

王含冰 译

“西窗风”校园英文口袋书

ENGLISH & CHINESE · LOVE STORIES



五味杂陈的记忆：  
爱情小说



兰州大学出版社

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## 总 序

袁洪庚

“西窗风”校园英文口袋书是面向青年学生的中英文对照课外读物。

考虑到 1978 年改革开放以来国人在英语学习方面投入的甚多时间、精力和金钱,我们必须承认英语学习的效果是不够显著的。纵观各类学习者,“听说读写”四项技能全能者甚少,遑论在“听说读写”技能上发展而来的“译”的技能,虽然他们获得过种种证明自己能力的证书。

英语学习者成绩不够理想的原因是多方面的,有的应归于主体(动机、态度、方法等),有的应归于客体(环境、教师、教材等)。

仅环境一项而论,中国学生便没有欧洲学生优越。中国国土辽阔,一个生活在中原地区的学生在国境内向东西南北任何方向旅行几百公里后听到的语言仍是汉语,只是在语音、语调、词汇等方面与自己家乡的方言有细微差异;而一个荷兰人出国做等距离的旅行后便能听到周围的人讲法语、德语……欧洲人可以卓有成效地运用“直接法”学习外语,生活在本土的中国人则基本不具备此类条件。中国的英语学习者基本上是在母语环境之中、在“语法—翻译”教学法原则指导下学习英语。不仅如此,他们的教师亦大多是在类似条件下培养起来的。

早在 20 世纪 60 年代,在时任副总理兼外交部部长的陈毅元帅等主持下,语言学家、外语教育家们制定出中国高校专业外语学习的方略:“听说领先,读写跟上。”毋庸置

疑,这一方略是极具超前眼光的,也是顺应世界潮流、符合各种“直接法”的语言教学思想。

然而,在听说无法“领先”、“任务”不明的情况下,读写自然无法被动“跟上”,只能另辟蹊径,索性由读写取代听说的地位。这正是当今相当多的中国英语习得者必须面对的严酷现实。

国土幅员辽阔、各地社会经济发展不平衡、教师对学生“因材施教”的人性化考虑……这些因素足以促使我们重新为读写定位。

听说与读写孰先孰后,这仅仅是一个策略问题。殊途同归,在听说无法领先的情况下,不妨反其道而为之,让读写先行。其实,一些先贤早已就读写的意义发表过精辟的见解,如北京大学教授李赋宁先生便认为读写理应“放在首位”(李赋宁:《学习英语与从事英语教学的人生经历》,北京大学出版社,2005年,第120页)。

自古以来,“读万卷书,行万里路”便是青年人磨砺自身、获得经验、完善人生的一种境界,这套口袋书有助于青年读者且行且读。

顾名思义,“口袋书”就是可以放在口袋里的便携书籍,通常开本小于小32开,印张大致不超过10个。西方的袖珍本《圣经》、中国“文化大革命”期间流行的政治读本《毛主席语录》便是有史以来最成功、发行量最大的口袋书。此外,英国的企鹅出版公司曾推出冠名以“企鹅丛书”的首版口袋书,这套丛书在三年内销售2500多万册,获得巨大成功。口袋书从此风靡全球,对欧美国家的出版业产生深远的影响,甚至与柯达克罗姆彩色胶片一起被列入20世纪人类发明、冒险和不寻常的事件之中。第二次世界大

战爆发后,美军为赴海外作战的士兵赶印大批价格低廉的口袋书,受到军人的欢迎。

如果将阅读作为人生的一种重负,阅读者便不会感受到快乐。“西窗风”校园英文口袋书的宗旨是使阅读成为享受,让读者在阅读中体验快乐,在快乐中得到启迪,有所收益。这套口袋书集趣味性、经典性、知识性于一体,努力走大容量、小篇幅、低价格的路线,做学生课后的亲密伴侣。弗朗西斯·培根有云:“读书为学的用途是娱乐、装饰和增长才识。”倘若这套小书能使读者在这三种用途中得到某一种,编者便深感欣慰。

在选材和编辑路线方面,“西窗风”口袋书的内容涵盖文学、经济学、管理学、哲学、社会学、史学、法学等人文、社会学科,以消遣、益智、增知为宗旨,以清新、雅致、便携的形式推出人生哲理、趣闻轶事、名人名言、绝妙好诗、美文如潮、微型小说、幽默戏仿、法律名篇、政治与人、史学纵横、管理亦理、经济头脑等系列;每一系列5册,每册约10万字。素材以现当代英文原创为主,亦不排除用希腊、拉丁、希伯来文创作的经典名篇。所有文选均请专业学者移译、加注,并附有译文、译者手记等。

