

英语咖啡屋

真

情地久天长

英汉对照

主编 陈宏薇

*Undying Love and Everlasting Friendship*

华中理工大学出版社

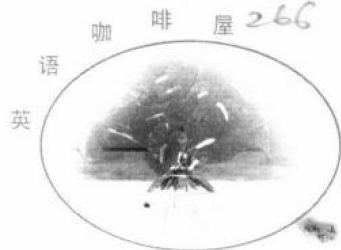


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## 献给你的“英语咖啡屋”

在新世纪向我们走来的时候,中西方文明与文化的发展,已经进入新的交汇融合时期。它伴随着现代生活的步伐和世界范围内的经济、文化、社会的多元化形式,深入到我国普通人生活的方方面面。从出访研究到升学就业,从对外合作到技术引进,这些科学文化的交流始于语言,依赖于语言,也得益于语言。因此学习和使用英语越来越受到人们的重视。

为适应新世纪中外交流的要求,配合我国素质教育的全面实施,力求摆脱多年来应试教育中的不良倾向,我们以全新视角奉献给各位读者这套英汉对照丛书“英语咖啡屋”——

《走近野生世界》

《西方风俗觅趣》

《西方女性独白》

《美国家庭纵横》

《真情地久天长》

《名家短篇撷英》

本丛书集中了以下特色——

**包罗万象** 素材立足广泛,选文苛求精品。时间上从远古的风俗溯源,到当代西方的家庭、女性问题;内容上从人与自然的“亲

和力”，到人类丰富的情感经历；视角上从芸芸众生的凡人到享誉世界的名家……

**语言流畅** 原文均出自英美书刊且经严格筛选取舍，考虑到本丛书的宗旨是达到学好用好英语的目的，因此尤其注重语言的表达。准确流畅的语言是表现力的基础，而只有朗朗上口才能言语有章，行文有法，才能达到提高英语水平的要求。

**学用一致** 以英汉对照的形式，且附必要的注解、导读、背景简介等，均可加深对原文的理解，通过这种对照实践，可以产生学以致用用的效果，更重要的是能够摆脱枯燥无味、生吞活剥、死记硬背的模式，激发学习英语的兴趣。

**雅俗共赏** 内容贴近生活，体裁灵活多样，译文准确优美，文风自然流畅，使之具有可读性和实用性，力求达到雅俗共赏。

如果能通过阅读本丛书，一学到英语，二增长知识，三得以愉悦，就像喝了一杯香浓的咖啡，那正是出版人的心愿。

## 前

## 言

情感是人的精神世界中一片珍贵的领地。

人的生命,起始于爱。爱的结晶在母腹中便受到父母、亲友甚至社会的关爱。人从呱呱坠地踏上人生之旅开始,每一步都走在情感浸润的土地上,这里有亲情、恋情、爱情、友情与乡情。它们像地下的甘霖,涓涓地流淌,不息地流淌,伴随着人生的旅程。

情感的甘霖,常常看不见,摸不着,必须用心去感受、去吸吮,储存在人的情感世界中。一旦受思念的驱动,回忆的闸门开启,它们就从心底里涌流奔泻而出,时而激越、时而悲壮,其中既有苦涩、也有甜蜜。人因情感丰富激发思念,思念勾起回忆,昔日的情感世界经过岁月的洗刷与提炼,往往更深沉,更真切,也更感人。

对情感的透彻理解,有助于了解人的精神世界甚至一个民族的心理文化——这是最微妙、最复杂、最容易阻碍文化交流的一类文化。而这种文化知识,恰恰是爱好英语的读者、渴望了解西方文化的读者所不可或缺的。因此,我们编辑、翻译了这本集子,向读者展示一片五彩缤纷的西方人的情感世界。

本集所选 36 篇记叙文、散文或小说片段中,34 篇为回忆录。作者既有英国和美国著名文学家,也有平凡的普通人。回忆中的亲人和朋友,既有美国总统乔治·华盛顿、世界著名的科学家爱因斯坦、大诗人济慈,也有滑冰世界冠军和默默无闻的普通人。他们既伟大又平凡,既平凡又伟大。在作者珍藏的记忆中,有永不枯竭的父母之爱,有割不断的手足血缘情,有梦萦魂牵永志不忘的初恋,有温柔缱绻至真至纯的爱情,有凄楚动人的绝恋,有纯洁深厚的友谊,还有浓郁芬芳的乡情。读者会惊喜地发现,这片绚丽多彩的情感世界,与我们华夏民族的情感世界是多么相似!

