

# 寒冬一月

• 马尔兹 著



A Tale of  
One January

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符家钦 译注  
孙家新

上海译文出版社

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英汉对照文学读物  
**A Tale of One January**  
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## 前 言

马尔兹是美国当代无产阶级文学的杰出代表。从三十年代参加左翼文艺团体新剧联开始，半个世纪来他始终坚持现实主义的创作道路，把批判矛头对准美国垄断资产阶级和国内外的法西斯势力，热情讴歌劳动人民的反抗斗争，塑造了美国共产党员的光辉形象。他笔下的人物大都来自社会的底层。他的许多短篇已经成为革命文学的典范，曾两次获得奥亨利一等奖，多次选入年度最佳小说选。美国统治阶级早就把他列为清洗的对象。这位“好莱坞十君子”案的铮铮汉子一九五〇年被以藐视国会的罪名判处一年徒刑。出狱后流亡墨西哥。目前在好莱坞从事影剧创作。他写过十四个剧本和电影脚本，六部长篇，两部短篇集子和一本政论集。

《寒冬一月》描写了第二次世界大战末期奥斯威辛集中营六个囚徒死里逃生的经历，揭露德国纳粹法西斯残酷屠杀欧洲人民的罪行，刻划反法西斯战士可歌可泣的斗争。六个逃亡者短短几天的遭遇，在读者眼前展开了一幅扣人心弦的惊险画面。

这六位战士是在纳粹仓惶溃退途中侥幸逃出虎口的。六人中除了原苏军战士安德列和波兰游击队员朱理克两人是战俘外，其余的诺贝特、奥托、克

莱尔、林妮四人都是纳粹从各国抓来的政治犯。六个战士在押解转移途中逃出队伍，在当地波兰农民帮助下躲进一间空厂房里栖身。他们互相诉说着令人毛骨悚然的苦难经历，怀念已经遇难的亲人，对于即将到来的幸福岁月怀着美妙的憧憬。但就在黎明来临之前，他们被溃逃的德军发现。除了克莱尔、林妮两个妇女外，其他四人都惨死在敌人的屠刀之下。整个故事情节奇特，人物形象和性格都写得异常生动。

马尔兹对中国人民一向怀着深厚情谊。早在我国建国初期就曾把在美国无法出版的作品送给茅盾先生，请我们先出中文译本。他同茅盾的通信持续了好几年。三十年来我国先后出版了他的《十字奖章与火箭》、《潜流》、《短促生命中漫长的一天》、《马尔兹短篇小说集》、《马尔兹独幕剧选》、《马尔兹中短篇小说选》等六部作品集子，第七种《雨果先生》也即将出版。

《寒冬一月》曾以《虎口余生》的篇名刊载于《译林》（一九八一年第三期），后来恢复原篇名《寒冬一月》收入《马尔兹中短篇小说选》（浙江人民出版社，一九八二年版）。在《译林》首次发表后，这篇小说引起好些读者的兴趣，希望读到原文。有的院校英语系还准备采用作为泛读教材。我们也感到马尔兹作品的语言特色是朴实清新、通俗易懂，适合一般英语程度的读者欣赏，因此整理出这个对照本。鉴于原作为了适合美国读者的口味，写了一些谈情说爱的情节，这种好莱坞式“噱头”不免冲淡作品主题

的社会意义，所以对照本中已将这些情节删去了一部分。至于译文中的谬误失当之处，当然是要请广大读者不吝指出，以便将来订正的。

译 者

## Contents

1. The Escape ..... 2  
脱逃
2. The Factory ..... 72  
工厂
3. Between Heaven and Earth ..... 128  
天地之间
4. Thank You, Andrey ..... 192  
多谢你, 安德列
5. The Song of Katusha ..... 268  
卡秋莎之歌
6. The Naked Heart ..... 322  
赤诚的心
7. "Three Capuchins" ..... 352  
“三个无常”

## One

### The Escape

#### 1

At five in the morning on Claire's twenty-sixth birthday she was embraced by her friend Lini, who gave her a hard-bought gift: two sweet biscuits and a pair of shoes. Claire, knowing their price, wept. Now, some hours later, she was eating the biscuits while she gazed with intense foreboding at the shoes. It was imperative that she take them off her feet, but she was terrified of doing so.

