

英语

短篇小说选读

Selected English Short Stories

英汉对照

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篇

杜丽霞

主编



西安交通大学出版社

英语短篇小说选读

加拿大篇

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·西安·

内容提要

本书共选编 15 篇加拿大短篇小说,作品内容涉及方方面面,篇篇皆出自名家之手。通过这些小说,我们不但能了解到部分加拿大独特的自然景致、社会生活及民风民情,更能体会到深植其中的永不褪色的魅力。本书适合于那些希望提高英语水平及爱好英语文学作品的读者。

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总 序

拙作《英语短篇小说选读》出版后,读者反映强烈,一年内竟印了3次,这是编者始料未及的。不过细想一下,它的流行也算正常。

本人执教期间,接触过的学生里有自考生、专科生,也有本科生、研究生。他们似乎对文学有一种天生的爱好,经常问及有否可以推荐的书。当然,大部头是啃不动的,因为他们一年到头都在忙于应付各种各样的考试。那读一点英语短篇小说吧,我说,既可以提高英语水平,又可以得到文学欣赏的快乐。故需要一也。

网络时代的到来让人们眼界大开,年轻人更是趋之若鹜。不过,书终究是书,人们似乎对散发着油墨清香的书有一分难舍的爱恋。于是我又想,什么样的书他们爱读呢?一本好的英汉读物应是难度适度、情节生动、内容风趣、编排合理。故合适二也。

《英语短篇小说选读》只是一碗羊杂碎,12个短篇涵盖了英、美、加、澳四国。尝脔一鼎,意犹未尽;倘要尽兴,还需细品,这是编辑出版国别专辑的原本。

国别专辑包括《英国篇》、《美国篇》、《加拿大篇》和《澳大利亚篇》。本人负责英国和澳大利亚专辑,美国专辑和加拿大专辑则由我的同事杜丽霞女士负责。

国别专辑的编辑工作依然遵循前书的三条原则：选材上既要注重趣味性又要注重知识性；既要求能全面反映国别国家人民的风土人情和社会概貌，同时又要求方便读者，篇幅不能太长；注释上既要全面又要重点突出，尤其恰到好处；译文既要文采斐然，又要经得起对照阅读。

此外，我们在确定篇目的时候并非非名家不选。在收入经典作品的同时我们也考虑了现当代年纪稍轻名气稍逊的作家。总之一点，不以名气论作品，力求做到全面、公正。

在资料收集的过程中，兰州大学外国语学院的冯建文教授和赵慧珍教授以及他们所在的加拿大研究中心给予了大力协助；留学新加坡的成旻老师、留学美国的田澎博士暨赵群女士惠寄各种资料；西安交通大学英语专业硕士研究生杜鹃、陈建华、庞加光、解姗姗等在搜集资料时也耗费了不少的时间和精力；西安交通大学研究生英语教学中心的折鸿雁教授不仅惠借藏书，而且关怀备至，极力推荐后学，心存感激，在此一并致谢。

承蒙广大读者的厚爱，使自己才有勇气和决心把这项工作继续下去。愿《英语短篇小说选读》之国别专辑出版后同样受到读者的欢迎。

张 敏

2001 年 11 月于西安

前言

1997年7月,承蒙国家留学基金委资助,我从兰州大学飞往加拿大著名学府多伦多大学研修加拿大文学。在此之前,我对加拿大文学的了解只是一鳞半爪,是从兰州大学“加拿大研究中心”珍贵但有限的资料中获得的。在加拿大期间,在与非业内人士接触过程中,当得知我专程从中国来学习加拿大文学时,就连许多加国人都露出了吃惊的神色:“什么?加拿大文学?加拿大有文学吗?”

