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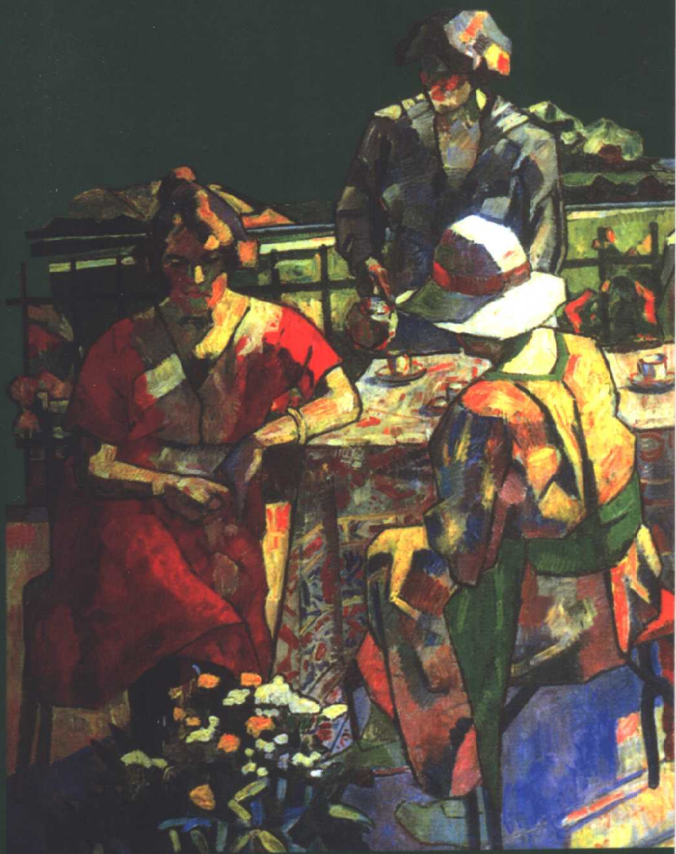


书虫·牛津英汉双语读物

■ Katherine Mansfield (新西兰) 著

The Garden Party and Other Stories

园会



外语教学与研究出版社
牛津大学出版社



江苏工业学院图书馆
藏书章

The Garden Party
and Other Stories

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- Katherine Mansfield (新西兰) 著
- Rosalie Kerr (英) 改写
- 刘敏 译

外语教学与研究出版社
牛津大学出版社

(京)新登字 155 号

京权图字: 01-2002-6595

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

园会 / (新西兰)曼斯菲尔德(Mansfield, K.)著; (英)克尔(Kerr, R.)改写; 刘敏译. —北京: 外语教学与研究出版社, 2003. 12

(书虫·牛津英汉双语读物)

ISBN 7-5600-3925-1

I. 园… II. ①曼… ②克… ③刘… III. 英语—对照读物, 故事—英、汉
IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2003)第 112696 号

Originally published by Oxford University Press, Great Clarendon Street, Oxford
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著 (新西兰) Katherine Mansfield

改写 (英) Rosalie Kerr

译 刘 敏

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责任编辑: 徐 娟

出版发行: 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址: 北京市西三环北路 19 号 (100089)

网 址: <http://www.fltrp.com>

印 刷: 北京新丰印刷厂

开 本: 850 × 1092 1/32

印 张: 6.875

版 次: 2004 年 1 月第 1 版 2004 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 7-5600-3925-1/H·1954

定 价: 7.90 元
* * *

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“书虫·牛津英汉双语读物”是外研社和牛津大学出版社联合奉献的一大阅读精品,受到了广大英语学习者的热烈欢迎,连续多年畅销不衰。为了满足读者朋友更加广泛的阅读需求,我们再次推出 18 本新的“书虫”系列英汉双语读物,期待与您的相约。

