



英汉对照

杨自伍·主编

美国文化选本 (第二版)

An American Reader

下



W 上海外语教育出版社
外教社 SHANGHAI FOREIGN LANGUAGE EDUCATION PRESS
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序

董乐山

在当今外国文学翻译界受到商业化浪潮冲击,为了要投合通俗趣味,什么“遗梦”、“春梦”之类的流行作品大行其道之时(其实把《长岛春梦》也归为此类,实在有些冤枉,因为这个香艳的书名是出版商未征得译者同意而擅自改动的,原作《了不起的盖茨比》可不是什么通俗作品,尽管它在出版后很流行),杨自伍独具匠心,选编了《美国文化选本》,着实令人敬佩。我与杨自伍的尊人、刚刚去世的美国文学研究前辈杨岂深老先生曾有一面之交,那是十几年前美国文学研究会在南京开会的时候,当时虽交谈不多,但对这位资深副会长的谈吐和见解印象颇深,可惜我们身处南北二地,我以后再也没有机会同他见面、向他求教。前几年自伍有事来京,曾偕友人来我处便饭,也只是一面之缘,但后来陆续读到他散见在报刊上的一些文章,深感他家学渊源,得到了他尊人的真传,也可告慰岂深老人于地下了。尤其是他没有像一些青年人那样经不起商业化的诱惑,而是甘于寂寞,专致于英、美文化的研究和介绍,造福于青年学子,这是我敬佩的第一点。

第二点是他用中英文对照再加注释的形式选此范本,勇气可嘉。老实说,时下不少外国文学译本,读起来可能很流畅,但往往经不起与原文核对,这不仅仅是翻译水平问题,而且是对原文的理解和掌握问题。如今这本文选大胆地把原文刊出,任人指点(当然有心的读者从中是可以蒙受极大教益的),这对于扭转外国文学翻译界的不良风气,对于交流切磋翻译艺术,提高翻译水平,肯定是会起到很好作用的。

关于本书的选材,自伍在他的“前言”中已作了详尽的说明,我就不再饶舌了。不过有一点我还是想说一说的,那就是读者在读了以后,一定会像编者所说的那样发现,“美国人文如其人,不尚玄虚空谈”,更没有无病呻吟的风花雪月。美国人的文章都是有感而发、言之有物、简明扼要的,一点也没有时下国内那种所谓“美文”的故意做作。当然各国文风不同,不必强求统一,不过学一学别人的长处,总是有益的。记得鲁迅也曾不止一次为

文倡导写文章要言简意赅,这想是不言自明之理,即所谓“简约是美的真髓”。

还有一点是,从这本文选中可以看出,美国没有专门的所谓“散文家”,这些作家中有经济学家、人类学家、哲学家、教育家、批评家、政论家、音乐家、美学家……唯独没有感时伤怀的美文家,因此文章都扎扎实实,言之有物,对于美国的文化和社会现象有一定的针对性,作为读者不仅可以学习到遣词造句的文章作法,而且可以更加深入地了解美国文明的精神,这已是超乎一般的文学选本的范围了。对我本人来说,其中许多作家只闻其名,没有读到过他们的作品,也有不少是极为熟悉和欣赏的,如今一卷在手,省了不少寻觅的功夫,这倒是要感谢编者的劳动的。因而缀此数语,以表此意,也算作为对自伍尊人的纪念吧。

一九九六年五月十八日

于中国社科院

前言

本书旨在为文科学生和社会读者提供一部比较全面的美国文化选本，姑且说是《英国文化选本》的姐妹篇。我的一个基本设想是，超出文学本身的范围，拓宽视角进行选编。采用这种方法的理由我在《英国文化选本》前言中已有所说明，大体原则也适用于本书。

多年来碰到一些英美语言文学专业的学生，发现他们在知识结构上存在着一些问题，学英国文学的人对美国文学所知不多，即使学美国文学的人，从知识面来看似乎也往往限于狭义文学。这种现象和课程设置、教材选用恐怕不无关系。我坚信，学殖必须首先扎根于广义文化的土壤，然后才谈得上研究国别文学和比较文学，否则难免会导致精神偏食的后果。如果文坛大家的名篇读过不少，而学术界或思想界精英的文章从不接触，这种现象自然会产生文化差距。编者囿于个人的学术视野和读书兴趣，只是尝试一番而已，期望两部文选多少起点弥合文化差距的作用。至于是否南辕北辙，或者构想与效果是否统一，那是有待读者去评判的问题。

