

英 汉 对 照

吕叔湘译文三种



外语教学与研究出版社

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(京)新登字155号

责任编辑：刘祖胄

责任校对：宋银华

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外语教学与研究出版社出版发行

(北京西三环北路49号)

北京外国语学院印刷厂排版

北京怀柔县印刷厂印刷

新华书店总店北京发行所经销

开本850×1168 1/32 14.75印张 305千字

1992年5月第1版 1992年5月第1次印刷

印数1—5000册

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ISBN 7-5600-0592-6/H·287

定价：6.60元

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序

《伊坦·弗洛美》的作者伊迪斯·华尔顿夫人 (Edith Wharton)，娘家姓琼斯 (Jones)，1862年出生在纽约的一个资产阶级家庭。幼年受教于家庭教师，后来游学法国。1885年跟银行家爱德华·华尔顿结婚，1907年后住在法国的时间较多，1913年离婚，1937年在法国去世。

她从小爱好文学，早年所写小说结集出版于1899年。以后出版小说多种，其中《欢乐之家》(1905)和《天真年代》(1920)都曾经驰誉一时。她写小说以亨利·詹姆斯为师，多抒写上流社会里种种世态。这些小说现在都已经过时，只有研究文学史的人才去读它了。倒是她早年根据乡居所见新英格兰农家生活中的惨淡悲欢而写的中篇小说《伊坦·弗洛美》还常常为评论家所称道，有相当多的读者，并且曾经一度被指定为中学语文课必读书。这本小说的风格跟作者刻意经营的描写上流社会的长篇不大一样，这或许也是伟大作品的语言多半较为朴素之一例吧。

吕叔湘

Introduction

I had known something of New England village life long before I made my home in the same county as my imaginary Starkfield¹; though, during the years spent there, certain of its aspects became much more familiar to me.

Even before that final initiation, however, I had had an uneasy sense that the New England of fiction bore little—except a vague botanical and dialectical—resemblance to the harsh and beautiful land as I had seen it. Even the abundant enumeration of sweet-fern, asters and mountain-laurel, and the conscientious reproduction of the vernacular, left me with the feeling that the outcropping granite had in both cases been overlooked. I give the impression merely as a personal one; it accounts for *Ethan Frome*, and may, to some readers, in a measure justify it.

So much for the origin of the story; there is nothing else of interest to say of it, except as concerns its construction.

The problem before me, as I saw in the first flash, was this: I had to deal with a subject of which the dramatic climax, or rather the anti-climax, occurs a generation later than the first acts of the tragedy. This enforced lapse of time would seem to anyone persuaded—as I have always been—that every subject (in the novelist's sense of the term) implicitly contains its own form and dimensions, to mark "*Ethan Frome*" as the subject for a novel. But I never thought this for a moment, for I had felt, at the same time,

作者自序

在我定居在我在这本书里称之为斯塔克菲尔镇的那个地方以前，我早就对新英格兰的乡村生活颇有所知；虽然在我住在那里一些年之后我对于那里的生活的某些方面更加熟悉得多。

可是，即使是在我熟悉那个地方以前，我已经有点不安地感觉到，小说家笔下的新英格兰，除了在草木之名和方言土语方面有些泛泛的相似之外，跟我所看到的荒寒而美丽的土地实在没有多大相似之处。尽管不厌其烦地数说香蕨，翠菊，山桂，一丝不苟地摹写那里的口语，却仍然不能叫我不感到，在这两方面，那从地下露头的花岗岩都被忽略了。这当然只是我个人的印象；这可以用来说明《伊坦·弗洛美》的产生，并且，对于某些读者，这在一定程度上可以为它辩解。

以上说的是这个故事的起源；别的没有什么值得说的，除了关于它的结构。

我面对的问题，照我一起头看来，是我不得不处理这样一个题材，它的戏剧性高潮，或者无宁说是反高潮，出现在悲剧的前几幕之后三十年。这个强制的时间距离，对于任何一个相信——我一直是这样相信——每一个题材（按照小说家赋予这个词的意义）它本身就包含它自己的形式与规模的人，表明《伊坦·弗洛美》应该写成一个长篇。但是我一次也没有这样想过，因为我同时觉得，我的故事的主题不是一

that the theme of my tale was not one on which many variations could be played. It must be treated as starkly and summarily as life had always presented itself to my protagonists; any attempt to elaborate and complicate their sentiments would necessarily have falsified the whole. They were, in truth, these figures, my *granite outcroppings*; but half-emerged from the soil, and scarcely more articulate.

