

所有的路 最终都是回家的路

[美] 均瑟夫·伍德·克鲁奇等著 张白桦译

> 34篇如性至性的微型小说。 总有一篇点亮你的心

中国国际广播出版社



最终都是回家的所有的路 路 【美】约瑟夫·伍德·克鲁奇 等著

哲理卷 (中英双语)

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微型小说,又名小小说,今天已经成长为一个独立的文体。作为小说"四大家族"之一,微型小说进入"蒲松龄文学奖"和"鲁迅文学奖"的视野,成为当代受众范围最广的纯文学样式。这一成就的取得,与当代外国微型小说的汉译有着直接的关系。对此,我在《当代外国微型小说汉译的翻译文学意义》的论文中有过详尽的阐述。具体说来,这种新型的、活力四射的文学样式的引进,推动了中国当代主流文学重归文学性,重塑了当代主流诗学,提高了文学的地位,从而创造了民族文学史、国别文学史上的"神话",具有翻译文学意义。

微型小说翻译对于我来说,好像"量身定制"一般。20世纪80年代初,微型小说在中国横空出世,这种简约而不简单的文体非常适合我的审美取向和性格特征,而翻译则可以调动起我全部的知识和双语语言积累。从1987年我发表的第一篇微型小说译作《他活着还是死了》,到2004年的《我是怎样把心丢了的》,这十七年间,我完成的微型小说翻译总计约350万字。

我的微型小说创作有三种:第一种是母语原创,如《白衣女郎》。 第二种是汉译英,如在加拿大出版的《中国微型小说精选》(凌鼎年卷),这是中国第一部英译微型小说自选集,我曾参与翻译。第三种是英译汉,这一种类所占比重最大。代表作有《爱旅无涯》《仇家》《爱你至深》等。

我翻译时的期待视野定位在青年身上,目的是做文化、文学的"媒",因此更愿意贴近读者,特别是青年读者,觉得"大家好才是真的好"。在翻译策略上以归化为主,异化为辅;在翻译方法上以意译为主,直译为辅;在翻译方式上以全译为主,节译为辅;在翻译风格上以时代性为特色,笃信"一代人有一代人的翻译"之说。

所幸这样的取向还是与读者和社会的需求相契合的,因而产生了一定的社会效益。首译都会发表在国内的百强、十佳报刊,如《读者》《中外期刊文萃》《微型小说选刊》《小小说选刊》《青年参考》《文学故事报》等。常见的情况是,在这样的权威报刊发表后,随即就会呈现"凡有井水处,即能歌柳词"的景观,如《爱你至深》发表的二十年间就被转载 60 余次。

转载不仅限于报刊之间,数十种权威专辑和选本的纸质版也有收录,如《21世纪中国文学大系翻译文学》、《外国微型小说三百篇》、《世界微型小说经典》(8卷)、《世界微型小说名家名作百年经典》(10卷);电子版图书如《小小说的盛宴书系:别人的女郎》《诺贝尔文学奖获奖作家微型小说精选》等;网上资源如

读秀、百链期刊、龙源期刊网等。

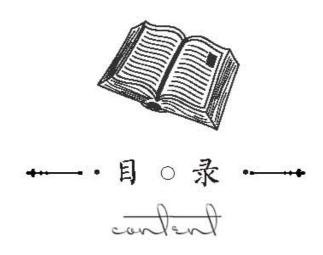
此外, 众所周知, 微型小说历来是中考、高考、四六级的语文和 英语考试的听力、阅读理解、翻译、作文的模拟试题和真题材料。微型 小说还是影视短剧、喜剧、小品的改编材料。

当然,还有社会影响。第一,多次荣获国家级奖项。1998年《爱旅无涯》获《中国青年报·青年参考》最受读者喜爱的翻译文学作品,2010年当选小小说存档作家,2002年"英汉经典阅读"系列获上海外国语大学学术文化节科研成果奖,2002年当选当代微型小说百家,2002年《译作》当选全国第四次微型小说续写大赛竞赛原作。第二,受到知名评论家张锦贻、陈勇等关注和评论达10余次。第三,曾受邀参加中央电视台、内蒙古电视台及电台、中国作家网的人物专访。第四,个人传记入选美国与捷克出版的《华文微型小说微自传》《中国当代微型小说百家论续集》《世界微型小说百家传论》。第五,因为翻译而收到来自世界各地、各行各业的读者来信、电话、邮件不计其数。

虽然近年我转向长篇小说的翻译,并以《老人与海》《房龙地理》《鹿出没》等再次获得读者的青睐,然而对于我来说,那些年,绞尽脑汁一字一句地写在稿纸上,满怀希冀地一封一封地把译稿投进邮筒,忐忑不安地在报亭、邮局一本一本地翻找自己的译作,欢天喜地买几本回家,进门就问女儿"Can you guess?"等她的固定答案"妈妈又发了!"都是我生命中一个一个的定格瞬间。微型小说

翻译是我的"初心",而唯有"初心"是不能辜负的。因此,我于 2015年开办了以我的微型小说翻译为内容的自媒体——微型公众号 "白桦译林",收获了大量读者和转载,更促成了"译趣坊•世界 微型小说精选"系列的陆续出版。