英美文化可谓同源异质，发展轨迹大相径庭，存在着十分明显的差异。英国文化由于历史悠久，传统的影响相对较大，十九世纪以前的作家总要引经据典，以不即不离的眼光看待现实。读英国人的文章犹如观赏精心培育的盆景，可细细回味。读美国人的文章好比在大海里游泳，浪头不断涌来，波澜起伏。论风格，英国人喜欢虚实并重的笔法，有时读过一两遍还不能了然于心。美国人则文如其人，不尚玄虚空谈，从内容来说读懂并不困难。比如英国希拉里·贝洛克《客棧》一文，有感于今非昔比，大发感慨，那是绅士般的遐想；而美国托妮·莫里森《灰姑娘的同胞姐妹们》则妙用灰姑娘的故事，笔锋突然一转，直来直去探讨妇女问题，可谓古为今用，用笔杆子来为妇女解放呼吁。读者随意浏览后稍作比较，想来自会对英美文化的同异有几分感性的认识。

多元民族促成了多元文化,从《独立宣言》开始,美国的民族、时代、社会特点就鲜明地反映于它的文化之中,特别是读到最近数十年的文章,我们分明感觉得到时代的脉搏在强烈地跳动。因此从编者的立场来说,虽然是同时编选两国的历代文选,但是在对待历史时期和选择作家篇目上必须有所区别,有所侧重。这里似有必要稍作交代。

首先从美国文化的历史发展来看,二十世纪以来有了突飞猛进的变化,所以在本书收录的五十位作家中,现代和当代的人物占了绝对多数。其次就美国文化的性质而论,关注社会、注重现实不妨说是十分突出的特点,好文章往往直接探讨社会现实问题,旨趣在于促进社会进步。因此编者取舍篇目时,毫无疑问要注重文章的时代和社会特点,比如种族问题、妇女解放问题、信仰危机问题、代沟问题、教育问题、价值取向问题等等。最后从作家本身来看,对当代美国文化影响较大的一些人物未必是纯文学意义上的文人,比如本书收录的约翰·肯尼斯·加尔布雷斯是经济学家,苏珊·克努斯·朗格是哲学家和教育家,莱昂诺·特里林是批评家,玛格丽特·米德是人类学家。因而读者不难发现,《美国文化选本》与《英国文化选本》的区别和侧重点是明显的。

提高文化修养和培养人的素质是目前教育领域内面临的重要问题之一,二者的关系相辅相成是不言自明的。然而拓展精神地平线又非朝夕之功,因此在选编本书时,我所考虑的是,一方面能够管窥美国文化的发展历程,另一方面又能够有助于完善精神文明,以便给读者一些有益的精神文化的熏陶。出于这两方面的需要,本书收入了约瑟夫·伍德·克鲁奇《现代绘画》、艾伦·科普兰《听音乐的门道》、苏珊·桑塔格《论美》这样一类文章。当然,任何选本都回避不了见仁见智的问题,编者喜爱或认为重要的,读者或行家也许不以为然。我在《英国文化选本》前言里说过,在选目的取舍上尽量避免重复,国内现今选本中已有的名篇只能割爱,在《美国文化选本》中也是如此,希望得到读者的理解。另外,文章都离不开一定的历史时代和社会背景,个别观点或有偏颇,读者自能加以鉴别。

关于注释和译文需要略作说明。由于是文化性质而非语言学习的选本,因此对于我国一般文科学生来说,原文的语言难度不必讳言。编者就语言难点和文化背景的问题适量加以简单注释,同时也有一些难点留待读者自己解决,或者可以不去理会。不求甚解有时并不是什么大不了的问题,关键在于把握基本内容和意蕴,如果由于存在一些语言问题而舍弃不