This incompatibility between subject and plan would perhaps have seemed to suggest that my "situation" was after all one to be rejected. Every novelist has been visited by the insinuating wraiths of false "good situations," siren-subjects luring his cockle-shell to the rocks; their voice is oftenest heard, and their mirage-sea beheld, as he traverses the waterless desert which awaits him half-way through whatever work is actually in hand. I knew well enough what song those sirens sang, and had often tied myself to my dull job till they were out of hearing—perhaps carrying a lost masterpiece in their rainbow veils. But I had no such fear of them in the case of *Ethan Frome*. It was the first subject I had ever approached with full confidence in its value, for my own purpose, and a relative faith in my power to render at least a part of what I saw in it.

Every novelist, again, who "intends upon" his art, has lit upon such subjects, and been fascinated by the difficulty of presenting them in the fullest relief, yet without an added ornament, or a trick of drapery or lighting. This was my task, if I were to tell the story of *Ethan Frome*; and my scheme of construction—which met with the immediate and unqualified disapproval of the few friends to whom I tentatively outlined it—I still think justified in the given case. It appears to me, indeed, that, while an air of artificiality is lent to a tale of complex and sophisticated people which the novelist causes to be guessed at and interpreted by any mere looker-on, there need be no such drawback if the looker-on is sophisticated, and the people he interprets are simple. If he is capable of seeing all around them, no violence is done to probability in allowing him to exercise this faculty; it is natural enough that he should act as the sympathizing intermediary between his rudimentary characters and the more

个可以弹出好多变奏的主题。对我的主角们来说，生活一直是素朴的、单纯的，我也就必须这样来处理我的题材；任何使他们的思想感情复杂化的企图必然使整个故事表现为虚假。说实在的，他们是我的花岗石露头；仅仅从泥土里冒出来一半，也不比石头更能说出心里话。

题材和布局之间的矛盾也许给我暗示，我的“情节”是最后不得不放弃的情节。每个小说家都曾经有虚假的“好情节”这个善于迷惑人的精灵光顾过，被那种水仙女似的题材引诱他的小船撞碎在礁石上；她们的歌声最容易被听到，她们的海市蜃楼最容易被看到，是当他正在穿越潜伏在他正在从事的工作的中途的滴水皆无的沙漠的时候。我很熟悉这些妖女唱的歌，我常常把我拴在我的沉闷的工作上，直到那歌声完全听不见——也许在她们的彩虹面罩底下隐藏着一部未能诞生的杰作。但是在伊坦·弗洛美这个问题上我没有担心过遇上女妖的歌声。这是我所曾接触过的第一个题材，对它具有为我所用的价值毫不怀疑，并且对于我有力量把我所看到的至少能表达出来一部分有相当的信心。

其次，每个讲究他那门手艺的小说家都曾经碰上过这样的题材，并且为不借助于装饰或乞灵于光衬而被它全面展现这一工作的难度所吸引。如果我要叙述伊坦·弗洛美的故事，我就要面对这样一个任务。我曾经把我的结构轮廓对少数朋友说过，立即遭到毫不含糊的反对，但是我仍然认为在这个题材上这样处理是有理由的。我觉得，如果故事里的人物是深沉而复杂的，而小说家却让一般的旁观者加以猜测和解说，那末，这个故事的确不免显得造作而不自然；可是如果旁观者是见多识广而他所解说的人物是朴素的，那就不至于有这样的缺点。如果他能够看到他们的各个侧面，那就让他施展他的能耐吧，这是不会破坏故事的可信性的。让他在他的简单朴实的人物和他的脑筋复杂的读者之间充当满怀同情

complicated minds to whom he is trying to present them. But this is all self-evident, and needs explaining only to those who have never thought of fiction as an art of composition.

