

英汉对照浪漫英语丛书

# 爱情小说选粹

*Selections of Love Stories*

夏 平 编译



东方出版中心



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## 说 明

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## 内 容 提 要

本书收录了《简·爱》、《儿子与情人》、《情感教育》、《埃利斯岛》等六部著名长篇小说中描写爱情的精彩片段。它们从各个不同的侧面,细腻地刻画了男女主人公们刻骨铭心的爱的体验。全书以英汉对照的形式编成,英语原文规范、平易、优美,汉语译文流畅,读来趣味盎然,引人入胜。

本书既可供英语学习者提高阅读、翻译能力之需,又可通过英语原著,领略和欣赏英语文学宝库中五彩缤纷的爱情世界。

## 前 言

爱情,是神秘而又真实的生命火花,是人生的一段刻骨铭心的旅程,又是一面人生的镜子,从中可以映照出各种不同的个性、素质、品格,不同社会集团、阶层的心态和世界观,乃至折射出时代风云。文学艺术是精神世界的观照,古今中外,描写爱情的文学作品真可谓汗牛充栋。作家们从刻画陷入爱河的男女的心灵入手,直接或间接地反映了五光十色的社会、时代风貌,千姿百态,亘古常新。纵观英语文学,以爱情为题材的小说数量众多,其中脍炙人口的杰作也为数不少。我国有不少学习英语的朋友们,迫切希望通过初步阅读英语原著,既可以略窥英语文学宝库之一斑,又可以提高自己的读、译能力,为将来大量接触英语文学作品打好基础。这便是编译这本《爱情小说选粹》的缘起。

宗旨定下来了,选材却颇费了一番功夫。这本书的分量不大,要广为搜罗撷取是不可能的,但总应该收入一些已有定评的作家们的名作,让读者作一啻之尝,以期作进一步的探索。选译的原文应该力求规范、平易、优美。文字高古、粗糙、艰涩,以及搀杂方言的作品均在不收之列。而不少现代作品往往充满过于露骨的性爱描写,自然也应予以摒弃。我

经过大量的阅读,才选定了现在的内容。

《简·爱》是我国读者熟知的世界名著,但真正读完原著的人恐怕为数并不多。现在我们阅读原文,可以看到当时的文字风格和描写形式。在勃朗特的笔下,爱情是理想化的、高洁的。她的文字藻饰优美,但是叙述语言与人物语言的区别不大。篇中两人的对话,像一段悠长缠绵的乐章,反映出男女主人公对高尚的爱情的执著。现代读者也许会感到太戏剧化(melodramatic)一点。但这正是这一类所谓“哥特式”(Gothic)古典小说的特点。这种温情脉脉、浪漫蒂克的风格,现在越来越少见。

在劳伦斯的笔下,爱情要现实得多,也平民化得多。劳伦斯声称:“精神之爱和肉体之爱,虽然彼此对立,却同为爱,”因此,同样是作家笔下描绘的对象。另一方面,把性看成是一种力量,一种愤怒、疯狂和苦难,把性看作为一切动机和冲动的源泉,控制思想和行为的一只手,是劳伦斯所生活的时代的一种思潮,这种思潮在他的作品中也有所反映。劳伦斯要描绘的,绝不是完美的人格,而是一种比较真实、甚至是有损人格的人格。从文字来说,劳伦斯喜用短句,风格比较明快爽朗,人物语言的个性化程度也大大提高了。

西部小说是美国通俗文学中的一个特殊样式,已经成了美国文化的一个组成部分。随着美国社会的迅速工业化,开阔的空间日益消失,城市拥挤不堪,治安堪虞,世界各地的移民蜂涌而至,使美国人

对当年边疆的开拓产生了怀恋之情。而欧文·威斯特的《维吉尼亚人》除了有冒险加爱情、善恶冲突等要素之外,还贯穿着一种怀旧情绪,符合美国人的心态,难怪效仿者纷纷而起,至今不绝。前几年,根据小说改编的影片《与狼共舞》引起轰动,荣获奥斯卡大奖,就是这种心态的反映。本书中收入的,是一切冲突都已解决的大团圆结局的最后一章。读者可以看到,那位维吉尼亚人其实是一位穿着牛仔服的理想化的绅士,而作者在其中对清幽的山间景色的描摹令人向往,可当作一首散文诗来阅读。