读,其实是很可惜的。译文也只是参考性质,便于读者理解原文而已。不论编者本人翻译的篇目或是出自一些青年学人之手的译文,都可能存在各种问题,欢迎读者和识者指教。

本书和《英国文化选本》的共同之处在于篇目和译文都是新选新译的。在两部文选的编选过程中,我征求了京沪一些专家学者的意见,在总体原则上得到他们的认可,同时听取了他们十分宝贵的建议和意见,不仅我本人受益匪浅,而且相信读者也能因此而大有收获。全书是集体通力合作的结果。作为后学,我在此由衷地向他们表示敬意和感激。

杨自伍

一九九六年四月

于上海

过去的版本在坊间流传十余载,虽然屡次刊行,也渐渐沉寂了,不过尚未完全绝迹。如今书市的景象空前繁荣,铺天盖地的卷帙,或许可以形容为“苟日新,日日新,又日新”。编者欣慰外教社乐于重刊旧编,并期望面貌有所变化。踌躇再四,选文更换九篇,基本考虑依然不改初衷,人文主义思想是任何一个时代高等学府的莘莘学子需要含英咀华的养分。同时我们必须认识到,科学技术可以日新月异,而人文思想则不可同日而语。牛顿的发现可以为后人视为落伍,而柏拉图和罗素的思想光芒却与日月同辉。

杨自伍

二〇一〇年春节

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M. F. K. Fisher

(1908-1992)



全名为玛丽·弗兰西斯·肯尼迪·费希尔，密歇根人。出身书香门第，父亲从事新闻工作。女作家。1911年随家人移居加州。1929年在加州大学读书期间出嫁，随后移居法国东部美食名城第戎，作为欧洲食品文化中心之一，婚后三年生活在第戎，费希尔深受地方文化熏陶，同时热衷于号称美食哲学家的布里亚·萨瓦兰的影响。曾多年侨居法国和瑞士，素以厨艺为一大趣好，美食和写作构成其生命的主调，进而精于品鉴美食，亦以食文化为写作题材，数十年乐此不疲，终而自成一格，以美食的哲学家和优雅的随笔家而知名于时，成为美国的厨艺泰斗。1934年发表第一篇短篇作品。三年后出版第一部书《和盘托出》。四十年代初，先后推出《回味牡蛎》和《烹饪狼的门道》，笔墨典雅而富于机智，一时好评如潮，读者一睹为快竞相阅读。1949年翻译出版萨瓦兰的《品位的哲学》一书。费希尔为《纽约客》撰稿长达三十五年，属于当代美国享有盛誉的美食随笔作家。属文融合哲理思考，雪泥鸿爪，趣闻轶事，故而别开生面，引人入胜。费希尔另有木雕之雅好。1971年出版回忆录《在朋友中间》，描写早年的生活情景。其他作品包括《美食艺术》等。遗墨有怀旧三部曲《重起炉灶》、《陪伴我，安慰我》和《最后的居所》，身后问世。毕生著述凡三十余部。

Young Hunger

1 It is very hard for people who have passed the age of, say, fifty to remember with any charity the hunger of their own puberty¹ and adolescence when they are dealing with the young human animals who may be frolicking about them. Too often I have seen good people helpless with exasperation and real anger upon finding in the morning that cupboards and iceboxes have been stripped of their supplies by two or three youths — or even *one* — who apparently could have eaten four times their planned share at the dinner table the night before.

2 Such avidity² is revolting, once past. But I can recall its intensity still; I am not yet too far from it to understand its ferocious demands when I see a fifteen-year-old boy wince and whiten³ at the prospect of waiting politely a few more hours for food, when his guts are howling for meat-bread-candy-fruit-cheese-milkmilkmilk — ANYTHING IN THE WORLD TO EAT.

3 I can still remember my almost insane desperation when I was about eighteen and was staying overnight with my comparatively aged godparents. I had come home alone from France in a bad continuous storm and was literally concave⁴ with solitude and hunger. The one night on the train seemed even rougher than those on board ship, and by the time I reached my godparents' home I was almost lightheaded⁵.

4 I got there just in time for lunch. It is clear as ice in my mind: a little cup of very weak chicken broth, one salted cracker, one-half piece

1. puberty: 青春期。

2. avidity: keen eagerness.

3. whiten: turn pale.

4. concave: hollow.

