

名

英汉对照

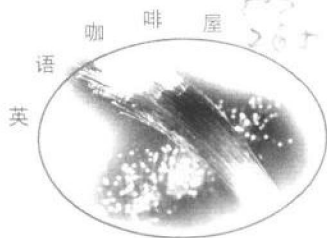
家短篇小说撷英

主编 马建军

Famous Short Stories

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的不良倾向,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目的。

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、生吞活剥的死记硬背的形式，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

英语短篇小说是英美文学园地中的一朵奇葩,作为一种独立的文学形式,以其篇幅短小,语言精炼,主题鲜明,人物突出的特点,深受广大读者的喜爱。

本书由于篇幅有限,只收集了英国和美国 8 位著名文学家的短篇代表作,其中的大多数作品曾被西方文学选集或阅读教材反复录用。所选作品题材广泛,形式多样,风格各异,都是上乘之作,具有很大的代表性和可读性。同时特别注意选择名家名篇,以求让读者了解不同时期、不同背景、不同风格的文学作品。

本书采用英汉对照的形式,目的是帮助读者加深对作品原文的理解。编者根据多年来从事英语短篇小说教学的体会并参考有关资料,在每篇小说之后对作家和作品进行了扼要的介绍。书中理解、翻译中的不当之处,欢迎各位专家与读者批评指正。

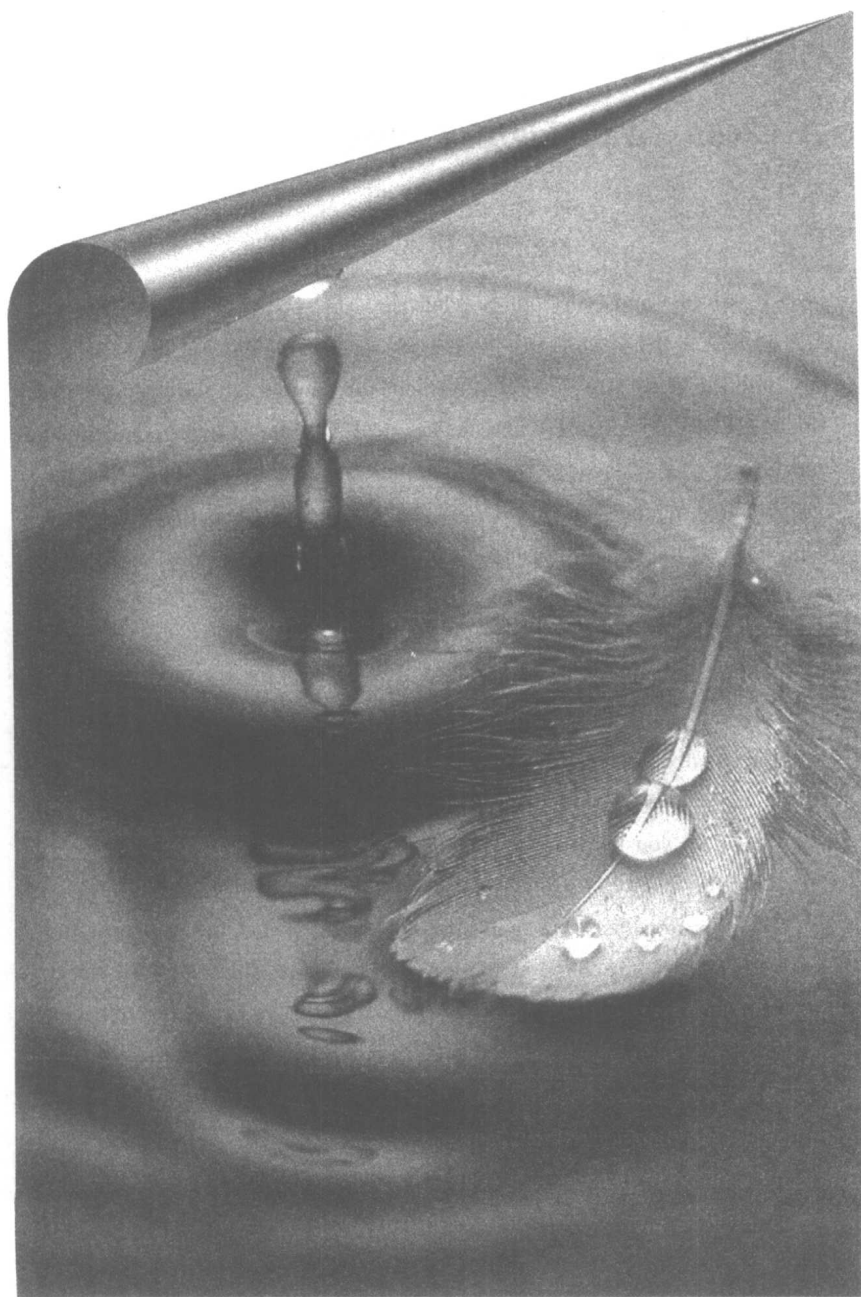
编者

1999 年 10 月于珞珈山



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A Clean , Well-Lighted Place

Ernest Hemingway

It was late and every one had left the café except an old man who sat in the shadow the leaves of the tree made against the electric light . In the day time the street was dusty, but at night the dew settled the dust and the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. The two waiters inside the café knew that the old man was a little drunk, and while he was a good client they knew that if he became too drunk he would leave without paying, so they kept watch on him.