关于本书

短篇小说就像是一张张照片,抓住人们生活中的某一瞬间并将这一记忆永久封存。它们就在那儿,或微笑,或蹙眉,或忧伤,或快乐,或严肃,或惊奇……在这微笑和蹙眉的背后,是生活中的所有经历,有恐惧和喜悦,也有希望和梦想。

这些敏锐而又优雅的故事给我们展示的是平凡人的生活,以及构成平凡人生活的琐碎而又微不足道的小事情。其中包括一次园会和一起死亡事件;一次拼命找工作的经历;一次孤独的跨越欧洲的火车旅行;与一位身藏危险秘密的女人的相遇。还有不近人情的孩子们;年轻姑娘第一次参加舞会时的感受;女主人的贴身女仆的想法;以及新西兰偏僻农场中一个女人的故事。

我们从巴黎一位艺术家的画室开始我们的故事,这个年轻人对于周围的女人们来说是个谜……

THE GARDEN PARTY AND OTHER STORIES

Short stories can be like photographs, catching people at some moment in their lives and trapping the memory for ever. There they are, smiling or frowning, looking sad, happy, serious, surprised ... And behind those smiles and those frowns lie all the experiences of life, the fears and delights, the hopes and the dreams.

These sensitive and delicate stories give us pictures of ordinary people, and of the small, unimportant events that shape their lives. There is a garden party and a death, a desperate search for work, a journey alone across Europe by train, a meeting with a woman who has a dangerous secret. There are children being cruel, the feelings of a young girl at her first dance, the thoughts of a lady's maid, and of a woman on a lonely farm in New Zealand.

We begin in an artist's studio in Paris, with a young man who is a mystery to the women around him ...

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Feuille d'album

He really was an impossible person. Too shy, and he had nothing at all to say. When he came to your studio, he just sat there, silent. When he finally went, blushing red all over his face, you wanted to scream and throw something at him.

The strange thing was that at first sight he looked most interesting. Everybody agreed about that. You saw him in a café one evening, sitting in a corner with a glass of coffee in front of him. He was a thin boy, who always wore a blue shirt and a grey jacket that was a little too small for him. He looked just like a boy who has decided to run away to sea. You expected him to get up at any moment, and walk out into the night and be drowned.

He had short black hair, grey eyes, white skin and a mouth that always looked ready for tears. Oh, just to see him did something to your heart! And he had this habit of blushing. If a waiter spoke to him, he turned red!

‘Who is he, my dear? Do you know?’

‘Yes. His name is Ian French. He paints. They say he’s very clever. Someone I know tried to mother him. She asked him how often he had a letter from home, if he had enough blankets on his bed, how much milk he drank. Then she went to his studio to make sure he had enough

画页

他真是令人难以忍受的人。那么怕羞,跟人压根儿就无话可说。他进了你的工作室,就一声不吭地坐在那儿。当他满脸通红终于要走的时候,你真想冲他大叫,把什么东西朝他扔过去。

奇怪的是,他给人第一眼的印象却显得非常有趣。对于这一点,大家都有同感。某个晚上你会在咖啡馆里看到他,面前放了杯咖啡,在角落里坐着。他是个瘦瘦的小伙子,总是穿一件蓝衬衣和一件有些嫌小的灰色夹克。他看上去就像个决定要逃亡海上的男孩儿。你觉得他随时都会起身,走进夜色,淹没在海里。

他留着一头短短的黑发,长着灰色的眼睛,白皙的皮肤,还有那看起来总像要哭的嘴巴。噢,只要看见他你就会心动!他还有爱脸红的习惯。即使是侍者跟他说话,他也会脸红!

“他是谁,亲爱的?你认识吗?”

