

英 汉 对 照 版

Ethan Frome

伊坦·弗洛美

→ Edith Wharton ←

中国教育学会外语教学专业委员会推荐

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英汉对照版

——第 8 级——

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原著: Edith Wharton

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出版说明

这是一套针对英语为外语的学生而出版的世界文学名著分级读物。丛书的编写紧密结合新《英语课程标准》的要求,按难易程度分为6个级别,适合3至8级(即初一至高三)学生的阅读需求,帮助学生在语言技能、语言知识、学习策略和文化意识等方面达到新课标的培养目标。

这套书的英文注释版出版后,引起社会广泛关注,被迅速选定为国家教育部专项任务项目——“中小学英语真实阅读教学推广实验”的推荐用书;经中国教育学会外语教学专业委员会推荐,各地中小学英语教研员和教师正积极参与课题实验。相信该英汉对照版同样会成为各层次读者英语学习的首选。

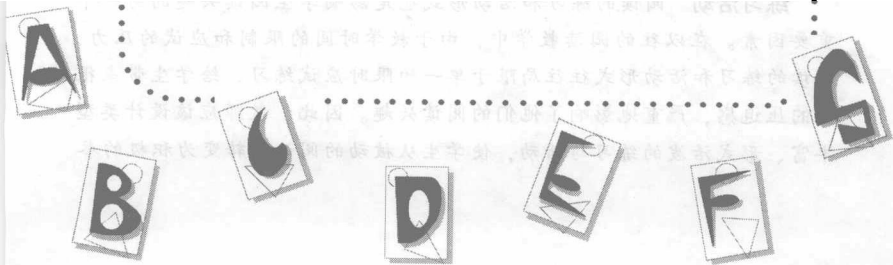
丛书主要有以下特点:

囊括西方经典文学名著,在帮助学生提高语言水平的同时,能通过阅读与自己外语水平相当的简写本一窥文学名著之全貌。

按新课标分级,英汉对照版的各册词汇量从700词到3500词,满足中学生的阅读需要。语言难度循序渐进,有助于教师拓展学生的语言知识和文化背景信息,提升学生的英语阅读技能。

语言浅显、生动、地道,以英汉对照的形式出版,既保留了英文的原汁原味,中英文双语又可为读者在阅读英文时扫除语言障碍,能够充分调动读者的阅读兴趣,使英语阅读更轻松。

希望本丛书能够高效地增强我国学生的英语阅读能力,提升他们的文学素养。



序

随着国家《英语课程标准》的颁布和实施，中小学英语教学进入了一个新的阶段。新课标对学生课外阅读量和阅读目标都提出了更高的要求。作为课堂阅读的继续和延伸，课外阅读是中学英语阅读教学中的一个重要环节。新课标对课外阅读的新要求需要广大英语教师更好地解决以下三个问题：

- ❶ 如何激发和持久地保持学生的阅读兴趣？
 - ❷ 如何将课外阅读活动与课堂阅读活动有效地结合？
 - ❸ 如何在有限的课堂教学指导下监控和评价学生的课外阅读效果？
- 要解决上述问题，可以从以下几个方面考虑：

阅读选材 阅读材料的题材和难度是影响学生阅读兴趣的主要因素，因此教师在选择和推荐课外阅读材料时，首先应注意阅读材料是否符合学生的认知水平和语言水平，并在两者间找到平衡点。许多材料容易读懂，但对该年龄段的学生可能内容太过浅显，引不起学生的兴趣；也许材料符合学生的心理和认知水平，但语言太难，使学生望而却步。另外，阅读材料还应给学生提供更多的英语国家文化背景知识。许多英语文学名著、寓言故事等在英语国家家喻户晓，人们在言谈、写作时往往予以引用，如同我们引用古诗词和成语一样。如果学生对此毫不了解，就会造成交流和理解上的困难。这套百本之巨的《阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物》（西方文学名著系列）是在《英语课程标准》推广以来出版规模最大的一套中小学生英语阅读丛书，选题的设计者严格按照新课标的各个级别遴选阅读材料，提倡让英语阅读更轻松、更系统、更高效，这样的主导思想和策划方案无疑是正确的。这套丛书分级明确，语言浅显、地道，且与《英语课程标准》的分级标准相匹配，教师可以根据学生的外语水平和兴趣爱好帮助学生选择。