在翻译时,我们沉浸在原文的感情世界中,与作者一起思念,一起悲欢,努力用我们深受感动的心灵,唱出作者的心声;努力在译文中再现一个与原文相契合的情感世界。虽然所选原文中有些是英美文学中的精品,已有译文出版,但我们是用自己的心去品味原文的情感,用我们掌握的翻译理论与技巧去把握原文的风格,实现翻译中的契合,因此,我们的译文,具有自己的特色。

本集的译文,除选用吕叔湘先生与虞建华先生的佳译供读者学习欣赏外,其余全为我们所译。每篇配有作品简介与注释。因排版需要,作品简介置于译文之后。注释主要解释原文难点,特别是历史文化背景知识。全书由陈宏薇主持编写、翻译并审定。

本书在翻译过程中得到华中理工大学曹华民教授的悉心指导,他仔细审读了全书并提出宝贵的修改意见,在此深表感谢。

契合易谈不易求。虽然我们在翻译过程中尽心尽力,诚惶诚恐,因水平所限,误译之处在所难免。恳请读者批评指正。

陈宏薇

1999 年 10 月于桂子山

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*Reminiscences of  
Family Members*

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## ***Father Sews on a Button***

**Clarence Day**

It must have been hard work to keep up with the mending in our house. Four boys had to be kept in repair besides Father, and there was no special person to do it. The baby's nurse did some sewing, and Cousin Julie turned to and did a lot when she was around, but the rest of it kept Mother busy and her work basket was always piled high.

Looking back, I wonder now how she managed it. I remember her regularly going off to her room and sewing on something, right after dinner or at other idle moments, when she might have sat around with the rest of us. My impression as a boy was that this was like going off to do puzzles—it was a form of amusement, or a woman's way of passing the time.

There was more talk about Father's socks and shirts than anything else. Most of this talk was by Father, who didn't like things to disappear for long periods, and who wanted them brought promptly back and put in his bureau drawer where they belonged. This was particularly true of his favorite socks. Not the plain white ones which he wore in the evening, because they were all alike, but the colored socks that were supplied to him by an English haberdasher in Paris.

These colored socks were the one outlet of something in Father which ran contrary to that religion of propriety to which he adhered. In that day of somber hues for men's suits and quiet tones for men's neckties, most socks were as dark and severe as the rest of one's garments; but Father's hidden from the public eye by his high buttoned boots, had a really



## 父亲钉钮子

克拉伦斯·戴

我们家的缝缝补补多得叫人忙不过来。父亲之外还有我们弟兄四个不断的要修理,家里又没有一个专门管这个事儿的人。小弟的奶妈带着做点儿针线,玖梨姨妈来这儿的时候也拿起来帮着做点儿,剩下的就是母亲的事儿,她的针线筐儿老是堆得高高的。

现在回想起来,真不知道她怎么对付过去的。我还记得,一放下晚饭碗,她照例就钻进房里去做针线,白天有空也是这样,再也不坐下来陪我们玩儿。我的幼稚的头脑里总觉得这跟埋头去猜谜语呀什么的一样——是一种娱乐,或是一种女人家消磨时光的办法。

特别是关于父亲的袜子和衬衫的闲话最多。这些话一大半是父亲说着母亲听着。父亲不喜欢他的东西长久不露面,他要他的东西快快的拿回来,放在它们应该放的衣柜抽屉里。特别是他心爱的袜子。不是他晚上穿的那些白袜子,那是双双一个样儿的,是说他的花袜子,经常由巴黎的一家英国衬衣店供应他的那些袜子。

父亲是个规行矩步的人,要是说他性情中有这个教条所不能满足的一点,这一点东西的唯一出路就是这些花袜子。在他那个时代,男人的衣服颜色要深沉,领带的花样要素净,大多数人的袜子是暗淡而严肃,和衣裤相称;可是父亲的袜子,藏在他的裤脚和深鞋帮里头,不但是五彩缤纷,而且是花样新异,这些袜子其实一



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astonishing range both of color and fancy. They were mostly in excellent taste, but in a distinctly French way, and Wilhelmine used to tease him about them. She called them his "secret joys".