“认识。他叫伊恩·弗伦奇,画画的,听说很聪明。有个我认识的人试图像母亲一样地照顾他。她问他多长时间能收到一封家信,床上的毯子够不够用,以及喝多少牛奶。后来她去他的画室想看看他的干净衬衫

Feuille d'Album *n.* a French expression for 'a page from an album' (perhaps a book of family photographs). (法语) 画页. **studio** *n.* a room where an artist paints, and may also live. 画室. **at first sight** as soon as sb./sth. is seen. 一见之下, 立即. **mother** *v.* care for (sb./sth.) as a mother does; rear. 像母亲般关怀或照管。

clean shirts. She rang and rang the bell, but nobody came to the door, although she was sure he was there ... Hopeless!’

Someone else decided he ought to fall in love. She called him to her, took his hand, and told him how wonderful life can be for those who are brave. But when she went to his studio one evening, she rang and rang ... Hopeless.

‘What the poor boy really needs is excitement,’ a third woman said. She took him to cafés and night-clubs, dark places where the drinks cost too much and there were always stories of a shooting the night before. Once he got very drunk, but still he said nothing, and when she took him home to his studio, he just said ‘goodnight’ and left her outside in the street ... Hopeless.

Other women tried to help him—women can be *very* kind—but finally they, too, were defeated. We are all busy people, and why should we spend our valuable time on someone who refuses to be helped?

‘And anyway, I think there is something rather odd about him, don’t you agree? He can’t be as innocent as he looks. Why come to Paris if you don’t intend to have any fun?’

He lived at the top of a tall, ugly building, near the river. As it was so high, the studio had a wonderful view. From the two big windows he could see boats on the river and an island covered with trees. From the side window he

够不够穿。她一遍又一遍地按门铃,但是没人应门,尽管她确信他就在那里……无可救药!”

另一个女人认为他应该去恋爱。她把他叫到身边,拉着他的手,告诉他对于那些勇敢者来说,生活会有多么美好。但是,当她有一天晚上去他的画室时,她一遍又一遍地按门铃……无可救药。

“这个可怜的小伙子真正需要的是刺激。”第三个女人说。她把他带到咖啡馆和夜总会,都是些昏暗的地方,在那里饮料卖得特别贵,并且总能听到头天夜里发生的枪击案。有一次他喝得酩酊大醉,可还是一言不发。她送他回画室时,他只说了句“晚安”就完事了,把她一人留在了外面的大街上……无可救药。

还有些女人试图帮他——女人们有时非常仁慈——可她们最终也都失败了。我们都很忙,为什么要把我们宝贵的时间花到拒绝接受帮助的人身上呢?

“不管怎么说,我还是认为他这人挺古怪的,你们说呢?他不可能像表面看上去的那样天真无邪。如果不想找乐子的话,为什么要来巴黎呢?”

他住在河边一幢难看的高楼顶层。因为楼很高,他从画室可以看到美丽的风景。从那两扇大窗户往外望,可以看到河上的船只,还有一座长满树木的小岛。从侧面窗户

innocent *adj.* *knowing*
nothing of evil or wrong.
天真无邪的;单纯的。*intend* *v.* *have (a particular purpose or plan) in mind; mean.* 打算;意欲;想要。

looked across to a smaller and uglier house, and down below there was a flower market. You could see the tops of huge umbrellas with bright flowers around them, and plants in boxes. Old women moved backwards and forwards among the flowers. Really, he didn't need to go out. There was always something to draw.

If any kind woman had been able to get into his studio, she would have had a surprise. He kept it as neat as a pin. Everything was arranged in its place, exactly like a painting—the bowl of eggs, the cups and the teapot on the shelf, the books and the lamp on the table. There was a red Indian cover on his bed, and on the wall by the bed there was a small, neatly written notice: GET UP AT ONCE.

Every day was the same. When the light was good he painted, then cooked a meal and tidied the studio. In the evenings he went to the café or sat at home reading or writing a list which began: 'What I can afford to spend'. The list ended 'I promise not to spend more this month. Signed, Ian French'.

Nothing odd about that; but the women were right. There was something else.

