雅地抬起她的头。两只手也不太灵巧,一双脚虽然小巧,却长得扁平了点。不过她很注重自己的美貌,很能领会人生中美妙的乐趣,渴望获得物质上的享受。她像个装备不全的小骑士,冒险去探查那座神秘的都市,异想天开地梦想着某种模糊而遥远的至高无上的力量,来征服这座城市,使它俯首为臣——就像虔诚的忏悔者那样,匍匐在一个女人的脚下。

“瞧,”有人在她耳边说,“那就是威斯康辛州最美的游览区之一。”

“是吗?”她惴惴不安地回答。

火车才开出华克夏。不过她已有好一会儿感到背后有个男人。她感觉得到那人在打量她的浓密的头发。他一直在那里坐立不安,因此凭着直觉,她感到背后那人对她越来越感兴趣。少女的矜持和在此种情况下传统的礼仪都告诉她要

conventional under the circumstances, called her to forestall and deny this familiarity, but the daring and magnetism of the individual, born of past experiences and triumphs, prevailed. She answered.

He leaned forward to put his elbows upon the back of her seat and proceeded to make himself volubly agreeable.

‘Yes, that is a great resort for Chicago people. The hotels are swell. You are not familiar with this part of the country, are you?’

‘Oh, yes, I am,’ answered Carrie. ‘That is, I live at Columbia City. I have never been through here, though.’

‘And so this is your first visit to Chicago,’ he observed.

All the time she was conscious of certain features out of the side of her eye. Flush, colourful cheeks, a light moustache, a grey fedora hat. She now turned and looked upon him in full, the instincts of self-protection and coquetry mingling confusedly in her brain.

‘I didn’t say that,’ she said.

‘Oh,’ he answered, in a very pleasing way and with an assumed air of mistake, ‘I thought you did.’

Here was a type of the travelling canvasser for a manufacturing house—a class which at that time was first being dubbed by the slang of the day ‘drummers.’ He came within the meaning of a still newer term, which had sprung into general use among Americans in 1880, and which concisely expressed the thought of one whose dress or manners are calculated to elicit the admiration of susceptible young women—a ‘masher.’ His suit was of a striped and crossed pattern of brown wool, new at that time, but since become familiar as a business suit. The low crotch of the vest revealed a stiff shirt bosom of white and pink stripes. From his coat sleeves protruded a pair of linen cuffs of the same pattern, fastened with large, gold plate buttons, set with the common yellow agates known as ‘cat’s-eyes.’ His fingers bore several rings—one, the ever-enduring heavy seal—and from his vest dangled a neat gold watch chain, from which was suspended the secret insignia of the Order of Elks. The whole

提防,不能允许这样的接近。不过老于此道而又曾屡屡得手的这个人,还是以其大胆和魔力占了上风,她应了他的话。

他探身向前,两肘搭在她的座椅背上,仍旧使自己显得亲切而健谈。

“是的,那是芝加哥人的一个大游览区,旅馆都富丽堂皇。你对这一带不太熟悉吧?”

“哦不,我很熟悉的,”嘉莉回答说。“是这样,我住在哥伦比亚城,不过从未到过这里。”

“这么说,你是第一次到芝加哥了,”他说。

在他们交谈时,她从眼角隐隐瞧见了一些那人的相貌:红润生动的脸,淡淡的一抹小胡子,一顶灰色的软呢帽。现在她转过身来,面对着他,脑子里自卫的意识和卖弄风情的本能乱哄哄地混杂在一起。

“我刚才没有这么说嘛,”她说。

“哦,”他回答,一副满讨人喜欢的样子,带着装作说错的神情,“我还以为你说了呢。”

这是在一家制造厂做旅行推销员的典型——那时人们给这等人取的第一个绰号,是当时流行的俚语,叫“鼓手”。他倒正合了一个更新的词儿——“小白脸”。这个词儿是一八八〇年在美国流行起来的,是那种为了博取天真的年轻妇女的爱慕之心而精心打扮,故意做出某种举止的人的简称。他穿的衣服是栗色方格花呢做的,在当时是刚流行的,不过不久便成了一般生意人的套装了。背心领口开得很低,露出白底粉红条子的笔挺的衬衫胸部。上装袖口,露出一双花式相同的花袖口,扣着大的扁形的金纽扣,上面嵌着叫做“猫儿眼”的黄玛瑙。手上带着几只戒指——一只是不走样的图章戒指。背心上挂着一根精致的金质表链,链上系着共济会秘密徽章。全身衣服做得紧窄,配上擦得锃亮的厚底漆皮鞋和灰色呢帽,就其所表现的知识程度来看,倒有些迷人。嘉莉对他瞟了

suit was rather tight - fitting, and was finished off with heavy - soled tan shoes, highly polished, and the grey fedora hat. He was, for the order of intellect represented, attractive, and whatever he had to recommend him, you may be sure was not lost upon Carrie, in this, her first glance.