“有!”我坚定地告诉他们。

许多人,甚至许多加拿大人之所以认为加拿大没有文学,主要是因为以下两个原因:第一,历史上很长一段时期,加拿大主要充斥着英国作家和美国作家的作品,学校课堂上主要在宣讲英国文学和美国文学,只是在20世纪中叶之后,文学界一批有厚重民族情感的有志之士才大声疾呼建立加拿大文学,并在大学英语系独立开设加拿大文学课程;第二,加拿大缺乏世界级的知名作家和经典作品。而后一点似可从加拿大的历史进程中寻得些许答案。

加拿大的历史进程比较平稳,没有轰轰烈烈的独立战争,没有伤痕累累的内部混战。加拿大虽然派兵参加了两次世界大战,但由于战场远离加拿大本土,所以除刺激了加国的经济发展并为加国带来大批移民之外,也没有对加拿大造成太大的影响。这一切

决定了加拿大不可能产生出诸如《战争与和平》和《飘》之类的文学巨著。但是,另一方面,平和安定的社会环境正好确立了加拿大文学的特点,正如赵慧珍教授在她的《加拿大女作家短篇小说选》(河南人民出版社,1994)的“译者前言”中所说:“于是文如其国,文如其民,文学中处处透着淡然平和、中庸无为的气息;没有惊天动地的伟业,没有叱咤风云的英雄,大家平平常常地生活,为生存而奋斗。也有追求和希望,多是求得理解和宁静,并不一定非折腾个死去活来不可。”近些年来,中国也一直流行着一句话,叫“平平淡淡才是真”。是的,平凡的事情和人物才是真实的生活,看似平淡,品之意味深长,如本书选取的“普鲁”中的女主人公普鲁遭受情人抛弃却并不歇斯底里,偷走情人一枚链扣以发泄怨恨情绪,但尔后却将链扣扔进一只铁皮盒子几乎全然忘却。这种看似柔弱的反应难道不比死去活来更坚强吗?

我结束了为期一年的加国学习之旅回国之后,总希望能在介绍加国文学方面做点事情。1999年底我调入西安交通大学英语系,适逢学友张敏先生推出了一本《英语短篇小说选读》(英汉对照),其中包括从英、美、加、澳四个国家各选取的三篇短篇小说。此书一出立即受到欢迎,于是责任编辑秦茂盛先生和张敏先生决定推出这四个国家的独立的短篇小说集,并邀请我主编美国卷和加拿大卷。我当然是求之不得,欣然接受。

本书的选材主要考虑了以下几个因素:

第一、篇幅适中。这是该系列丛书的既定原则,更是为了保持读者的阅读兴趣。我不得不承认,这种做法使我忍痛割舍了许多非常优秀的加国短篇小说。此种大憾,也许只有以后择他途弥补了。

第二、多姿多彩。有幽默大师的佳作“巧舌如簧的钟表匠”、“保释区内的特权”和“玛里泼萨的旋风募捐运动始末”;有以太平

洋沿岸为背景的令人潸然泪下的“永别弗洛雷斯”和“故事一则”；有以广阔无垠的草原为背景的反映父子情深的“破裂的地球仪”；还有以茫茫林海为背景的反映痴情女子负心汉主题的“逆流而上”以及悲壮的“迷失”；更有以东部城市生活为背景的“普鲁”、“姥姥去世的那个夏天”以及“安妮塔之舞”等；甚至还有反映男、女同性恋内心生活的“黑女王”和“说法”等。这些作品可谓篇篇皆名，透过这些作品您可以了解到加拿大许多社会生活画面。

我邀请了在兰州大学的部分老同事和在西安交大的部分新同事承担了该书的译注工作。翻译力求做到既忠实又不古板，注释主要针对语言难点和文化背景两大方面。为了免去读者反复查阅词典的辛劳，使读者能够在欣赏故事的同时有效地提高英语水平并了解加国社会背景，我不同程度地增加了注释。另外，由于无法与每位译者磋商，所以对译文的有些改动纯属我个人意见。因此，本书中的译注部分但凡有何不妥之处，都应由我负责。在此恳请各位同仁高学和读者不吝赐教，我将不胜感激。