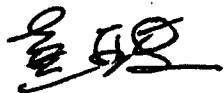
练习活动 阅读的练习和活动形式也是影响学生阅读兴趣的另一个重要因素。在以往的阅读教学中，由于教学时间的限制和应试的压力，阅读的练习和活动形式往往局限于单一的限时应试练习，给学生带来很强的压迫感，严重地影响了他们的阅读兴趣。因此，教师应该设计类型丰富、形式活泼的练习与活动，使学生从被动的阅读者转变为积极的参

与者，并使学生获得更多实践英语和使用英语的机会，如此才能激发和增强他们的阅读热情和兴趣。《阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物》丛书检测方式灵活，其多样化的阅读训练题型，对有意识地培养学生正确的学习策略很有意义。这套丛书的检测训练层级清晰，从初级的看图配话、趣味学用、拼字游戏、常识判断，到较深层的读前思考、推论归纳、背景探索，加上组对练习与互动讨论，明确地突出了学生语言应用能力的培养。

系统性与连续性 阅读材料的系统性，是指根据《英语课程标准》，从语言知识、语言技能、文化意识和学习策略等几个方面，对阅读材料进行科学分级，使学生能够循序渐进，拾级而上。阅读材料的连续性，则是指阅读材料的篇幅和内容的关联性能够让课堂阅读活动延续并拓展到课外。阅读教学中经常采用的短篇限时阅读，虽然容易控制时间，提高阅读速度，但是因学生的阅读能力存在差异而不能“面向全体”，且阅读限时和单一的应试练习形式也很难将课堂阅读活动延伸到课外。市面上的英文名著简写本版本虽多，但像《阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物》这样内容系统、分级明确，并配有大量形式多样、活泼的分项练习的，确实不多。它弥补了短篇阅读理解内容相对独立，不具有连续性的缺陷，使阅读活动能够从课堂延伸到课外。学生可以自己选择他们喜欢的、适合自己水平的读本，教师可以通过诸如写故事梗概、预测故事情节、进行小组讨论等多样、互动的阅读练习与活动，将学生在课堂中的思维延伸到课外，并在下一次课堂教学中检验和评价学生上一次课外阅读活动的结果。

希望有更多的一线教师积极总结自身的教学经验，广泛开展和参与阅读教学的课题研究 with 探讨，总结出更好、更有效率的阅读教学方法。

中国教育学会外语教学专业委员会理事长
人民教育出版社外语分社社长



龚亚夫

2004年4月18日

Introduction

Edith Wharton was born on January 24th, 1862 into a wealthy and eminent New York family. She was given a private education at home and in Europe. She married a banker, Edward Wharton, in 1885 and soon picked up the writing career which she had begun as a girl. Edith and Edward Wharton were divorced in 1913.

In her fiction, Wharton sought to expose, often with irony, the stupidity of social pretentiousness. Her earlier work is often considered her best; in later years the standard dropped somewhat as she sought to cope with the demands of writing for women's magazines.

Her early narratives are collected in the volume, *The Greater Inclination* (1899) and her novels include *The Reef* (1912), *The Custom of the Country* (1913) *Summer* (1917), *The Age of Innocence* (1920), which won the Pulitzer prize. Her most famous work however, is *Ethan Frome* (1911), a long narrative dealing with the harsh realities of life on a New England farm.

As well as writing novels and short stories, Wharton also wrote poetry, travel books and a theoretical work, *The Writing of Fiction* (1925).

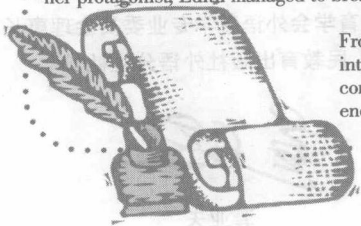
The best work of her later years is considered to be *The Buccaneers*, which was published posthumously in 1938.

In 1907, Edith Wharton settled in France, making only rare trips to the United States. She died on August 11th, 1937 and is buried at Versailles.

