



# 廊桥遗梦

[美国] R.J.沃勒 著 李永 译

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THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY

On the other end of the wire is a former Iowan named Michael Johnson. He lives in Florida now. A friend from Iowa has sent him one of my books. Michael Johnson has read it, his sister, Carolyn, has read it, and they have a story in which they think I might be interested. He is circumspect, refusing to say anything about the story, except that he and Carolyn are willing to travel to Iowa to talk with me about it.

That they are prepared to make such an effort intrigues me, in spite of my skepticism about such offers. So I a-

电话铃响了。

线路那一头讲话人是一个原籍依阿华州名叫迈可·约翰逊的人。现在他住在佛罗里达,说是依阿华的一个朋友送过他一本我写的书,他看了,他妹妹卡洛琳也看了这本书,他们现在有一个故事,想必我会感兴趣。他讲话很谨慎,对故事内容守口如瓶,只说他和卡洛琳愿意到依阿华来同我面谈。

他们竟然准备为此费这么大劲,倒引起了我的好奇心,尽管我一向对这类献故事

世界文学名著英汉全译丛书

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美国 R·J·沃勒 著

李永 译

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**For the peregrines**

为天下远游客



## The Beginning

There are songs that come free from the blueeyed grass, from the dust of a thousand country roads. This is one of them. In late afternoon, in the autumn of 1989, I'm at my desk, looking at a blinking cursor on the computer screen before me, and the telephone rings.

On the other end of the wire is a former lowan named Michael Johnson. He lives in Florida now. A friend from Iowa has sent him one of my books. Michael Johnson has read it, his sister, Carolyn, has read it, and they have a story in which they think I might be interested. He is circumspect, refusing to say anything about the story, except that he and Carolyn are willing to travel to Iowa to talk with me about it.

That they are prepared to make such an effort intrigues me, in spite of my skepticism about such offers. So I a-

## 开 篇

从开满蝴蝶花的草丛中，从千百条乡间道路的尘埃中，常有关不住的歌声飞出来。本故事就是其中之一。一九八九年的一个秋日，下午晚些时候，我正坐在书桌前注视着眼前电脑荧屏上闪烁的光标，电话铃响了。

线路那一头讲话人是一个原籍依阿华州名叫迈可·约翰逊的人。现在他住在佛罗里达，说是依阿华的一个朋友送过他一本我写的书，他看了，他妹妹卡洛琳也看了这本书，他们现在有一个故事，想必我会感兴趣。他讲话很谨慎，对故事内容守口如瓶，只说他和卡洛琳愿意到依阿华来同我面谈。

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gree to meet with them in Des Moines the following week. At a Holiday Inn near the airport, the introductions are made, awkwardness gradually declines, and the two of them sit across from me, evening coming down outside, light snow falling.

They extract a promise: If I decide not to write the story, I must agree never to disclose what transpired in Madison County, Iowa, in 1965 or other related events that followed over the next twenty-four years. All right, that's reasonable. After all, it's their story, not mine.

So I listen. I listen hard, and I ask hard questions. And they talk. On and on they talk. Carolyn cries openly at times, Michael struggles not to. They show me documents and magazine clippings and a set of journals written by their mother, Francesca:

Room service comes and goes. Extra coffee is ordered. As they talk, I begin to see the images. First you must have

的事是抱怀疑态度的。于是我同意下星期在得梅因见他们。在机场附近的一家假日旅馆中寒暄过后,尴尬的局面缓和下来,他们两人坐在我对面,窗外夜幕渐渐降临,正下着小雪。

他们让我作出承诺:假如我决定不写这故事,那就绝对不把一九六五年在麦迪逊县发生的事以及以后二十四年中发生的与此有关的任何情节透露出去。行,这是合理的要求。毕竟这故事是属于他们的,不是我的。

于是我就注意倾听,全神贯注地听,也问一些难以回答的问题。他们只管讲,不断地讲下去,卡洛琳几次不加掩饰地哭了。迈可则强忍住泪。他们给我看了一些文件、杂志剪页和他们的母亲弗朗西丝卡的一部日记。

客房服务员进来又出去,一遍一遍添咖啡。随着他们的叙述我开始看到一些形象,

the images, then come the words. And I begin to hear the words, begin to see them on pages of writing. Sometime just after midnight, I agree to write the story—or at least attempt it.