#### 2

Once, in a world that was a century away, the man Claire married had sent her a bantering missive about her taste in shoes. Claire was thinking of the letter now in a vague, hazy way, recalling not one phrase, but hearing faint tones from the chambers of her heart:

PORTRAIT OF CLAIRE FOR POSTERITY

by

Pierre Barbentanne

She is lovely in a way that almost forbids adornment. Her long, blond hair is the color of corn silk and she wears it simply, twisting it



# 逃 脱

## 1

这天是克莱尔二十六岁生日，早晨五点钟，她的朋友林妮就拥抱她，送她一份难得弄到的礼物：两块甜饼干和一双鞋。克莱尔知道这份礼物的代价，忍不住哭了。现在，几个钟头过去了，她一面吃饼干，一面惶惶不安地瞧着脚上的鞋子。她必须把鞋子脱下来，但又非常害怕脱它。

## 2

有一回，仿佛象在一百年前那样遥远的世界上，克莱尔的丈夫曾给她寄过一封逗笑的信，谈到她对鞋子的癖好。现在，克莱尔模模糊糊地想着这封信。她不是回忆文章的片言只语，而简直象是从心窝里听到的低低的声音：

〔留此写真，传之后代〕

克莱尔画像

彼埃尔·巴本丹作

她美得简直不能再施脂粉。她那长长的金色秀发，颜色象玉米须，在脖子后面简单地梳卷成个

into a bun at the back of her neck; since it is feather-light, wisps of it are always astray at her temples and over her forehead, and the slight disarray is enchanting. Her complexion is very fair, and there is such rich color in her cheeks and lips that make-up would be glaring and would cheapen her appearance; wisely, she avoids it. Her features are almost, but thank God not quite, classically perfect: oval face, high forehead, exquisitely intense, blue eyes, a small, full, beautiful mouth. Yet the nose of this aristocratic face is, I admit with pleasure, a bit too long for perfection, with a slight rising on the crown.

This plebian feature is the most gracious thing that nature could have bestowed upon Mademoiselle Olivier because, from adolescence on, it has given her the sense that she is not really lovely, but only passably attractive. As a result, she has been saved from the cold and lonely pit into which many beautiful women fall—that of complacent narcissism<sup>1</sup>. Far from dedicating herself to her mirror, and to all of the gestures and poses of a self-conscious beauty, she has developed her intelligence to the fullest ... and thereby has made of herself a whole, stunning woman, eager and alert, interesting and vital.

Her figure is splendid — the bosom small and provocative, the belly flat, the waist narrow,

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1. narcissism: 顾影自怜。出自希腊神话。美少年 Narcissus 因爱恋自己映在水中的形影而憔悴致死，死后化为水仙。

小面包；由于头发轻飘飘，常常有几绺儿溜到鬓边和前额上。这点不整齐使她更加迷人。她的脸庞白皙漂亮，双颊和嘴唇颜色鲜丽，再用化妆品就会显得俗气刺眼，因此，她一向不施脂粉。她的五官几乎是绝顶完美，但是谢谢上帝，还不是那么完全合乎规范：鸭蛋型的面孔，高高的前额，异常热切的蓝眼睛，美丽、丰满的小嘴巴。但是这样高贵面孔上的鼻子，我得乐意承认，还不够十全十美，长得稍稍长了一点，顶部还有点凸起。

这平凡的容貌正是大自然给与奥力维埃小姐最优惠的恩赐，因为这使她从青春时期起就意识到，她算不上真正的美，只不过是相当迷人罢了。因此，她不至于象许多美妇人那样坠入冷酷孤寂的陷阱——一种洋洋得意的顾影自怜。她绝不徘徊在镜前搔首弄姿，或是矜持作态，而是使自己的智力得到最充分的发展……这样就使自己成为一个十分完美、非常漂亮的女人，既热情机智，而又风趣引人，富有朝气。

她的体型美极了——胸脯小巧逗人，腹部平

the hips generous, the legs long and beautifully turned.