5. lightheaded: dizzy, giddy.

of thinly sliced toast, and then, ah then, a whole waffle¹, crisp and brown and with a piece of beautiful butter melting in its middle — which the maid deftly cut into four sections! One section she put on my godmother's plate. The next *two*, after a nod of approval from her mistress, she put on mine. My godfather ate the fourth.

5 There was a tiny pot of honey, and I dutifully put a dab of it on my piggish portion, and we all nibbled away and drank one cup apiece of tea with lemon. Both my godparents left part of their waffles.

6 It was simply that they were old and sedentary and quite out of the habit of eating amply with younger people: a good thing for them, but pure hell for me. I did not have the sense to explain to them how starved I was — which I would not hesitate to do now. Instead I prowled around my bedroom while the house slumbered through its afternoon siesta², wondering if I dared sneak to the strange kitchen for something, anything, to eat, and knowing I would rather die than meet the silent, stern maid or my nice, gentle little hostess.

7 Later we walked slowly down to the village, and I was thinking sensuously of double malted ice-cream sodas at the corner drugstore, but there was no possibility of such heaven. When we got back to the quiet house, the maid brought my godfather a tall glass of exquisitely rich milk, with a handful of dried fruit on the saucer under it, because he had been ill; but as we sat and watched him unwillingly down it, his wife said softly that it was such a short time until dinner that she was sure I did not want to spoil my appetite, and I agreed with her because I was young and shy.

8 When I dressed, I noticed that the front of my pelvic basin jutted out like two bricks under my skirt: I looked like a scarecrow.

9 Dinner was very long, but all I can remember is that it had, as *pièce de résistance*³, half of the tiny chicken previously boiled for broth at luncheon, which my godmother carved carefully so that we should each

1. waffle: 蛋奶烘饼。

2. siesta: brief rest in the afternoon.

3. *pièce de résistance*: 法语, 主菜。

have a bit of the breast and I, as guest, should have the leg, after a snippet had been sliced from it for her husband, who liked dark meat¹ too.

10 There were hot biscuits, yes, the smallest I have ever seen, two apiece under a napkin on a silver dish. Because of them we had no dessert: it would be too rich, my godmother said.

11 We drank little cups of decaffeinated coffee² on the screened porch in the hot Midwestern night, and when I went up to my room I saw that the maid had left a large glass of rich malted milk beside my poor godfather's bed.

12 My train would leave before five in the morning, and I slept little and unhappily, dreaming of the breakfast I would order on it. Of course when I finally saw it all before me, twinkling on the Pullman³ silver dishes, I could eat very little, from too much hunger and a sense of outrage.

13 I felt that my hosts had been indescribably rude to me, and selfish and conceited and stupid. Now I know that they were none of these things. They had simply forgotten about any but their own dwindling and cautious needs for nourishment. They had forgotten about being hungry, being young, being ...

14 In an essay by Max Beerbohm⁴ about hosts and guests, the tyrants and the tyrannized, there is a story of what happened to him once when he was a schoolboy and someone sent him a hamper that held, not the usual collection of marmalade, sardines, and potted tongue, but twelve whole sausage-rolls.

15 "Of sausage-rolls I was particularly fond," he says. He could have dominated all his friends with them, of course, but "I carried the box up to my cubicle, and, having eaten two of the sausage-rolls, said nothing that day about the other ten, nor anything about them when, three days later, I had eaten them all — all, up there, alone."

1. dark meat: (家禽的)腿肉。

2. decaffeinated coffee: 去掉咖啡因的咖啡。

3. Pullman: 普尔曼式列车, 由十九世纪美国发明家 George M. Pullman 所设计。

4. Max Beerbohm(1872—1956): 英国作家。

16 What strange secret memories such a tale evokes! Is there a grown-up person anywhere who cannot remember some such shameful, almost insane act of greediness of his childhood? In recollection his scalp¹ will prickle, and his palms will sweat, at the thought of the murderous risk he may have run from his outraged companions.

17 When I was about sixteen, and in boarding-school, we were allowed one bar of chocolate a day, which we were supposed to eat sometime between the sale of them at the little school bookstore at four-thirty and the seven o'clock dinner gong. I felt an almost unbearable hunger for them — not for one, but for three or four or five at a time, so that I should have *enough*, for once, in my yawning stomach.

