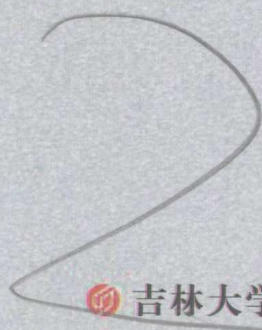


# 英译汉

INGYIHANSUIBI

## 随笔

王成云 阎红梅 译



吉林大学出版社

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王成云 阎红梅 译

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## 前 言

从理论上讲,翻译既是科学,又是艺术。翻译不但是—门内涵极为广泛的专业,同时也是一项历练起来需要长期的知识积累、扎实的语言功底、广博的知识面、运用文字的技巧、富有灵感的创意和耐得住寂寞的功力。随着对外交流的扩大和交流领域的拓宽,翻译实践在对外交流中的作用越来越大,翻译逐渐凸现其在英语专业的重要地位。本书作者为热爱翻译事业的高校教师,经过多年的翻译理论学习和翻译实践,对翻译的认识和理解逐渐深入。在日常的翻译教学 and 实践中,将翻译理论作为对实践的指导,通过实践来揣摩和探索理论的含义,提高对理论的认识。本书所采用的文章均来自国外原文书刊,题材和体裁力求丰富多样,涉及当代社会的诸多热门话题,在语言、信息、文化、情感等方面皆为佳篇范文,有较强的知识性、可读性和实用性。译者对每篇译文都细细琢之,希望让读者阅读地道的译文,让读者不仅学习到两种语言的知识,而且得到精神上的享受。本书译文是经过多年翻译实践整理而成,是译者多年爬格子的成果,是多年积累的见证,其中的甘苦已化作对翻译知识的渴望以及对翻译事业的执着和热爱。同时,本书也是河北省教育厅2003年科研项目“英汉词汇文化对比研究”的成果之一。本书的出版得到有关领导和同事的支持和帮助,在此表示衷心的感谢。由于水平有限,难免错漏,请多提宝贵意见。

译 者

2007年4月26日

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# 1. The "V" Sign

*Tad Tuleja*

The palm-forward "V" sign, formed by raising and spreading the first two fingers, has had three distinct connotations<sup>1</sup> in American culture. The oldest and least common is obscene<sup>2</sup>. As a variant of the European "cuck-old"<sup>3</sup> or "horns" gesture, the "V" sign is a double phallic<sup>4</sup> insult, meaning "Your wife has been cheating on you" or, when placed surreptitiously<sup>5</sup> behind another's head, "His wife has been cheating on him." American children who jokingly "put horns" behind friends' heads in group snapshots<sup>6</sup> are unknowingly reproducing something that southern Europeans would find highly offensive<sup>7</sup>. (Russian children practice the same mischief<sup>8</sup>, giving what they call "horns of the Devil.")

The second meaning of the "V" sign was invented in 1941 by Belgian propagandist<sup>9</sup> Victor De Lavalaye. Wanting a symbol for resistance to the Nazi occupation, he came up with<sup>10</sup> the single letter "V", which stood not only for his own first name, but also for English *victory*, Flemish<sup>11</sup> *vrijheid*, and French *victoire*. The symbolism caught on rapidly and was immortalized<sup>13</sup> by Winston Churchill, who used it constantly in public appearances. Thus throughout the 1940s and 1950s, the gesture meant simply "victory".

The most recent transformation<sup>14</sup> came in the 1960s, when American antiwar protesters, sensitive to the military implication, used the sign sarcastically<sup>15</sup> against the army, so that it became known as the "peace sign." In the 1970s, when the Vietnam War and hippiedom<sup>16</sup> both wound down<sup>17</sup>, the demilitarized<sup>18</sup> "V" was a common greeting among Free Love fad-dists<sup>19</sup>, acid<sup>20</sup> heads, political radicals, and ultimately, young people in general. By about the middle of the 1970s, it had become assimilated<sup>21</sup> into

the mainstream, so that it ceased to give clues to<sup>22</sup> the user's philosophy.