Lest this order of individual should permanently pass, let me put down some of the most striking characteristics of his most successful manner and method. Good clothes, of course, were the first essential, the things without which he was nothing. A strong physical nature, actuated by a keen desire for the feminine, was the next. A mind free of any consideration of the problems or forces of the world and actuated not by greed, but an insatiable love of variable pleasure. His method was always simple. Its principal element was dating, backed, of course, by an intense desire and admiration for the sex. Let him meet with a young woman once and he would approach her with an air of kindly familiarity, not unmingled with pleading, which would result in most cases in a tolerant acceptance. If she showed any tendency to coquetry he would be apt to straighten her tie, or if she 'took up' with him at all, to call her by her first name. If he visited a department store it was to lounge familiarly over the counter and ask some leading questions. In more exclusive circles, on the train or in waiting stations, he went slower. If some seemingly vulnerable object appeared he was all attention—to pass the compliments of the day, to lead the way to the parlor car, carrying her grip, or, failing that, to take a seat next her with the hope of being able to court her to her destination. Pillows, books, a footstool, the shade lowered; all these figured in the things which he could do. If, when she reached her destination he did not alight and attend her baggage for her, it was because, in his own estimation, he had signally failed. A woman should some day write the complete philosophy of clothes. No matter how young, it is one of the things she wholly comprehends. There is an indescribably faint line in the matter of man's apparel which somehow divides for her those who are worth glancing at and those who are not. Once an individual has passed this faint line on the

一眼,他想卖弄的一切肯定已给她留下了些印象。

我要记下一些这类人成功的举止和方法中最显著的特点,以防错过了这一次,他们就永久地消失了。当然,服饰漂亮是第一要素,要是没有了服饰这类东西,他就算不得什么人物了。其次是身强力壮,周身洋溢着对女性的热切渴望。他天性无忧无虑,既不费心去考虑任何问题,也不去管世间的种种势力或影响,支配他的生活动力不是对财富的贪婪,而是对各种享乐的贪得无厌。他的手法始终是简单的。主要的因素是大胆,这当然是出之于对异性的热望和爱慕。他只要和一个年轻姑娘见过一次面,就会极其热情地靠上去,巧言悦色,常常使对方不好意思拒绝。若是女方露出一丝调情的意思,他会直接为她拉正领带,或是女方和他“交上了朋友”,他便会直呼她的名字。若是在一家百货商店闲逛,他就像很熟似的在柜台前懒洋洋地站着,说一些搭讪的话。在一些不太杂乱的地方,如火车上或候车室里,他会收敛一些。倘若出现看样子容易得手对象,他便打足精神——寒暄问好,为她领路上豪华的客车,替她拎包。倘使拿不到包,就坐在她身边坐下,期望能护送她到达目的地:拿枕头啦,送书啦,摆脚凳啦,放遮帘啦。他能做的主要就是这一些。如果她到了目的地,他却没有下车帮她照看行李,那是因为照他估计他的追求显然失败了。女人有一天该写出一本完整的衣服经。不管多年轻,这种事她是完全懂的。男人服饰中有那么一种难以言传的微妙界线,她凭这条界线可以区别哪些男人值得看一眼,哪些男人不值得一顾。一个男人一旦属于这条界线之下,他别指望获得女人的青睐。男人衣服中还有一条界线,会令女人转而注意起自己的服装来。现在嘉莉从身旁这个男人身上就看到了这条界线,于是不禁

way downward he will get no glance from her. There is another line at which the dress of a man will cause her to study her own. This line the individual at her elbow now marked for Carrie. She became conscious of an inequality. Her own plain blue dress, with its black cotton tape trimmings, now seemed to her shabby. She felt the worn state of her shoes.

