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*The Selected Short Stories of William Faulkner—Red Leaves*

# 福克纳短篇小说精选 ——红叶

[美] 威廉·福克纳 著  
王勋 等 编译

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## 内 容 简 介

本书精选了美国著名作家、诺贝尔文学奖获得者威廉·福克纳的5篇公认的短篇小说经典名篇：《红叶》《干旱的九月》《献给爱米丽的玫瑰》《转向》和《夕阳》。它们被翻译成各种文字，影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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# 前言

威廉·福克纳（William Faulkner，1897—1962），20世纪美国最有影响的作家之一，诺贝尔文学奖获得者。

1897年9月25日，福克纳出生在美国密西西比州新奥尔巴尼的一个出身名门望族，全名威廉·卡斯伯特·福克纳。他的曾祖父威廉·克拉克·福克纳在密西西比州北部是个很有名的历史人物，在当年南部邦联军内任上校，修建过一条铁路，州内一个镇也是以他的名字福克纳来命名的。威廉·克拉克·福克纳还著有几本小说和其他一些作品，这种文学传统一直在家中传承了下来。威廉·福克纳作品中的“约翰·萨托里斯上校”就是在他曾祖父的基础上创作而来。威廉·福克纳深受家庭传统和南方风土人情的影响。他的作品中有南方人特有的幽默感，深入刻画黑人与白人的地位、相处、矛盾等敏感问题，生动描绘出惟妙惟肖的南方人形象。写作生涯早期，一位编辑错将他的名字拼为“Faulkner”，福克纳本人也决定将错就错使用下去。

福克纳一共写了20部长篇小说与近百篇短篇小说，最著名的作品有：长篇小说《喧哗与骚动》、《我弥留之际》、《八月之光》、《不败者》、《押沙龙，押沙龙！》，短篇小说集《这十三篇》。福克纳的大多数作品背景被设定为他的故乡密西西比河流域，他因此也被认为最重要的南部作家之一。福克纳被认为是19世纪30年代唯一一位真正意义上的美国现代主义作家，与欧洲文学试验者乔伊斯、伍尔芙、普鲁斯特等人遥相呼应，他大量运用意识流、多角度叙述和陈述中时间推移等富有创新性的文学手法。他因作品《寓言》获普利策奖；凭《故事选集》获得国家图书奖。1949年，福克纳“因对当代美国小说做出了强有力的和艺术上无与伦比的贡献”获诺贝尔文学奖，获奖的作品是《喧哗与骚动》。他在斯德哥尔摩发表的得奖感言是诺贝尔文学奖最精彩的感言之一。他说道：“我拒绝认为人类已经走到了尽头……人类能够忍受艰难困苦，也终将会获胜。”这席发言和



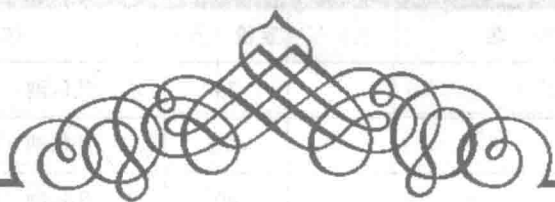
他的性格十分吻合。他捐献了自己获得的奖金，要“成立一个基金以支持鼓励文学新人”，最后建立了“福克纳小说奖”。

福克纳认为短篇小说在艺术高度上仅次于诗歌，他甚至说：“写长篇小说可以稍随意些，而写短篇小说则要求近乎绝对的精确。”他的短篇小说大多采用写实的手法，充满戏剧性且情节鲜明，作品体现的生活气息非常浓郁。半个多世纪以来，他的短篇小说作品被译成世界上几十种语言，受到一代又一代读者的喜爱。在中国，福克纳的短篇小说作品同样广受欢迎。基于以上原因，我们决定精选、编译福克纳短篇小说中的经典之作，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王勋编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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CONTENTS

转向/ Turnabout.....	1
夕阳/ That Evening Sun.....	35
干旱的九月/ Dry September.....	57
红叶/ Red Leaves.....	73
献给爱米莉的玫瑰/ A Rose for Emily.....	101