首辑口袋书推出的是文学系列,其内容大体可归于短篇或微型小说类,分为神秘小说、科幻小说、爱情小说与民间传奇等4类5册。

## 爱情小说：执子之手，安能偕老？

王含冰

“问世间情为何物，直教生死相许”。爱情，是世间最淳美的情感，是最令人神往的生命体验。真爱如酒，令人如痴如醉；真爱如水，淡泊之中始现真情。爱情是科学，是生命本身的遗传真理，生命在爱情的作用下得以延续与传递；爱情是哲学，是生命意义的最好诠释，是思想对于生命思维的概括与表达；爱情是文学，平淡的生活在爱的诗歌、爱的散文的点缀下粲然留香。

爱情，是人类生活的永恒主题，也是文学作品的永恒主题。梁山伯与祝英台化蝶双飞的浪漫传奇，罗密欧与朱丽叶誓死相随的执着坚守，种种令人动容的爱情绝唱不胜枚举。然而，在骨感的现实里，爱情已然成了奢侈品，“死生契阔，与子成说；执子之手，与子偕老”的爱情誓言在物欲横流的当代社会似已成了童话。

本书精选了15篇以爱情为主题的英语短篇小说，以飨读者。诚然，在烟波浩渺、博大精深的英语文学佳作中撷英，无异于大浪淘沙。选材时，在篇幅方面，编者尽可能选择字数在3000字左右的短篇小说，个别略长或略短；内容方面则主要为英美作家，亦有个别非英美作家的作品。选材尽可能考虑题材广泛、风格迥异的作品，有“执手相偕，不离不弃”的深情，有“蓦然回首，空留追忆”的无奈，有“一饭一蔬，地久天长”的柴米之情，亦有“滚滚红尘，情为何物”的黑色幽默。徜徉于英语小说的爱情海洋之中，读者既可领略爱情的浪漫奇瑰，又可思索生活的本质和人性的复杂。



在本书的编译过程中,笔者有幸得到了很多支持和帮助。在此特别感谢袁洪庚教授,感谢我的家人和朋友,感谢他们无私的帮助和温暖的鼓励,感谢这些隽永留香的文学作品及五味杂陈的生活所给予的诸多感悟。

由于编者水平有限,材料不足,以及选材方面的个人偏爱,遗珠之憾在所难免,还望同仁高学不吝赐教!

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## A Dill<sup>①</sup> Pickle

*Katherine Mansfield*

AND then, after six years, she saw him again. He was seated at one of those little bamboo tables decorated with a Japanese vase of paper daffodils. There was a tall plate of fruit in front of him, and very carefully, in a way she recognized immediately as his “special” way, he was peeling an orange.

He must have felt that shock of recognition in her for he looked up and met her eyes. Incredible! He didn't know her! She smiled; he frowned. She came towards him. He closed his eyes an instant, but opening them his face lit up as though he had struck a match in a dark room. He laid down the orange and pushed back his chair, and she took her little warm hand out of her **muff**<sup>②</sup> and gave it to him.

“Vera!” he exclaimed. “How strange. Really, for a moment I didn't know you. Won't you sit down? You've had lunch? Won't you have some coffee?”

She hesitated, but of course she meant to.

“Yes, I'd like some coffee.” And she sat down op-

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① 莳萝：多年生草本植物，果实椭圆形，可做香料，亦称“小茴香”。

② 手笼：一种常用皮毛或布做成、两端开口的小圆筒状套子，手可伸入用以保暖。

posite him.

“You’ve changed. You’ve changed very much,” he said, staring at her with that eager, lighted look. “You look so well. I’ve never seen you look so well before.”

“Really?” She raised her veil and unbuttoned her high fur collar. “I don’t feel very well. I can’t bear this weather, you know.”

“Ah, no. You hate the cold...”

“Loathe it.” She shuddered. “And the worst of it is that the older one grows...”

He interrupted her. “Excuse me,” and tapped on the table for the waitress. “Please bring some coffee and cream.” To her: “You are sure you won’t eat anything? Some fruit, perhaps. The fruit here is very good.”

“No, thanks. Nothing.”

“Then that’s settled.” And smiling just a hint too broadly he took up the orange again. “You were saying —” the older one grows —

“The colder,” she laughed. But she was thinking how well she remembered that trick of his — the trick of interrupting her — and of how it used to exasperate her six years ago. She used to feel then as though he, quite suddenly, in the middle of what she was saying, put his hand over her lips, turned from her, attended to something different, and then took his hand away, and with

just the same slightly too broad smile, gave her his attention again... Now we are ready. That is settled.