'Let's see,' he went on, 'I know quite a number of people in your town. Morgenroth the clothier and Gibson the dry goods man.'

'Oh, do you?' she interrupted, aroused by memories of longings their show windows had cost her.

At last he had a clew to her interest, and followed it deftly. In a few minutes he had come about into her seat. He talked of sales of clothing, his travels, Chicago, and the amusements of that city.

'If you are going there, you will enjoy it immensely. Have you relatives?'

'I am going to visit my sister,' she explained.

'You want to see Lincoln Park,' he said, 'and Michigan Boulevard. They are putting up great buildings there. It's a second New York—great. So much to see—theatres, crowds, fine houses—oh, you'll like that.'

There was a little ache in her fancy of all he described. Her insignificance in the presence of so much magnificence faintly affected her. She realized that hers was not to be a round of pleasure, and yet there was something promising in all the material prospect he set forth. There was something satisfactory in the attention of this individual with his good clothes. She could not help smiling as he told her of some popular actress of whom she reminded him. She was not silly, and yet attention of this sort had its weight.

'You will be in Chicago some little time, won't you?' he observed at one turn of the now easy conversation.

'I don't know,' said Carrie vaguely—a flash vision of the possibility of her not securing employment rising in her mind.

'Several weeks, anyhow,' he said, looking steadily into her eyes.

感到相形见绌。她感到自己身上穿的那套镶黑边的朴素蓝衣裙太寒酸了，脚上的鞋子也太破旧了。

“哎，对啦，”他接着说，“你们镇上我还认识不少人呢，像布店老板摩根洛斯，还有绸缎店的吉布森。”

“噢，是吗？”她插嘴说。她想起自己曾经对他们橱窗里的一切多么渴望。

他终于发现了她的兴趣所在，就熟练地顺着谈下去。没有几分钟，他就过来和她并排坐了。他谈着服装生意，他的旅行、芝加哥和那里的好玩地方。

“倘使你这次是上那边去，你会觉得那地方很好玩的。你有亲戚吗？”

“我是去看姐姐的，”她解释说。

“你得去看看林肯公园，”他说，“还有密歇根大街。那里正建高楼呢。那是纽约第二——很大。有好多东西好看——剧院、来往的行人、漂亮的房子——哦，你会喜欢的。”

由于他描述的这一切所勾起的她的种种幻想里，有一点儿隐痛。在如此繁华面前，她如此微不足道，这叫她不无伤感。她心里清楚，整天寻欢作乐，这可不会是她未来的生活，不过，他这么一描绘玩儿的去处，也叫她不无兴奋。这样一位衣着讲究的人对她献殷勤总是令人惬意的。他说她长得像某个女明星，她听了不禁嫣然一笑。她并不蠢，但这一类的殷勤总有点分量的。

“你在芝加哥要待一段时间，对吧？”他说着转移到一个新话题，这时他们的谈话已很随便了。

“我不知道，”嘉莉含糊糊地说——这时，可能找不到工作的念头在她脑海里闪了一下。

“总要待几个星期吧，”他说着，直勾勾地盯着她的眼睛。

There was much more passing now than the mere words indicated. He recognised the indescribable thing that made up for fascination and beauty in her. She realized that she was of interest to him from the one standpoint which a woman both delights in and fears. Her manner was simple, though for the very reason that she had not yet learned the many little affectations with which women conceal their true feelings. Some things she did appeared bold. A clever companion—had she ever had one—would have warned her never to look a man in the eyes so steadily.

‘Why do you ask?’ she said.

‘Well, I’m going to be there several weeks, I’m going to study stock at our place and get new samples. I might show you ‘round.’

‘I don’t know whether you can or not. I mean I don’t know whether I can. I shall be living with my sister, and—’

‘Well, if she minds, we’ll fix that.’ He took out his pencil and a little pocket note-book as if it were all settled. ‘What is your address there?’

She fumbled her purse which contained the address slip.

He reached down in his hip pocket and took out a fat purse. It was filled with slips of paper, some mileage books, a roll of green-backs. It impressed her deeply. Such a purse had never been carried by any one attentive to her. Indeed, an experienced traveller, a brisk man of the world, had never come within such close range before. The purse, the shiny tan shoes, the smart new suit, and the air with which he did things, built up for her a dim world of fortune, of which he was the centre. It disposed her pleasantly toward all he might do.