# 转 向

Turnabout



一个美国宪兵把一个酩酊大醉的英国小伙子带到一位美国飞行员上尉面前。小伙子看起来只有十八岁，个子很高，四肢纤瘦，戴着一顶皇家海军军官帽，醉得站不稳脚。带他来的宪兵说，他们花了一晚上把这个小伙子从排水沟里拖出来。还有很多和他一样年纪的水手不在大船上，而是整天开着一种小艇在港口跑来跑去，这些美国人都不知道那种小艇是干什么用的。这时一个英国宪兵走了过来，说他认得这个叫霍普的小伙子。美国兵讽刺说，这些英国人就是这样打仗的，刚才好多卡车堵在了

从码头过来的路上，原来就是这个喝醉的家伙躺在街道中央，跟司机们争辩说按照作战条例这条街是他的，卡车不可以从这里走。霍普听他们讲这些时，显得十分活泼开心。上尉吩咐宪兵把他带到勃加德上尉那里。

到了勃加德上尉所在的飞机场，霍普醒了过来，精神抖擞，声音洪亮，还要威士忌酒喝，看似格外愉快。勃加德和其他美国人仍在猜测着那些小艇的用途，这时霍普发现他们都是飞行员，感到很好奇。霍普是个极健谈的人，对飞行员们侃侃而谈自己在小艇上和指挥小艇的罗尼用桁格桅赌海狸，即每当一人看到一艘船上有桁格桅时，就赢对方一只海狸，但德国船厄根斯特拉塞号不算。看到霍普兴致勃勃地谈论着自己的游戏和爬山经历，勃加德觉得他就是个孩子，在战争中来寻找刺激。其他飞行员则感到不平，说自己竟千里迢迢从美国来为这样的人打仗，因而决定带他上天，让他看看什么是战争。

飞机引擎发动起来了，美国飞行员们穿上了飞行服，勃加德也给了霍



水道上有一艘货船

普一身衣服。霍普说他今天和罗尼还有事，但为第一次上天感到很开心，因为能看到更多东西。中尉麦克金尼斯答应霍普下午茶前就回来。他们穿过机场，霍普看见了那架汉德利佩奇轰炸机的硕大轮廓，格外新奇。麦克金尼斯给霍普示范了怎么爬进前舱，并让他使用那里的一挺刘易斯机枪，然而话音未落，霍普竟朝西砰砰开了几枪，引起一阵惊乱。

在飞机里，勃加德有些后悔带霍普来，但霍普却一点也不害怕，甚至当探照灯探到他们时也不躲避，脸上带着孩子似的好奇与喜悦的表情。霍普发射那挺机枪时瞄得也很准，他一度把身体远远探出舷外，朝飞机右翼和起落架张望着。德国鬼子的飞机快要来了，麦克金尼斯叫霍普回来，霍普朝他尖叫“炸弹”，麦克金尼斯回答说会有炸弹的，但告诉他不要紧。麦克金尼斯驾驶飞机时觉得右翼有些问题，勃加德让他抬高些。当德国飞机过去、任务执行完毕后，从降落的飞机里爬出来的霍普一脸灿烂，兴奋地说那颗炸弹真是太棒了。美国人一开始没听懂，后来才反应过来，看到飞机右翼下面挂着一颗炸弹。霍普说自己当时吓坏了，啧啧称赞美国人的技术真是了不起。

霍普回去了。勃加德来到码头边，又看到了他。霍普身边还有一个身材古怪、严肃深沉的人，这就是罗尼。在两人带领下，勃加德艰难地爬进小艇，而霍普则快乐地说他们每天这样爬上爬下已经习惯了，并让勃加德坐在一根从驾驶座延伸到船尾、贯穿船底的很粗的半圆柱子上。小艇出发了，在颠簸的浪上飞速前进，勃加德觉得这简直是汉德利佩奇轰炸机起飞的速度。霍普自豪地说，为给勃加德露一手，罗尼要用这条小艇去基尔（德国港口，位于德国湾的顶端，波罗的海的西侧），勃加德为此十分惊讶，并问这条艇是干什么的，但没等霍普回答，他自己就说圆筒里一定是鱼雷。霍普肯定了这一点，并给他解释了运行程序：小艇替鱼雷瞄准目标后迅速转向，鱼雷则沿着小艇腾出来的水道前进，如果小艇速度慢了的话，就会被鱼雷追上。勃加德请求霍普告诉罗尼，还是不要去基尔了，去近一些的地方就好。霍普回来后，给勃加德喝了些酒稳定情绪，自己却不喝。

