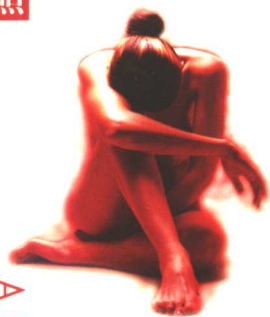


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A Letter From An Unknown Woman

# 一个陌生女人的来信

高尔基评论：真是一部惊人的杰作

徐静蕾执导的获国际大奖的同名影片

引发了一场  
我爱你与你无关  
的情感模式的探讨

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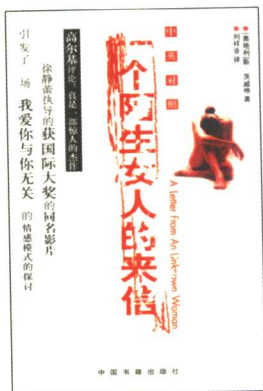
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# A Letter From An Unknown Woman

## 作者简介

斯·茨威格(1881—1942)，奥地利著名小说家、传记作家，出身于富裕的犹太家庭。青年时代在维也纳和柏林攻读哲学和文学。后去世界各地游历，结识罗曼·罗兰和罗丹等人，并受到他们的影响。第一次世界大战时从事反战工作，成为著名的和平主义者。19世纪90年代赴苏联，认识了高尔基。1934年遭纳粹驱逐，先后流亡英国、巴西。1942年在感觉理想破灭中与妻子双双自杀。

斯·茨威格在诗、短论、小说、戏剧和人物传记写作方面均有过人的造诣，尤以小说和人物传记见长。代表作有小说：《最初的经历》、《马来狂人》、《恐惧》、《感觉的混乱》、《人的命运转折点》、《一个陌生女人的来信》、《一个女人一生中的二十四小时》、《危险的怜悯》等；传记《三位大师》、《同精灵的斗争》、《三个描摹自己生活的诗人》等。斯·茨威格对心理学感兴趣，作品擅长细致的性格刻画，以及对奇特命运下个人遭遇和心灵的描摹。



## 内 容 提 示

讲述的是一个陌生的女人，在她生命的最后时刻，饱蘸着一生的痴情，写下了一封凄婉动人的长信，向一位著名的作家袒露了自己绝望的爱慕之情。小说以一名女子最痛苦的经历，写出了爱的深沉与奉献。高尔基曾由衷地赞赏这篇小说，真是 一部惊人的杰作。





*Letter from an Unknown Woman*

R., the famous novelist, had been away on a brief holiday in the mountains. Reaching Vienna early in the morning, he bought a newspaper at the station, and when he glanced at the date he was reminded that it was his birthday. "Forty-one!"—the thought came like a flash. He was neither glad nor sorry at the realisation. He hailed a taxi, and skimmed the newspaper as he drove home. His man reported that there had been two callers during the master's absence, besides a few telephone messages. A bundle of letters was awaiting him. Looking indifferently at these, he opened a few because he was interested in the senders, but laid aside for the time a bulky packet addressed in a strange handwriting. At ease in an armchair, he drank his morning tea, finished the newspaper, and read a few circulars. Then, having lighted a cigar, he turned to

著名小说家R先生最近到山里进行了一次简短的旅行。这天一大早，他回到维也纳，在火车站买了一份报纸。翻开报纸的时候，他不经意地瞥了一下日期，突然之间，他意识到今天是自己的生日。“四十一岁啦”，这个念头在他脑子里倏地闪了一下，很快就过去了，他心里既不高兴，也不难过。他叫了一辆出租车，然后一边随意地翻着报纸，一边回到了自己的住所。仆人告诉他说，在他离开家的这段时间里，曾经有两位客人前来拜访，另外还有几个人打来电话。还有一摞信等着他。他不经意地看了一眼，感觉有几封信的寄信人还算有意思，于是就拆开了信封；有一封信摸上去有些厚，而且笔迹看起来很陌生，于是他就先把它放到一边。早茶送上来了，他开始一边喝着早茶，一边懒洋洋地靠在躺椅上，随手翻了一下身旁的报纸和几份印刷品。然后，他又点上一支雪茄，伸手把刚才搁在身边的

一个陌生人的来信







*the remaining letter.*

*It was a manuscript rather than an ordinary letter, comprising a couple of dozen hastily penned sheets in a feminine handwriting. Involuntarily he examined the envelope once more, in case he might have overlooked a covering letter. But there was nothing of the kind, no signature, and no sender's address on either envelope or contents. "Strange," he thought, as he began to read the manuscript. The first words were a superscription: "To you, who have never known me." He was perplexed. Was this addressed to him, or to some imaginary being? His curiosity suddenly awakened, he read as follows:*

*My boy died yesterday. For three days and three nights I have been wrestling with Death for this frail little life. During forty consecutive hours, while the fever of influenza was shaking his poor*

那封信拿了过来。

信很厚，大约有二三十页，与其说它是封信，倒不如说是一份手稿，写得很潦草，但看得出来是个女人的笔迹。他不由自主地又仔细看了看信封，看看上面是不是还有其他东西。什么也没有，没有签名，无论信封还是信纸上，也都没有寄信人地址。“奇怪。”他一边想着，一边开始读手稿。信的前几个字算是抬头：“送给你，一个从来不认识我的人。”他一下子迷糊了。这是在称呼他呢，还是指的某个想象中的人呢？突然之间，他的好奇心被激发起来，开始接着往下念：