He took out a neat business card, on which was engraved Bartlett, Caryoe & Company, and down in the left-hand corner, Chas. H. Drouet.

‘That’s me,’ he said, putting the card in her hand and touching his name. ‘It’s pronounced Drew-eh. Our family was French, on my father’s side.’

She looked at it while he put up his purse.

这会儿他的话里传递的感情就不是这几个字那么简单了。他感到她身上有某种难以描述的东西使她平添几分妩媚、几分姿色。她也看出了他对自己感兴趣,这是让女人既欢喜又害怕的。她的举止单纯,毫无做作,这正是因为她还没学会用女人惯用的一些花招来掩饰自己的真情实意——所以她干的有些事情显得大胆了一些。如果她曾经有个伶俐乖巧的好友,人家就会警告她,绝对不该这样直望着一个男人的眼睛。

“你为什么问这个?”她说。

“唔,我要在那边待上几个星期。我要到公司里去看看货色,拿些新样品。我可以领你去玩玩。”

“我不知你行不行。我的意思是我不知道我行不行。我要住在我姐那儿,所以——”

“那么我想,如果你姐姐在意的话,我们自己来决定吧。”他拿出铅笔和小笔记本,好像一切都已经说定了,“你住哪儿?”

她摸索着装有地址便条的钱包。

他伸手到后面的裤袋里掏出一只厚厚的皮夹,里面装着些单据,旅行里程记录本和一卷钞票,这给她留下了深刻的印象。以前向她献殷勤的男人中没有一个人掏得出这么一个皮夹。真的,她还从来没有和一个游历丰富、性格活跃的人如此接近过。那只厚厚的钱包,那双锡亮的棕黄色皮鞋,那身漂亮的新套装,还有他举手投足时的那副派头,在她脑海里模模糊糊构筑起一个富有的世界,而他就是那个世界的中心。无论他做什么,她都会喜欢的。

他拿出一张精美的名片,上面印着巴特利特—卡约公司,左下角印着:查尔斯·赫·杜洛埃。

“那就是我,”他把名片放在她的手里,指着自己的名字说。“该念做‘杜洛埃’。从我父亲的一方看,我家原籍是法国。”

当她在看名片的时候,他收起钱包,

Then he got out a letter from a bunch in his coat pocket. 'This is the house I travel for,' he went on, pointing to a picture on it, 'corner of State and Lake.' There was pride in his voice. He felt that it was something to be connected with such a place, and he made her feel that way.

'What is your address?' he began again, fixing his pencil to write.

She looked at his hand.

'Carrie Meeber,' she said slowly. 'Three hundred and fifty - four West Van Buren Street, care S. C. Hanson.'

He wrote it carefully down and got out the purse again. 'You'll be at home if I come around Monday night?' he said.

'I think so,' she answered.

How true it is that words are but the vague shadows of the volumes we mean. Little audible links, they are, chaining together great inaudible feelings and purposes. Here were these two, bandying little phrases, drawing purses, looking at cards, and both unconscions of how inarticulate all their real feelings were. Neither was wise enough to be sure of the working of the mind of the other. He could not tell how his luring succeeded. She could not realize that she was drifting, until he secured her address. Now she felt that she had yielded something—he, that he had gained a victory. Already they felt that they were somehow associated. Already he took control in directing the conversation. His words were easy. Her manner was relaxed.

They were nearing Chicago. Signs were everywhere numerous. Trains flashed by them. Across wide stretches of flat, open prairie they could see lines of telegraph poles stalking across the fields toward the great city. Far away were indications of suburban towns, some big smokestacks towering high in the air.

Frequently there were two - story frame houses standing out in the open fields, without fence or trees, lone outposts of the approaching army of homes.

To the child, the genius with imagination, or the wholly untravelled, the approach to a great city

接着又从上衣口袋里的一束信笺里抽出一封。“这就是我为他们销货的那个厂家,”他指着信封上的一个图片说,“斯台特街和莱克街拐角。”话里带着得意之色。他觉得与这样的地方有关联是了不起的,并且要她也要有那样的感觉。

“您的住址呢?”他又问,一边拿好铅笔准备写下来。

她看看他的手。

“嘉莉·米贝,”她慢慢地说,“西凡·布仑街三百五十四号,S·C·汉森转。”

