

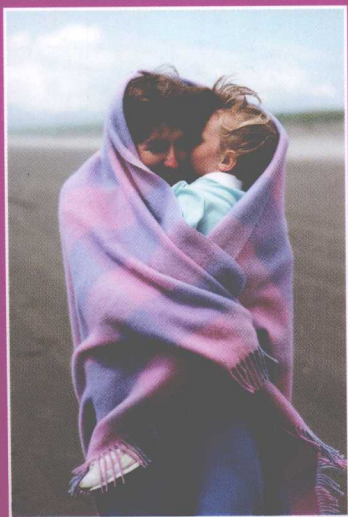


双语美文欣赏系列

*Beautiful Writings
Appreciation*

亲情篇

王勇 陈青 编译



上海科技教育出版社



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前言

人间至爱骨肉亲。世上最弥足珍贵的情感,莫过于亲情。西谚云:血浓于水。(Blood is thicker than water.)“慈母手中线,游子身上衣。临行密密缝,意恐迟迟归。谁言寸草心,报得三春晖。”孟郊的《游子吟》绘出了母子间的深情。朱自清的散文《背影》则让我们深深感受到了父子间的那份厚意。浓浓的亲情让家庭更和睦、更温馨,让社会更和谐。

本书收录的 20 篇英语短文,是英美作者笔下亲情世界的一个缩影,描写对象包括父亲、母亲、姑姑、叔叔、兄弟、姐妹、外公、子女等。既有女儿对尼克松这样的“大人物”(somebody)的缅怀追思,也有侄儿对“凡夫俗子”(nobody)叔叔的细微刻画。从不同作者对不同亲人的描述,我们不难领略到世人概莫能外的亲情对于人生的重要价值和意义,从而更好地珍惜亲情,关爱亲人。更进一步讲,大家共同努

力,“不独亲其亲、不独子其子”,“老吾老以及人之老,幼吾幼以及人之幼”,为推动社会的和谐发展贡献自己的力量。

由于中西语言文化的差异,英美作者对亲情的描述,其着眼点和重心难免与中国作者存在不同之处,因此我们在领略西方作者笔下的亲情世界时,应注意到其中反映出的语言文化差异,从而提高对英语语言和英美文化的敏感性。

本书以英汉对照的形式编排,目的是为了提髙读者的阅读理解能力和翻译能力。读者既可以在阅读原文后对照译文检验自己的理解程度;也可以翻译原文,以对照检验译文。在感悟亲情的同时,如果读者的英语水平和翻译能力同时能得到提高,则译者必将深以为幸。

在本书的编译过程中,责任编辑焦健老师曾多次提出非常中肯的建议,并为本书的最后出版做了大量的工作,在此谨致谢忱。

由于译者的水平和经验有限,译文难免会有疏漏不足之处,恳请读者批评指正。

王勇 陈青

2009年10月

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***A Daughter's Reflection
on Father's Day***
父亲节的回忆

Julie Nixon Eisenhower
朱莉·尼克松·埃森豪威尔





April 18, 1994 was a picture-perfect Pennsylvania day, the sun chasing clouds across the sky as a warm breeze stirred the air—ideal weather for watching my 12-year-old son's baseball game. After the game, I stopped to pick up a pizza for the family. When I arrived home, the phone was ringing. It was my parents' longtime housekeeper, Heide Retter, with sobering news. She had been in the kitchen preparing dinner for my 81-year-old father while he relaxed on the nearby deck, enjoying his special concoction of Perrier, lime juice, and Sweet and Low, and soaking in the spring air. Suddenly, she heard a glass shatter. When she reached the porch, she discovered my father had fallen to the ground, felled by a massive stroke. This was the beginning of the last battle of my father's tumultuous^① life.

On the two-hour drive to the hospital in New York, my husband, David, and I talked about the doctors' bleak prognosis^②. The stroke had left my father speechless and paralyzed on the right side. But I still had a spark of hope. I knew what the doctors did not, that my father was still fighting. Heide had told me how he had dug his heels in and resisted being lifted onto the paramedics' ^③ stretcher, his mind perhaps still operating on the deeply held belief that one got well faster when cared for at home. I knew, too, that through all the ups and downs of his public career, which spanned the upheavals of the 40-year Cold War,

