

英语

短篇小说选读

Selected English Short Stories

英汉对照

STORIES

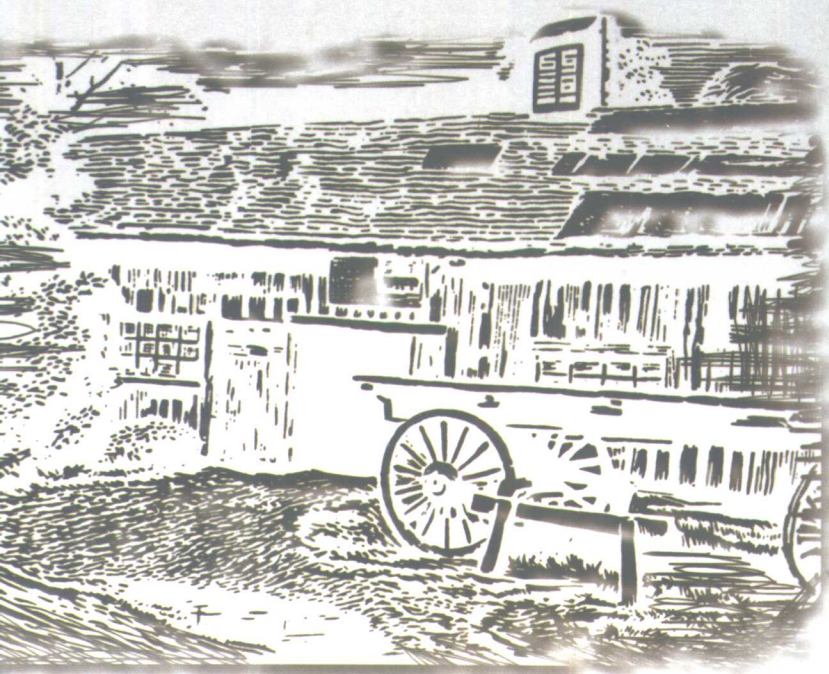
美

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篇

杜丽霞

主编



西安交通大学出版社

英语短篇小说选读

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·西安·

内容提要

本书共选编 17 篇美国短篇小说,作品内容涉及方方面面。篇篇都匠心独运,令人回味无穷,抑或包含着深刻的哲理,需要我们去深思。每一短篇由英语原作、作者简介、汉语译文及注释几部分组成。本书适合于那些希望提高英语水平及爱好英语文学作品的读者。

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SELECTED ENGLISH SHORT STORIES

国别专辑的编辑工作依然遵循前书的三条原则：选材上既要注重趣味性又要注重知识性；既要求能全面反映国别国家人民的风土人情和社会概貌，同时又要求方便读者，篇幅不能太长；注释上既要全面又要重点突出，尤其恰到好处；译文既要文采斐然，又要经得起对照阅读。

此外，我们在确定篇目的时候并非非名家不选。在收入经典作品的同时我们也考虑了现当代年纪稍轻名气稍逊的作家。总之一点，不以名气论作品，力求做到全面、公正。

在资料收集的过程中，兰州大学外国语学院的冯建文教授和赵慧珍教授以及他们所在的加拿大研究中心给予了大力协助；留学新加坡的成旻老师、留学美国的田澎博士暨赵群女士惠寄各种资料；西安交通大学英语专业硕士研究生杜鹃、陈建华、庞加光、解姗等在搜集资料时也耗费了不少的时间和精力；西安交通大学研究生英语教学中心的折鸿雁教授不仅惠借藏书，而且关怀备至，极力推荐后学，心存感激，在此一并致谢。

承蒙广大读者的厚爱，使自己才有勇气和决心把这项工作继续下去。愿《英语短篇小说选读》之国别专辑出版后同样受到读者的欢迎。

张 敏

2001 年 11 月于西安

前 言

生机勃勃、异彩纷呈的美国文坛为世人奉献了不计其数的短篇小说佳作,因此,要从烟波浩淼的美国短篇小说海洋中撷取适当的篇数汇编一本预定 250 页左右、英汉对照的《英语短篇小说选读——美国篇》,无异于大浪淘沙。选材时,我大致遵从了以下 3 个原则:

一、篇幅适中,一般不超过 3 000 字。这是为了便于保持读者的阅读兴趣,不至让读者一见到洋洋长篇而心中先生出畏惧,敬而远之。

二、题材广泛,风格迥异。有喜剧,有悲剧,也有滑稽剧,篇篇都匠心独运,令人回味无穷,抑或包含着深刻的哲理。这不是一本普通读物,今天读了,尽可弃置一旁,明天便会忘得没有踪影。这是经典中的经典,珍珠中的珍珠,若干年之后再读这些作品,你仍会感叹不已。这应该就是经典的魅力。