“This Claire, this sweetly natural, vividly ripe, enchanting girl, whom I adore, has — alas! — a serious moral flaw. She is addicted — not to alcohol, drugs, flirtation, or kleptomania — but to something less accountable and more outre: the practice of wearing high-heeled shoes on all occasions. Let us, for instance, plan a picnic in the *Bois*<sup>2</sup> — along come those high-heeled monstrosities. She owns no sandals, flats, or walking shoes, and I have no doubt that she wears heels when skiing. I am too much in love to characterize this addition as sickly or fetishistic, but I wonder what someone, more objective than I, would conclude?”

### 3

For some time now Claire had not worn high-heeled shoes, or done many other things normal to her former life—brushed her hair, bathed daily, touched the stopper of a perfume bottle to her throat, read books, made love, even ~~menstruated~~. When a woman's weight drops from one hundred and twenty-eight pounds to ninety-three in the course of two years of abuse in a concentration camp, the ability to ovulate vanished. There remained of the former Claire

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2. Bois: 法语, 原意为树林, 这里指巴黎西郊波罗纳林公园 Bois de Boulogne.

坦，腰部纤细，臀部宽大，修长的双腿长得浑圆可爱。

“这位天然淡雅、丰姿夺目的迷人姑娘，我所崇拜的克莱尔，唉！不幸在德行上有个严重的弱点。她有个癖好，这癖好不是酒、麻醉品、放荡或者盗窃成性——而是一种更难理解的、更过的习惯：在任何时候都穿高跟鞋。譬如，咱们如果计划在波亚公园来一次野餐，那些高跟的怪物就会一道来的。她没有凉鞋、平底鞋或者便鞋，并且我毫不怀疑她在滑雪时也穿高跟鞋。因为太爱她了，所以我不能把这种癖好说成是病态或者恋物狂。但是换个比我更客观的人会怎样想呢？我可不知道。”

### 3

如今克莱尔已经有相当长时间没有穿高跟鞋，或者做她过去生活中其他的许多正常的事情了，例如刷头发，每天洗澡，对着喉部喷香水，读书，谈情说爱，甚至连月经也没有了。一个女人在集中营受了两年虐待，体重从一百二十八磅落到九十三磅时，就连排卵的能力也消失了。只有两件东西从克莱尔

only two things that starvation does not change in the human body: the blue of her eyes, and the full-lipped mouth. With her shorn head hidden by a kerchief, it was a pinched boy's face she presented now: eyes enormous above cadaverous cheeks, the nose bony and more prominent, the skin pallid. Her body, clad in prison striped dress and jacket, had lost most of its femininity: the limbs had been stripped of flesh, her throat was cord and deep hollows, her bony chest had nipples, but scarcely breasts. On this day, the eighteenth of January, nineteen forty-five, she had been allowed to leave the camp, but the manner of departure was not of her choosing: she had been one of an endless column of ill-clad, exhausted women marching blindly through a heavy snow-fall to they knew not where. At times, very faintly, they had heard the rumble of Russian artillery and not one among them but had prayed for the miracle of sudden rescue, and imagined it in fantasy again and again. It had not come, and the reality had been otherwise: a *Wehrmacht*<sup>3</sup> soldier on either side of every fifth row of women, a strong, well-fed soldier with a well-fed, snarling police dog, a soldier whose orders were specific, whose ammunition pouch was full, and who silently took aim when a woman, who could go no farther, sank to her knees in the snow.