1994年4月18日，在宾夕法尼亚州是一个美丽如画的日子。春光融融，徐徐暖风吹起朵朵白云在空中飘荡——正适合我观看12岁儿子参加的棒球赛。看完比赛回家的路上，我给家人买了个比萨饼。到家时，电话铃声正响着。电话是我父母的老管家海德·雷特打来的，她的消息让我大吃了一惊。沉浸在春天的气息中，喝着用毕雷矿泉水、酸橙汁和“甜而廉”特别调制的饮料，我81岁的父亲正在阳台上休息，而她在厨房里准备晚餐。突然，她听到玻璃杯碎裂的声音。等来到阳台上，她发现我父亲已因为严重中风而摔倒在地。那是父亲风风雨雨一生中最后一次战斗的开始。

从宾夕法尼亚州到纽约的医院开车要两个小时，路上丈夫戴维跟我谈起了医生的悲观预测。由于中风，父亲失去了说话的能力，身体右侧也瘫痪了。但是我还仍然抱有一丝希望。虽然医生不知道，可我很清楚，父亲仍在努力战斗。海德告诉我他如何坚持己见，拒绝被抬到护理担架上。或许他还仍坚持老观点，觉得病人在家里照料恢复得更快。我也明白，在他贯串40年动荡冷战岁月的公众事业



he had never given up.

Although I arrived at the hospital too late that night for more than the briefest glimpse of my father, in the morning I found him alert, even bright-eyed, despite his slack body. He eagerly clasped my hand with his good left hand. He seemed so cognizant^④ that I asked him if he wanted a pen and pad so we could communicate. He impatiently waved away the suggestion, then tightly clasped my hand again, smiling with his eyes. When the orderlies^⑤ arrived to take him for more tests, he squeezed my hand one last time, let go, and gave me a jaunty thumbs-up salute. He made it possible for me to say good-bye with a smile. Within an hour, he had slipped into a deep coma. He passed away peacefully three days later.

I often think of my dad. He took up a lot of space in the lives of his family and friends because he was so full of ideas, plans, and actions. His death left a huge void for those who knew him. Of course, there are reminders of him everywhere—on television, in books, and, most vividly, in the comments of people I meet on the street or on an airplane, even in a faraway foreign city. Surprisingly, many of these strangers are young people who never saw Richard Nixon on the campaign trail, never heard a Nixon speech or watched a press conference. They know only the bare outline of the battles of the Hiss case, Vietnam, or Watergate, that chapter in my father's life when, in his

中,尽管经历了许多波折,他始终没有放弃过。

虽然那天晚上我到医院时已经很晚,看望他的时间非常短暂,但第二天早晨我发现,尽管他身体不适,可是挺精神的,而且双目炯炯有神。他急切地用正常的左手握住了我的手。他好像很清醒,因此我问他要不要拿支笔和便笺簿交流一下。他不耐烦地摆摆手拒绝了,然后又紧紧地握住我的手,眼里透着微笑。护理员来带他去做更多的检查时,他最后紧紧地握了握我的手,然后松开手,轻松地翘了翘拇指向我致意。他让我有可能笑着跟他说再见。过了不到一个小时,他就陷入了深度昏迷。三天以后,他平静地离开了这个世界。

我经常想起父亲。他在家人和朋友的生活中占有很大的空间,因为他足智多谋,而且敢于行动。他去世后,认识他的人都感到生活中少了许多。当然,到处都有他的影子——在电视上,在书本中,最清晰的是我在大街上或飞机上,甚至在遥远的外国城市里遇到的人对他的评价中。出人意料的是,那些陌生人中有许多年轻人,他们从没看过理查德·尼克松的竞选活动,没听过他的演讲,也没看过他的新闻发布会。他们只对希思案件、越战或水门事件略有了解。用我父亲的话说,那是他



words, "I let down the American people, a burden I will carry until the day I die." But they do know this: Richard Nixon was a man who never gave up, and that is what they want to talk about.

Just a few weeks ago, I went to a small recording studio to do the voice-over® for a Nixon Presidential Library video project. As I was putting on my coat at the end of the session, the young technician said suddenly, "You know, once a year I get out a video of a speech by your dad and run it."

"Let me guess which one." I said. "His farewell to the White House staff the day he resigned the presidency?"

In that speech, fighting to control his tears, my father told his staff: "We think sometimes when things happen that don't go the right way ... that all is ended ... not true. It is only a beginning, always ... The greatness comes not when things go always good for you, but the greatness comes, and you are really tested, when you take some knocks, some disappointments, when sadness comes, because only if you have been in the deepest valley can you ever know how magnificent it is to be on the highest mountain."