In the United States, the gesture is typically given with the palm facing the viewer. The British use both this version and an older, palm-back version; the latter is obscene and corresponds to<sup>23</sup> the American "finger". Churchill got some unexpected stares in 1941 when, evidently unaware of the vulgar<sup>24</sup> usage, he gave the palm-back "V" to British troops, saying, in effect<sup>25</sup>, "Fuck you"<sup>26</sup>. In England today you would have to be social hermit<sup>27</sup> not to understand the distinction. Or maybe just a member of the insular<sup>28</sup> ruling class. Astonishingly, Margaret Thatcher repeated Churchill's error after her victory in the 1979 elections.

## “V” 手势

塔德·图雷伽

手掌朝前的“V”形手势——由伸出并张开的食指和中指构成，在美国文化中有三种截然不同的涵义。最古老、最不常用的一种表示猥亵之意。同欧洲的“戴上绿帽子”或“魔鬼头上的角”的手势表达方式不同，“V”手势是一种对男女双方的侮辱，意思是“你的妻子一直对你不忠”，或当偷偷摸摸地在某人脑后打这种手势时，意思是“他的妻子一直对他不忠”。美国的孩子们在拍团体照时开玩笑地在他们朋友的脑后“插上牛角”，他们不知道南欧人认为这样做是十分无礼的。（俄国孩子们做同样的恶作剧，伸出他们所谓的“魔鬼之角”。）

1941年，比利时宣传家维克多·德·拉瓦雷发明了“V”手势的第二种意思。当他要找一个符号以反抗纳粹的占领时，想到了这个字母“V”。“V”不仅代表他自己的名字，而且在英语、佛兰芒语和法语中还表示“胜利”一词。这种象征性手势很快传播开来，并且由于温斯顿·邱吉尔在公众场合频频使用而使该手势流传下来，成为不朽的词汇。因此，在整个20世纪40和50年代之中，这一手势都

表达了“胜利”之意。

这种手势的最近转变是在 20 世纪 60 年代。这时，那些知道其军事涵义的美国反战示威者，讽刺性地运用这种手势反对军方，由此，这种手势被称做“和平手势”。20 世纪 70 年代，当越南战争和颓废派偃旗息鼓之时，“非军事性”的“V”手势在热爱自由的狂热者、愤世嫉俗者和政治激进派中流传开来，最终在年轻人中成为平常的问候方式。大约到了 20 世纪 70 年代中期，这一手势已经汇入主流，不再暗示使用者的人生观。

在美国，使用这一手势一般都手掌朝外。英国人既使用手掌朝外的手势，也使用更古老的、手掌朝内的手势，后者有猥亵之意，与美国的“手指”手势（恶意对待某人，让某人倒霉，译者注）相吻合。1941 年，邱吉尔显然未意识到这种粗俗的用法，他向英国军队做了个手掌朝内的“V”手势，实际上在说：“滚你妈的蛋”，结果，遭到人们的白眼。今天在英国，除非你是个不谙社交的隐士，否则你该明白这层意思，或者可能你只是偏狭的执政阶层中的一员。令人吃惊的是：玛格丽特·撒切尔在 1979 年大选胜利后，重复了邱吉尔的错误。

注释：

- |                                      |                     |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. 涵义                                | 2. 猥亵的              |
| 3. 奸妇的丈夫                             | 4. 男性的；性别的          |
| 5. 秘密地；偷偷摸摸地                         | 6. 快照               |
| 7. 无礼的；冒犯的                           | 8. 恶作剧              |
| 9. 宣传员                               | 10. come up with 提出 |
| 11. 佛兰芒语                             | 12. catch on 变得流行   |
| 13. 使不朽；使不灭                          | 14. 转变              |
| 15. 讽刺地；挖苦地                          |                     |
| 16. hippiedom 等同于 hippydom 颓废派，也称嬉皮士 |                     |
| 17. wind down 逐渐衰落                   | 18. 使非军事化           |
| 19. 追随时尚的人                           | 20. 尖刻的             |

- 21. 使吸收；使同化
- 22. give clues to 暗示；为…提供线索
- 23. 相当；相应
- 24. 粗俗的；庸俗的
- 25. in effect 实际上
- 26. Fuck you! 滚你的（表示坚决拒绝）
- 27. 隐士
- 28. 偏狭的；保守的

## 2. Man's Youth

*Thomas Wolfe*<sup>1</sup>

Man's youth is a wonderful thing: it is so full of anguish<sup>2</sup> and of magic<sup>3</sup> and he never comes to know it as it is<sup>4</sup>, until it has gone from him forever. It is the thing he cannot bear to lose, it is the thing whose passing he watches with infinite<sup>5</sup> sorrow and regret, it is the thing whose loss he must lament<sup>6</sup> forever, and it is the thing whose loss he really welcomes with a sad and secret joy, the thing he would never willingly relive again, could it be restored to him by any magic.