我要特别感谢我的恩师兰州大学外语学院的冯建文教授和赵慧珍教授。他们在百忙之中帮我搜集、复印、邮寄材料，这些无私的帮助令晚辈终生难忘。同时也真诚感谢兰州大学外语学院的刘新慧老师，她也帮助我复印并邮寄资料，而且组织了在兰州大学完成的所有稿件。

另外，我还要感谢学友张敏先生和责任编辑秦茂盛先生。秦茂盛先生年轻有为，其敬业精神和远见卓识委实令人敬佩。

最后，愿各位读者能如我喜爱这些作品般喜欢这本书。

杜丽霞

2002年7月于西安

Contents

The Broken Globe	Henry Kreisel(1)
破裂的地球仪	杜丽霞译注(16)
Anita's Dance	Marian Engel(32)
安妮塔之舞	胡海兰译注(43)
From Flores	Ethel Wilson(58)
永别弗洛雷斯	卢波译注(70)
The Clockmaker	Thomas Chandler Haliburton(84)
巧舌如簧的钟表匠	杜丽霞译注(89)
The Black Queen	Barry Callaghan(96)
黑女王	吴静译注(100)
By the River	Jack Hodgins(106)
逆流而上	高兰芳译注(116)
The Summer My Grandmother Was Supposed to Die	
.....	Mordecai Richler(128)
姥姥去世的那个夏天	杜丽霞译注(144)
Slogans	Jane Rule(162)
说法	史菊鸿译注(174)
Strayed	Charles G. D. Roberts(189)
迷失	贺莉译注(194)
Two Fishermen	Morley Callaghan(202)
两个渔夫	郭继荣译注(213)
Lilacs for First Love	Raymond Knister(227)
初恋紫丁香	张蕾译注(237)

Prue	Alice Munro(248)
普鲁.....	李宝玲译注(254)
The Whirlwind Campaign in Mariposa	Stephen Leacock(263)
玛里泼萨的旋风募捐运动始末.....	杜丽霞译注(273)
A Short Story	George Bowering(284)
故事一则.....	刘新慧译注(298)
The Privilege of the Limits	Edward William Thomson(314)
保释区内的特权	张 敏译注(323)

The Broken Globe

Henry Kreisel

Born in Vienna, Henry Kreisel (1922-1991)—a Jew—fled the Nazi invasion in 1938, taking refuge in England. After Britain declared war on Germany, however, Kreisel was interned as an “enemy alien^[1]”; the internment camp he was sent to in 1940 was in Canada. Fortunately, because of writings smuggled out of the camp, he was recognized as a promising student and allowed to complete his high-school education at Jarvis Collegiate^[2], Toronto. After completing his B. A. in 1946 and his M. A. the following year, he accepted a teaching position in the English department at the University of Alberta, and in 1975 he was named University Professor. Kreisel is the author of two novels, *The Rich Man* (1948) and *The Betrayal* (1964). He has also written eight short stories, collected in *The Almost Meeting and Other Stories* (1981). “The Broken Globe”, his best-known story, has been translated into German, Italian, and Swedish, and adapted for the stage.

Since it was Nick Solchuk who first told me about the opening^[3] in my field at the University of Alberta^[4], I went up to see

him as soon as I received word that I had been appointed. He lived in one of those old mansions in Pimlico^[5] that had once served as town houses for wealthy merchants and aristocrats, but now housed a less moneyed group of people—stenographers, students, and intellectuals of various kinds. He had studied at Cambridge and got his doctorate there and was now doing research at the Imperial College and rapidly establishing a reputation among the younger men for his work on problems which had to do with the curvature of the earth^[6].

His room was on the third floor, and it was very cramped, but he refused to move because he could look out from his window and see the Thames and the steady flow of boats, and that gave him a sense of distance and of space also. Space, he said, was what he missed most in the crowded city. He referred to himself, nostalgically, as a prairie boy, and when he wanted to demonstrate what he meant by space he used to say that when a man stood and looked out across the open prairie, it was possible for him to believe that the earth was flat.