That *Ethan Frome* was met with an enthusiastic reception when it came out in 1911 is surprising in view of the fact it differed considerably from Wharton's usual formula. The stark and cold realism used to depict the grimness of life on a struggling New England farm does little to conceal the strength and warmth of the emotional and sexual undercurrent which flows between two of the narrative's protagonists, Ethan and Mattie.

To a certain extent, parallels can be drawn between the subject matter and Edith Wharton's own experiences. In her own introduction to the tale, she stresses her personal knowledge of the isolation and bleakness of New England village life, nevertheless describing the region in which she sets her story as a "harsh and beautiful land". Like Ethan, she was aware of the misery of being locked in an unhappy marriage to an ailing spouse, although unlike her protagonist, Edith managed to break free.

In the inexorable tragedy of Ethan Frome, the strength of the narrative and the intense atmosphere created by the author combine to make this one of the most enduring works of American fiction.



简

介

伊迪斯·华尔顿于1862年1月24日出生于纽约一家富有而显赫的家庭。她在家里和欧洲都接受了私人教育。1885年，她嫁给了一个名叫爱德华·华尔顿的银行家，不久之后，她便又执起笔，继续她从少女时即开始的写作生涯。华尔顿夫妇于1913年离婚。

华尔顿在她的小说中力图揭露社会上虚伪行为的愚蠢，并且往往采用讽刺的手法。她的早期作品通常被认为是其巅峰之作。而在后期她试图迎合妇女杂志的写作要求，原来的标准有所下降。

华尔顿早期的记叙文都被收集在《更大的意愿》(1899)中，她的小说有：《暗礁》(1912)，《国家风俗》(1913)，《夏天》(1917)，以及使她荣获普利策奖的《纯真年代》(1920)。但其最有名的作品还是《伊坦·弗洛美》(1911)，这部长的记叙体小说讲述了一个新英格兰的农场里残酷的生活现实的故事。

除了创作小说和短篇故事外，华尔顿还撰写诗歌和游记；另外，她还出版了一本理论性书籍——《小说的写作》(1925)。

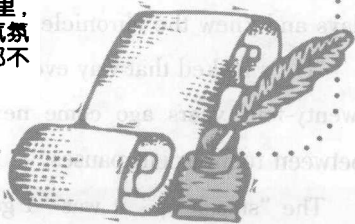
她晚期作品中的扛鼎之作当属《海盜》，在她去世后于1938年出版。

1907年，伊迪斯·华尔顿定居法国，只是偶尔到美国旅行。她于1937年8月11日去世，被安葬在凡尔赛。

《伊坦·弗洛美》在1911年出版的时候大受欢迎，由于这部作品与华尔顿以往的风格大相径庭，所以此书引起的反响确实让人感到意外。那刻板而严酷的现实主义描写勾勒出新英格兰地区一个苦苦挣扎的农场上人们的艰难生活，但这并没有掩盖住两位主人公伊坦和玛蒂之间隐伏却涌动着的情与爱，以及所折射出的力量和温馨。

在某种程度上，小说中所描述的故事与伊迪斯·华尔顿本人的经历有相似之处。在对故事作介绍时，她强调自己对新英格兰乡村生活的孤独和凄凉有切身的体会，不过她还是把故事的发生地描绘成一片“艰苦而美丽的土地”。像伊坦一样，她能够感受到被一个疾病缠身的配偶锁闭在不幸婚姻中的痛苦，但和书中主人公不同的是，伊迪斯设法获得了自由。

在伊坦·弗洛美无情的悲剧里，作者叙事的力度和创造出的紧张气氛使这篇故事成为美国小说中的一部不朽作品。





Ethan Frome

I had the story, bit by bit, from various people, and, as generally happens in such cases, each time it was a different story.

If you know Starkfield, Massachusetts, you know the post-office. If you know the post-office you must have seen Ethan Frome drive up to it, drop the reins on his hollow-backed bay and drag himself across the brick pavement to the white colonnade: and you must have asked who he was.

It was there that, several years ago, I saw him for the first time; and the sight pulled me up sharp. Even then he was the most striking figure in Starkfield, though he was but the ruin of a man. It was not so much his great height that marked him, for the “natives” were easily singled out by their lank longitude from the stockier foreign breed: it was the careless powerful look he had, in spite of a lameness checking each step like the jerk of a chain. There was something bleak and unapproachable in his face, and he was so stiffened and grizzled that I took him for an old man and was surprised to hear that he was not more than fifty-two. I had this from Harmon Gow, who had driven the stage from Bettsbridge to Starkfield in pre-trolley days and knew the chronicle of all the families on his line.”