乔伊斯·卡洛斯·欧茨是当代引人注目的美国女作家。她的创作数量繁多,尤其以长、短篇小说为擅长。在本书的选段中,读者可以看到她应用“意识流”的手法来描写少年男女隐秘的内心世界,这也是不少现代作家喜欢使用的手法,在英语作家中,英国女作家维吉妮亚·伍尔夫(Virginia Woolf)和新西兰女作家凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德(Katherine Mansfield)就是例子。

其他两篇都是当代作家的作品,反映了现代男女的爱情生活和心理,各有特色和可取之处。如果把这些选段对爱情描绘的角度、内容,以及文字、节奏等与前面的作品选段加以对比,找出变化的轨迹,是饶有兴味的。

本书所精心挑选收入的六个选段,都是我独力译成汉语的,其中《简·爱》的译文曾参考祝庆英先生的译文,特此致谢。翻译的目的是为了帮助读者阅

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读和理解,其中有不妥之处,甚望海内外贤达不吝指教。

夏 平

1996年8月



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# 1. In the Manor House of Ferndean

——Excerpt from *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë

## 导 读

夏绿蒂·勃朗特(Charlotte Brontë, 1816 ~ 1855)的小说《简·爱》(*Jane Eyre*)是英国文学的经典名著。小说描写出身贫寒、举目无亲的女孩 Jane Eyre 尝尽了人世间的辛酸,在当家庭教师期间,爱上了庄园主 Rochester。后来, Rochester 的庄园被烈火焚毁, Rochester 本人烧伤失明,财产丧失殆尽,而 Jane Eyre 由于意外得到远在海外的叔叔的遗产致了富。但是 Jane 仍然前去寻找 Rochester,两人互诉离愁,吐露衷曲,终于如愿以偿,结为夫妇。

本篇摘自这部长篇小说接近尾声的第 37 章,描述了 Jane 来到荒凉的芬丁庄园(Manor House of Ferndean),与 Rochester 重逢的动人情景。小说的语言优美瑰丽,充满比喻和想象力。全篇体现出古典作品所特有的那种浪漫情调,这在现代作品中是比较少见的。

夏绿蒂·勃朗特的其他作品还有《教师》(*The Professor*)、《雪尔莉》(*Shirley*)和《维耶特》(*Villette*)等。

这些小说与《简·爱》一样，都是以作者自己的生平和生活感受作为基础的。

To this house I came just ere dark on an evening marked by the characteristics of sad sky, cold gale, and continued small, penetrating rain. The last mile I performed on foot, having dismissed the chaise and driver with the double remuneration I had promised. Even when within a very short distance of the manor-house you could see nothing of it, so thick and dark grew the timber of the gloomy wood about it. Iron gates between granite pillars showed me where to enter, and passing through them, I found myself at once in the twilight of close-ranked trees. There was a grass-grown track descending the forest aisle between hoar and knotty shafts and under branched arches. I followed it, expecting soon to reach the dwelling; but it stretched on and on, it wound far and farther; no sign of habitation or grounds was visible.

I thought I had taken a wrong direction and lost my way. The darkness of natural as well as of silvan dusk gathered over me. I looked round in search of another road. There was none: all was interwoven stem, columnar trunk, dense summer foliage – no opening anywhere.

I proceeded, at last my way opened, the trees thinned a little; presently I beheld a railing, then the house—scarce, by this dim light, distinguishable from the trees, so dank and green were its decaying walls. Entering a portal, fastened only by a latch, I stood amidst a space of enclosed ground, from which the wood swept away in a semi-circle. There were no flowers, no garden-beds; only a broad gravel-walk girdling a grass-plat, and this set in the heavy frame of the forest. The house presented two pointed gables in its front; the windows were latticed and narrow; the front door was narrow too, one step led up to it. The whole looked, as the host of the Rochester Arms had said, “quite a desolate spot.” It was as still as a church on a week-day; the pattering rain on the forest leaves was the only sound audible in its vicinage.

“Can there be life here?” I asked.

Yes, life of some kind there was; for I heard a movement—that narrow front door was unclosing, and some shape was about to issue from the grange.

It opened slowly. A figure came out into the twilight and stood on the step—a man without a hat. He stretched forth his hand as if to feel whether it rained. Dusk as it was, I had recognized him—it was my master, Edward Fairfax Rochester, and no other.

I stayed my step, almost my breath, and stood to watch him—to examine him, myself unseen, and, alas! to

him invisible. It was a sudden meeting, and one in which rapture was kept well in check by pain. I had no difficulty in restraining my voice from exclamation, my step from hasty advance.