他认真真地将地址记录下来,又掏出他的钱包。“要是我星期一傍晚找你,你在家吗?”他说。

“我想会的。”她回答。

话语只是我们内心情感的一个模糊的影子,这话真是不假。它们只是一些有声的小小链子,把大量听不见的情感和意图串联起来。眼前这两个人就是如此。他们只是短短地交谈了几句,掏了一下皮夹,看了一下名片,双方都没意识到他们的真实感情是多么难以表达,双方都不够聪明,瞧不透对方的心思。他说不准自己的诱惑是怎样获得成功的。她呢,直到他抄下了她的住址,才意识到自己起初是放任自流的。这时她才明白自己作了一次让步——而他呢,已经取得了一次胜利。他们感到双方已经有了点交情。他已经掌握了谈话的主动权。他说话随便了,她的态度也放松了。

他们快到芝加哥了,到处都有无数的招牌,一节一节车厢在他们身旁闪过。越过广阔平坦的原野,他们见到一行一行电线杆,越过田野,一直迈向那个大城市。远处是郊区城镇的模样,有许多高耸入云的大烟囱。

旷野里时而矗立着一些两层的房子,没有围墙,没有树木,好像是越来越近的住宅群的前哨。

对于儿童,对于富有想像力的天才,或是从未出过门的人来说,第一次接近

for the first time is a wonderful thing. Particularly if it be evening—that mystic period between the glare and gloom of the world when life is changing from one sphere or condition to another. Ah, the promise of the night. What does it not hold for the weary! What old illusion of hope is not here forever repeated! Says the soul of the toiler to itself, 'I shall soon be free. I shall be in the ways and the hosts of the merry. The streets, the lamps, the lighted chamber set for dining, are for me. The theatre, the halls, the parties, the ways of rest and the paths of song—these are mine in the night.' Though all humanity be still enclosed in the shops, the thrill runs abroad. It is in the air. The dullest feel something which they may not always express or describe. It is the lifting of the burden of toil.

Sister Carrie gazed out of the window. Her companion, affected by her wonder, so contagious are all things, felt anew some interest in the city and pointed out its marvels.

'This is northwest Chicago,' said Drouet. 'This is the Chicago River,' and he pointed to a little muddy creek, crowded with the huge masted wanderers from far-off waters nosing the black-posted banks. With a puff, a clang, and a clatter of rails it was gone. 'Chicago is getting to be a great town,' he went on. 'It's a wonder. You'll find lots to see here.'

She did not hear this very well. Her heart was troubled by a kind of terror. The fact that she was alone, away from home, rushing into a great sea of life and endeavour, began to tell. She could not help but feel a little choked for breath—a little sick as her heart beat so fast. She half closed her eyes and tried to think it was nothing, that Columbia City was only a little way off.

'Chicago! Chicago!' called the brakeman, slamming open the door. They were rushing into a more crowded yard, alive with the clatter and clang of life. She began to gather up her poor little grip and closed her hand firmly upon her purse. Drouet arose, kicked his legs to straighten his trousers, and seized his clean yellow grip.

一座大都市真是件美妙的事,特别是在黄昏——光明和黑暗的世界正在交替的神秘时分,那时生活正从一种气氛或景象转变到另一种去。啊,夜的希冀。对于倦乏的人们还有多少没有给予!一切旧的希望总是日复一日在这个时刻重现!那些辛劳一天的人们在对自己说:“我不久就要自由了。我可以好好地乐一乐了。街道和灯火,大放光明的卧室和摆放齐整的晚餐,这一切都在等着我。还有戏院,舞厅,聚会,各种休息场所和娱乐手段——在夜里统统属于我了。”虽然身子还被关在车内,一种兴奋的情绪却已跑了出来,飘荡在空中。就连最没精打采的人都感到心里有一种难以言喻的感觉。那便是劳作的重担卸下来的感觉。

嘉莉妹妹盯着窗外出神。她好奇的情绪感染了她的旅伴。这一切是那么触人心弦,他又一次感受到这座城市的妙处,便一一指给她看。

“这是芝加哥西北区,”杜洛埃说道。“那是芝加哥河。”他指着一条浑浊的小河,河里充塞着来自远方水城的大帆船。这些船桅杆耸立,船头碰撞着竖有黑色木杆的河岸。火车喷发出一股浓烟,咣当一下,铁轨发出一声撞击声,那小河就被抛在后面了。“芝加哥正在变成一个伟大的城市,”他接着说,“这是一个奇迹。你会发现这里有好多东西可看。”