Why is this? The reason is that the strange and bitter miracle of life is nowhere else so evident<sup>7</sup> as in our youth. And what is the essence<sup>8</sup> of that strange and bitter miracle of life which we feel so poignantly<sup>9</sup>, so unutterably<sup>10</sup>, with such a bitter pain and joy, when we are young? It is this: that being rich, we are so poor; that being mighty, we can yet have nothing; that seeing, breathing, smelling, tasting all around us the impossible wealth and glory of this earth, feeling with an intolerable certitude<sup>11</sup> that the whole structure of the enchanted life—the most fortunate, wealthy, good and happy life that any man has ever known—is ours—is ours at once, immediately and forever, the moment that we choose to take a step, or stretch a hand, or say a word—we yet know that we can really keep, hold, take, and possess forever—nothing. All passes; nothing lasts: the moment that we put our hand upon it, it melts away like smoke, is gone forever, and the snake is eating at our heart again; we see then what we are and what our lives must come to.

A young man is so strong, so mad, so certain, and so lost. He has everything and he is able to use nothing. He hurls the great shoulder of his

strength forever against phantasmal<sup>12</sup> barriers, he is a wave whose power explodes<sup>13</sup> in lost mid-oceans under timeless skies, he reaches out to grip a fume of painted smoke; he wants all, feels the thirst and power for everything, and finally gets nothing. In the end, he is destroyed by his own strength, devoured<sup>14</sup> by his own hunger, impoverished<sup>15</sup> by his own wealth. Thoughtless of<sup>16</sup> money or the accumulation<sup>17</sup> of material possessions<sup>18</sup>, he is none the less defeated in the end by his own greed—a greed that makes the avarice<sup>19</sup> of King Midas<sup>20</sup> seem paltry<sup>21</sup> by comparison.

And that is the reason why, when youth is gone, every man will look back upon that period of his life with infinite sorrow and regret. It is the bitter sorrow and regret of a man who knows that once he had a great talent and wasted it, of a man who knows that once he had a great treasure and got nothing from it, of a man who knows that he had strength enough for everything and never used it.

## 青 春

托马斯·沃尔夫

人的青春是美妙的：它充满着痛苦和奇异的魔力，青年人在当时并不知道什么是青春，只有当它永远地从他身上消失时，他才真正明白。它是这样一种事物：人们难以忍受失去它的痛苦；带着无限的悲伤和悔恨，眼睁睁地看着它流逝；他会为失去它而永感痛惜；同时又暗暗地庆幸它的消失；即使有奇迹出现，把它奉还，他永远也不愿再重温那些岁月。

这是为什么？因为，没有任何时候能像青年时代如此强烈地感受到人生的神奇和悲伤。那么，我们年轻时，所感到的如此强烈、无从表达的人生那种神奇和悲伤的本质究竟是什么呢？是这样的：我们虽然富有，但又很贫穷；虽然我们很强大，然而我们却一无所有。由于我们无时无刻地目睹到、呼吸到、感受到、品味到这个世界根本不可

能得到的财富和荣誉，一种无法抗拒的自信油然而生，美妙人生的整个精华——人类所认识到的最宝贵的、富有的、美好的、幸福的人生——都是我们的——立刻、毫不迟疑、永远地归我们所有。但是当我们迈前一步，伸出一只手，或说一句话——这时我们才知道：我们能真正永远拥有、掌握、保留和占据的是——乌有。一切都流逝了，无一幸存。我们刚要抓住它，它却像烟雾一样飘走了、永远地飘走了。我们的心再次被咬噬，于是我们看到了自己的真实面目和我们的归宿。

