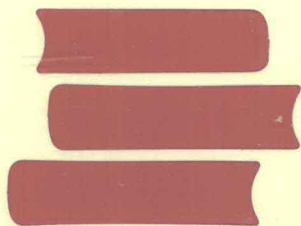


最美的英文经典



影响一生，感动一生，珍藏一生



(美)马克·吐温等 著
董衡巽等 译
宋兆霖 选编

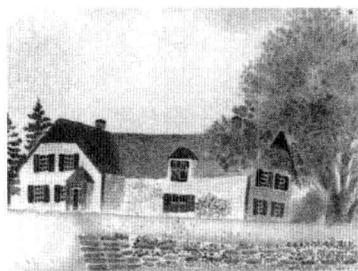
世界上最精彩的小説



华文出版社

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The Most Wonderful
Novels of the World



(美) 马克·吐温等 著
董衡巽等 译
宋兆霖 选编

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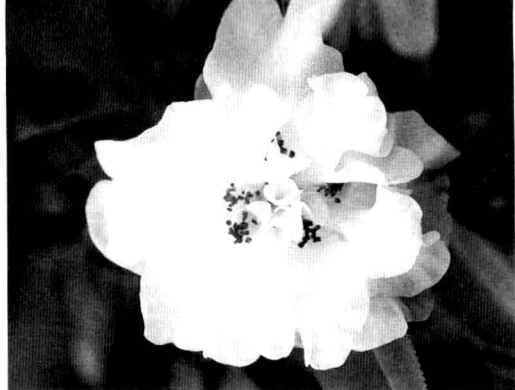
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前 言

在文学这一领域中，小说无疑已经发展成最主要的体裁，而小说这一体裁中，短篇小说是极为重要的形式。在各民族两种最古老的叙述文学形式，即英雄史诗和小故事、小笑话中，后者就是短篇小说的源头。因而任何国家的文学史上，都有短篇小说这一体裁，绝大部分作家都是通过写短篇小说走上文学创作道路的。而且正如英雄史诗中常常包含有许多小故事一样，长篇小说中也常常包含可以独立成篇的短篇小说，而一些长篇小说也是在短篇小说的基础上演绎出来的。大多数小说家成名之后，在创作长篇小说的同时，仍不放弃短篇小说的创作，而且还出现过一些专门或主要创作短篇小说的名家，20世纪的作家中即有欧·亨利等。

外国的短篇小说，自从印度的《五卷书》、阿拉伯的《一千零一夜》、意大利的《十日谈》、英国的《坎特伯雷故事集》、法国的《七日谈》等以来，不断发展，到了20世纪，欧美的短篇小说更是呈现出丰富多彩的繁荣局面。

短篇小说的特点是“短”，因而有其灵活性，能够及时地反映出人们的日常现实生活和思想感情，得以及时地在报纸杂志上发表。文学上的任何一种新思潮、新流派、新观念、新技巧，都能及时地被短篇小说所吸收、运用和推广，从而出现形形色色的哲

理小说、意识流小说、新小说、荒诞派小说、垮掉的一代小说、黑色幽默小说、存在主义小说、魔幻现实主义小说、神怪小说、简约派小说、实验派小说、寓言体小说、诗体小说、纪实性小说、书信体小说、日记体小说，等等。

20世纪以来，短篇小说已经逐步成为一种特别讲究精练的文学形式，今天，短篇小说依然生气勃勃，充满活力，形成琳琅满目、色彩缤纷的势头。综观全貌，在题材内容和艺术手法方面，大致有如下情况：

在主题意识上，强调反映广义的现实，历史使命感和社会责任感增强了，关心世界前途、人类命运，表现对现代社会的思考。

在艺术手法上，则八仙过海各显神通，除了继承了19世纪的一些传统手法外，在意识流、象征、隐喻、荒诞、反讽、幽默、魔幻、神话等诸多手法方面，都有了极大的拓展和创新。

20世纪以来的英美短篇小说，浩如烟海，成就辉煌。在选编这个英汉对照的《世界上最精彩的小説》时，选编者着重参考了《诺顿短篇小说选集》、《Pickering 文学读本》、《经典短篇小说集》等英美著名短篇小说选集的选目，精选出本集子中的十五篇名家名作，而且译者均为英美文学的知名翻译家和研究专家。因此，通过这个集子，既可使我们了解英美小说思潮、流派、题旨、风格、手法的概貌，也能让我们看到我国翻译名家的译风译德和技巧手法。