The real merit of my construction seems to me to lie in a minor detail. I had to find means to bring my tragedy, in a way at once natural and picture-making², to the knowledge of its narrator. I might have sat him down before a village gossip who would have poured out the whole affair to him in a breath, but in doing this I should have been false to two essential elements of my picture: first, the deeprooted reticence and inarticulateness of the people I was trying to draw, and secondly the effect of "roundness" (in the plastic sense) produced by letting their case be seen through eyes as different as those of Harmon Gow and Mrs. Ned Hale. Each of my chroniclers contributes to the narrative *just so much as he or she is capable of understanding* of what, to them, is a complicated and mysterious case; and only the narrator of the tale has scope enough to see it all, to resolve it back into simplicity, and to put it in its rightful place among his larger categories.

I make no claim for originality in following a method of which "La Grande Bretèche" and "The Ring and the Book" had set me the magnificent example; my one merit is, perhaps, to have guessed that the proceeding there employed was also applicable to my small tale.

I have written this brief analysis—the first I have ever published of any of my books—because, as an author's introduction to his work, I can imagine nothing of any value to his readers except a statement as to why he decided to attempt the work in question, and why he selected one form rather than another for its embodiment. These primary aims, the only ones that can be explicitly stated, must, by the artist, be almost instinctively felt and acted upon before there can pass into his creation that imponderable something more which causes life to circulate in it, and preserves it for a little from decay.

EDITH WHARTON

的介绍人，是再自然不过的了。这本来是不言而喻的道理，只是对于那些从来没有想到写小说是一种构图艺术的人才需要说明罢了。

我的结构的真正优点，照我看，在于一个小小的细节。我必须找到一个途径让说这个故事的人既自然又生动地获得这个故事。我当然可以让他跟一位爱好饶舌的村民坐在一块儿，听他把整个事件一口气说给他，可是这样一来我就把我的画图的两个重要因素给歪曲了：第一，我所要描绘的人物的什么事情都装在心里不说出来的性子；其次，造形艺术上的“圆到”感，这是只有让他们的事情通过哈蒙·高和纳德·郝尔太太这样两双很不一样的眼睛看过去才会得到的。对于这在他们看来是复杂而神秘的故事，他们只能各自贡献出他或她所能理解的部分；只有这个故事的叙述者才有足够的视野让他看到全部，把它还原成它的朴素的本来面目，并且把它放在他的宇宙之中的它所应有的位置上。

我所遵循的方法不是我的创造发明，我面前有《大望楼》和《指环和书》^①这样的光辉榜样，我的唯一的功劳也许是认识到那里使用的方法也适用于我这里的小故事。

我写下这短短的分析——在我写过的书中间这是第一次——因为，作为作者对他的作品的介绍，我想对读者最有用的莫过于说明为什么他决定要写这部作品，为什么他选择这样一种形式而不选择另一种形式。这些根本宗旨，他所能说清楚的唯一宗旨，艺术家必须几乎是本能地感觉到并且依照它行动，才能使他的作品获得那赋予它以生命、保存它一段时间的说不清楚的某种东西。

伊迪斯·华尔顿

^① 前者是法国小说家巴尔扎克的作品，后者是英国诗人罗勃特·勃朗宁的作品。——译者。

Ethan Frome

I had the story, bit by bit, from various people, and, as generally happens in such cases, each time it was a different story.

If you know Starkfield, Massachusetts, you know the post-office. If you know the post-office you must have seen Ethan Frome drive up to it, drop the reins on his hollow-backed bay and drag himself across the brick pavement to the white colonnade: and you must have asked who he was.