“He’s looked that way ever since he had his smashup; and that’s twenty-four years ago come next February,” Harmon threw out between reminiscent pauses.

The “smash-up” it was—I gathered from the same informant—



伊坦·弗洛美

我获悉了这个故事，那是一点一滴地经由不同的人讲述而拼凑起来的，这种情况通常都是人多嘴杂，每次听到的故事都不相同。

如果你知道马萨诸塞州的斯塔克菲尔德镇，想必你还知道那个邮局。如果你熟悉那个邮局，想必你见过伊坦·弗洛美赶着车子上那儿去，把缰绳搭在他那匹骨瘦如柴的栗色马的背上，让自己慢吞吞地走过铺砖的过道，去到白色的柱廊那儿：想必你会问过他是谁。

几年前，我就是在那儿第一次看见他，他的样子着实吓得我一楞。虽然他成了个残废，但即使是在那时，他也仍是斯塔克菲尔德镇上最打眼的人。他突出的地方主要还不是他高高的个子，他们那些“当地人”都又瘦又高，在较墩实的外来人当中都容易引人注意：惹眼的是他那种虽然像拽铁链似的一跛一顿地走路，却仍带着一副不经意中透着强大的神气。他的脸容有些哀凄，让人觉得不易接近；他的身躯是那么僵硬，头发是那么灰白，我甚至都把他当成了老者，而后来得知他不超过五十二岁时，我顿觉惊讶不已。这是哈蒙·高告诉我的，哈蒙在开通电车之前在贝茨伯里奇和斯塔克菲尔德之间跑驿马车，对沿途家家户户那些飞短流长的历史渊源他都一清二楚。

“他自从撞伤后就一直是这副样子；到明年二月份那次出事就有二十四年了，”哈蒙在回忆的间歇甩出了这么一句话。

那是一次“撞伤”——我从同一个讲述者哈蒙那儿得





which, besides drawing the red gash across Ethan Frome's forehead, had so shortened and warped his right side that it cost him a visible effort to take the few steps from his buggy to the post-office window. He used to drive in from his farm every day at about noon, and as that was my own hour for fetching my mail I often passed him in the porch or stood beside him while we waited on the motions of the distributing hand behind the grating. I noticed that, though he came so punctually, he seldom received anything but a copy of the *Bettsbridge Eagle*, which he put without a glance into his sagging pocket. At intervals, however, the postmaster would hand him an envelope addressed to Mrs Zenobia—or Mrs Zeena—Frome, and usually bearing conspicuously in the upper left-hand corner the address of some manufacturer of patent medicine and the name of his specific. These documents my neighbour would also pocket without a glance, as if too much used to them to wonder at their number and variety, and would then turn away with a silent nod to the post-master.

Every one in Starkfield knew him and gave him a greeting tempered to his own grave mien; but his taciturnity was respected and it was only on rare occasions that one of the older men of the place detained him for a word. When this happened he would listen quietly, his blue eyes on the speaker's face, and answer in so low a tone that his words never reached me; then he would climb stiffly into his buggy, gather up the reins in his left hand and drive slowly away in the direction of his farm.

"It was a pretty bad smash-up?" I questioned Harmon, looking



知——不但使伊坦·弗洛美在额头上横贯了一道红色的疤痕，而且使得他的右半身收缩、扭褶得那么厉害，以至于能看得出他从马车走到邮局窗口的几步路都显得很费力。他总是每天从农场出发，赶着车，大约中午到镇上，由于那正是我自己每天来取信的时候，所以常在邮局门口从他身边经过，或是站在他旁边，一起等待窗户格栅后面递送信件的手。我注意到，他虽然每天准时来，但除了一份《贝茨伯里奇鹰报》外难得收到其他邮件，他总是看也不看就把报纸塞进他那松松垮垮的口袋里。不过，偶尔邮政局的主管会交给他一个信封，写着“细诺比亚——或细娜——弗洛美太太收”，而且通常在信封的左上角赫然印着一家专利药品生产厂商的地址和那种药品的名称。我身旁的那个人对这些邮件也是看都不看一眼就塞进口袋里，似乎对它们的数量和品种已经太熟而不必再看了，然后他会朝那个主管默默地点个头，转身离开。