谨以此书感谢多年来扶持过我的报刊编辑老师,以及多年来一 直乐于阅读我的微型小说的读者和学生。



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约瑟夫・伍徳・克鲁奇

奥赛布尔的长相与佛勒所读到过的关于密探的描述全都对不上号。 佛勒跟在奥赛布尔后面,走在阴暗的法国旅馆走廊里,心里很是失望。 奥赛布尔租的是在这家旅馆六层楼上的一个小房间,完全不像是一个浪漫 人物住的地方。

奥赛布尔是个胖子,大胖子,这是其一。其二,他说话有口音。虽然 他法语和德语都讲得也还马马虎虎,但二十年前他从波士顿带到巴黎来 的新英格兰口音却依然会露出马脚。

"你失望了吧?"奥赛布尔回头说,"你听说我是特工,是间谍,从事谍报和危险工作。你之所以希望见我是因为你是个年轻而又浪漫的作家。你原以为可以看到夜色中的神秘人物,听见几声噼噼啪啪的枪声,看到葡萄酒里面下的药。

"没想到却跟一个邋遢的胖子在一家法国音乐厅里面无聊乏味地过了一个晚上,没看到有乌黑眼睛的美女悄悄地把情报塞进他手里,只不过接到了一个普普通通的约好在他屋里见面的电话。真是太没劲啦!" 胖子一边自顾自轻声地笑着,一边打开房门,侧身让客人先进去。

"你的幻想破灭了,不过,打起精神来,年轻的朋友,"奥赛布尔

对他说,"待会儿你会看到一份文件,一份非常重要的文件,为了得到这份文件,好几个男女已经冒了生命危险。在送到我这里来以后就会最终送到官方的手里。这份文件完全可能在未来的某一天影响历史的进程。这么一想就很有戏剧性了吧?"奥赛布尔说着,随手上了门,然后打开了灯。

灯一亮,佛勒这一天头一次真的大吃一惊:屋子中央站着一个人, 手里握着一把小巧的自动手枪。

奥赛布尔眨了眨眼睛。"麦克斯,"他气喘吁吁地说道,"你可把 我吓了一大跳。我以为你在柏林呢。你在我房间里干什么?"

麦克斯瘦瘦的,个子不高,长着一张让人一看就会联想到狐狸的脸。 要不是手上拿着枪,他看上去危险性并不高。"那份报告,"他低声说道, "那份今晚将送到你这儿来的关于新式导弹的报告,我想从你这儿拿 走。在我手里比在你手里更安全。"

奥赛布尔走到一把扶手椅跟前重重地一屁股坐了下去。"这一次 我非得跟这里的管理部门好好说道说道了,也太让我生气了。"他态度 严肃地说道,"这已经是这个月来有人第二次从那个该死的阳台上闯进 我的房间了。"佛勒的目光投向房间唯一的一扇窗户。那是一扇普普通 通的窗户,窗外夜色正浓,阴森森的。

"阳台?"麦克斯问道。"不,我有万能钥匙。我不知道有阳台。 我要是早知道的话,就不会那么麻烦啦。"

"那本来不是我的阳台,"奥赛布尔扫了佛勒一眼,气呼呼地解释说,"是隔壁那个套间的。跟你说吧,这个房间原本是一个大套间的一部分,隔壁房间,通过那扇门,原来是一个起居室,这个起居室带阳台,阳台现在延伸到我的窗下面。你可以从隔壁那空着的房间到阳台上去,上个月就有人那样干过。管理人员答应把它封起来的,可是到现在

还没封。"

麦克斯扫了佛勒一眼,只见佛勒直挺挺地站在距离奥赛布尔几英尺的地方。"请你坐下来,"麦克斯用命令的姿势晃了晃手中的枪,对佛勒说道,"我们还要等半个钟头呢!"

"三十一分钟。"奥赛布尔闷闷不乐地说道。"约会定在十二点半。我 真想知道你们德国人是怎么知道这份报告的,麦克斯。"奥赛布尔说道。

小个子特工阴险地笑了,"我们也真想知道你们的人是怎么搞到这份报告的呢。不过,还没造成什么危害。今晚我就要把它拿回去了。怎么回事?门外是什么人?"听到突如其来的敲门声,佛勒吓得跳了起来。

奥赛布尔只是微微一笑,"是警察,"他说,"我考虑到这么重要的文件应该有点儿额外的保护措施,于是就事先跟他们打了声招呼,让他们来查看一下,以确保万无一失。"

麦克斯紧张地咬着嘴唇。敲门声再次响起。

"现在你打算怎么办,麦克斯?"奥赛布尔问道。"就是我不去开门, 他们也照样会进来,门没有锁。而且,他们会毫不迟疑地开枪。"

麦克斯气得脸色铁青,迅速向窗口退去;他伸出一只手从身后打开窗户,把一条腿伸到漆黑的窗外。"把他们支走!"他警告说,"我在阳台上等着,把他们支走,不然,我就开枪碰碰我的运气啦!"