One evening he was sitting at the side window eating an apple and looking down on to the tops of the huge umbrellas in the empty flower market. It had been raining, the first spring rain of the year, and the air smelled of plants and wet earth. Down below in the market, the trees were

往外望,可以看到更小更难看的房子,再往下看有一个花市。你能看到很多大伞的顶部,伞的四周摆着艳丽的鲜花和盆栽植物。老妇人们在花丛中走来走去。他真的没有必要出去,因为在这里总能找到画画的素材。

任何一个好心的女人要是能进入他的画室的话,肯定会吃惊的。他把房间收拾得干干净净,一切都布置得井井有条,就像是一幅画一样——盛着鸡蛋的碗,放在架子上的杯子和茶壶,摆在桌上的书和灯。床上盖着一条红色的印度床罩,床边的墙上贴着一小张书写工整的便条:马上起床。

每天的日子都过得一模一样。光线充足的时候他画画,然后做饭,收拾画室。晚上他去咖啡馆,或者坐在家里读书,或者写份清单,开头是“我能够支付的钱数”。结束语是“我保证这个月的开销绝不超过上个月。伊恩·弗伦奇(签名)。”

这倒没有什么古怪的;但女人们是对的。他有其他的怪异之处。

有一天晚上,他坐在侧面窗户旁吃苹果,望着下面空无一人的花市里那些大伞的顶部。外面一直在下雨,这是这一年中的第一场春雨。空气中弥漫着草木的芳香和湿润的泥土气息。楼下市场里的树木涂上了

backward(s) and forward(s) first in one direction and then in the other. 来回地。as neat as a pin very clean and tidy. 非常整洁的。

covered in new green. 'What kind of trees are they?' he wondered. He stared down at the small ugly house, and suddenly two windows opened like wings and a girl came out on to the balcony, carrying a pot of daffodils. She was a strangely thin girl in a dark dress, with a pink handkerchief tied over her hair.

'Yes, it is warm enough. It will do them good,' she said, putting down the pot, and turning to someone in the room inside. As she turned, she put her hands up to her hair to tidy it, and looked down at the market and up at the sky. She did not look at the house opposite. Then she disappeared.

His heart fell out of the window and down to the balcony, where it buried itself among the green leaves of the daffodils.

The room with the balcony was the sitting-room, and next to it was the kitchen. He heard her washing the dishes after supper, saw her come to the window to shake out the tablecloth. She never sang or combed her hair or stared at the moon as young girls are said to do. She always wore the same dark dress and pink handkerchief.

Who did she live with? Nobody else came to the window, but she was always talking to someone. Her mother, he decided, was always ill. They took in sewing work. The father was dead . . . He had been a journalist. By working all day she and her mother just made enough money to live

一层新绿。“这是些什么树呢？”他心里琢磨着。他凝视着下面一所又小又难看的房子，突然两扇窗户像翅膀一样地打开了，一个女孩儿来到了阳台上，手里还捧着一盆水仙花。这是个瘦得出奇的女孩儿，穿一件深色衣服，头发上扎着条粉红色的手帕。

“是的，天气够暖和了，对这些花有好处。”她边说边把花盆放下，转身朝向屋里的什么人。再转过来时，她抬手整理了一下头发，低头望望市场，又抬头看看天空。她没有朝对面的房子张望，接着就消失了。

他的心飞出了窗外，直落到那个阳台上，掩埋在水仙花绿色的叶丛中。

那个带阳台的房间是起居室，隔壁是厨房。他听见晚饭后她洗刷碗碟的声音，看见她走到窗边抖桌布的身影。她从不像别的年轻女孩子那样唱歌、梳头，或是凝视月亮。她总穿着那件深色衣服，系着那条粉红色的手帕。

她跟谁住在一起呢？没有别的人走到窗边，可她总是在跟屋里的什么人讲话。他猜想她母亲老是在生病，她们揽些缝缝补补的活计来生活，她父亲已经死了……他以前曾是个新闻记者。她们母女俩工作一整天

shake out open or spread
sth. by shaking. 用摇动
等方法打开或展开。take
in accept (work to do in
one's home) for payment.
(为赚钱)承揽(在家中做
的工作)。



on, but they never went out and they had no friends.