这些她并没有听得很清。她的心正被一种恐惧感困扰着。她自己孤身一人,远离家乡,闯进这一片生活和奋斗的海洋,情绪不能不受影响。她不禁感到透不过气来——有一点不舒服,因为她的心跳得太快了。她半闭上眼睛,竭力告诉自己这算不得什么,哥伦比亚城离这里并不远。

“芝加哥!芝加哥!”列车员大声叫着,砰的一声将车门打开。他们蜂拥而入更加拥挤的车场,车场上出现一片沸腾的喧闹声。她把那可怜的小旅行包收拾好并紧紧握住她的包。杜洛埃站起来,伸伸腿展直裤腿,将他那精美的黄色手提包拎起。

‘I suppose your people will be here to meet you?’ he said. ‘Let me carry your grip.’

‘Oh, no,’ she said. ‘I’d rather you wouldn’t. I’d rather you wouldn’t be with me when I meet my sister.’

‘All right,’ he said in all kindness. ‘I’ll be near, though, in case she isn’t here, and take you out there safely.’

‘You’re so kind,’ said Carrie, feeling the goodness of such attention in her strange situation.

‘Chicago!’ called the brakeman, drawing the word out long. They were under a great shadowy train shed, where the lamps were already beginning to shine out, with passenger cars all about and the train moving at a snail’s pace. The people in the car were all up and crowding about the door.

‘Well, here we are,’ said Drouet, leading the way to the door. ‘Good – bye, till I see you Monday.’

‘Good – bye,’ she answered, taking his proffered hand.

‘Remember, I’ll be looking till you find your sister.’

She smiled into his eyes.

They filed out, and he affected to take no notice of her. A lean – faced, rather commonplace woman recognised Carrie on the platform and hurried forward.

‘Why, Sister Carrie!’ she began, and there was embrace of welcome.

Carrie realized the change of affectional atmosphere at once. Amid all the maze, uproar, and novelty she felt cold reality taking her by the hand. No world of light and merriment. No round of amusement. Her sister carried with her most of the grimness of shift and toil.

‘Why, how are all the folks at home?’ she began; ‘how is father, and mother?’

Carrie answered, but was looking away. Down the aisle, toward the gate leading into the waiting – room and the street, stood Drouet. He was looking back. When he saw that she saw him and was safe with her sister he turned to go, sending back the shadow of a smile. Only Carrie saw it. She felt something lost to her when he moved away. When he dis-

“我想你的亲戚会来接你的吧。”他说,“我来替你拿手提包。”

“啊,不要,”她说。“我希望你别这样。我希望见到我姐姐时,你不要和我在一起。”

“好吧,”他很温和地说,“不过,我就在附近。如果她不在,我会把你平安地送到那里的。”

“你真是个好入,”嘉莉说,觉得在这陌生的环境中这种殷勤是太好了。

“芝加哥!”列车员拖长声音喊道。他们现在到了一个巨大的车棚底下,昏暗的车棚里已点起灯火。到处都是客车,火车像蜗牛一般缓缓移动。车厢里的人都站了起来,拥向门口。

“嘿,我们到了。”杜洛埃说着领先向门口走去。“再见,星期一见。”

“再见。”她握了握他伸过来的手答道。

“记住,我会一直看着你,直到你找到你姐姐。”

她望着他的眼睛,粲然一笑。

他们随着人流走了出来,他假装不注意她。站台上一个脸颊瘦削,模样普通的妇女认出嘉莉,急忙迎上前来。

“嗨,嘉莉妹妹!”她开口说,接着是欢迎式的拥抱。

嘉莉立即觉得情调变化了。在这一切困惑、喧嚣和新奇的环境中,她觉得冷酷的现实正抓住了她的手。这不是个光辉的欢乐的世界。也没有到各处去游玩的欢乐。她的姐姐身上带着不少严酷生活的烙印。

“喂,全家人好么?”她说,“爸爸和妈妈都好么?”

嘉莉做了回答,不过脸朝着别处。在走廊那一头,在门口,一边通到候车室,一边通到大街上,正站着杜洛埃。他正朝后看。他看到了她正朝他看,并且已经安全地和她姐姐在一起,便转过身去,留下一个隐隐约约的笑影。只有嘉莉看见了那个笑影。当他走开时,她感