

窗口的脸

THE FACE
IN THE WINDOW



英汉
对照
读物

英 汉 对 照 读 物



窗 口 的 脸

〔美〕威廉·达德利·佩利等著

郑镜堂等译 周国珍校

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(短篇小说集)

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前 言

这本英汉对照读物所收的三位美国现代作家的作品，在创作方法上都属于现实主义范畴。就文学样式而论，则属于短篇小说，因为其中描写的只是主人公生活中的一个横切面；但篇幅都比较长，这是因为故事情节比较曲折的缘故，而且作品的惩恶扬善的主题也具有一定的深度。《窗口的脸》和《脚步声》两篇尤其如此。前一篇的作者威廉·达德利·佩利在挖掘和刻画所谓人性方面颇见功力：一个善良的普通妇女在同一个血债累累的杀人凶犯面对面进行生死搏斗的时候，在她冒了九死一生的危险夺回了自己的枪支，只要一扣扳机便能打死凶犯、保全自己并能挣得五千元（在一九一九年，这是一个相当可观的数目）悬赏的时候，她却由于“人性”和“人情”的驱使而产生了对杀人犯的怜悯和同情，下不得手，但是亡命之徒是绝不可能因为受到她的同情而对她产生任何怜悯之情的；他只可能趁机反扑，要她的命……

《脚步声》的作者在表达同样的惩恶扬善的主题时，使用的手法就截然不同了，写作技巧也似乎更维妙些。

《积起灰尘的抽屉》是一九六九年发表的作品，在创作时间上比上述两篇晚了几十年，但作者试图探索的还是同一个主题。所以总的说来，这三篇作品的主题大体上是一致的，因而收在同一个集子里。

这三篇小说所使用的语言，都是规范的文学语言，其中土话俚语也很少见；但有一定难度，适合于一般大学生和具有高中以上英语水平的自学者阅读。

英汉对照读物的目的不外乎帮助读者提高对英语文学作品的理解能力、欣赏能力和翻译能力。如果原文的文字有一定的难度，那么理解似乎就占首要地位了。所以这里的译文力求扣紧原文，非万不得已，一般都采取所谓“直译”方法译出，以使读者更易于通过对照阅读而充分理解原文。

周国珍

一九八三年四月十六日

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The Dusty Drawer

BY H. M. MUHEIM

Norman Logan paid for his apple pie and coffee, then carried his tray toward the front of the cafeteria. From a distance, he recognized the back of William Tritt's large head. The tables near Tritt were empty, and Logan had no desire to eat with him, but they had some unfinished business that Logan wanted to clear up. He stopped at Tritt's table and asked, "Do you mind if I join you?"

Tritt looked up as he always looked up from inside his teller's cage in the bank across the street. He acted like a servant-like a fat, precise butler that Logan used to see in movies-but behind the film of obsequiousness was an attitude of vast superiority that always set Logan on edge.

"Why, yes, Mr. Logan. Do sit down. Only please, I must ask you not to mention that two hundred dollars again."

"Well, we'll see about that," said Logan, pulling out a chair and seating himself. "Rather late for lunch, isn't it?"

积起灰尘的抽屉

〔美〕哈利·迈尔斯·缪海姆著

诺曼·洛根付了钱，便用托盘端了他买的苹果馅饼和咖啡向自助餐厅的前厅走去。隔开相当远，他就认出了威廉·特里特的硕大的后脑勺。尽管特里特附近的餐桌都空无一人，洛根又不愿意和特里特同桌进餐，然而他们之间还有旧帐未了，洛根很想结了这笔帐。所以他在特里特的桌旁站定，问道：“我和你坐在一起你会介意吗？”

特里特抬头看看，这种动作是他坐在马路对面那家银行的出纳员斗室里做惯了的。他的举止温良驯服——就像洛根过去常在银幕上看到的那种男管家，肥头大耳、循规蹈矩——然而在这种谄媚的烟幕背后，却隐藏着一种非常自命不凡的态度，这常使洛根看了生气。

“唷，是洛根先生。务必请坐。只不过，我必须请你别再重提那二百元的旧事。”

“嗯，暂且不谈也好，”说着，洛根拉出一把椅子坐下。“午饭用得挺晚，不是吗？”

"Oh, I've had lunch," Tritt said. "This is just a snack." He cut a large piece of roast beef from the slab in front of him and thrust it into his mouth. "I don't believe I've seen you all summer," he added, chewing the meat.