Father got holes in his socks even oftener than we boys did in our stockings. He had long athletic toes, and when he lay stretched out on his sofa reading and smoking, or absorbed in talking to anyone, these toes would begin stretching and wiggling in a curious way by themselves, as though they were seizing on this chance to live a life of their own. I often stared in fascination at their leisurely twistings and turnings, when I should have been listening to Father's instructions about far different matters. Soon one and then the other slipper would fall off, always to Father's surprise, but without interrupting his talk, and a little later his busy great toe would peer out at me through a new hole in his sock.

Mother felt that it was a woman's duty to mend things and sew, but she hated it. She rather liked to embroider silk lambrequins, as a feat of womanly prowess, but her darning of Father's socks was an impatient and not - too - skillful performance. She said there were so many of them that they made the back of her neck ache.

Father's heavily starched shirts too, were a problem. When he put one on, he pulled it down over his head, and thrust his arms blindly out right and left in a hunt for the sleeves. A new shirt was strong enough to survive these strains without splitting, but life with Father rapidly weakened it, and the first thing he knew he would hear it beginning to tear. That disgusted him. He hated any evidence of weakness, either in people or things. In his wrath he would strike out harder than ever as he felt around for the sleeve. Then would come a sharp crackling noise as the shirt ripped open, and a loud wail from Mother.

Buttons were Father's worst trial, however, from his point of view.





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点也不恶俗,可是显然是法国风味。威尔海敏常常取笑父亲,她说这是他的“秘密的快乐”。

父亲的袜子比我们孩子们的更容易长窟窿。父亲的脚指头儿长而好运动,每逢他靠在沙发上,看着书,抽着烟,或是专心和人说着话,这些脚指头就自动地开始欠伸和扭动,仿佛抓住了一个自由地生活一番的机会似的。我常常出神地看它们从容不迫地扭来转去,父亲对我说的是些什么全然没有听见。一会儿,父亲的拖鞋落了下来,一只,两只,常常叫他瞋然一下,但是不足以打断他谈话的兴致;再过这么一会儿,他的忙碌的大脚指头儿就会在他的袜子上钻了一个新的窟窿出来朝我偷看。

母亲认定了缝衣补袜是女子的天职,可是她真恨这个。她宁愿绣绣绸缎桌布,显显她的本领,至于替父亲补袜,那是她既不耐烦也做的不太好的工作。她说,要补的袜子这么多,把她的脖子都补酸了。

父亲的浆得挺硬的衬衫也是一个问题。父亲穿衬衫的时候,先往头上套,然后两只胳膊一左一右盲目地冲刺,寻找那两只袖子。一件新衬衫自然结结实实,经得起这一番冲杀,可是在父亲手里过日子,不久就衰弱了,开始裂缝。这叫父亲生气。他最恨软弱的形迹,无论是见之于人还是见之于物。他一生气,两只胳膊冲击的更使劲儿。于是一声呱喇,衬衫开了个大口子,接着是母亲的大声哎哟。

但是在父亲的眼光里,钮子是最大的烦恼。裂缝的衬衫和有





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Ripped shirts and socks with holes in them could still be worn, but drawers with their buttons off couldn't. The speed with which he dressed seemed to discourage his buttons and make them desert Father's service. Furthermore, they always gave out suddenly and at the wrong moment.

He wanted help and he wanted it promptly at such times, of course. He would appear at Mother's door with a waistcoat in one hand and a disloyal button in the other, demanding that it be sewn on at once. If she said she couldn't just then, Father would get as indignant as though he had been drowning and a life-guard had informed him he would save him tomorrow.

When his indignation mounted high enough to sweep aside his good judgment, he would say in a stern voice, "Very well, I will sew it on myself," and demand a needle and thread. This announcement always caused consternation. Mother knew only too well what it meant. She would beg him to leave his waistcoat in her work basket and let her do it next day. Father was inflexible. Moreover his decision would be strengthened if he happened to glance at her basket and see how many of his socks were dismally waiting there in that crowded exile.

"I've been looking for those blue polka-dotted socks for a month," he said angrily one night before dinner. "Not a thing is done for a man in this house. I even have to sew on my own buttons. Where is your needle and thread?"

Mother reluctantly gave these implements to him. He marched off, sat on the edge of his sofa in the middle of his bedroom, and got ready to work. The gaslight was better by his bureau, but he couldn't sit on a chair when he sewed. It had no extra room on it. He laid his scissors, the spool of thread, and his waistcoat down on the sofa beside him, wet his fingers, held the needle high up and well out in front, and began poking