小艇进入港口，水道上有一艘货船。这时罗尼说了一声“海狸”，原来他看见了一艘轻型巡洋舰上的桁格桅。霍普激动地跳了起来，说自己输了三局了。小艇飞速冲向巡洋舰，巡洋舰向他们发射出炮弹，后面的货船也在朝他们射击。小艇转向，到了离货船相当近、能看清船上铆钉的地方，勃加德等着看鱼雷爆炸。但这时霍普激动地说刚才鱼雷发生了意外没有射出，要重新拖回管子里。这在勃加德看来是极为危险的事情，霍普他们对

此却十分镇定。小艇疯狂地回转着，在勃加德被甩得失去感觉时，一切终于结束了，小艇要返航了。勃加德感到十分反胃，而霍普和罗尼依旧平静地玩着海狸游戏，但这次罗尼看错了，那是厄根斯特拉塞号，因而霍普变得极为高兴。

勃加德回去后，派人把一箱苏格兰威士忌送到霍普那儿。一个月后，《英国公报》登载一条消息说，一艘鱼雷艇消失，在执行任务时没有返回，船上有英国皇家海军后备队准尉罗尼和霍普等人。不久美国空军作战总部也发了一条公报称，勃加德上尉和其机组人员在某次袭击中，在敌机围攻下部分摧毁了一个地方军火库，安全返回，作战勇敢。其实，勃加德上尉当时是在飞机相当贴近军火库、能看清军火库上的瓦时，才下令轰炸的。

## I

*T*he American—the older one—wore no pink Bedfords. His breeches were of plain whipcord, like the tunic. And the tunic had no long London-cut skirts, so that below the Sam Browne the tail of it stuck straight out like the tunic of a military policeman beneath his holster belt. And he wore simple puttees and the easy shoes of a man of middle age, instead of Savile Row boots, and the shoes and the puttees did not match in shade, and the ordnance belt did not match either of them, and the pilot's wings on his breast were just wings. But the ribbon beneath them was a good ribbon, and the insigne on his shoulders were the twin bars of a captain. He was not tall. His face was thin, a little aquiline; the eyes intelligent and a little tired. He was past twenty-five; looking at him, one thought, not Phi Beta Kappa exactly, but Skull and Bones perhaps, or possibly a Rhodes scholarship.

One of the men who faced him probably could not see him at all. He was being held on his feet by an American military policeman. He was quite drunk, and in contrast with the heavy-jawed policeman who held him erect on his long, slim, boneless legs, he looked like a masquerading girl. He was possibly eighteen, tall, with a pink-and-white face and blue eyes, and a mouth like a girl's mouth. He wore a pea-coat, buttoned awry and stained with recent mud, and upon his blond head, at that unmistakable and rakish swagger which no

other people can ever approach or imitate, the cap of a Royal Naval Officer.

“What’s this, corporal?” the American captain said. “What’s the trouble? He’s an Englishman. You’d better let their M. P.’s take care of him.”

“I know he is,” the policeman said. He spoke heavily, breathing heavily, in the voice of a man under physical strain; for all his girlish delicacy of limb, the English boy was heavier—or more helpless—than he looked. “Stand up!” the policeman said. “They’re officers!”

The English boy made an effort then. He pulled himself together, focusing his eyes. He swayed, throwing his arms about the policeman’s neck, and with the other hand he saluted, his hand flicking, fingers curled a little, to his right ear, already swaying again and catching himself again. “Cheero, sir,” he said. “Name’s not Beatty, I hope.”

“No,” the captain said.

“Ah,” the English boy said. “Hoped not. My mistake. No offense, what?”

“No offense,” the captain said quietly. But he was looking at the policeman. The second American spoke. He was a lieutenant, also a pilot. But he was not twenty-five and he wore the pink breeches, the London boots, and his tunic might have been a British tunic save for the collar.

“It’s one of those navy eggs,” he said. “They pick them out of the gutters here all night long. You don’t come to town often enough.”

“Oh,” the captain said. “I’ve heard about them. I remember now.” He also remarked now that, though the street was a busy one — it was just outside a popular café — and there were many passers, soldier, civilian, women, yet none of them so much as paused, as though it were a familiar sight. He was looking at the policeman. “Can’t you take him to his ship?”