三、以 20 世纪中后期的作家作品为主,避免选取其他类似文选中常常看到的作品。这就是为什么在《美国篇》中,你看不到华盛顿·欧文、埃德加·爱伦·坡、马克·吐温、欧·亨利或厄内斯特·海明威的作品,但你却能看到其他许多地方看不到的几乎同样优秀的作家作品。

当然,选编文集,编者难免有所偏爱,加之也会受到手头材料的局限。比如,读过这本《美国篇》你也许会发现,在可以归为爱情类的小说中,几乎看不到“玫瑰花”,而只能看到“玫瑰刺”,如“惊心动魄的一小时”、“树·岩·云”、“可恶的天幕毛虫”、“丢失的坟墓”、“让死见鬼去吧”等等。至于为何选了这么多“玫瑰刺”,我想,其中一个原因就是这类故事更打动我。我们知道,文学探讨的是人生,既然“幸福的家庭都是一样的,不幸的家庭各有各的不幸”,那么,这儿的各种“玫瑰刺”倒更真实,更刺人反省。人类听(读)故事的愿望根深蒂固,就连儿童都会常常缠着大人要听故事。有些故事提供给我们的不仅仅是娱乐,其深刻的意味、睿智的观点也许会影响我们终生。

我们把本书做成附有作者简介的、加有注释的、英汉对照的版本,也是为了方便读者。首先,作者简介部分扼要交代了作者的生平、创作特点及主要作品,可以让读者透过这扇窗看到一个广阔的背景,也为有兴趣的读者提供了进一步寻求阅读该作者其他作品的线索,实乃想要抛砖引玉。其次,注释上,既有针对语言难点的,也有针对背景知识的,免去了读者反复查阅词典的辛劳,于欣赏故事的同时提高英语水平,还有助于了解美国文化,可否算是“一箭三雕”呢?最后,译文上,既要经得起对照阅读,又要文采斐然,自成一件独立的艺术品,让读者从译文中也能领略到原作的精妙。

我邀请了我西安交通大学外语部的部分同事和一些外单位的朋友参加《美国篇》的译注工作,其中有幸邀请到了学富五车的折鸿雁教授和白晓东副教授。大家满怀信任地把最后的修改大权交给了我,而我不同程度地增加了注释,译文部分也或多或少有些改动。因此,本书中译文和注释部分但凡有何不妥之处,都应由我负责,望同仁高学们不吝赐教,本人将不胜感激。

感谢我的学友张敏先生和交大出版社的责任编辑秦茂盛先生。他们酝酿这一计划在先,我加入进来实施在后。没有他们俩,我不可能做出这样一本令我自己爱不释手、也令我自己获益匪浅的《美国篇》。

杜丽霞

2001年11月于西安

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The Story of an Hour

Kate Chopin

Kate Chopin (1851-1904) was born in St. Louis, Missouri. Raised by a strict Catholic mother, she attended the Academy of the Sacred Heart where she was expected to learn all the social graces. She moved to New Orleans, married, and returned to St. Louis with her six children when swamp fever killed her husband. She began to publish the stories that were collected in *Bayou Folk* (1894) and *A Night in Acadie* (1897). Her novel, *The Awakening* (1899), although now considered a classic, was denounced by reviewers who found it too shockingly explicit to be written by a woman. This reaction so stunned Chopin that she wrote little else throughout the rest of her life.

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death^[1].

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing^[2]. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the

newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message^[3].

She did not hear the story^[4] as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair^[5]. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life^[6]. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves^[7].

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of

those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will—as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been^[8].

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath^[9]: “free, free, free!” The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood^[10] warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception^[11] enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial^[12].

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her^[13], fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her^[14] during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women

believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion^[15] which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir^[16] of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities^[17]. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory^[18]. She clasped her sister’s waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his gripsack^[19] and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He

stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife^[20].

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills^[21].

惊心动魄的一小时

凯特·肖邦

凯特·肖邦(1851~1904)出生于密苏里州的圣路易斯城,由严格的、信仰天主教的妈妈抚养成人。她曾就读于圣心女子学校,学习所有的得体优雅的社会礼仪,后迁至新奥尔良并在那儿结婚。丈夫染症疾病逝之后,她携带6个子女重返圣路易斯城,并开始发表短篇小说。这些短篇小说收集在《长沼居民》(1894)和《阿卡迪之夜》(1897)中。她的长篇小说《觉醒》(1899)虽然现在被认为是一部经典著作,但是,在当时却遭到了书评家们的谴责:书评家们认为,对于一个女性作家来说,这本书的描写过于直率露骨,令人震惊。评论家们的反应令肖邦不知所措,后来,她几乎再未写过任何东西。