It was there that, several years ago, I saw him for the first time; and the sight pulled me up sharp. Even then he was the most striking figure in Starkfield, though he was but the ruin of a man. It was not so much his great height that marked him, for the "natives" were easily singled out by their lank longitude from the stockier foreign breed: it was the careless powerful look he had, in spite of a lameness checking each step like the jerk of a chain. There was something bleak and unapproachable in his face, and he was so stiffened and grizzled that I took him for an old man and was surprised to hear that he was not more than fifty-two. I had this from Harmon Gow, who had driven the stage from Bettsbridge to Starkfield in pre-trolley days and knew the chronicle of all the families on his line.

"He's looked that way ever since he had his smash-up; and that's twenty-four years ago come next February," Harmon threw out between reminiscent pauses.

The "smash-up" it was—I gathered from the same informant—which³, besides drawing the red gash across Ethan Frome's forehead, had so shortened and warped his right side that it cost him a visible effort to take the few steps from his buggy to the post-office window. He used to drive in from his

伊坦·弗洛美

这个故事我是东一点西一点从许多人那儿得来的，每次听到的都有点不同。

您要是到过麻萨诸塞州的斯塔克菲尔镇，您准认得那个邮局。您认得那个邮局，您准看见过伊坦·弗洛美赶辆车子来到这儿，把缰绳望他的瘦马的背上一搭，拖着脚步穿过砖砌的人行道，走近邮局门口的白石柱子，而且您准要问人这是谁。

我第一次，几年之前，看见他就是在那个邮局门口；他让我大吃一惊。就在那个时候，他也是斯塔克菲尔镇上最可注意的人物，虽然他已经残废。引人注意的不是他的个儿高，那一带地方的“本地人”都是细而长，和较为矮胖的外来种极容易分别：是他那种虽然带着铁链似的一步一跛却满不在乎的强劲的气概。

他的脸上有一种苍苍凉凉不可逼近的神气。他的肢体异常木强，头上是白发盈颠，我只当他一定很老了，后来听说他才不过五十二岁，很觉得诧异。这是哈蒙·高告诉我的，哈蒙在没有通电车的日子在贝茨伯里奇和斯塔克菲尔之间赶长途马车，那条路上的人家的历史他全都知道的清楚。

“他自从撞伤以后一直就是那个样儿，这句话有二十四年了，顶下个二月，”哈蒙一边儿回想一边儿说。

也就是因为这一次的“撞伤”——这也是哈蒙告诉我的——伊坦·弗洛美不但是在额角上留下了那个长口子的红疤，并且把右边儿的半个身子扭的又短又曲，从他的马车上下来走到邮局的窗口这几步路都很吃力。他每天从家里赶着车

farm every day at about noon, and as that was my own hour for fetching my mail I often passed him in the porch or stood beside him while we waited on the motions of the distributing hand behind the grating. I noticed that, though he came so punctually, he seldom received anything but a copy of the *Bettsbridge Eagle*, which he put without a glance into his sagging pocket. At intervals, however, the post-master would hand him an envelope addressed to Mrs. Zenobia—or Mrs. Zeena—Frome, and usually bearing conspicuously in the upper left-hand corner the address of some manufacturer of patent medicine and the name of his specific. These documents my neighbour would also pocket without a glance, as if too much used to them to wonder at their number and variety, and would then turn away with a silent nod to the post-master.

Every one in Starkfield knew him and gave him a greeting tempered to his own grave mien; but his taciturnity was respected and it was only on rare occasions that one of the older men of the place detained him for a word. When this happened he would listen quietly, his blue eyes on the speaker's face, and answer in so low a tone that his words never reached me; then he would climb stiffly into his buggy, gather up the reins in his left hand and drive slowly away in the direction of his farm.

"It was a pretty bad smash-up?" I questioned Harmon, looking after Frome's retreating figure, and thinking how gallantly his lean brown head, with its shock of light hair, must have sat on his strong shoulders before they were bent out of shape.