“The colder!” He echoed her words, laughing too. “Ah, ah. You still say the same things. And there is another thing about you that is not changed at all — your beautiful voice — your beautiful way of speaking.” Now he was very grave; he leaned towards her, and she smelled the warm, stinging scent of the orange peel. “You have only to say one word and I would know your voice among all other voices. I don’t know what it is — I’ve often wondered — that makes your voice such a — haunting memory... Do you remember that first afternoon we spent together at **Kew Gardens**<sup>①</sup>? You were so surprised because I did not know the names of any flowers. I am still just as ignorant for all your telling me. But whenever it is very fine and warm, and I see some bright colours — it’s awfully strange — I hear your voice saying: ‘**Geranium**<sup>②</sup>, **marigold**<sup>③</sup>, and **verbena**<sup>④</sup>.’ And I feel those three words are all I recall of some forgotten, heavenly

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① 库伽登斯:纽约市昆斯自治区一个花园社区。

② 天竺葵:主要产于南美的植物,因其圆而通常杂色的叶子及艳丽的红、粉或白色花束而广泛种植。

③ 金盏花:生于美国的万寿菊属植物,因其开有鲜艳的黄色或橘黄色花而被广泛种植。

④ 马鞭草:多种新大陆植物的统称,尤指因其色彩众多而绚丽的穗状花序而种植的几种马鞭草之一。

language... You remember that afternoon?"

"Oh, yes, very well." She drew a long, soft breath, as though the paper daffodils between them were almost too sweet to bear. Yet, what had remained in her mind of that particular afternoon was an absurd scene over the tea table. A great many people taking tea in a Chinese pagoda, and he behaving like a maniac about the wasps — waving them away, flapping at them with his straw hat, serious and infuriated out of all proportion to the occasion. How delighted the sniggering tea drinkers had been. And how she had suffered.

But now, as he spoke, that memory faded. He was the truer. Yes, it had been a wonderful afternoon, full of geranium and marigold and verbena, and — warm sunshine. Her thoughts lingered over the last two words as though she sang them.

In the warmth, as it were, another memory unfolded. She saw herself sitting on a lawn. He lay beside her, and suddenly, after a long silence, he rolled over and put his head in her lap.

"I wish", he said, in a low, troubled voice, "I wish that I had taken poison and were about to die — here now!"

At that moment a little girl in a white dress, holding a long, dripping water lily, dodged from behind a bush, stared at them, and dodged back again. But he did

not see. She leaned over him.

“Ah, why do you say that? I could not say that.”

But he gave a kind of soft moan, and taking her hand he held it to his cheek.

“Because I know I am going to love you too much — far too much. And I shall suffer so terribly, Vera, because you never, never will love me.”

He was certainly far better looking now than he had been then. He had lost all that dreamy vagueness and indecision. Now he had the air of a man who has found his place in life, and fills it with a confidence and an assurance which was, to say the least, impressive. He must have made money, too. His clothes were admirable, and at that moment he pulled a Russian cigarette case out of his pocket.

“Won't you smoke?”

“Yes, I will.” She hovered over them. “They look very good.”

“I think they are. I get them made for me by a little man in **St. James's Street**<sup>①</sup>. I don't smoke very much. I'm not like you — but when I do, they must be delicious, very fresh cigarettes. Smoking isn't a habit with me; it's a luxury — like perfume. Are you still so fond of perfumes? Ah, when I was in Russia...”

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① 圣詹姆斯大街：伦敦主要商业区圣詹姆斯区的一条主要街道，汇集一些知名绅士俱乐部及名贵商店。



She broke in: "You've really been to Russia?"

"Oh, yes. I was there for over a year. Have you forgotten how we used to talk of going there?"

"No, I've not forgotten."

He gave a strange half laugh and leaned back in his chair. "Isn't it curious. I have really carried out all those journeys that we planned. Yes, I have been to all those places that we talked of, and stayed in them long enough to — as you used to say, 'air oneself' in them. In fact, I have spent the last three years of my life traveling all the time. Spain, Corsica<sup>①</sup>, Siberia, Russia, Egypt. The only country left is China, and I mean to go there, too, when the war is over."

As he spoke, so lightly, tapping the end of his cigarette against the ashtray, she felt the strange beast that had slumbered so long within her bosom stir, stretch itself, yawn, prick up its ears, and suddenly bound to its feet, and fix its longing, hungry stare upon those far away places. But all she said was, smiling gently, "How I envy you."

He accepted that. "It has been", he said, "very wonderful — especially Russia. Russia was all that we had imagined, and far, far more. I even spent some days on a river boat on the Volga. Do you remember that boat-

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① 科西嘉岛：撒丁尼亚北部地中海的一座法国岛屿，拿破仑的出生地，1768年由热那亚割让给法国。