“So,” he said, after I had told him my news, “you are going to teach French to prairie boys and girls. I congratulate you.” Then he cocked^[7] his head to one side, and looked me over and said: “How are your ears?”

“My ears?” I said. “They’re all right. Why?”

“Prepare yourself,” he said. “Prairie voices trying to speak French—that will be a great experience for you. I speak from experience. I learned my French pronunciation in a little one-room school in a prairie village. From an extraordinary girl, mind you^[8], but her mind ran to science. Joan McKenzie—that was her name. A wiry^[9] little thing, sharp-nosed, and she always wore brown dresses. She

was particularly fascinated by earthquakes. 'In 1755 the city of Lisbon, Portugal, was devastated. Sixty-thousand persons died; the shock was felt in Southern France and North Africa; and inland waters of Great Britain and Scandinavia were agitated.' You see, I still remember that, and I can hear her voice too. Listen: 'In common with the entire solar system^[10], the earth is moving through space at the rate of approximately 45,000 miles per hour, toward the constellation of Hercules. Think of that, boys and girls.' Well, I thought about it. It was a lot to think about. Maybe that's why I became a geophysicist. Her enthusiasm was infectious. I knew her at her peak. After a while she got tired and married a solid farmer and had eight children."

"But her French, I take it^[11], was not so good," I said.

"No," he said. "Language gave no scope to her imagination. Mind you, I took French seriously enough. I was a very serious student. For a while I even practiced French pronunciation at home. But I stopped it because it bothered my father. My mother begged me to stop. For the sake of peace."

"Your father's ears were offended," I said.

"Oh, no," Nick said, "not his ears. His soul. He was sure that I was learning French so I could run off and marry a French girl... Don't laugh. It's true. When once my father believed something, it was very hard to shake him."

"But why should he have objected to your marrying a French girl anyway?"

"Because," said Nick, and pointed a stern finger at me^[12], "because when he came to Canada he sailed from some French port, and he was robbed of all his money while he slept. He held all Frenchmen responsible. He never forgot and he never forgave."

And, by God, he wasn't going to have that cursed language spoken in his house. He wasn't going to have any nonsense about science talked in his house either." Nick was silent for a moment, and then he said, speaking very quietly, "Curious man, my father. He had strange ideas, but a strange kind of imagination, too. I couldn't understand him when I was going to school or to the university. But then a year or two ago, I suddenly realized that the shape of the world he lived in had been forever fixed for him by some medieval priest in the small Ukrainian village where he was born and where he received an education of sorts^[13] when he was a boy. And I suddenly realized that he wasn't mad, but that he lived in the universe of the medieval church. The earth for him was the centre of the universe, and the centre was still. It didn't move. The sun rose in the East and it set in the West, and it moved perpetually around a still earth. God had made this earth especially for man, and man's function was to perpetuate^[14] himself and to worship God. My father never said all that in so many words, mind you, but that is what he believed. Everything else was heresy^[15]."

He fell silent.

"How extraordinary," I said.

He did not answer at once, and after a while he said, in a tone of voice which seemed to indicate that he did not want to pursue the matter further, "Well, when you are in the middle of the Canadian West, I'll be in Rome. I've been asked to give a paper to the International Congress of Geophysicists which meets there in October."

"So I heard," I said. "Wilcocks told me the other day. He said it was going to be a paper of some importance. In fact, he said it would create a stir^[16]."

"Did Wilcocks really say that?" he asked eagerly, his face red-

dening, and he seemed very pleased. We talked for a while longer, and then I rose to go.

He saw me to the door and was about to open it for me, but stopped suddenly, as if he were turning something over in his mind, and then said quickly, "Tell me—would you do something for me?"

"Of course," I said. "If I can."