"Last week he tried to commit suicide," one waiter said.

"Why?"

"He was in despair."

"What about?"

"Nothing."

"How do you know it was nothing?"

"He has plenty of money."

They sat together at a table that was close against the wall near the door of the café and looked at the terrace where the tables were all empty except where the old man sat in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind. A girl and a soldier went by in the street. The street light shone on the brass number on his collar. The girl wore no head covering and hurried beside him.

"The guard will pick him up," one waiter said.

"What does it matter if he gets what he's after?"



名家短篇撷英

一个干净、明亮的地方

欧内斯特·海明威

天很晚了，咖啡馆里的客人都走光了，只剩下一位老人还坐在靠路边的树荫下。白天街道灰尘大，但晚上夜露凝住了尘土，老人喜欢在这儿久坐不归。他虽然耳聋，但现在夜色宁静，他还是感觉得出不同。两位侍者知道他已经有些醉了。即使老人从不赖账，但如果喝得太多，他也会扬长而去的。因此，两人都留着神。

“上个礼拜他自杀未遂，”一位侍者说。

“为啥？”

“绝望了呗。”

“为什么绝望？”

“不为什么。”

“你怎么知道不为什么？”

“因为他很有钱。”

俩人坐在紧靠门边的一张桌子旁，看着外面。露台上桌面空空，唯有老人还坐在阴影下，头上的树叶在微风中婆娑颤动。一位姑娘和一个士兵从街上走过。路灯照着他衣领上的铜制徽章，闪闪发光。姑娘没有戴头饰，在一旁急匆匆地赶着路。

“警卫队会把他抓走的，”一位侍者说。

“让他喝个够又怎么样？”





FAMOUS Short Stories

"He had better get off the street now. The guard will get him. They went by five minutes ago."

The old man sitting in the shadow rapped on his saucer with his glass. The younger waiter went over to him.

"What do you want?"

The old man looked at him. "Another brandy," he said.

"You'll be drunk," the waiter said. The old man looked at him. The waiter went away.

"He'll stay all night," he said to his colleague. "I'm sleepy now. I never get into bed before three o'clock. He should have killed himself last week."

The waiter took the brandy bottle and another saucer from the counter inside the café and marched out to the old man's table. He put down the saucer and poured the glass full of brandy.

"You should have killed yourself last week," he said to the deaf man. The old man motioned with his finger. "A little more," he said. The waiter poured on into the glass so that the brandy slopped over and ran down the stem into the top saucer of the pile. "Thank you," the old man said. The waiter took the bottle back inside the café. He sat down at the table with his colleague again.

"He's drunk now," he said.

"He's drunk every night."

"What did he want to kill himself for?"

"How should I know?"

"How did he do it?"

"He hung himself with a rope."

"Who cut him down?"

"His niece."





名家短篇撷英

“他最好还是快回家去。警卫队会抓人的。他们刚过去五分钟。”

老人在阴影处用酒杯敲了敲杯托。年少的侍者走过去。

“您要什么？”

老人看着他，说：“再来一杯白兰地。”

“您会醉的，”侍者说。老人仍一动不动地看着他，他只好走开。

“他会整夜赖在这儿不走的，”他对同事说。“我困了。每天不到凌晨三点睡不成觉。他要是上个礼拜死掉才好哩。”

他拿起一瓶白兰地，又从柜台里取出一个杯托，端到老人桌前。他放下杯托，给老人倒了一杯酒。

“你上个礼拜干吗不死掉？”他朝着聋老头骂了一句。老人手指点了点。“再倒一点，”他说。侍者再倒，直到酒漫出杯外，流进那擦杯托里。“谢谢，”老人说。侍者把酒拿回店里，又在同事身边坐下。

“他喝醉了，”他说。

“他每晚都这样。”

“他为什么要自杀？”

“我怎么知道？”

“他怎么个自杀法？”

“上吊。”

“谁救的他？”

“他外甥女。”

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FAMOUS Short Stories

"Why did they do it?"

"Fear for his soul."

"How much money has he got?"

"He's got plenty."