因为知道玛拉德太太患有心脏病,所以,在向她透露丈夫的死讯时,真是格外小心谨慎,尽量柔声细语。

她的姐姐乔瑟芬用断断续续的语句把这个消息告诉了她。乔瑟芬话语隐约,半遮半掩。丈夫的朋友理查兹也守候在旁边。报社收到铁路发生灾难性事故的消息时,理查兹正好在场。“遇难者”名单中,第一个名字就是布兰特利·玛拉德。他一等第二份电报证实了这则消息的可靠性,就匆匆赶来了,以免哪个不够小心谨慎、不够细心体贴的人抢先来报告噩耗。

听到这个凶讯,她的反应和许多听到同样噩耗的女人不同:许多女人会浑身瘫软,无法接受这意味着什么。而她则当即大哭起来,一下子猛然栽倒在姐姐的怀抱里。悲痛的风暴过去之后,她独自走进自己的房间,不让任何人跟着她。

房间的窗户敞开着,一把舒适宽敞的扶手椅正对着窗口。体力上的疲惫不堪侵袭着她的肉体,仿佛也抵达了她的灵魂,重重地压迫着她,使她一屁股跌坐进椅子里。

她看见,房前开阔的广场上,在春天里获得新生的树梢摇曳着、抖动着。空气中弥漫着春雨的芬芳气息。窗下的大街上,一个小贩正沿街叫卖货物。远处有人正在唱歌,歌声袅袅,依稀传来,屋檐下无数的小麻雀嘁嘁喳喳叫个不停。

从窗口望出去,西边的天空中一簇一簇的白云相遇相汇,在没有白云的地方,呈现着一片一片的蓝天。

她坐在那儿,把头向后靠在椅子的靠垫上,一动不动,只有啜泣涌上嗓门时她才抖动一下,就像小孩子哭着哭着睡着了,在梦中还继续啜泣似的。

她还年轻,长着美丽而安详的脸庞,脸上的皱纹表明了一种克制甚至一种力量。可是,此时此刻,她的双眼流露着呆痴的目光,紧紧地盯着远处的一片蓝天。这不是一种沉思的目光,这种目光表明她的智慧思维处于停止状态。

有个东西正朝着她姗姗而来,她充满畏惧地等待着它的来临。这到底是什么东西呢?连她自己也不知道:这个东西太微妙了,太难以捉摸了,让人简直不可名状。不过,她感觉到,这种东西正悄然跃出天空,穿过空气中的万种声音、千种气味以及百般色彩向她迎面扑来。

她的胸脯激动地起伏着。她开始明白正朝她袭来并要占据她身心的这种东西到底是什么了。她极力想要靠着自己的意志把它击退——但是她的意志却像她那两只白皙纤细的手儿一样软弱无力,无法将它击退。

她放弃了抵抗，一个轻微的、恰似耳语的词语从她微微张开的嘴唇里悄然而出。她一遍又一遍反反复复低声说着：“自由了，自由了，自由了！”随后，茫然的目光和惊恐的神色从她的眼睛里消逝了。她的双目热切而明亮，脉搏疾速地跳跃着，奔流的热血温暖着她周身的每一寸肌肤，令她舒适而放松。

她没有停下思绪来问一问自己，占据着她整个身心的到底是不是一种巨大的欢乐。一种清晰而兴奋的感觉让她觉得，问自己这个问题简直是小题大做，全无必要。

她知道，等她见到那双曾经亲切温柔的双手如今却僵死地交叉置于胸前，那张总是充满爱意地望着自己的脸庞如今却一动不动、灰暗僵死时，她还会哭的。但是，她看到，度过那个痛苦的时刻之后，未来一长串的岁月将完全属于她自己。她张开双臂，伸展开去，欢迎这些岁月。

在未来的岁月里，没有人管束她了，她将独自管理自己。她的意志不再屈从于别人强有力的意志了；世上的男男女女都认为他们有权通过盲目强制的方式把个人的意愿强加在自己的同类身上。在这个茅塞顿开的时刻，她看着这种事情，觉得不管对方的动机是善意的还是恶意的，这种行为都无异于犯罪。

话说回来，她还是爱他的——有时候爱。而经常的情况是不爱。这有什么关系！爱只是一个尚未解开的谜，在这种对自己的事情拥有发言权的要求面前，爱又算得了什么！此时此刻，她突然意识到，拥有自主权是她自己最强烈的冲动了。

“自由了！身心都自由了！”她不断地小声说着。

关着的房门外，乔瑟芬正跪在地上，嘴唇对着钥匙孔，恳求着要进来：“路易斯，开门！我求求你了；开门——你会把你自已弄出病来的。你在里面干什么，路易斯？看在老天爷的份上，开开门吧！”

“走开。我不会把自己弄出病来的。”恰恰相反，她正在通过敞开着的窗户畅饮着生活的万应良药呢！