斯塔克菲尔德镇上的每个人都认识他，也都会顺着他那严肃的神情简单地打个招呼；不过大家对他的沉默表示尊重，只是在少有的场合下才会有当地的老人留住他说句话。每当这时，他总是安静地听着，湛蓝的眼睛凝视着说话人的脸，低声回答着什么，声音小得连我也听不清；然后，他就会身体僵硬地爬上马车，左手执缰绳，朝着他家农场的方向慢慢地驾车前行。

“他撞得一定不轻吧？”我问哈蒙；望着弗洛美渐渐远去的





after Frome's retreating figure, and thinking how gallantly his lean brown head, with its shock of light hair, must have sat on his strong shoulders before they were bent out of shape.

"Wust kind," my informant assented. "More'n enough to kill most men. But the Fromes are tough. Ethan'll likely touch a hundred."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. At the moment Ethan Frome, after climbing to his seat, had leaned over to assure himself of the security of a wooden box—also with a druggist's label on it—which he had placed in the back of the buggy, and I saw his face as it probably looked when he thought himself alone. "*That* man touch a hundred? He looks as if he was dead and in hell now!"

Harmon drew a slab of tobacco from his pocket, cut off a wedge and pressed it into the leather pouch of his cheek. "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters. Most of the smart ones get away."

"Why didn't *he*?"

"Somebody had to stay and care for the folks. There warn't ever anybody but Ethan. Fust his father—then his mother—then his wife."

"And then the smash-up?"

Harmon chuckled sardonically. "That's so. He had to stay then."

"I see. And since then they've had to care for him?"

Harmon thoughtfully passed his tobacco to the other cheek.

"Oh as to that: I guess it's always Ethan done the caring."

Though Harmon Gow developed the tale as far as his mental and moral reach permitted there were perceptible gaps between his facts, and I had the sense that the deeper meaning of the story was in the gaps. But one phrase stuck in my memory and served as the



背影，我在想，在他的肩膀扭曲得变了形之前，那清瘦、带棕色的头，加上乱蓬蓬的浅色头发，长在他那壮实的肩膀上是多么的帅气。

“很重哩，”我的消息提供者赞同道，“换成别人恐怕就活不了啦。但弗洛美家的人都皮实。伊坦兴许能长命百岁呢。”

“我的天呀！”我慨叹了一声。那时，伊坦爬到了他的座位上之后，正俯身确认他此前放在马车后面的一个木箱是不是放稳妥了——箱子上面也贴着一张药铺的标签，这时我看见了的脸，那副表情很可能是当他以为自己身边没有人时所露出的表情。“那个人能长命百岁？他现在看上去就犹如已经进了地狱！”

哈蒙从口袋里掏出一板烟草，切下一角，并把它塞进了脸颊上那皮囊似的腮帮子里。“我想一定是因为他在斯塔克菲尔德度过的冬天太多了；聪明人大都跑出去了。”

“他为什么不走呢？”

“总得有人留下来照顾家里人呀。伊坦家除了他之外就再也没有这样的人了。先是服侍他爹——再往后是他妈——然后是他老婆。”

“再后来就是撞伤？”

哈蒙冷笑了一声。“没错。他不得不留在这儿了。”

“我明白了。从那时起，家人们不得不伺候他了？”

哈蒙若有所思地把那片烟草从一边腮帮子挪到另一边。“噢，至于这档子事嘛：我看总是伊坦在照顾别人。”

虽然哈蒙·高尽了他的智力和道德所能达到的高度来讲述这个故事，可还是能感觉出来在他讲的事实当中有些疏漏，而我觉得这个故事更深层的意义恰恰就在那些疏漏处。但是有一句话深深地印在我的记忆里，成为其后我组构推断的核心，那





nucleus about which I grouped my subsequent inferences: "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters."