He motioned me back to my chair and I sat down again. "When you are in Alberta," he said, "and if it is convenient for you, would you—would you go to see my father?"

"Why, yes," I stammered, "why, of course. I—I didn't realize he was still . . ."

"Oh, yes," he said, "he's still alive, still working. He lives on his farm, in a place called Three Bear Hills, about sixty or seventy miles out of Edmonton^[17]. He lives alone. My mother is dead. I have a sister who is married and lives in Calgary^[18]. There were only the two of us. My mother could have no more children. It was a source of great agony for them. My sister goes to see him sometimes, and then she sometimes writes to me. He never writes to me. We—we had—what shall I call it—differences. If you went to see him and told him that I had not gone to the devil, perhaps . . ." He broke off abruptly^[19], clearly agitated, and walked over to his window and stood staring out, then said, "Perhaps you'd better not. I—I don't want to impose on you^[20]."

I protested that he was not imposing at all, and promised that I would write to him as soon as I had paid my visit.

I met him several times after that, but he never mentioned the matter again.

I sailed from England about the middle of August and arrived in Montreal^[21] a week later. The long journey West was one of the

most memorable experiences I have ever had. There were moments of weariness and dullness. But the very monotony was impressive. There was a grandeur about it. It was monotony of a really monumental kind. There were moments when, exhausted by the sheer impact of the landscape, I thought back with longing to the tidy, highly cultivated countryside of England and of France, to the sight of men and women working in the fields, to the steady succession of villages and towns, and everywhere the consciousness of nature humanized. But I also began to understand why Nick Solchuk was always longing for more space and more air, especially when we moved into the prairies, and the land became flatter until there seemed nothing, neither hill nor tree nor bush, to disturb the vast unbroken flow of land until in the far distance a thin, blue line marked the point where the prairie merged into the sky. Yet over all there was a strange tranquillity, all motion seemed suspended, and only the sun moved steadily, imperturbably^[22] West, dropping finally over the rim of the horizon, a blazing red ball, but leaving a superb evening light lying over the land still.

I was reminded of the promise I had made, but when I arrived in Edmonton, the task of settling down absorbed my time and energy so completely that I did nothing about it. Then, about the middle of October, I saw a brief report in the newspaper about the geophysical congress which had opened in Rome on the previous day, and I was mindful of my promise again. Before I could safely bury it in the back of my mind again, I sat down and wrote a brief letter to Nick's father, asking him when I could come out to visit him. Two weeks passed without an answer, and I decided to go and see him on the next Saturday without further formalities^[23].

The day broke clear and fine. A few white clouds were in the

metallic autumn sky and the sun shone coldly down upon the earth, as if from a great distance. I drove south as far as Wetaskiwin and then turned east. The paved highway gave way to gravel and got steadily worse. I was beginning to wonder whether I was going right, when I rounded a bend and a grain elevator hove like a sign-post into view^[24]. It was now about three o'clock and I had arrived in Three Bear Hills, but, as Nick had told me, there were neither bears nor hills here, but only prairie, and suddenly the beginning of an embryonic^[25] street with a few buildings on either side like a small island in a vast sea, and then all was prairie again.

I stopped in front of the small general store and went in to ask for directions^[26]. Three farmers were talking to the storekeeper, a bald, bespectacled^[27] little man who wore a long, dirty apron, and stood leaning against his counter. They stopped talking and turned to look at me. I asked where the Solchuk farm was.

Slowly scrutinizing^[28] me, the storekeeper asked, "You just new here?"

"Yes," I said.

"From the old country^[29], eh?"

"Yes."

"You selling something?"

"No, no," I said. "I—I teach at the University."

"That so?" He turned to the other men and said, "Only boy ever went to University from around here was Solchuk's boy, Nick. Real brainy young kid, Nick. Two of 'em never got on together. Too different. You know."

They nodded slowly.

"But that boy of his—he's a real big-shot^[30] scientist now.

You know them addem bombs and them hydrergen bombs^[31]. He