“I thought of that before the captain did,” the policeman said. “He says he can’t go aboard his ship after dark because he puts the ship away at sundown.”

“Puts it away?”

“Stand up, sailor!” the policeman said savagely, jerking at his lax burden. “Maybe the captain can make sense out of it. Damned if I can. He says they keep the boat under the wharf. Run it under the wharf at night, and that they can’t get it out again until the tide goes out tomorrow.”

“Under the wharf? A boat? What is this?” He was now speaking to the

lieutenant. "Do they operate some kind of aquatic motorcycles?"

"Something like that," the lieutenant said. "You've seen them — the boats. Launches, camouflaged and all. Dashing up and down the harbor. You've seen them. They do that all day and sleep in the gutters here all night."

"Oh," the captain said. "I thought those boats were ship commanders' launches. You mean to tell me they use officers just to—"

"I don't know," the lieutenant said. "Maybe they use them to fetch hot water from one ship to another. Or buns. Or maybe to go back and forth fast when they forget napkins or something."

"Nonsense," the captain said. He looked at the English boy again.

"That's what they do," the lieutenant said. "Town's lousy with them all night long. Gutters fill, and their M. P.'s carting them away in batches, like nursemaids in a park. Maybe the French give them the launches to get them out of the gutters during the day."

"Oh," the captain said, "I see." But it was clear that he didn't see, wasn't listening, didn't believe what he did hear. He looked at the English boy. "Well, you can't leave him here in that shape," he said.

Again the English boy tried to pull himself together. "Quite all right, sure you," he said glassily, his voice pleasant, cheerful almost, quite courteous. "Used to it. Confounded rough pave, though. Should force French do something about it. Visiting lads jolly well deserve decent field to play on, what?"

"And he was jolly well using all of it too," the policeman said savagely. "He must think he's a one-man team, maybe."

At that moment a fifth man came up. He was a British military policeman. "Nah then," he said. "What's this? What's this?" Then he saw the Americans' shoulder bars. He saluted. At the sound of his voice the English boy turned, swaying, peering.

"Oh, hub, Albert," he said.

"Nah then, Mr. Hope," the British policeman said. He said to the American policeman, over his shoulder: "What is it this time?"

"Likely nothing," the American said. "The way you guys run a war. But I'm a stranger here. Here. Take him."



“What is this, corporal?” the captain said. “What was he doing?”

“He won’t call it nothing,” the American policeman said, jerking his head at the British policeman. “He’ll just call it a thrush or a robin or something. I turn into this street about three blocks back a while ago, and I find it blocked with a line of trucks going up from the docks, and the drivers all hollering ahead what the hell the trouble is. So I come on, and I find it is about three blocks of them, blocking the cross streets too; and I come on to the head of it where the trouble is, and I find about a dozen of the drivers out in front, holding a caucus or something in the middle of the street, and I come up and I say, ‘What’s going on here?’ and they leave me through and I find this egg here laying —”

“Yer talking about one of His Majesty’s officers, my man,” the British policeman said.

“Watch yourself, corporal,” the captain said. “And you found this officer —”

“He had done gone to bed in the middle of the street, with an empty basket for a pillow. Laying there with his hands under his head and his knees crossed, arguing with them about whether he ought to get up and move or not. He said that the trucks could turn back and go around by another street, but that he couldn’t use any other street, because this street was his. ”

“His street?”

The English boy had listened, interested, pleasant. “Billet, you see,” he said. “Must have order, even in war emergency. Billet by lot. This street mine; no poaching, eh? Next street Jamie Wutherspoon’s. But trucks can go by that street because Jamie not using it yet. Not in bed yet. Insomnia. Knew so. Told them. Trucks go that way. See now?”

“Was that it, corporal?” the captain said.

“He told you. He wouldn’t get up. He just laid there, arguing with them. He was telling one of them to go somewhere and bring back a copy of their articles of war—”

“King’s Regulations; yes,” the captain said.

“—and see if the book said whether he had the right of way, or the trucks. And then I got him up, and then the captain came along. And that’s all. And with the captain’s permission I’ll now hand him over to His Majesty’s wet nur