Their decision to make this information public was a difficult one for them. The circumstances are delicate, involving their mother and, more tangentially, their father Michael and Carolyn recognized that coming forth with the story might result in tawdry gossip and unkind debasement of whatever memories people have of Richard and Francesca Johnson.

Yet in a world where personal commitment in all of its forms seems to be shattering and love has become a matter of convenience, they both felt this remarkable tale was worth the telling. I believed then, and I believe even more strongly now, they were correct in their assessment.

In the course of my research and writing, I asked to meet with Michael

先得有形象,言语才会出来。然后我开始听到言语,开始看见这些言语写在纸上。大约到半夜刚过的时分,我答应把这故事写下来——或者至少试试看。

他们下决心把这故事公之于众,对他们不是一件轻易的事。情况很微妙,事关他们的母亲,也触及他们的父亲。迈可和卡洛琳承认,把故事讲出来很可能引起一些粗俗的闲言碎语,并且使理查德与弗朗西丝卡·约翰逊夫妇在人们心目中留下的印象遭到无情的贬低。

但是在方今这个千金之诺随意打破、爱情只不过是逢场作戏的世界上,他们认为这个不寻常的故事还是值得讲出来的。我当时就相信这一点,现在更加坚信不疑,他们的估计是正确的。

在我研究和写作的过程中,又要求会见过三次迈可和



and Carolyn three more times. On each occasion, and without complaint, they traveled to Iowa. Such was their eagerness to make sure the story was told accurately. Sometimes we merely talked, sometimes we slowly drove the roads of Madison County while they pointed out places having a significant role in the story.

In addition to the help provided by Michael and Carolyn, the story as I tell it here is based on information contained in the journals of Francesca Johnson, research conducted in the northwestern United States, particularly Seattle and Bellingham, Washington, research carried out quietly in Madison County, Iowa, information gleaned from the photographic essays of Robert Kincaid, assistance provided by magazine editors; detail supplied by manufacturers of photographic films and equipment, and long discussions with several wonderful elderly people in the county home at Barnesville, Ohio, who remembered Kincaid from his

卡洛琳。每次他们都毫无怨言地到依阿华来,因为他们切望这个故事能得到准确的叙述。有时我们只是谈,有时我们缓缓驱车上路,由他们指给我看那些在故事中占有一席之地之所。

除了迈可和卡洛琳的帮助之外,我以下要讲的故事的依据是:弗朗西丝卡·约翰逊的日记、在美国西北地区,特别是华盛顿州的西雅图和贝灵汉作的调查、在依阿华州麦迪逊县悄悄地进行的寻访、从罗伯特·金凯的摄影文章中收集到的情况、各杂志编辑提供的帮助、摄影胶卷和器材制造商提供的细节,还有同金凯的故乡俄亥俄州巴恩斯维尔的老人们意味隽永的长谈——他们还记得金凯的童年。

boyhood days.

In spite of the investigative effort, gaps remain I have added a little of my own imagination in those instances, but only when I could make reasoned judgments flowing from the intimate familiarity with Francesca Johnson and Robert Kincaid I gained through my research. I am confident that I have come very close to what actually happened.

One major gap involves the exact details of a trip made across the northern United States by Kincaid. We knew he made this journey, based on a number of photographs that subsequently were published, a brief mention of it by Francesca Johnson in her journals, and handwritten notes he left with a magazine editor. Using these sources as my guide, I retraced what I believe was the path he took from Bellingham to Madison County in August of 1965. Driving toward Madison County at the end of my travels, I felt I had, in many ways, become Robert

尽管做了大量调查,还是有许多空白点。在这种情况下,我用了一些想象力,不过只是在我作出合理的判断时才这么做。这判断力来自我通过调查研究对金凯与弗朗西丝卡的深刻了解。我确信我对实际发生的事已了解得差不多了。

关于金凯横穿美国北部的一些旅行的详情是一个空白点。根据随后陆续发表的一系列摄影图片、弗朗西丝卡日记中简短的提及以及他本人给一个杂志编辑的亲笔短笺,我们知道他确实作了这次旅行。以这些材料为线索,我沿着我认为是金凯一九六五年八月从贝灵汉到麦迪逊县的路线作了一次旅行,在行程終了时,我觉得自己在很多方面变成了罗伯特·金凯。

Kincaid.