"Wust kind,"⁴ my informant assented. "More'n⁵ enough to kill most men. But the Fromes are tough. Ethan'll likely touch a hundred⁶."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. At the moment Ethan Frome, after climbing to his seat, had leaned over to assure himself of the security of a wooden box—also with a druggist's label on it—which he had placed in the back of the buggy, and I saw his face as it probably looked when he thought himself alone. "*That* man touch a hundred? He looks as if he was dead and in hell now!"

子，正午前后到了镇上，因为这也是我每天来取信的时刻，我常常在邮局门口碰见他，也有时候站在他旁边，一块儿伺候那窗格子背后的分发信件的手的动作。我注意到一件事：他虽然天天准时而到，却是除了一份贝茨伯里奇《鹰报》以外得不着什么邮件，那份报他看也不看就塞在口袋里。可是有些日子局长交给他一个信封，写的是“细诺比亚——或细娜——弗洛美夫人收”，通常在左上角印着一家药房和一种药品的名字。这些文件我的邻人也是一眼不看塞进口袋——好象是看惯了这些，对于它们的数目和种类已经懒得理会——然后默然地朝局长点个头转身就走。

斯塔克菲尔镇上的人个个都认得他，跟他招呼；可是大家都尊重他的沉默，难得才有一两个年老的人留住他说句话。在这种时候，他总是安详地听着，他的蔚蓝的眼珠儿望着说话的人的脸，然后低声应答，声音小得我听不出他说什么；这以后，他就硬僵僵地爬上他的马车，左手挽起缰绳，慢慢地赶车子回家。

“他受的伤很不轻吧？”我问哈蒙，一边儿望着弗洛美的渐行渐远的后影，一边儿想着他那瘦削的棕色的头颅，带上那一头浅色的头发，安在他的壮实的双肩之上该是多么英俊，当他的肩膀还没有扭的不成模样的时候。

“重的很，”哈蒙说。“换了第二个人怕是活不了的。但是弗洛美这一家是结实的。伊坦也许能活上一百岁也未可知呢。”

“哎哟，天哪！”我叫了出来。那个时候，伊坦已经爬上他的座儿，弯过身子来看他早一刻儿放在车子后边的一个木箱——那上边也有一家药房的招牌纸儿——是不是牢稳，这个时候我看见他的脸，当他以为没有人看他的时候露出来的脸。“那个人活一百岁？看他的脸儿活象是他这会儿已经进了阴间地狱似的！”

Harmon drew a slab of tobacco from his pocket, cut off a wedge and pressed it into the leather pouch of his cheek. "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters. Most of the smart ones get away."

"Why didn't he?"

"Somebody had to stay and care for the folks. There warn't ever anybody but Ethan. Fust' his father—then his mother—then his wife."

"And then the smash-up?"

Harmon chuckled sardonically. "That's so. He *had* to stay then."

"I see. And since then they've had to care for him?"

Harmon thoughtfully passed his tobacco to the other cheek. "Oh, as to that: I guess it's always Ethan done the caring."

Though Harmon Gow developed the tale as far as his mental and moral reach permitted there were perceptible gaps between his facts, and I had the sense that the deeper meaning of the story was in the gaps. But one phrase stuck in my memory and served as the nucleus about which I grouped my subsequent inferences: "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters."

Before my own time there was up I had learned to know what that meant. Yet I had come in the degenerate day of trolley, bicycle and rural delivery, when communication was easy between the scattered mountain villages, and the bigger towns in the valleys, such as Bettsbridge and Shadd's Falls, had libraries, theatres and Y. M. C. A.^s halls to which the youth of the hills could descend for recreation. But when winter shut down on Starkfield, and the village lay under a sheet of snow perpetually renewed from the pale skies, I began to see what life there—or rather its negation—must have been in Ethan Frome's young manhood.

I had been sent up by my employers on a job connected with the big power-house at Corbury Junction, and a long-drawn carpenters' strike had so delayed the work that I found myself anchored at Starkfield—the nearest habitable spot—for the best part of the winter⁹. I chafed at first, and then, under