Before my own time there was up I had learned to know what that meant. Yet I had come in the degenerate day of trolley, bicycle and rural delivery, when communication was easy between the scattered mountain villages, and the bigger towns in the valleys, such as Bettsbridge and Shadd's Falls, had libraries, theatres and Y. M. C. A. halls to which the youth of the hills could descend for recreation. But when winter shut down on Starkfield, and the village lay under a sheet of snow perpetually renewed from the pale skies, I began to see what life there—or rather its negation—must have been in Ethan Frome's young manhood.

I had been sent up by my employers on a job connected with the big power-house at Corbury Junction, and a long-drawn carpenters' strike had so delayed the work that I found myself anchored at Starkfield—the nearest habitable spot—for the best part of the winter. I chafed at first, and then, under the hypnotising effect of routine, gradually began to find a grim satisfaction in the life. During the early part of my stay I had been struck by the contrast between the vitality of the climate and the deadness of the community. Day by day, after the December snows were over, a blazing blue sky poured down torrents of light and air on the white landscape, which gave them back in an intenser glitter. One would have supposed that such an atmosphere must quicken the emotions as well as the blood; but it seemed to produce no change except that of retarding still more the sluggish pulse of Starkfield. When I



就是：“我想一定是因为他在斯塔克菲尔德度过的冬天太多了。”

我自己呆在那儿的时间没有多长就已经明白了这句话的涵义。我到这儿来的时节，电车、自行车和乡镇递送服务已渐显惨淡；那时散布在山区的村庄之间的交通已经很方便，那些位处峡谷里的较大的村镇，诸如贝茨伯里奇和沙德福斯，都已经有了图书馆、戏院和基督教青年会娱乐厅，山里的年轻人可以下山来消遣。但是，当冬天将斯塔克菲尔德同外界隔绝，整个村庄覆盖在一层白雪之下，而且雪花依然从苍白的天空没完了地往上添的时候，我开始了解在这儿伊坦·弗洛美青年时代的生活——或者根本就算不上生活——是什么样子。

我那时受雇主的派遣，从事一项和考白里枢纽车站的大电站相关的工作；由于木匠们长时间的罢工，工程耽搁下来了，我发现自己像只抛锚的船，要在斯塔克菲尔德滞留大半个冬天了——因为它是最近的居民点。开始我还颇感焦躁，后来在每天一成不变的生活的催眠效力下，我逐渐开始去从生活中寻找一种暗淡的满足感。住在这儿起初的一段时间里，我发现天气所展示的强劲生命活力与社区中的死气沉沉形成了鲜明的对比，这让我感到惊讶。十二月的降雪期过后，日复一日，湛蓝的天空向这片雪景倾洒下充沛的阳光和空气，然后雪景又把它们以更强烈的辉耀反射回去。人们会认为，这种天气本该在让人气血奔涌的同时也使人感情迅速激动；可是斯塔克菲尔德似乎并未由此产生任何改变，只不过使小镇本来就慵懒的脉搏更





had been there a little longer, and had seen this phase of crystal clearness followed by long stretches of sunless cold; when the storms of February had pitched their white tents about the devoted village and the wild cavalry of March winds had charged down to their support; I began to understand why Starkfield emerged from its six months' siege like a starved garrison capitulating without quarter. Twenty years earlier the means of resistance must have been far fewer, and the enemy in command of almost all the lines of access between the beleaguered villages; and, considering these things, I felt the sinister force of Harmon's phrase: "Most of the smart ones get away." But if that were the case, how could any combination of obstacles have hindered the flight of a man like Ethan Frome?

During my stay at Starkfield I lodged with a middle-aged widow colloquially known as Mrs Ned Hale. Mrs Hale's father had been the village lawyer of the previous generation, and "lawyer Varnum's house," where my landlady still lived with her mother, was the most considerable mansion in the village. It stood at one end of the main street, its classic portico and small-paned windows looking down a flagged path between Norway spruces to the slim white steeple of the Congregational church. It was clear that the Varnum fortunes were at the ebb, but the two women did what they could to preserve a decent dignity; and Mrs Hale, in particular, had a certain wan refinement not out of keeping with her pale old-fashioned house.

In the "best parlour," with its black horse-hair and mahogany weakly illuminated by a gurgling Carcel lamp, I listened every evening to another and more delicately shaded version of the Starkfield chronicle. It was not that Mrs Ned Hale felt, or affected,