敲门声越来越响,而且,一个声音高叫着,"奥赛布尔先生! 奥赛布尔先生!"

在窗口的那个人扭着身子,以便枪口能仍对着胖子和他的客人,接着,他将另一条腿摆起来甩过了窗台。

门把手转动了。麦克斯飞快地用左手一撑,跳到阳台上。接着, 他落下去的时候,尖利刺耳地叫了一声。

门开了, 只见一名侍应生端着一个托盘、一瓶酒和两个玻璃杯,

站在门口。"这是您要的饮料,先生。"他将托盘放到桌上,把瓶塞拔掉就离开了房间。

佛勒面色苍白,浑身发抖,瞪大眼睛目送着侍应生离去的背影。 "可……可是……警……察呢?"他结结巴巴地问道。

"压根儿就没有什么警察。"奥赛布尔叹了口气,说道,"只有亨利, 我就是在等亨利。"

"可是阳台上的那个人呢?"佛勒还要往下问。

"他呀,"奥赛布尔说,"他回不来了,你看,我年轻的朋友,这里没有阳台。"



By Joseph Wood Krutch

Ausable did not fit the description of any secret agent Fowler had ever read about. Following him down the corridor of the gloomy French hotel where Ausable had a room, Fowler felt disappointed. It was a small room on the sixth floor and hardly a setting for a romantic figure.

Ausable was, for one thing, fat. Very fat. And then there was his accent. Though he spoke French and German passably, he had never altogether lost New England accent he had brought to Paris from Boston twenty years ago.

"You are disappointed," Ausable said wheezily over his shoulder. "You were told that I was a secret agent, a spy, dealing in espionage and danger. You wished to meet me because you are a writer, young and romantic. You thought you would have mysterious figures in the night, the crack of pistols, drugs in the wine.

"Instead, you have spent a dull evening in a French music

hall with a sloppy fat man who, instead of having messages slipped into his hand by dark-eyed beauties, gets only an ordinary telephone call making an appointment in his room. You have been bored!" The fat man chuckled to himself as he unlocked the door of his room and stood aside to let his frustrated guest enter.

"You are disillusioned," Ausable told him. "But take cheer, my young friend. Before long you will see a paper, a quite important paper for which several men and women have risked their lives, come to me in the next-to-last step of its journey into official hands. Some day soon that paper may well affect the course of history. There is drama in that thought, don't you think?" As he spoke, Ausable closed the door behind him. Then he switched on the light.

And as the light came on, Fowler had his first real thrill of the day. For halfway across the room, a small automatic pistol in his hand, stood a man.

Ausable blinked a few times. "Max," he wheezed, "you gave me quite a start. I thought you were in Berlin. What are you doing in my room?"

Max was slender, not tall, and with a face that suggested the look of a fox. Except for the gun, he did not look very dangerous.

"The report," he murmured. "The report that is being brought to you tonight concerning some new missiles. I thought I would take it from you. It will be safer in my hands than in yours."

Ausable moved to an armchair and sat down heavily. "I'm going to raise the devil with the management this time; I am angry." he said grimly. "This is the second time in a month that somebody has gotten into my room off that confounded balcony!" Fowler's eyes went to the single window of the room. It was an ordinary window, against which now the night was pressing blackly.

"Balcony?" Max asked curiously. "No, I had a passkey. I did not know about the balcony. It might have saved me some trouble had I known about it."

"It's not my balcony," explained Ausable angrily. "It belongs to the next apartment." He glanced explanatorily at Fowler. "You see," he said, "this room used to be part of a large unit, and the next room through that door there used to be the living room. It had the balcony, which extends under my window now. You can get onto it from the empty room next door, and somebody did, last month. The management promised to block it off. But they haven't."

Max glanced at Fowler, who was standing stiffly a few feet from Ausable, and waved the gun with a commanding gesture. "Please sit down," he said. "We have a wait of half an hour, I think."

"Thirty-one minutes," Ausable said moodily. "The appointment was for twelve thirty. I wish I knew how you learned

about the report, Max."

The little spy smiled evilly. "And we wish we knew how your people got the report. But, no harm has been done. I will get it back tonight. What is that? Who is at the door?" Fowler jumped at the sudden knocking at the door.

Ausable just smiled, "That will be the police," he said. "I thought that such an important paper should have a little extra protection. I told them to check on me to make sure everything was all right."

Max bit his lip nervously. The knocking was repeated.

"What will you do now, Max?" Ausable asked. "If I do not answer the door, they will enter anyway. The door is unlocked. And they will not hesitate to shoot."

Max's face was black with anger as he backed swiftly toward the window; with his hand behind him, he opened the window and put his leg out into the night. "Send them away!" he warned. "I will wait on the balcony. Send them away or I'll shoot and take my chances!"

The knocking at the door became louder and a voice was raised. "Mr. Ausable! Mr. Ausable! "

Keeping his body twisted so that his gun still covered the fat man and his guest, the man at the window swung his other leg up and over the window sill.

The doorknob turned. Swiftly Max pushed with his left hand