宋兆霖



CONTENTS

10	1. THE NOTORIOUS JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY	Mark Twain
26	2. THE FURNISHED ROOM	O. Henry
44	3. KEW GARDENS	Virginia Woolf
60	4. ARABY	James Joyce
76	5. THE HORSE DEALER'S DAUGHTER	David Herbert Lawrence
124	6. THE FLY	Katherine Mansfield

目 录

一、卡拉维拉斯县驰名的跳蛙 (美) 马克·吐温	11
二、带家具出租的房间 (美) 欧·亨利	27
三、邱园写意 (英) 弗吉尼亚·吴尔夫	45
四、阿拉比 (爱尔兰) 詹姆斯·乔伊斯	61
五、马贩子的女儿 (英) 戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯	77
六、苍蝇 (英) 凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德	125

140	7. A ROSE FOR EMILY	William Faulkner
164	8. THE KILLERS	Ernest Hemingway
192	9. THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS	John Steinbeck
224	10. GIMPEL THE FOOL	Isaac Bashevis Singer
262	11. ACROSS THE BRIDGE	Graham Greene
286	12. THE MAGIC BARREL	Bernard Malamud
332	13. LOOKING FOR MR. GREEN	Saul Bellow
386	14. THE BLACK MADONNA	Doris Lessing
426	15. HOW I CONTEMPLATED THE WORLD FROM THE DETROIT HOUSE OF CORREC- TION AND BEGAN MY LIFE OVER AGAIN	Joyce Carol Oates

七、纪念爱米丽的一朵玫瑰花 (美) 威廉·福克纳	141
八、杀人者 (美) 欧内斯特·海明威	165
九、菊花 (美) 约翰·斯坦贝克	193
十、傻瓜吉姆佩尔 (美) 艾萨克·巴什维茨·辛格	225
十一、大桥彼岸 (英) 格雷厄姆·格林	263
十二、魔桶 (美) 伯纳德·马拉默德	287
十三、寻找格林先生 (美) 索尔·贝娄	333
十四、黑圣母 (英) 多丽斯·莱辛	387
十五、我怎样在底特律感化院沉思俗 世并获得新生 (美) 乔伊斯·卡洛尔·欧茨	427
关于作者	464



1

THE NOTORIOUS JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

MARK TWAIN

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheelr, and inquired about my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good day. I told him that a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley—Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the Cospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

卡拉维拉斯县著名的跳蛙

(美) 马克·吐温

我的一个朋友从东部写信给我，我按照他信中的嘱咐访问了性情随和、唠唠叨叨的老西蒙·惠勒，去打听我那位朋友的朋友——利奥尼达斯·斯迈利的下落。我在此说说结果吧。我暗地里有点疑心这个利奥尼达斯·斯迈利是编出来的；也许我的朋友从来不认得这么一个人，他不过揣摩着如果我向老惠勒去打听，那大概会使老惠勒回想起他那个丢脸的吉姆·斯迈利，老惠勒会鼓劲儿唠叨着什么关于吉姆的该死的往事，又长又乏味，对我又毫无用处，倒把我腻烦得要死。如果他安的这种心，那可真是成功了。

在古老的矿区安吉尔小镇上那家又破又旧的小客栈里，我发现西蒙·惠勒正在酒吧间火炉旁边舒舒服服打盹。我注意到他是个胖子，秃了顶，安详的面容上带着引人欢喜的温和质朴的表情。他惊醒过来，向我问好。我告诉他我的一个朋友委托我打听一位童年的挚友，名叫利奥尼达斯·斯迈利，也就是利奥尼达斯·斯迈利牧师，听说这位年轻的福音传道师一度是安吉尔镇上的居民。我又说，如果惠勒先生能够告诉我任何关于这位利奥尼达斯·斯迈利牧师的情况，我会十分感激他的。

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle—flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

“Rev. Leonidas W. H’m, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of ’49—or maybe it was the spring of ’50—I don’t recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn’t finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn’t, he’d change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so’s he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn’t be no solit’ry thing mentioned but that feller’d offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you’d find him flush or you’d find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he’d bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he’d bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he’d bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg’lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going to,