"He must be eighty years old."

"Anyway I should say he was eighty."

"I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock.

What kind of hour is that to go to bed?"

"He stays up because he likes it."

"He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me."

"He had a wife once too."

"A wife would be no good to him now."

"You can't tell. He might be better with a wife."

"His niece looks after him. You said she cut him down."

"I know."

"I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing."

"Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him."

"I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who must work."

The old man looked from his glass across the square, then over at the waiters.

"Another brandy," he said, pointing to his glass. The waiter who was in a hurry came over.

"Finished," he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunken people or foreigners. "No more tonight. Close now."

"Another," said the old man.



“他们干吗要那样?”

“怕死后进不了天堂。”

“他有很多钱?”

“很多。”

“他肯定有 80 岁了吧?”

“我看还不止。”

“但愿他马上就回家。我每天凌晨三点才能上床。谁这么晚才睡觉?”

“他愿意在这里多坐一会儿。”

“他很孤独,可我并不孤独呀。我老婆在床上等着我呢。”

“他也有过老婆。”

“就是有现在对他也无济于事。”

“这可说不准。也许有个老伴会好些。”

“不是有个甥女照顾他吗?你刚才说是她把他解下来的。”

“我知道。”

“我才不想活那么大年纪。人老了就是邋遢。”

“不一定。这老头就很清爽。喝起酒来干净利索,即便醉了也是滴水不洒。你看。”

“我才不想看他呢。我只想他早点走。他完全不替我们这些打工的人着想。”

老人看看酒杯,目光转向露台这边的侍者们。

“再来一杯白兰地,”他指了指酒杯,说。那位急着要走的侍者走过来。

“没了,”他用那种对付酒鬼或老外的专用省略语说道。“今晚不喝了。打烊了。”

“再来一杯吧,”老人说。



FAMOUS Short Stories

"No. Finished." The waiter wiped the edge of the table with a towel and shook his head.

The old man stood up, slowly counted the saucers, took a leather coinpurse from his pocket and paid for the drinks, leaving half a peso for tip.

The waiter watched him go down the street, a very old man walking unsteadily but with dignity.

"Why didn't you let him stay and drink?" the unhurried waiter asked. They were putting up the shutters. "It is not half-past two."

"I want to go home to bed."

"What is an hour?"

"More to me than to him."

"An hour is the same."

"You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a bottle and drink at home."

"It's not the same."

"No, it is not," agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?"

"Are you trying to insult me?"

"No, *hombre*, only to make a joke."

"No," the waiter who was in a hurry said, rising from pulling down the metal shutters. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older waiter said. "You have everything."

"And what do you lack?"

"Everything but work."

"You have everything I have."





名家短篇撷英

“不行，打烊了。”侍者用毛巾擦了擦桌子边，摇摇头说。

老人站起身，慢慢地数了数杯托，从口袋里拿出一个装硬币的皮革钱包，付了酒钱，还留下半个比索的小费。

两个侍者目送老人离去。只见他步履蹒跚，但风度犹存。

“你干吗不让他留下继续喝？”那位不着急的侍者说。两人忙着放帘子。“还不到两点半哩。”

“我要回家睡觉。”

“晚个把钟头又怎么样？”

“对他来说没什么，而我就大不一样了。”

“一个钟头不就是一个钟头。”

“你说起话来就像个老头。他完全可以买一瓶回家去喝嘛。”

“那就不一样了。”

“是的，是不一样，”那位有老婆的侍者附和地说。他并不愿蛮不讲理；不过是想早点回家罢了。

“你呢？你该不怕比平时早到家吧？”

“你在侮辱我？”

“不，伙计，开个玩笑。”

“我才不怕哩，”那个急于回家的侍者拉下安全窗，站起身来。“我有信心，绝对的信心。”

“是啊，你有青春，有信心，还有工作，”年长的侍者说。“你拥有一切。”

“那你又缺什么？”

“除了工作，我一无所有。”

“我有的你都有。”





FAMOUS

Short Stories

"No. I have never had confidence and I am not young."

"Come on. Stop talking nonsense and look up."

"I am of those who like to stay late at the café," the older waiter said. "With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."

"I want to go home and into bed."

"We are of two different kinds," the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be some one who needs the café."

"*Hombre*, there are *bodegas* open all night long."

"You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant café. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves."

"Good night," said the younger waiter.

"Good night," the other said. Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It is the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was *nada y pues nada y nada y pues nada*. Our *nada* who art in *nada*, *nada* be thy name thy kingdom *nada* thy will be *nada* in *nada* as it is in *nada*. Give us this *nada* our daily *nada* and *nada* us our *nada* as we *nada* our *nadas* and *nada* us not into *nada* but deliver us from *nada*; *pues nada*. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is