"I took a job upstate," Logan said. "We were trying to stop some kind of blight in the apple orchards."

"Is that so?" Tritt looked like a concerned bloodhound.

"I wanted to do some research out West," Logan went on, "but I couldn't get any money from the university."

"You'll be back for the new term, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," Logan said with a sigh, "we begin again tomorrow." He thought for a moment of the freshman faces that would be looking up at him in the lecture room. A bunch of high-strung, mechanical New York City kids, pushed by their parents into his botany class. They were brick-bound people who had no interest in growing things, and Logan sometimes felt sad that in five years of teaching he had communicated to only a few of them his own delight with his subject.

"My, one certainly gets a long vacation in the teaching profession," Tritt said. "June through September."

“噢，我用过午饭了，”特里特说。“这只是一顿小吃而已。”他从面前的那块烤牛肉上切下一大片塞进嘴里。“我相信，整个夏天我还没有看到过你呢，”他接着又说，嘴里在嚼着牛肉。

“我到本州的北部工作去了，”洛根说。“我们在那儿设法制止苹果园中的某种病虫害。”

“是吗？”特里特的神情犹如一条警惕的纯种猎犬。

“我本想去西部搞些研究，”洛根继续说，“可是我从大学里支不到薪水啊①。”

“新学期开学你还是要回去教书的，是吗？”

“嗯，是的，”洛根叹了口气说，“明天就又要开学了。”他寻思了片刻，想到即将坐在大教室里朝他仰望的一年级新生的面孔。一群神经过敏，却又机械呆板的纽约市的大孩子，被他们的父母硬塞进来上他的植物学课。他们被高楼大墙所包围，对于活生生的东西兴致索然；洛根有时候感到可悲，因为教了五年的书，而能领会他自己对植物学的兴趣的学生却寥寥无几。

“哎，以教书为职业的人所享受的假期确实不短呢，”特里特说，“从六月份一直放到九月份。”

① 美国的学校在暑假里不发教师的薪水。

"I suppose," Logan said. "Only trouble is that you don't make enough to do anything in all the spare time."

Tritt laughed a little, controlled laugh and continued chewing. Logan began to eat the pie. It had the drab, neutral flavor of all cafeteria pies.

"Mr. Tritt," he said after a long silence.

"Yes?"

"When are you going to give me back my two hundred dollars?"

"Oh, come now, Mr. Logan. We had this all out ten months ago. We went over it with Mr. Pinkson and the bank examiners and everyone. I did *not* steal two hundred dollars from you."

"You did, and you know it."

"Frankly, I'd rather not hear any more about it."

"Mr. Tritt, I had three hundred and twenty-four dollars in my hand that day. I'd just cashed some bonds. I know how much I had."

"The matter has been all cleared up," Tritt said coldly.

"Not for me, it hasn't. When you entered the amount in my checking account, it was for one hundred and twenty-four, not three hundred twenty-four."

Tritt put down his fork and carefully folded his hands. "I've heard you tell that story a thousand times, sir. My cash balanced when you came back and

“依我看，”洛根说，“美中不足的是，你挣不到足够的钱，在这段假期里你什么也干不了。”

特里特稍许笑了笑，便又加以收敛，继续嚼肉。洛根吃起了苹果馅饼。这苹果馅饼同自助餐厅里的其它各种馅饼一样，干巴巴的，食而不知其味。

“特里特先生，”他沉默良久之后说。

“什么事？”

“你打算什么时候归还我那二百元钱？”

“哦，得啦，洛根先生。这件事早在十个月以前就解决了。我们曾会同平克逊先生和银行稽查等有关人员核对过帐目。我没有从你的帐上贪污什么二百元钱。”

“你贪污了，而且你心里明白。”

“坦白地讲，我不想再听到这种话了。”

“特里特先生，那一天我明明持有三百二十四元公债券。那以前，我刚兑换过一些公债券。手头还有多少我是清楚的。”

“事情已经弄得一清二楚了，”特里特冷淡地说。

“在我看来，并没有弄清楚。当你将款额记到我的存折上时，这数目竟变成一百二十四元，而不是三百二十四元。”

特里特放下叉，小心翼翼地把十指交叉起来。

“我听你重弹这一老调已经不下一千次了，先生。”

complained."

"Sure it balanced," Logan exploded. "You saw your mistake when Pinkson asked you to check the cash. So you took my two hundred out of the drawer. No wonder it balanced!"

Tritt laid a restraining hand on Logan's arm. "Mr. Logan, I'm going a long, long way in the bank. I simply can't afford to make mistakes."