Still, attempting to capture the essence of Kincaid was the most challenging part of my research and writing. He is an elusive figure. At times he seems rather ordinary. At other times ethereal, perhaps even spectral. In his work he was a consummate professional. Yet he saw himself as a peculiar kind of male animal becoming obsolete in a world given over to increasing amounts of organization. He once talked about the “merciless wail” of time in his head, and Francesca Johnson characterized him as living “in strange, haunted places, far back along the stems of Darwin’s logic.”

Two other intriguing questions are still unanswered. First, we have been unable to determine what became of Kincaid’s photographic files. Given the nature of his work, there must have been thousands, probably hundreds of thousands, of photographs. These never have been recovered. Our best guess—and this would be consistent

不过,想要抓住金凯其人的本质,还是我写作和研究中最大的难题。他是一个让人捉摸不透的人物。有时好像很普通,有时又虚无缥缈,甚至像个幽灵。他的作品表现出精美绝伦的专业修养。然而他把自己看成一种在一个日益醉心于组织化的世界中正在被淘汰的稀有雄性动物。他有一次谈到他头脑中时光的“残酷的哀号”。弗朗西丝卡形容他生活在“一个奇异的、鬼魂出没的、远在达尔文进化论中物种起源之前的世界里”。

还有两个吸引人的问题没有答案:第一,我们无法确定金凯的摄影集的下落。从他的工作性质来看,一定有成千上万帧照片,却从来没有找到。我们猜想——而这是与他对自己在世界上的地位的看法一致的——他在临死前都给销毁了。

with the way he saw himself and his place in the world—is that he destroyed them prior to his death.

The second question deals with his life from 1975 to 1982. Very little information is available. We know he earned a sparse living as a portrait photographer in Seattle for several years and continued to photograph the Puget Sound area. Other than that, we have nothing. One interesting note is that all letters mailed to him by the Social Security Administration and Veterans Administration were marked “Return to Sender” in his handwriting and sent back.

Preparing and writing this book has altered my world view, transformed the way I think, and, most of all, reduced my level of cynicism about what is possible in the arena of human relationships. Coming to know Francesca Johnson and Robert Kincaid as I have through my research, I find the boundaries of such relationships can be extended farther than I previously

第二个问题是关于他一九七五到一九八二年这段时期的生活。能得到的情况极少。我们只知道他有几年在西雅图靠肖像摄影勉强维持生活,并且继续不断地拍摄皮吉特海峡。此外就一无所知。有一点有意思的是,所有社会保险部门和退伍军人机构寄给他的信都有他的笔迹写的“退回寄信人”,给退了回去。

准备和写作这本书的过程改变了我的世界观,使我的思想方法发生变化,最重要的是,减少了我对人际关系可能达到的境界所抱有的愤世观。通过我的调查研究结识了弗朗西丝卡·约翰逊和罗伯特·金凯之后,我发现人际关系的极限还可以比我原以为的更加拓展。也许你在读这本书

thought. Perhaps you will have the same experience in reading this story.

That will not be easy. In an increasingly callous world, we all exist with our own carapaces of scabbed-over sensibilities. Where great passion leaves off and mawkishness begins, I'm not sure. But our tendency to scoff at the possibility of the former and to label genuine and profound feelings as maudlin makes it difficult to enter the realm of gentleness required to understand the story of Francesca Johnson and Robert Kincaid. I know I had to overcome that tendency initially before I could begin writing.

If, however, you approach what follows with a willing suspension of disbelief, as Coleridge put it, I am confident you will experience what I have experienced. In the indifferent spaces of your heart, you may even find, as Francesca Johnson did, room to dance again.