西蒙·惠勒让我退到一个角落里，用他的椅子把我封锁在那儿，这才让我坐下，滔滔不绝地絮叨着从下一段开始的单调的情节。他从来不笑，从来不皱眉，从来不改变声调。他的第一句话就用的是细水长流的腔调。他从来不露丝毫痕迹让人以为他热衷此道；可是在没完没了的絮叨之中却始终流露着一种诚挚感人的语气，直率地向我表明，他想也没有想过他的故事有哪一点显得荒唐或者离奇；在他看来，这个故事倒真是事关重大，其中的两位主角也都是在勾心斗角上出类拔萃的天才人物。我随他按他自己的方式讲下去，一次也没有打断他的话。

“利奥尼达斯·斯迈利牧师，利牧师——嗯，从前，这儿倒有一个人，名叫吉姆·斯迈利，那时候是1849年冬天，也许是1850年春天，我记不准了，不知怎么的，不过我怎么会想到冬又想到春呢，因为我记得他初来矿区的时候，大渠还没有完工，反正，不管怎么样吧，他是你从来没见过的最古怪的人，总是找到一点什么事就来打赌，如果他能找到什么人作赌局的一方的话；要是他办不到，他情愿换个个儿。只要对方称意，哪一头都合适，只要他赌上了一头，他就称心了。可是他很走运，出奇地走运，大多数时候会赢。他总是准备好了，单等机会；随便提起哪个茬，他没有不能打赌的，正像我刚才跟你说的，你可以随便挑哪一头。如果遇到赛马，赛完时你会发现他发了财，或者输得精光；遇到狗打架，他要打赌；遇到猫打架，他要打赌；遇到小鸡打架，他要打赌；哎，即使遇到两只小鸟停在篱笆上，他也要跟你赌哪一只先飞走；要是遇上野营布道会，那他是经常要到的，他会在沃克尔牧师身上打赌，他认为沃克尔牧师是这一带最擅长劝善布道的，所以也是个好人的。甚至如果他看见一个金龟子开始向哪儿走，他也会跟你打赌要多久它才会走到它要去的地方，如果你答应他了，

and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he'd bet on anything—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nite mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half, she don't anyway.'

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavoting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

"And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which

他会跟着那个金龟子走到墨西哥，不过他不会去弄清楚它要到哪儿去或者在路上走多久。这儿的许多小伙子都见过这个斯迈利，都能跟你谈起他的事情。哎，对他这个人，什么都不顾，他什么都要赌，这个倒霉透了的家伙。有一回，沃克尔牧师的老婆得重病，躺了好久，仿佛他们都救不了她了；可是有一天早晨，牧师来了，斯迈利问起她身体怎样，牧师说她好多了，感谢上帝无限慈悲，身子轻松多了，靠老天保佑，她还会好的。斯迈利想也没想就说：‘唔，我愿意赌上两块半，她不会好，怎么也不会。’

“这个斯迈利有一匹牝马，小伙子们管它叫做‘十五分钟弩马’，不过这是闹着玩的，你知道，因为，当然啦，它总比这个快点。尽管它这么慢，又总是得气喘啦，马腺疫啦，要不就是肺病啦，还有这个那个毛病的，斯迈利倒常在它身上赢钱。他们常常开头先让它二三百码，然后算它的比赛，可是到了比赛临了儿那一截，它总是会激动起来，不要命似的，欢腾着迈步过来啦，它会柔软灵活地撒开四蹄，一会儿腾空，一会儿跑到栅栏那边，踹起好多灰尘，而且要闹腾一大阵，又咳嗽，又打喷嚏，又擤鼻涕，可它总是正好先出一头到达看台，跟你计算下来的差不离儿。

“他还有一只小巴儿狗，瞧那样子，你会认为一钱不值，只好随它去摆出要打架的神气，冷不防偷点什么东西。可是只要在他身上压下赌注，它就是另外一种狗了，它的下巴会伸出来，像轮船的前甲板似的，牙齿也龇出来，像火炉似的闪着凶光。别的狗也许要来对付它，吓唬它，咬它，让它摔倒两三跤，可是安德鲁·杰克逊^①——这是那

① 本是美国第七任总统(1829~1837在任)名，此处用作狗名。

was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then be limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for himself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

“Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and