His form was of the same strong and stalwart contour as ever; his port was still erect, his hair was still raven black; nor were his features altered or sunk: not in one year's space, by any sorrow, could his athletic strength be quelled or his vigorous prime blighted. But in his countenance I saw a change; that looked desperate and brooding—that reminded me of some wronged and fettered wild beast or bird, dangerous to approach in his sullen woe. The caged eagle, whose gold-ringed eyes cruelty has extinguished, might look as looked that sightless Samson.

And, reader, do you think I feared him in his blind ferocity? If you do, you little know me. A soft hope blent with my sorrow that soon I should dare to drop a kiss on that brow of rock, and on those lips so sternly sealed beneath it; but not yet. I would not accost him yet.

He descended the one step, and advanced slowly and gropingly towards the grass-plat. Where was his daring stride now? Then he paused, as if he knew not which way to turn. He lifted his hand and opened his eyelids; gazed blank, and with a straining effort, on the sky, and toward the amphitheatre of trees: one saw that all to him was void darkness. He stretched his right hand (the left arm, the

mutilated one, he kept hidden in his bosom); he seemed to wish by touch to gain an idea of what lay around him. He met but vacancy still; for the trees were some yards off where he stood. He relinquished the endeavour, folded his arms, and stood quiet and mute in the rain, now falling fast on his uncovered head. At this moment John approached him from some quarter.

"Will you take my arm, sir?" he said. "There is a heavy shower coming on: had you not better go in?"

"Let me alone," was the answer.

John withdrew without having observed me. Mr. Rochester now tried to walk about: vainly,—all was too uncertain. He groped his way back to the house, and, re-entering it, closed the door.

I now drew near and knocked. John's wife opened for me. "Mary," I said, "how are you?"

She started as if she had seen a ghost. I calmed her. To her hurried "Is it really you, miss, come at this late hour to this lonely place?" I answered by taking her hand; and then I followed her into the kitchen, where John now sat by a good fire. I explained to them, in few words, that I had heard all which had happened since I left Thornfield, and that I was come to see Mr. Rochester. I asked John to go down to the turnpike-house, where I had dismissed the chaise, and bring my trunk, which I had left there, and then, while I removed my bonnet and shawl, I

questioned Mary as to whether I could be accommodated at the Manor House for the night; and finding that arrangements to that effect, though difficult, would not be impossible, I informed her I should stay. Just at this moment the parlour-bell rang.

“When you go in,” said I, “tell your master that a person wishes to speak to him, but do not give my name.”

“I don’t think he will see you,” she answered; “he refuses everybody.”

When she returned I inquired what he had said.

“You are to send in your name and your business,” she replied. She then proceeded to fill a glass with water, and place it on a tray, together with candles.

“Is that what he rang for?” I asked.

“Yes; he always has candles brought in at dark, though he is blind.”

“Give the tray to me ; I will carry it in.”

I took it from her hand: she pointed me out the parlour door. The tray shook as I held it; the water spilt from the glass; my heart struck, my ribs loud and fast. Mary opened the door for me, and shut it behind me.

This parlour looked gloomy. A neglected handful of fire burnt low in the grate; and leaning over it, with his head supported against the high, old-fashioned mantel-piece, appeared the blind tenant of the room. His old dog, Pilot, lay on one side, removed out of the way, and coiled



up as if afraid of being inadvertently trodden upon. Pilot pricked up his ears when I came in; then he jumped up with a yelp and a whine, and bounded towards me; he almost knocked the tray from my hands. I set it on the table; then patted him, and said softly, "Lie down!" Mr. Rochester turned mechanically to *see* what the commotion was; but as he *saw* nothing, he returned and sighed.

"Give me the water, Mary," he said.

I approached him with the now only half-filled glass; Pilot followed me, still excited.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Down, Pilot!" I again said. He checked the water on its way to his lips, and seemed to listen: he drank, and put the glass down. "This is you, Mary, is it not?"

"Mary is in the kitchen," I answered.

He put out his hand with a quick gesture, but not seeing where I stood, he did not touch me. "Who is this? Who is this?" he demanded, trying, as it seemed, to *see* with those sightless eyes—unavailing and distressing attempt! "Answer me—speak again!" he ordered, imperiously and aloud.

"Will you have a little more water, sir? I spilt half of what was in the glass," I said.

"Who is it? What is it? Who speaks?"

"Pilot knows me, and John and Mary know I am here. I came only this evening," I answered.