年轻人是如此健壮，朝气蓬勃，信心十足，又如此空虚迷惘。他拥有一切，却不会加以利用。他总是用自己强壮的躯体竭尽全力同想象出的困难做斗争。在无边无际的时空里，他就像一排浪花冲撞并进发出力量，然后消失在一望无垠的海洋中。他伸出双臂想抓住未来那缕彩色的烟云，他想要一切，他感到了对拥有一切的渴望，但最终是两手空空，他被自己的力量摧毁，被个人私欲所吞噬，反而被自身的财富搞得十分贫瘠。虽然他不考虑积攒金钱和物质财富，到头来他依然被他自己的贪心所击垮——相比之下，那贪欲使饕餮成性的迈达斯国王都汗颜逊色。

这就是为什么当青春逝去时，每个人都会带着无限的悲哀和悔恨回首人生那段时光。他这时才知道，他曾经拥有非凡的才能，却浪费了；他曾经拥有大笔的财富，而他却未曾利用，从中什么也没得到；他曾经有足够的力量去做一切事情，而他却从未使用过它；这就是一个人的巨大痛苦和终身遗憾。

注释：

1. 托马斯·沃尔夫（1900—1939）生于美国北卡罗莱纳州的阿赛维尔。在1920年从北卡罗莱纳大学毕业之前，他一直生活在美国南部。毕业这年他去哈佛大学学习，获得硕士学位。此后，他到国外旅行，有一段时间在纽约大学教授英语。他在1929年出版了第一部小说“Look Homeward, Angel”之后，被认为是当时最有前途的作家之一。在第一部小说出版后的不足10年中，这也是他短

暂人生的最后阶段，他致力于写作。尽管身体欠佳，又遇感情波折，他仍写了三部重要小说和大量的短篇故事。自传性的自我剖析是沃尔夫的写作风格。有人批评他长篇小说冗长，认为他不成熟，没有成形的风格，但他包含有强烈感情的篇章及他对人物、地点、情态做了流畅描述的段落受到了高度评价，其中一些最生动、有力度、诗歌般的选篇被编入“The Face of a Nation”(1953)一书，本文便选自其中，它揭示了作者那充满探索和渴望的内心世界。

- |   |             |
|---|-------------|
| 2. 痛苦；苦恼  | 3. 魔力       |
| 4. as it is 年轻的真正含义   | 5. 无限的；巨大的  |
| 6. 痛惜；为…而悲痛   | 7. 明显的      |
| 8. 内在本质   | 9. 强烈地      |
| 10. 难以形容地；无法用语言表达地  |             |
| 11. 无法抗拒的自信   | 12. 玄虚的；幻影的 |
| 13. 破裂；分解   | 14. 吞没      |
| 15. 使贫穷   | 16. 不考虑     |
| 17. 积累  | 18. 财产；所有物  |
| 19. 贪婪  |             |
| 20. 迈达斯国王，希腊神话中弗利治亚国王，贪恋财富，曾求神赐给他点物成金的法术。得到这种法术后，他发现连他自己所吃的食物都成为金子，便要求解除他的法术。 |             |
| 21. 可鄙视的；微不足道的  |             |

### 3. Friends, Good Friends —And Such Good Friends

*Judith Viorst*<sup>1</sup>

Women are friends, I once would have said, when they totally love and support and trust each other, and bare<sup>2</sup> to each other the secrets of their souls, and run—no questions asked—to help each other, and tell harsh truths<sup>3</sup> to each other (no you can't wear that dress unless you lose ten pounds first) when harsh truths must be told.

Women are friends, I once would have said, when they share the same affection for Ingmar Bergman<sup>4</sup>, plus train rides, cats, warm rain, charades<sup>5</sup>, Camus<sup>6</sup>, and hate with equal ardor Newark<sup>7</sup> and Brussels sprouts<sup>8</sup> and Lawrence Welk and camping.

In other words, I once would have said that a friend is a friend all the way<sup>9</sup>, but now I believe that's a narrow point of view. For the friendships I have and the friendships I see are conducted at many levels of intensity, serve many different functions, meet different needs and range from those as all-the-way as the friendship of the soul sisters<sup>10</sup> mentioned above to that of the most nonchalant<sup>11</sup> and casual playmates.