我儿子昨天死了。为了这条脆弱的小生命，



一个陌生女人的来信





burning body, I sat beside his bed. I put cold compresses on his forehead; day and night, night and day, I held his restless little hands. The third evening, my strength gave out. My eyes closed without my being aware of it, and for three or four hours I must have slept on the hard stool. Meanwhile, Death took him. There he lies, my darling boy, in his narrow cot, just as he died. Only his eyes have been closed, his wise, dark eyes; and his hands have been crossed over his breast. Four candles are burning, one at each corner of the bed. I cannot bear to look, I cannot bear to move; for when the candles flicker, shadows chase one another over his face and his closed lips. It looks as if his features stirred, and I could almost fancy that he is not dead after all, that he will wake up, and with his clear voice will say something childishly loving. But

我和死神搏斗了三天三夜。我足足在他床边一连坐了四十个小时，因为流感，他发了高烧，可怜的身子热得滚烫。我把冷毛巾放在他额头上，没日没夜地握着他那双不知所措的小手。到第三天晚上，我实在坚持不住了。我的眼皮不知不觉地就合上了。我坐在一把硬椅子上睡了三四个小时。就是在这个时候，死神把他带走了。现在，我的小乖乖就躺在那儿，躺在他的小床上，就像刚刚死去一样。他那双聪明的黑眼睛刚刚被合上，他的双手被交叉着放到胸前。人们点了四支蜡烛，在床的每个角各放了一支。我不敢看，甚至连动也不敢动一下；因为当烛光闪动的时候，阴影就会一个接一个地从他的脸上和他那紧闭的嘴上掠过，看上去好像他的小脸儿还在动一样，我几乎会幻想着他根本没死，他还会醒过来，还会用他那清脆的声音给我说些天真又可爱的话





*Letter from an Unknown Woman*

*I know that he is dead; and I will not look again, to hope once more, and once more to be disappointed.*

*I know, I know, my boy died yesterday. Now I have only you left in the world; only you, who do not know me; you, who are enjoying yourself all unheeding, sporting with men and things. Only you, who have never known me, and whom I have never ceased to love.*

*I have lighted a fifth candle, and am sitting at the table writing to you. I cannot stay alone with my dead child without pouring my heart out to some one and to whom should I do that in this dreadful hour if not to you, who have been and still are all in all to me? Perhaps I shall not be able to make myself plain to you. Perhaps you will not be able to understand me. My head feels so heavy; my temples are throbbing; my limbs are aching. I think I must*

儿。可是我知道，他死了。我再不愿意往床上看了，我生怕自己心里还会有一点儿希望，结果只会让自己再一次失望。我知道，我知道，我的儿子昨天死了。现在我在这个世界上只有你，只有你，可你根本不知道我是谁，你正过得开心，什么也不关心。我现在只有你，一个从来都不认识我，而我却一直深爱着的人。

已经点了第五支蜡烛了，我还趴在桌子上给你写信。我受不了一个人守着我那死了的孩子，我必须跟人说说自己的心里话，而在这可怕的时刻，不跟你说又叫我去跟谁说呢？要知道，无论是在过去还是在现在，我一直都在把你当成我的一切啊！也许我没法跟你说清楚。也许你无法明白我的意思。我现在头晕脑胀，两个太阳穴不停地抽动，好像有人用槌子在敲，我的四肢都在发

一个陌生女人的来信





*be feverish. Influenza is raging in this quarter, and probably I have caught the infection. I should not be sorry if I could join my child in that way, instead of making short work of myself. Sometimes it seems dark before my eyes, and perhaps I shall not be able to finish this letter; but I shall try with all my strength, this one and only time, to speak to you, my beloved, to you who have never known me.*

*To you only do I want to speak, that I may tell you everything for the first time. I should like you to know the whole of my life, of that life which has always been yours, and of which you have known nothing. But you shall only know my secret after I am dead, when there will be no one whom you will have to answer; you shall only know it if that which is now shaking my limbs with cold and with heat should really prove, for me, the end. If I have to go*

疼。我想我一定是发烧了。现在这个地方流感猖獗，我可能也得了流感。要是那样就好了，那我就可以和我的孩子呆在一起了，也免得我自己动手来了结自己的生命。有时候我眼前一片漆黑，也许我根本没法写完这封信；可是我一定要打起精神，我要用尽自己所有的力量跟你谈一次，就谈这一次，我亲爱的，一个从来不认识我的人。

我只想让你一个人知道，这是我第一次把一切都告诉你。我要让你知道我的整个一生，我一直都是属于你的，而你却对我始终一无所知。可是我只有等到死的时候才会让你知道这一切，那样你就没法给任何人回信了。只有当我这四肢忽冷忽热的疾病确实夺去我生命的时候，我才会让你知道我的秘密。要是我还得活下去，我就会把这封信撕掉，我会继续保持沉默，就跟以前一

一个陌生女人的来信







*on living, I shall tear up this letter and shall keep the silence I have always kept. If you ever hold it in your hands, you may know that a dead woman is telling you her life story; the story of a life which was yours from its first to its last fully conscious hour. You need have no fear of my words. A dead woman wants nothing; neither love, nor compassion, nor consolation. I have only one thing to ask of you, that you believe to the full what the pain in me forces me to disclose to you. Believe my words, for I ask nothing more of you; a mother will not speak falsely beside the death-bed of her only child.*

*I am going to tell you my whole life, in fact, the life which did not really begin until the day I first saw you. What I can recall before that day is gloomy and confused, a memory as of a cellar filled with dusty, dull, and cobwebbed things and people—*