"That's it," answered the technician who would have been only five years old on August 9, 1974, "Your dad's words help me get through the hard times."

生命中“辜负了美国人民，将负疚终生”的一章。但是他们很清楚：理查德·尼克松是一个从不放弃的人，这就是他们想要谈论的。

就在几个星期之前，我到一家小型录音室去为尼克松总统图书馆的一盘录像录制旁白。录音结束后，我正在穿外套，年轻的录音师突然说：“你知道吗？我每年都拿出你父亲演讲的一盘录像看一次。”

“让我猜猜是哪次演讲，”我说，“是他辞去总统职务那天对白宫人员发表的告别演讲吧？”

那次演讲中，父亲努力控制着泪水，告诉手下人：“如果发生了意外……我们以为一切都无可挽回了……并非如此。那只是开始，总是……事事如意并没什么了不起，可是如果遭受挫折和失望、悲哀来临，那才看出你的伟大，你才真正受到考验，因为只有到过最深的峡谷你才会明白站在高山之巅是多么壮观。”

“是的。”录音师说，1974年8月9日父亲演讲时他才5岁。“你父亲的话能够帮助我熬过艰难的岁月。”



That never-give-up credo[®] guided my father as he rebuilt his life after his resignation. He went on to write nine books about his passion: the world and America's place in it. He seemed eager to pare down his life to basics. He relished visits with his four grandchildren; his daily, early-morning one-mile walk around his quiet neighborhood; and holidays—especially Halloween, when he often appeared at the door to greet trick-or-treaters. In 1985, when he, like my mother, gave up the round-the-clock Secret Service protection provided by taxpayers for former presidents and first ladies, my father continued to walk the streets of New York and travel to Beijing, Moscow, London, and other corners of the globe on the constant fact-finding missions that gave his life purpose. Despite being one of the world's most recognized individuals, in all the miles he traveled and all the hands he shook, he never had an incident or ugly remark.

He faltered[®] only at the very end when his wife of 51 years died in June 1993. When my mother breathed her last and lay at peace, my father came into her bedroom, leaned down, and kissed her on the forehead, whispering, "I'll see you soon." He seemed to know he did not have much time and worked steadily to finish his final book, *Beyond Peace*, about America's vital role after the fall of the Iron Curtain. But he was at times adrift, his judgment shaky without his anchor, Pat. Just as he dedicated his first book "To

这一永不放弃的信念引导着父亲在辞职之后重塑他的生活。他接连写了9本有关自己激情方面的书：关于世界和美国在全世界中的地位。他好像急于让自己的生活归于根本。他很有兴致：又是看望四个孙儿；又是每天清晨在安静的住所周围散步一英里；过节——尤其是万圣节时，他还经常在家门口迎候“不请吃就捣乱”的孩子。1985年，像母亲那样，他放弃了纳税人为往届总统和总统夫人提供的24小时保安服务，但他仍然继续在纽约大街上散步，经常到北京、莫斯科、伦敦等世界各地了解情况，以充实自己的生活。尽管他是世界闻人之一，访问过那么多地方，接触过那么多人，他却从没出过差错或出言不逊。

只是到了最后，相伴51年的妻子于1993年6月去世时，他才显得苍老了。当母亲停止了呼吸、安静地躺着时，父亲来到她的卧室，弯下身子，亲了亲她的额头，低声说道：“我们很快就会再见的。”他似乎知道自己的时间不多了，很有规律地工作着，努力完成他的最后一本书——《超越和平》，阐述了铁幕时代结束后美国的重要地位问题。但是由于他的依靠——帕特——的离去，他有时会不知所措、判断失误。如同他把第一本书“献



Pat", his last, finished the week of his stroke, was "For Patricia Ryan Nixon, Ambassador of Goodwill." Ten months to the day my mother passed away at their townhouse in Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey, my father's last battle ended in a hospital room in New York.

He left a legacy for his children, grandchildren, and students of history everywhere: life is meant to be lived in the arena. In the words of Teddy Roosevelt[®], whom he so often quoted, "It is not the critic who counts; nor the man who points out how the strong man stumbles ... The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood ... who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

Millions of words have been written about Richard Nixon, and millions more will be as historians sort out the complex, controversial life of the 37th president. But for me, his daughter, the image that remains is the last one—that bold thumbs-up salute; and the words that endure are *New York Times* columnist William Safire's farewell: "Defeat be not proud, for in Richard Nixon you found your master."