He had to make some new notices ... 'Not to go to the window before six o'clock; signed, Ian French. Not to think about her until he had finished his painting for the day; signed, Ian French.'

It was quite simple. She was the only person he wanted to know because she was, he decided, the only person alive who was exactly his age. He didn't want silly girls, and he had no use for older women. She was his age. She was—well, just like him.

He sat in his studio, staring at her windows, seeing himself in those rooms with her. She was often angry. They had terrible fights, he and she. And she rarely laughed. Only sometimes, when she told him about a funny little cat she once had, who used to scratch and pretend to be fierce when she gave it meat to eat ... Things like that made her laugh. Usually, they sat together very quietly, talking in low voices, or silent and tired after the day's work. Of course, she never asked him about his pictures, and of course he painted the most wonderful pictures of her, which she hated because he made her so thin and so dark ...

But how could he meet her?

Then he discovered that once a week, in the evening, she went shopping. On two Thursdays he saw her at the window in a coat, carrying a basket. The next Thursday, at

挣的钱只够维持温饱,可是她们从不出门,也没有朋友。

他得写一些新的便条……“6点钟之前不准到窗边:伊恩·弗伦奇(签名);没有完成当天的绘画之前不许想她:伊恩·弗伦奇(签名)。”

事情很简单。她是他惟一想结识的人,因为他觉得她是世间所有活着的人中仅有的一个和他年龄相同的人。他不喜欢傻傻的姑娘,也不需要年纪大些的女人。她跟他一样大。她——嗯,和他很像。

他坐在画室里,凝视着她的窗口,仿佛看到自己就在那些房间里,和她在一起。她老爱生气。他们吵得很凶,他和她。她很少笑,只有偶尔讲起自己以前养的一只滑稽小猫的时候,她才会笑。她每次喂这只猫吃肉的时候,它总是摩拳擦掌,装作很凶猛的样子……只有这样的事才会使她发笑。他们通常总是非常安静地坐在一起,要么低声交谈,要么默默无语,因为劳作了一天,已感觉很疲乏了。她当然从来不会过问他画的那些画,他当然也为她画了最漂亮的画像,可她却讨厌这些画,因为他把她画得那么瘦、那么黑……

可是他怎样才能结识她呢?

后来他发现,她每周要出去买一次东西,而且是在晚上。有两个星期四他都在窗口看到她穿着件外衣,提着一只篮子。到了

scratch v. make marks on or in (a surface) with a sharp tool, nail, claw, etc.; make a shallow wound in (the skin) in this way. 刮,划,抓。
fierce adj. violent or angry. 凶猛的;凶狠的。

the same time, he ran down the stairs. There was a lovely pink light over everything. He saw it reflected in the river, and the people walking towards him in the street had pink faces and pink hands.

Outside the house he waited for her. He had no idea what he was going to do or say. 'Here she comes,' said a voice in his head. She walked very quickly, with small, light steps... What could he do? He could only follow...

First she went to buy some bread. Then she went to a fish shop. She had to wait a long time in there. Then she went to the fruit shop and bought an orange. As he watched her, he knew more surely than ever that he must talk to her, now. Her seriousness and her loneliness, even the way she walked—separate, somehow, distant from the other people in the street—all this was so natural, so right to him.

'Yes, she is always like that,' he thought proudly. 'She and I are different from these people.'

But now she was going home, and he had not spoken to her. Then she went into another shop. Through the window, he saw her buying an egg. She took it carefully out of the basket—a brown egg, a beautiful one, the one he himself would have chosen. She came out of the shop, and he went in. A moment later he was out again, following her through the flower market, past the huge umbrellas, walking on fallen flowers.