Not quite five minutes had passed since

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3. Wehrmacht: 德语。德国军队。

从前的身上保留了下来，这是没有让饥饿改变了的：蓝眼睛和圆嘴唇。她那被剃光了的头用头巾包着，现在的样子有点象个苦恼的小男孩的脸：苍白的双颊上一对大眼睛，瘦削的鼻子更为惹眼，皮肤没有血色。她身上穿着带条纹的囚犯服装和夹克，女性的特点已经消失殆尽了：四肢骨瘦如柴，喉头细而深凹，瘦削的胸脯上几乎没有乳房，只剩下乳头。今天是一九四五年一月十八日，她可以离开营房了，但离开的方式可不是由她挑选的。她夹在一眼望不到头的一队衣衫褴褛、筋疲力竭的妇女中，顶着漫天大雪，茫然地向着她们所不知道的目的地行进。她们偶尔可以听到隐隐约约的俄国大炮在轰鸣，一个个都在心里祈祷着出现奇迹，让自己得救。她们心里反复地幻想着，幻想着。奇迹并没有出现，而现实则恰好相反：每隔五排妇女，两边就各有一名德国兵。德国兵都身材骠悍、脑满肠肥，牵着一·条喂肥了的狺狺狂吠的警犬。押队兵的任务很明确，弹袋是满满的，有哪个妇女再走不动，跪倒在雪中时，就不声不响地瞄准她。

克莱尔的队伍被带进一座谷仓休息，到现在不

Claire's column had been directed into a barn for a rest period. It was one o'clock; they had marched fourteen miles since seven in the morning. Lini, like most of the other women, had thrown her thin, ice-hard blanket over her body, closed her eyes, and instantly fallen asleep ... not so quickly asleep, however, that she forgot to safeguard her chunk of bread—thrusting it under her skirt, between her thighs. Claire, sitting beside her, was struggling stubbornly against stone-heavy eyelids and the narcotic fatigue that clogged her veins. She knew that before the command came to march again she absolutely had to massage some feeling into her feet.

The shoes, which she had treasured in the morning because her old ones were tattered, had wooden soles an inch thick, and uppers woven from jute that now were hard as metal from the ice encrusted on them. They had been large when she first put them on, but they were so tight now that neither had budged in her first weak effort to remove them. She had eaten the two sweet biscuits for the bit of energy they might give her and she was trying a second time, using both hands on the left shoe, wrenching the heel, aided by the fact that the foot gave her no pain. Twice she paused to pant and gather her meagre strength and then, finally, the icy heel pulled loose from the iced flesh — and she tugged and tugged with both hands at the front—and the foot came free.

She stared with shock at the swollen, alien



过五分钟光景。这时是下午一点。从早晨七点出发起，她们已经走了将近十四英里。同大部分妇女一样，林妮已把她那冻得僵硬的薄毯子披在身上，闭上眼睛，很快就睡着了……但在睡熟以前，还没有忘了藏起她的一大块面包，她把面包放在裙子下面，夹在两腿中间。克莱尔坐在她身旁，正在强睁着重如石块的眼皮，抗拒那阻塞自己血管的昏昏欲睡的困乏。她知道在接到继续前进的命令之前，她必须不停地按摩，使自己的脚恢复些知觉。

她早晨那么珍爱那双鞋，是因为旧鞋已经破烂了。这双鞋的木高跟有一英寸厚，鞋帮是黄麻织的，由于上面结了一层冰，已经硬得象铁板一样。她刚穿上脚时鞋还显得宽大，但现在却那么紧，她开头用微弱的力量去脱时，全都纹丝不动。她吃掉了那两块甜饼干，想长一点力气，然后试第二次。她两只手都在左脚上用力，把鞋跟扭来扭去，好在脚并不感到疼痛，可以用得上力。她两次停下来喘喘气，攒起微弱的力气，终于把冻冰的后跟从冰冷的肌肉上拉了下来，她再用两只手用力把鞋子前帮拉了又拉，这只鞋总算脱下来了。

她惊惶地看着那肿胀的、毫无知觉的脚指头，