"You also can't afford to admit it when you do make one!"

"Oh, come now," said Tritt, as though he were speaking to a child. "Do you think I'd jeopardize my entire career for two hundred dollars?"

"You didn't jeopardize your career," Logan snapped. "You knew you could get away with it. And you took my money to cover your error."

Tritt sat calmly and smiled a fat smile at Logan. "Well, that's your version, Mr. Logan. But I do wish you'd quit annoying me with your fairy tale." Leaving half his meat untouched, Tritt stood up and put on his hat. Then he came around the table and stood looming over Logan. "I will say, however, from a purely hypothetical point of view, that if I *had* stolen your money and then staked my reputation on the lie that I hadn't, the worst thing I could possibly do would be to return the money to you. I think you'd agree with that."

当初你回来提出指控时，我的帐目就是平衡的。”

“帐目不平衡才怪呢，”洛根发作道。“当平克逊要你查对现金时，你就意识到你出了差错。所以，你从抽屉里把我那二百元塞进了腰包。无怪乎帐目平衡了！”

特里特息事宁人地把手搭在洛根的胳膊上。

“洛根先生，我在银行里正是大有作为的时候。这完全不容我出差错。”

“这也不容你在确实出了差错时认错！”

“哦，得啦，”特里特说，仿佛在哄一个孩子。“你以为我会为了二百元钱而断送自己全部的前程吗？”

“你并没有断送你的前程，”洛根尖锐地说。

“你知道这一次你可以蒙混过去。你就吞没了我的钱来掩盖你的过失。”

特里特镇静自若地坐着，咧开嘴朝洛根笑了笑。“嗯，那是你的一面之词，洛根先生。不过，我但愿你不再用你的无稽之谈来叫我烦恼。”特里特不顾桌上还有一半牛肉未吃，就站起身，戴上礼帽。接着，他绕过桌子，凶相毕露地站在洛根身旁。“但是，我要从纯粹是假定的角度来说一句，倘若我的确从你那儿贪污了那笔钱，又将名誉孤注一掷来撒谎抵赖，那末，我最不可能做的事就是将钱还给你。这一点，我想你是会同意的。”

"I'll get you, Tritt," said Logan, sitting back in the chair. "I can't stand to be had."

"I know, I know. You've been saying that for ten months, too. Good-by, now."

Tritt walked out of the cafeteria. Norman Logan sat there motionless watching the big teller cross the street and enter the bank. He felt no rage-only an increased sense of futility. Slowly, he finished his coffee.

A few minutes later, Logan entered the bank. Down in the safe-deposit vaults, he raised the lid of his long metal box and took out three twenty-five-dollar bonds. With a sigh, he began to fill them out for cashing. They would cover his government insurance premium for the year. In July, too, he'd taken three bonds from the box, when his father had overspent his pension money. And earlier in the summer, Logan had cashed some more of them, after slamming into a truck and damaging his Plymouth. Almost every month there was some reason to cash bonds, and Logan reflected that he hadn't bought one since his Navy days. There just wasn't enough money in botany.

With the bonds in his hand, he climbed the narrow flight of stairs to the street floor, then walked past the long row of tellers' cages to the rear of the bank. Here he opened an iron gate in a low marble fence

“我会收拾你的，特里特，”洛根说，身体在椅子上往后移了移。“我不能忍受遭人欺负。”

“我知道，我知道。这话你已经讲了十个月了。现在就再见了。”

特里特走出餐厅。诺曼·洛根坐在那儿一动也不动，目送着那个大个子现金出纳员穿过马路，踏进银行。他并不愤怒——只是越发地感到无可奈何。他慢吞吞地喝完了咖啡。

几分钟过后，洛根也走进银行。在地下银箱库房里，他揭开他那只长长的金属保险箱的箱盖，取出三张二十五元的公债券。他叹息了一声填写起来，准备兑换现金。这些钱将用来支付本年度的国民保险金。七月间，当他父亲的养老金用过了头时，洛根也曾取用过三张公债券。今年夏天的再早些时候，洛根撞在一辆卡车上，碰坏了他那辆普利茅斯牌汽车，害得他也曾兑换了一些公债券。几乎每个月都有某种原因得兑换公债券，洛根想到，自从从海军退伍以来，他没有买进过一张公债券。在物理学真是无可图啊。

洛根一手拿着公债券，登上通往铺面的狭窄的楼梯，他走过一长排出纳员的小帐房，来到银行的