Consider these varieties of friendship:

1. Convenience friends<sup>12</sup>. These are women with whom, if our paths weren't crossing all the time, we'd have no particular reason to be friends: a next-door neighbor, a woman in our car pool<sup>13</sup>, the mother of one of our children's closest friends or maybe some mommy with whom we serve juice and cookies each week at the Glenwood Co-op Nursery.

Convenience friends are convenient indeed. They'll lend us their cups and silverware for a party. They'll drive our kids to soccer when we're sick.

They'll take us to pick up our car when we need a lift to the garage. They'll even take our cats when we go on vacation. As we will for them.

But we don't, with convenience friends, ever come too close or tell too much; we maintain our public face and emotional distance. "Which means," says Elaine, "that I'll talk about being overweight but not about being depressed. Which means I'll admit being mad but not blind with rage. Which means that I might say that we're pinched<sup>14</sup> this month but never that I'm worried sick over money."

But which doesn't mean that there isn't sufficient value to be found in these friendships of mutual<sup>15</sup> aid, in convenience friends.

2. Special-interest friends. These friendships aren't intimate<sup>16</sup>, and they needn't involve kids or silverware or cats. Their value lies in some interest jointly<sup>17</sup> shared. And so we may have an office friend or a yoga friend or a tennis friend or a friend from the Women's Democratic Club.

"I've got one woman friend" says Joyce, "who likes, as I do, to take psychology courses. Which makes it nice for me—and nice for her. It's fun to go with someone you know and it's fun to discuss what you've learned, driving back from the classes." And for the most part<sup>18</sup>, she says, that's all they discuss.

"I'd say that what we're doing is doing together, not being together," Suzanne says of her Tuesday doubles friends<sup>19</sup>. "It's mainly a tennis relationship, but we play together well. And I guess we all need to have a couple of playmates."

I agree.

My playmate is a shopping friend, a woman of marvelous taste, a woman who knows exactly where to buy what, and furthermore is a woman who always knows beyond a doubt what one ought to be buying. I don't have the time to keep up with what's new in eyeshadow<sup>20</sup>, hemlines<sup>21</sup> and shoes and whether the smock<sup>22</sup> look is in or finished already. But since (oh, shame!) I care a lot about eyeshadow, hemlines and shoes, and

since I don't want to wear smocks if the smock look is finished, I'm very glad to have a shopping friend.

3. Historical friends. We all have a friend who knew us when... maybe way back in Miss Meltzer's second grade, when our family lived in that three-room flat in Brooklyn, when our dad was out of work for seven months, when our brother Allie got in that fight where they had to call the police, when our sister married the endodontist<sup>23</sup> from Yonkers<sup>24</sup>, and when, the morning after we lost our virginity<sup>25</sup>, she was the first, the only, friend we told.

The years have gone by and we've gone separate ways<sup>26</sup> and we've little in common now, but we're still an intimate part of each other's past. And so whenever we go to Detroit we always go to visit this friend of our girlhood. Who knows how we looked before our teeth were straightened. Who knows how we talked before our voice got un-Brooklyned<sup>27</sup>. Who knows what we ate before we learned about artichokes<sup>28</sup>. And who, by her presence, puts us in touch with an earlier part of ourselves, a part of ourselves it's important never to lose.

"What this friend means to me and what I mean to her," says Grace, "is having a sister without sibling rivalry<sup>29</sup>. We know the texture<sup>30</sup> of each other's lives. She remembers my grandmother's cabbage soup. I remember the way her uncle played the piano. There's simply no other friend who remembers those things."

4. Crossroads friends<sup>31</sup>. Like historical friends, our crossroads friends are important for what was—for the friendship we share at a crucial<sup>32</sup>, now past, time of life. A time, perhaps, when we roomed<sup>33</sup> in a college together; or worked as eager young singles<sup>34</sup> in the Big City<sup>35</sup> together; or went together, as my friend Elizabeth and I did, through pregnancy, birth and that scary<sup>36</sup> first year of new motherhood.

Crossroads friends forge<sup>37</sup> powerful links, links strong enough to endure with not much more contact than once-a-year letters at Christmas.