“summer. 1991”

的过程中也会有同样的体验。

可这不是一件容易的事。在一个日益麻木不仁的世界上,我们的知觉都已生了硬痂,我们都生活在自己的茧壳之中。伟大的激情和肉麻的温情之间的分界线究竟在哪里,我无法确定。但是我们往往倾向于对前者的可能性嗤之以鼻,给真挚的深情贴上故作多情的标签,这就使我们难以进入那种柔美的境界,而这种境界是理解弗朗西丝卡·约翰逊和罗伯特·金凯的故事所必需的。我知道我自己最初在能够动笔之前就有这种倾向。

不过,如果你在读下去的时候能如诗人柯尔律治所说,暂时收起你的不信,那么我敢肯定你会感受到与我同样的体验。在你冷漠的心房里,你也许竟然会像弗朗西丝卡一样,发现又有了能跳舞的天地。

“1991 夏天”

# The Bridges of Madison County

廊桥遗梦



## Robert Kincaid

On the morning of August 8, 1965, Robert Kincaid locked the door to his small two-room apartment on the third floor of a rambling house in Bellingham, Washington. He carried a knapsack full of photography equipment and a suitcase down wooden stairs and through a hallway to the back, where his old Chevrolet pickup truck was parked in a space reserved for residents of the building.

Another knapsack, a medium-size ice chest, two tripods, cartons of Camel cigarettes, a Thermos, and a bag of fruit were already inside. In the truck box was a guitar case. Kincaid arranged the knapsacks on the seat and put the cooler and tripods on the floor. He climbed into the truck box and wedged the guitar case and suitcase into a corner of the box, bracing them with a spare tire lying on its side and securing both cases to the tire with a

## 罗伯特·金凯

一九六五年八月八日早晨,罗伯特·金凯锁上了他在华盛顿州贝灵汉的一所杂乱无章的房子里三层楼上一套两居室公寓的门,拎着一个装满了照相器材的背包和一只衣箱走下楼梯、穿过通向后门的过道,他那辆旧雪佛莱小卡车就停在住户专用的停车场上。

车里已经有另一只背包、一个中型的冷藏箱、两套三脚架、好几条骆驼牌香烟、一个保暖瓶和一袋水果。车厢里有一只吉他琴匣。金凯把旅行袋放在座位上,把冷藏箱和三脚架放在地上。他爬进车厢,把吉他琴匣和衣箱挤到一角,把它们跟旁边一个备用车胎系在一起,用一条长帆布绳紧紧捆牢,在旧车胎下塞进了一块黑色防雨布。



length of clothesline rope. Under the worn spare he shoved a black tarpaulin.

He stepped in behind the wheel, lit a Camel, and went through his mental checklist: two hundred rolls of assorted film, mostly slow-speed Kodachrome, tripods, cooler, three cameras and five lenses; jeans and khaki slacks, shirts; wearing photo vest. Okay, . Anything else he could buy on the road if he had forgotten it.

Kincaid wore faded Levi's, well-used Red Wing field boots, a khaki shirt, and orange suspenders. On his wide leather belt was fastened a Swiss Army knife in its own case.

He looked at his watch: eight-seventeen. The truck started on the second try, and he backed out, shifted gears, and moved slowly down the alley under hazy sun. Through the streets of Bellingham he went, heading south on Washington 11, running along the coast of Puget Sound for a few miles, then following the highway as it

他坐进驾驶盘后面,点起一支骆驼牌香烟,心里默默清点一遍:二百卷各种胶卷——多数是柯达彩卷、三脚架、冷藏箱、三架照相机、五个镜头、牛仔褲、咔叽布短裤、衬衫、照相背心。行了。其他东西如果忘了带,他都可以在路上买。

金凯穿着褪色的莱维牌裤子、磨损了的野地靴、一件咔叽布衬衫、桔黄色背带,在宽宽的皮腰带上挂着一把带刀鞘的瑞士刀。

他看看表,八点十七分。第二次踹火时卡车开始发动,他倒车、换档,在雾蒙蒙的阳光下缓缓驶出小巷。他穿过贝灵汉的街道,在华盛顿州第十一号公路上向南驶去,沿着皮吉特海岸线走了几英里,然后刚好在与第二十号美国国家公路相交之前顺着公路向