18 I hid my own purchases for several days, no mean trick in a school where every drawer and cupboard was inspected, openly and snoopingly too, at least twice a week. I cannot remember now how I managed it, with such lack of privacy and my own almost insurmountable hunger every afternoon, but by Saturday I had probably ten chocolate bars — my own and a few I had bribed my friends who were trying to lose weight to buy for me.

19 I did not sign up for any of the usual weekend debauchery such as a walk to the village drugstore for a well-chaperoned double butterscotch and pecan sundae. Instead I lay languidly on my bed, trying to look as if I had a headache and pretending to read a very fancy book called, I think, *Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard*², until the halls quieted.

20 Then I arranged all my own and my roommate's pillows in a voluptuous pile, placed so that I could see whether a silent housemotherly foot stood outside the swaying monk's cloth curtain that served as a door (to cut down our libidinous chitchat, the school board believed), and I put my hoard of Hersheys discreetly under a fold of the bedspread.

21 I unwrapped their rich brown covers and their tinfoil as silently as any prisoner chipping his way through a granite wall, and lay there

1. scalp: 头皮。

2. 作者为 Eleanor Farjeon, 1881—1965, 英国著名儿童文学作家。作品有童话故事集《小书店》等。1956 年获国际安徒生奖。

breaking off the rather warm, rubbery, delicious pieces and feeling them melt down my gullet, and reading the lush symbolism of the book; and all the time I was hot and almost panting with the fear that people would suddenly walk in and see me there. And the strange thing is that nothing would have happened if they had!

22 It is true that I had more than my allotted share of candy, but that was not a crime. And my friends, full of their Saturday delights, would not have wanted ordinary chocolate. And anyway I had much more than I could eat, and was basically what Beerbohm calls, somewhat scornfully, “a host” and not “a guest”: I loved to entertain people and dominate them with my generosity.

23 Then why was I breathless and nervous all during that solitary and not particularly enjoyable orgy¹? I suppose there is a Freudian explanation for it, or some other kind. Certainly the experience does not make me sound very attractive to myself. Even the certainty of being in good company is no real solace.

1. orgy: 大吃大喝。

年轻人的饥饿

程雨民 译

1 上了些年纪，比如说五十开外的人，每逢接触到偶尔在他们周围嬉戏的人类幼仔，总是难以做到怀着慈悲心肠，记起自己青春发育时期的饥饿感。我见得多了，一些善良的人们一清早起来发现橱柜和冰箱里的食品都给两三个，甚或一个青年人一扫而空，因而不禁动了肝火，勃然大怒，感到简直没有办法。显然，比前夜晚餐桌上派给他们吃的多上四倍，他们也吃得下。

2 这种贪婪一旦成为过去，便令人感到厌恶。但是，我还能记得当时它有多强烈；我距离它还不太远，还能理会它的要求有多狂暴。我懂得，为什么一个十五岁的男孩得知还要乖乖等上几小时才能吃东西时，为什么要向后一缩，脸色发白，他的辘辘饥肠正吼着需要肉-面包-糖果-水果-奶酪-牛奶牛奶牛奶——世界上随便什么能吃的东西。

3 我还记得十八岁前后，自己就有过一次像是着了狂。当时我正在年龄已经较大的教父母家里过夜。我刚刚独自从法国回来，一路遇上连续的大风暴，实实在在被孤独和饥饿拖垮了。那火车上的一夜，比船上度过的几夜风雨更大，所以到达教父母家中时，简直有些昏昏沉沉。

4 正好赶上吃午饭的时间。我一下警觉到了冰冷的事实：一小杯清淡的鸡汤、一块咸饼干、半片切得薄薄的吐司面包，然后，唉，然后有一整块蛋奶烘饼，烤得棕黄香脆，中间还有一片美丽的黄油正在溶解——女佣熟练地把它切成四份。第一份她放在我教母盘中。接下来的两份，女主人点头同意之后，她放到了我的盘中。我教父吃的是第四份。

5 桌上有小小的一罐蜂蜜，我循规蹈矩地舀了一勺在我那不雅观的双份上，于是我们大家小口啃嚼起来，同时各饮一杯柠檬茶。我的教父母都还剩下了些烘饼。

6 原因很简单，他们老了，还总是坐着，而且已经不习惯与年轻人一起开